WHAT I SAW IN EUROPE.

By S. O. THACHER.

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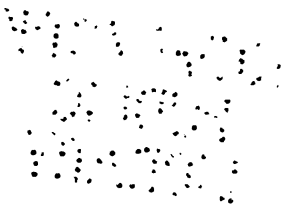

TO MY FRIENDS.

THIS publication of the letters I wrote for the press while abroad the past summer is made at the request of many of you, and is solely designed for you. The book is not for sale.

As you know, the route followed by us is somewhat out of the ordinary line of tourists — at least that part which took in Spain, Portugal, Gibraltar, Tangier and southern France. I need not say how much of enjoyment we found in it all, nor tell you how very easy it is to travel abroad. Anticipated difficulties were not found to be real. A good conductor in charge of a small party of congenial spirits — one who understands the language of the country where you travel, and who has considerable address to meet and overcome obstacles — plenty of time, so that you need not hasten faster than you can well see what is before you, and reasonably good health: these make the journey full of pleasure. In Mr. Charles Schurg, of Chamouny, we found such a conductor; and to his patience, skill and unfailing resources we are largely indebted for the almost unalloyed agreeableness of our summer jaunt. His address can be had of Mr. E. M. Jenkins, No. 61 Broadway, New York, through whose agency we made most of our long tour.

The letters do not claim any literary merit, since they were written in brief moments of rest; but they present things as I saw them, and while the scenes were yet fresh in mind.

My best wishes for all of you who so kindly followed us through our w[illegible]ings, and so often sent after us the hearty *bon voyage*. May your re-perusal of the letters prove a pleasant pastime for an idle or listless hour.

Your friend,

S. O. THACHER.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, November, 1883.

CONTENTS.

WHAT I SAW IN EUROPE.

ON THE GREAT DEEP.

A FRENCH STEAMER—ITS PASSENGER LIST—FRENCH DINNERS—NEW EXPERIENCES.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, OFF SCILLY ISLANDS, May 18, 1883.

WHOEVER has before him his first trip across the ocean is to be envied, if perchance it bring to him as many revelations and new sensations as has my first trans-Atlantic voyage given me.

The French line is not much used by Americans, it not being as swift as the English nor affording as many opportunities for social enjoyment, most of the passengers being French, or Italian, or Spaniards. Our list on the *L'Amerique* comprises all shades, from the swarthy Cuban to the blonde American. A Swiss woman from Zurich, after years spent in New England, fancies she will find greater comfort among the mountains that look down on her childhood home, than where wheels spin and toil in doing the work of men. A Spanish padre after doing long service among his people in Cuba now finds his way back to the little island where he was born in the lone Mediterranean, and where he yet hopes to see his old father, now over ninety years of age. A French missionary from Otahiti, away among the South Sea Islands, after a journey of thirty-eight days from his island home to San

Francisco, thence to New York, and now among this group of strangers goes to Paris, where he leaves three motherless little children with an aunt to be brought up and educated, while he after a short visit goes back alone to do the Master's work. A French padre in New York, caring as he says for the souls of twenty-three thousand, returns to his native land, where as soon as his distressing cough is relieved, he may be sent to Japan or India, the obligations of his order, "Fathers of Mercy," requiring him to obey without a murmur, and go without even a questioning look.

Here is a young American countess, a black-eyed girl, who married a title in France, and now finds, after her fortune has been scattered by her lordly husband, that wealth after all is worth more than a title, and she goes to her husband's people to persuade them to give to her a share of the proceeds of the sale of a French chateau, in which part of her dowry was invested. I pray her a successful mission. The vessel contains a microcosm. As the personal details of each are unfolded in the gossip of the ship, one finds the same wrecks, and the same high hopes that meet his eye everywhere.

L'Amerique is a strong iron ship that has buffeted the Atlantic for ten years. It is four hundred and thirty feet long and about fifty feet wide. It is manned by one hundred and fifty men—all French, and few of them, not even the captain, speaking the English tongue. A walk from one side of the long deck to the other is about the only means of exercise, but as we are not crowded with passengers, the space is ample. Evidently the officers have implicit faith in the integrity of servants and passengers, for on leaving the harbor I asked the steward for the keys to our state-rooms. "There are none. You are not in New York," came the answer. All rooms are unlocked, and I presume no one has

lost anything. All old voyagers as well as the officers of the vessel concur in saying this is the smoothest trip they have seen in years. The weather was cool the first two days, but when we struck and followed along the Gulf stream, we had soft and balmy breezes. One could almost fancy he inhaled the perfume of spring.

The table arrangements of this French vessel are entirely French. There are two principal meals — breakfast at ten o'clock, and dinner at six. Besides, there is a morning lunch at eight, a noon repast, and one at eight in the evening. A French dinner requires about an hour and a half to do it any sort of justice.

Soup begins all lunches and meals save breakfast. Then comes course after course, each kind of meat, each vegetable, each salad, requiring a change of plates. When this is done ten times, it of course requires time. The cooking is so different from ours, that of necessity it suffers in the mind of one unused to it. Some of the strangest compounds come before you. One we had this morning consisted of codfish, tomatoes, onions, potatoes, and I don't know what else. One course was artichokes, a vegetable not at all like ours, but a queer, green sort of a bunch, containing infolding leaves, each of which has a smooth and rather palatable surface, which is eaten or scraped off by the teeth. I made poor headway with artichokes.

The ship is well supplied with fish of all sorts peculiar to salt waters, but I can't say that any of them, save the blue-fish, excels a good Lake Superior white-fish or herring. I do not now expect to find abroad the choice fish Horace describes as being caught at a certain rock, but I find that taste depends on habit in one thing as well as in another.

The tables are supplied with red and white wine, which is consumed in large quantities by the French passengers. Both are very sour and unpalatable to one unaccustomed to them. A mild cider vinegar with us, to my mind, represents what is here called wine, and I think inebriety will follow one about as quickly as the other. But many of the French indulge in a much stronger drink, which I suppose is not furnished gratis as is this wine.

Our ship engines use almost ninety tons of coal daily. We have not been able to use sails very much, of which there seems to be, when all are opened up, an immense surface. We have most of the way faced an east wind. A few cloudy hours and a dense fog for an equal length of time are all of bad weather we have yet encountered.

The difference of time is quite noticeable as we daily advance toward the rising sun. As I write it is about noon — you in Lawrence are barely through breakfast. Each day I find my watch a half-hour behind.

But coming back to the thought with which I began, the chief and deep impression of this first long ride upon the waters is to give me new conceptions of the "great deep." Until now I knew nothing of the utter boundlessness of the waters that encircle the globe — the vastness of these heaving, swelling undulations. This horizon ever changing yet never resting, save on the white caps of the waves, this profound through which the iron prow goes fearlessly day after day with no thought of hidden rock or shoal, the awful abyss which holds these blue depths with all their mysteries — these grow upon me and hold me as never before by written or spoken words. No one could describe the blue above with its cloudy towers and castles to one born blind, and so I

think could no one ever bring before me these restless wastes, as now I behold them. Happy they before whom this pleasure lies, and may as serene skies and pleasant waters introduce them to this new experience, as have welcomed me.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE.

DANGEROUS COAST—HAVRE AND ITS DOCKS—AMERICAN CIDER AND BORDEAUX WINE—FRENCH RAILROADS—FARMING IN THE SEINE VALLEY—FIRST GLIMPSE OF PARIS.

PARIS, May 21, 1883.

THE first land sighted as one comes from New York to Havre is the Scilly Islands, back of which lies Land's End. The Bishop lighthouse warns the approaching vessel of the dangerous rocks—for these islands are nothing but huge rocks, whose peaks stand above the waves, while their base reaches out for miles beneath the waters, full of peril to the unwary seaman.

A few years ago, a German steamer with three hundred passengers was lost between the lighthouse and main-land. Though we passed them in a fair sea, yet a pilot from Havre here awaited us, and thence guided us to our port. Cape Sable with its rocks and intervening green slopes greeted the eye, then Wolfe lighthouse—so called, it was said to us, in memory of him who died on the Heights of Abraham, and whose death forms so pathetic a scene in one of Thackeray's best novels. Then Falmouth was passed so near at hand that we could read the sign on the marine outlook, and then good-bye to the English coast. Havre is the principal French harbor, the next in importance being Marseilles, on the Mediterranean coast. The government has expended vast sums of money in trying to make Havre a great port, but as yet deep-draught ships can only enter when the inflowing tide gives them ten or fifteen feet additional water. We failed to

reach there in time for this flood, and so were taken off in a small tug-boat, the baggage coming on a second boat. The sun beat down heavily upon us, and the half-hour ride was full of discomfort. Heavy, massive walls of masonry approaching each other to within a few hundred feet form the outer bounds of this capacious harbor, and within their embrace is an immense dockage, each pier or slip being made with great sea-gates which close behind the vessel as the tide goes out, and still leave it supported by the water where it was at high tide.

French custom-house officers are not very vigilant or careful. They only hunt for cigars and tea, these articles being dutiable, and tobacco being entirely a government monopoly. At the wharves in Havre we saw casks of American cider on its way to the interior of the country, whence it returns claret, with Bordeaux brands, or as some other kind of rare French wine, to delight the American consumer with its foreign flavor and spice.

It is said that the vintage of many of these grape districts in France will not equal the home demand, yet their supposed products go to the United States by the ship-load.

The French railroad, though in almost every respect — from the strong iron chairs to queer short cars running on wheels with spokes, like a low wagon — differing from ours, is yet made very securely, and transports its passengers with great celerity. To an American the charges for travel seem high — about four cents a mile — but when one learns that of this charge twenty-three per cent. is a government tax, and that all the charters of these French companies will expire in about seventy years, at which time all their property in the nature of a fixture reverts to the government without further compensation, the willingness of the people to pay these

high charges becomes apparent. To this may be added another reflection: While these companies, some five or six in number, control the entire railroad system of France, and issue stocks as do our American companies, and these stocks are bought and sold to some extent on the Bourse, yet they are not subject to speculation and fluctuation as with us. Over two millions of the people are the holders of the stocks, and over the entire system the government exercises a firm and vigilant control. The peasant, who pays a high rate for freight or passage, reflects that the share he holds of the company's stock is benefited by the profits of the company, and so he does not repine.

The roads are built in the most substantial manner, few grades or curves; all, or nearly all, highway crossings being carried over or under the track. The compartment cars, for first-class passengers, are very pleasant, though not at all equal, either for comfort or appointment, to our drawing-room or Pullman cars.

A special steamer train whirls the passengers from Havre to Paris in four hours, running at great speed. The route lies up the valley of the Seine, of which Napoleon once said it would sometime be the street of a great city reaching from Paris to Rouen and Havre. As yet this prediction is not verified, any more than many others made by the great Corsican.

French farming seems altogether different from ours. The people live in villages or towns, and go out to their work in the country. The land is tilled in very narrow long strips, from one to twenty rods wide, and I should say fifty to two hundred rods long. No fences are to be seen. The apple and cherry trees, the strawberry vines and grain and grass, were about as they appeared in Kansas nearly three weeks ago. The rye is perhaps more advanced, but it stood thin on

the ground, and many fields which I thought might be oats or barley bade fair to be very poor. The land, even on the Seine bottoms, is a sandy or gravel loam, and it is plowed with great care. Where there were farmhouses, they were quite often of stone, with thatched or straw roofs, and many of them were evidently in bad repair, the green color of vegetation rising over them, while great holes here and there showed how soon this roof decays. It is not uncommon to see a tile roof in part and straw adjacent thereto, proving the improvement the owner is trying to effect. The barns are small. Few horses or sheep are seen, the latter in care of a shepherd and a dog. I saw quite a number of cows and young stock, all tethered out in the edge of the clover fields. The cows were mostly white or spotted, quite large, and all the stock was "spring poor." The cows were said to be from Guernsey, or to be of that stock; but of this I am in doubt, though that famous island lies off the coast, not very many miles from Havre.

The peasant husbandry of France is a wonder; but as these narrow, long patches of land, containing from half an acre to ten or more, which are so carefully tilled, and which stretch away on either side as far as the eye can distinguish, belong each to a different owner, who is conscious of that dignity and self-respect that the ownership of the soil ever gives the owner, one can in part understand how this peasantry raised, in so short a time, the great Prussian indemnity.

There are many fields of mustard growing all along the route. The trees were well trimmed of twigs, which lay in great heaps here and there, bound up in small bundles; their use I discovered when I saw the men sweeping the streets of Paris with brooms made of these things. Clover grows very

fine and large, and all the stock seem to be fed on it rather than the finer grasses.

Our train dashed over three or four bridges, crossing as many branches of the Seine, and we were in Paris.

Our hotel is on the opposite side of the street from the site and what remains of the palace of the great Richelieu, and whose name is given to the longest street in the city. The largest library in the world occupies the spot where the Cardinal denounced the terrors of his church against whomsoever he would. But pen or tongue cannot tell a tithe of what dazzles, amuses or instructs in this marvel of the world.

Huge Norman horses, much like those dapple-grays we have in Lawrence, three abreast, draw omnibuses whose seats above and below carry forty and fifty persons. These horses are all one sees here doing the drudgery of the city; they are kept on the trot, and seem to make good time. The streets are perfect, smooth with asphaltum pavements, and easily bear up vast weights. They are narrow, with high four and five-story buildings on either side, and they lie at all angles to each other save the right, a few crossing rectangularly. Then the name of a street perplexes one, by suddenly giving out and another coming in to supply its place.

But the shops, innumerable, everywhere, up quiet passages, thence opening out into arcades of brilliance and beauty—how can one picture them all with a stylographic pen, late at night, tired out?

SIGHTS IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

VERSAILLES—WALKS AND PICTURE GALLERY—GERMAN PRIDE AND FRENCH HUMILIATION—JEANNE D'ARC—GRAPE CULTURE—ABSINTHE—STOCK.

BORDEAUX, FRANCE, May 24, 1883.

THE sights—crowding on one sweeping over hundreds of miles in a few days—must many of them be left unmentioned. Yet as I may not revisit Versailles again, though I return to Paris, I will speak briefly of its marvelous beauties. The town and palace are about fourteen miles from Paris. Going by the tramway and securing an outside seat, perhaps gives one an idea of the extent of the environs of Paris in one direction better than any other way; it is really a continuous city from one place to the other; but after passing through the gates of Paris we enter the municipality of Sevres, and then Versailles, the latter of which towns contains about fifty thousand people, and at the other is made the famous Sevres porcelain ware.

The palace and gardens of Versailles require days and days for thorough investigation. We could give them but a few hours, but as we enjoyed the company of an accomplished gentleman, who has spent the past two years in the universities of Paris and Germany, devoting much time to historic studies, we went at once to central points of interest.

The palace stands on rising ground, and is surrounded on three sides by extensive and elaborately laid out grounds and forests. Magnificent colonnades of trees intersect each other

at regular angles of forty-five degrees, and present to the beholder at the intersection views of surprising beauty and effect. An artifical mound of rocks with dark caverns opening into it, at the mouth of which stands mythological statuary of horses and men, meets you at an unexpected place, and one at first can hardly believe it to be the work of men's hands. But the gardens fade into insignificance when we enter the vast suite of rooms where French monarchs have lived renowned or inglorious lives. The whole building now is devoted to art, or is kept in perfect order to show in what rooms and state lived Le Grand Monarque or Marie Antoinette, or to illustrate the undoubted glories of the Napoleonic era. The rooms are mostly—say thirty feet square, very lofty, and their three inner sides covered with paintings, largely historic, of French events and achievements. One room opens into the next, doors being opposite to each other, and guards are everywhere to prevent noise or defacement. I may not describe any of the hundreds of pictures that stand upon the walls. The one that I carry away with me most vividly is an immense portrayal of the battle of Wagram. The canvas vividly presents Napoleon on his horse, with glass at eye surveying the distant field, where are belching artillery and frantic squadrons rushing toward each other in wildest fury.

The "Glass Room," the creation of Louis XIV, is two hundred and forty feet long, thirty-five in width, and forty-two feet high. One side, the long one, opens by large windows on the gardens; the other is composed of plate-glass mirrors, which seem to double the width of the room. When the Germans captured Paris and France, this room became the scene of the coronation of William as Emperor of Prussia, to the humiliation of the French, for if one thing more than another

is immortalized by the historic paintings everywhere decorating these walls, it is the frequent victories of the French over the Germans; and for four centuries French blood has been shed and diplomacy has woven its secret spells to preserve a divided Germany, yet the union came to pass on French soil and in the heart of French pride and magnificence.

For a small fee an attendant will unlock for you the suite of rooms once occupied by the queen of Louis XVI, show you the secret staircase down which she fled when the mob surged around the palace, only to be brought back to an ignominious death.

Our trip from Paris to Bordeaux carries us over historic places—the scenes of the siege of Orleans by the English; their defeat by Jeanne D'Arc; Tours, the seat of the provisional government of Gambetta, after he escaped from Paris in a balloon. Poitiers, Angouleme and Bordeaux possess relics of the Norman and Saracenic eras; but that which most interested me was the grape-culture, which here and in Burgundy is carried to the greatest extent. The grape is grown on short stems or stumps—not on a trellis at all—is cultivated as we till our corn, and when the fruit is ripe it remains on the vine for about four weeks, during which time the juice undergoes a fermentation found essential for its further use; then the grapes are gathered, and, if the price is sufficient, are sent to Bordeaux, there to be turned into the wine of commerce and domestic use. If the price is too low, the farmers press out the juice themselves, and hold for a satisfactory market. Few sights are more unlovely than a field of these grape-stumps or roots; black, unshapely, with a tuft of green leaves just putting out, they are indeed a "root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness." It was evident many old vineyards were being pulled up, and new ones

put out in their places. Wine-drinking is as much a matter of habit with the French as coffee-using is with us.

One night we strolled along the boulevard in Paris for at least two miles. Almost the whole sidewalk, especially near the point where the old city gates still stand, was given up to the chairs of men and women drinking wine and other drinks. I noticed on very many of the tables a small bottle containing another substance than wine. My friend told me it was a preparation of absinthe and vegetable oils which many wine drinkers used to add to and stimulate the otherwise unperceived effects of the wine. He also informed me that its use was increasing and its deleterious consequences were very deplorable. At all events, I hope the drinking habits of this country will never find a home with us. I can see no good in them, and the diversion of labor, health and comfort of the people to an industry which gives at the last no wholesome return to the body politic, can never be proved to be of value to society.

At Orleans our train gave us an hour to look at the bronze equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc. I find here it is more often spelled as above, rather than "Joan." The Maid of Orleans is seated on a horse, rearing on his hind feet, as are many of the statues of that kind. The whole has an immense pedestal of stone, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was erected by the loving affection of the people of Orleans, whose besieged city was delivered from English assault by the bravery of Jeanne. The four sides of the pedestal contain bronze representations, cut into the rock, of the life of the Maid, from the time, as a keeper of her father's flock, she heard a mysterious voice bidding her to her destiny, until, as a witch, she stands at the burning stake.

History becomes more real to one as he visits the localities

over which once moved the men and women who gave their lives to noble ends, or wherever men enacted scenes that have marred or illumined the fate of nations.

I saw more of the cattle of the country than before reaching Paris from Havre. Many stock trains were met, loaded with mild-eyed, round oxen, of a pale red, black-tipped horns and mostly drooping—what, in fact, we would call a first-rate kind of "pony steers." They are fattened on grass, and the beef they yield does not at all compare with our corn-fed steers. Beef, mutton and veal are worth about twenty cents per pound in small cuts. Fish are plenty, and chickens seem to be used a great deal. The tables are laden with very large strawberries from Spain, while peas, asparagus and new potatoes are plenty in the market.

The country most of the way is a broad, rolling region, not unlike our Kansas uplands. The villages of the farmers are larger and thicker than they were between Havre and Paris, while here and there a noble chateau is surrounded by a great untilled estate.

The fields of the farmers are cultivated by the most primitive tools. One man leads a horse or yoke of oxen, to which is attached a plow as old in style as Abraham, save that it has a sort of iron cutter fastened to it. The scythes are straight sticks with short heavy blades. No wagons—all carrying is done by a great cart. Yet I am told I have seen the best part of France, though nowhere have I seen on the farms those powerful Norman horses who do such prodigious service on the omnibuses and tramways of Paris. The amount of that service can be estimated when one learns that last year the omnibuses of Paris transported two hundred millions of passengers. Wouldn't Mr. Fricker delight to run such a line of 'buses?

INTO SPAIN.

PINE FORESTS—SPANISH WATERING PLACE—CROPS—VEGETATION—SOLDIERS—PYRENEES—PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE—THE PRIESTS—SABBATH—BURGOS CATHEDRAL—THE CID.

BURGOS, SPAIN, May 28, 1883.

FROM Bordeaux to San Sebastian the railroad runs through a plain that stoops gradually to the Bay of Biscay: once it was covered with a dense pine forest, and much of it is still devoted to the turpentine trade. The trees are generally thinned out to regular rows running each way, and as far as the eye can follow them. The underbrush and weeds are carefully removed, and sheep are pastured in large numbers on the grass that springs up. The trees are small, none over eight or nine inches in diameter. Small buckets holding a quart were suspended to each tree under a scarified spot on the bark.

Bordeaux is the center of this business, as well as of wine and mustard making. North of Bordeaux there were large tracts of mustard.

At Yrun, on the maps put down as Irun, we pass from French civility to Spanish jealousy and embarrassment. Everything showed us the dislike of the French, and the want of cordiality between the two systems of roads connecting here. The Spanish custom officers are much less polite and much ruder than the French.

San Sebastian, nine miles from Yrun, is a beautiful watering place on the bay: it is the resort of the Spanish nobility

when torrid skies beat down on Castile. We found it cool enough. Indeed, with the exception of a day at Bordeaux, we have had very cool weather, overcoat and wraps being needed nearly all the time. The sheep are unshorn as yet, and the vegetation all shows this country at least four weeks behind Kansas. Snow is upon the mountain-peaks of the Pyrenees and Sierra de Guaderrama; the men and women are still putting in their crops or tilling the wheat and barley, which are apparently planted and plowed one way as we do corn; the apple trees are only in full blossom. The veritable donkey of Sancho Panza is still the beast of burden here in Spain. Oxen are largely used for drawing a plow as primitive as that used in the days of David, and are fastened to it by their horns. Women work in the fields and carry great loads on their heads, and part their hair on one side. No mowers, no reapers, no cultivators; nothing made this side of Job's time in the way of farming utensils is seen from the cars. Water, milk and wine are carried in earthen jars, or jugs made of skins.

One is struck with the enormous withdrawal of laboring men from the industrial classes to the army. At every station, no matter how small, pacing up and down in front of the train, are at least two, and often several soldiers, whose office and functions no one can divine. Our train was constantly taking on and leaving soldiers, apparently by companies, at the largest points. The rank and file of the army, as I saw it, is composed of young men—small, narrow-chested fellows, with little discipline or military bearing. A fresh regiment of Ohio or Kansas volunteers, who went out to save the Republic and give freedom to a nation, would laugh at such armies as these puny boys make. But somebody must sustain this immense troop of men.

The railroad from Sebastian south to Burgos mounts through the western end of the Pyrenees mountains, and in doing so offers to the eye scenery very lovely, and at times approaching the lofty. We drive through tunnels of great length, emerging to behold new perspectives of peaks, fields sloping up to to the snow-line, white villages, or distant chateaus, or square towers.

The grape cultivation goes on; the patches of grain; the apple orchards trained on acclivities so sharp you wonder how they hold their places; the oxen drawing the queer old plows by their horns; the women spading, or cutting grass with sickles; the donkeys bearing enormous burdens of straw cut fine, or green fodder, or sticks of wood; the shepherds, with their flocks feeding on bare patches of land, right up to the edge of green barley or wheat, yet not a hoof venturing over the line; soldiers at every station, however small; a woman with a green flag at every crossing or grade; deserted buildings of stone on distant points;—these greet the eye at every turn.

Manufactures are very few, though some English have taken hold of the iron mines found in the Pyrenees. But here is Castile.

Of all the people I have seen in Spain or in France, outside of Paris, the most thoughtful, imposing and sagacious-looking are the priests. They abound everywhere in great numbers; but their faces, as a general thing, whether seen on the street or before the high altar or in the pulpit, impress me as belonging to men of intense resolve, unflinching zeal, long and patient self-control. The bare and closely shaven-headed monks at the convent of Miraflores, who, in that solitary and cold place, by twos, hourly knelt before the altar, with no audience or attendant worshipers to encourage them;

the friars at the Burgos Cathedral, and the bishops, robed in great splendor, all show that the most ambitious and brightest young men of the nation find in the priesthood and its power a charm like that which stirred the resolves of Ignatius Loyola. The support of these men must be a tremendous tax upon the poor, for they, like the soldiery, add nothing to the material welfare of the state.

Sunday in Spain is, perhaps, more a day of toil and business life than any other. Within the sound of the tones of the magnificent cathedral organ and the melody of the chanting boys, I saw a carpenter pushing his plane, and shops were filled with purchasers, and the market-place was crowded with women selling lettuce, onions and beans to housewives. An American Sabbath is no more known here than is our thrift, our freedom of religious belief and institutions. If, as is claimed, the old New England Sabbath is passing away, no thoughtful man can happily think of its being supplanted by a Spanish one.

The Burgos Cathedral is a massive gothic structure, whose foundations were laid over eight centuries ago. Stone steeples three hundred feet high, of open mason work; arches of vast size and height; sculpture of marvelous design and beauty; treasures of art stored away in chapels of great cost; relics of the romantic Cid, as the Moors named one of their greatest antagonists, and whose birth-place is shown near by; organs of sweetness and power — these and many other features make this edifice the finest cathedral in Spain. Burgos was the scene of one of Wellington's great peninsular victories, and from the castle, on the hill above the town, the battle-field lies before you. Once the town was the capital, but now it is in decay. To visit it will repay one interested in such things as it contains, but one in doing so would do well

to have with him not only a Murray, a good Spanish interpreter, but a bottle of ammonia, for the personal habits of the people are repulsive to an American, and the sheep and goats run everywhere, and the famous smells of Cologne have a counterpart in Burgos in intensity if not number.

STILL AMONG THE SPANIARDS.

THE ALHAMBRA—THE ESCORIAL—THE MOORS—PHILIP—BEGGARS—BULL FIGHTS—OCTAVA MARAVILLA.

GRANADA, SPAIN, June 1, 1883.

FEW boys, in reading Spanish history, have passed the story of the Alhambra, the life of the gloomy Philip as embodied in the Octavia Maravilla, the Escorial, or the exciting recital of a bull fight, without feeling a desire to see them all. Each is typical and illustrative of Spanish life, past and present. The dream of boyhood has been realized in maturer years, yet in its way each has touched the imagination, and filled the eye, as it could not have done if seen with more youthful eyes.

The Alhambra is so inwrought with the spells of legend and story, woven by Washington Irving over fifty years ago, that it is hard to dissever its rooms, its towers, its cool alcoves, its lovely gardens filled with the perfume of blossoming orange trees and all manner of odorous shrubs and flowers, its rippling waters heard in low, musical sounds beneath almost every fairy-like room, from the enchantment of the creator of "Sleepy Hollow," and "Poor Old Rip Van Winkle." The first feeling one has, in beholding the Alhambra from without, is disappointment. Its broken brick walls, following along the acclivity of the hill on which it is built, seem weak and insignificant; though groves of beautiful elms (the gift of Wellington seventy years ago) and climbing vines, and the aroma of roses filling the air around these slopes, fill the senses with delight.

Then, too, after the entrance beneath the great Moorish arch, with its mysterious hand and magic key, one feels the presence of the huge walls of the unfinished palace of Charles V—so close to the Moorish light and graceful arches, columns and airy stucco work—a gross intrusion. This feeling is enhanced when one learns that the ruthless monarch tore down the Winter Palace of the Alhambra to erect this reproachful monument to his name. To realize fully the Alhambra, one, I think, should visit it amid the torrid heats of this region, whereas now there is a cool season, three weeks later than its wont, and accompanied with more than usual rains. Though in this valley the Darro and Genil, two little mountain streams, unite, irrigation alone is relied upon to fructify a plain that from the days of Roman conquest, if not of Jewish expatriation at the time of the captivity, has been famed in story as the gem of Andalucia for fertility and green meadows. The Alhambra is the best extant relic of a people who for seven centuries filled this peninsula with a civilization, a development in art, science, literature, and certain forms of architecture and embellishment of a rare and wonderful character. The Moor in Spain, and his extinction as a cultivated, educated and liberal man, is one of the anomalies of history. The marvel grows as one, in this ruin, this wreck of power and taste, strives to comprehend how advanced and noble, how accurate in scientific knowledge, how inventive in architectural design, and how endowed with power and wealth must these people have been to have accomplished all this.

The mosque at Cordova doubtless represents the religious nature of the Moor far more than does the Alhambra as it now stands, but here we see what thought he had for physical comfort compared to religious life; for the Alhambra

had its exquisite mosque transformed by Charles V into a chapel. It is easy to imagine what ease and reverie one could enjoy in the walled rooms, with raised, tiled divans, where cool waters spring from hidden fountains and perfumed spray is dashed in from secret places in the floors. No American will visit Spain without finding in the Alhambra that which stirs his imagination and fills his mind with a desire to know more of a people who dwelt in cities with paved streets, and well lighted with lamps, when Paris and London were small towns, with dark and muddy streets; who had observatories, libraries and great schools of learning while France and England were in rude and barbaric ignorance, and who cultivated the charms of politeness and courtesy even in their intercourse with the rough descendants of Gauls and Romans.

The Escorial rose on the ruins of Moorish expulsion, with the firm and consolidated kingdom of Charles V, as bequeathed to his son Philip. It was built by the morose and cruel bigot Philip, in A. D. 1563, some three centuries after the building of the Alhambra. It rises in as sharp a contrast to the Alhambra as does the Spanish character to the Moorish. It stands on the slope of a great bare mountain, above a plain strewn thick with confused and tossed granite blocks, with no vegetation in sight in the general landscape save the pinched shrubs that here and there find their foothold among the bleached and wind-swept rocks, with its great and noble facades and entrances facing the mountain, instead of the wide plain and far-off ranges of snow-tipped mountains, as if doing obeisance to something grander and more immovable than its own massive walls. The Escorial from the first appeals to the lonely, solitary, austere, the solemn in human nature. The joyousness of nature in her

sunny spots was shunned by Philip as a site for his "temple, palace, tomb-house, treasury, and museum," as it has been fitly called, and instead thereof he chose a spot where nature often scowls, storms and rages, but never smiles. The building is in full accord with the region. Its magnitude is like the mountain before it, majestic, and its outlines full of massive strength. The granite walls, the marble staircases, the deep tomb-house, to which we descend along an oval passage-way of polished green and yellow jasper, the glistening marbles of this abode of dead kings and queens as seen by burning candles, the statuary, the paintings, the tapestries, the mosaic and carved wood-work—all these are in fit accord with the monarch and his life who built the palace. The only thing that I saw that spoke of the sweetness of nature, was a mother stork brooding her young in a nest she had built on one of the ridges of the roofs of the building. The approaches to the Escorial are thronging with that pest of Spanish travel, beggars, foul, diseased, repulsive, persistent. As one wanders from room to room, from chapel to chapel, from the church with its three naves, three hundred and twenty feet long, two hundred and thirty feet wide, and three hundred and twenty feet high to the top of the cupola; as one gazes at frescoes whose glories are those of Giordano, enters the sacristy, the rooms of the somber monarch whose memorial the building is, and marks their bare and discomfortable fittings as compared with the grandeur and cost of other royal apartments; in fine, as one notes the wonders of pencil, chisel, brush and needle at every turn of a building that has eighty-six stone and marble staircases, great numbers of rooms richly adorned with the ripest works of genius, long halls whose frescoes over-head and on the side record battles, sieges, conquests, pastoral scenes, occupations of peasants, the apotheoses of

saints, and the supposed glories of a heaven which opens with angels and archangels worshipping some ascending saint just released from his earthly toil, some idea of the magnitude and expense of the Escorial dawns on one. The rooms face on sixteen courtyards, and in these yards play fountains. The rocks have been cleared away near the building, and with the aid of flowing waters a beautiful garden-spot has been built to relieve the desolate waste around, and a like process has been carried on for some distance between the building and the station.

To me it is a question of some interest not only as to where Philip obtained the money to erect and embellish this edifice, but how in that age, without steam power, or even good roads, these marbles and granites were brought here. It is said one statue of Christ, the gift of the Duke of Florence, was transported on men's shoulders from Barcelona. Another thought fills the mind. To an American, Spanish history would be tame without the noble Isabella and the great Columbus; yet that which lifts Spain to the pinnacle of glory in the fifteenth century is unrecorded by any painting, tapestry or sculpture in this treasure-house of Castilian greatness and pride; or if there be such recognition, it is so inconspicuous as to escape the notice of each one of our party.

One to be filled with the full power and grandeur, glory, oppressive cheerlessness, of this native offering to the shades of San Lorenzo, a martyr to the faith in the year of Our Lord two hundred and sixty-one, and to the supposed assistance he gave Philip at the battle of St. Quentin, needs a month at least of patient study of these masterpieces in architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and almost every creative form of art ever thought out by man.

No one should leave this somber yet illumined spot with-

out climbing a part way up the mountain to a height above dome and tower, to look over a panorama of wonderful sweep and variety, in which storm-swept and whitened cliffs, distant peaks of glistening snow, rock and trees uninhabited by human beings, unite with the vast edifice at his feet to bring the thoughts of the human and the divine in their ascetic and powerful aspects together. Yet after all I do not know but the sight of the great nest built of sticks and brush by the stork on one of the ridges of the building, with the patient bird brooding her young, is as vivid an impression as any I bear away from the Escorial. Here too, as at Burgos, Bordeaux, Tours, and every cathedral I have seen, in the vestibule of pillars and archways that cost millions, sit the most ghastly, ill-shapen and disease-eaten men and women I ever saw, begging for a few sous to allay their want or support their indolence. Such squalor and cold pomp and wealth is seen in these places side by side as to lead one to doubt whether the glory of the one was any more dear to the good and merciful One above than the rags, woe, and inert apathy of the other. Never and nowhere could the extremes of life come into nearer contact and contrast. And with this reflection I find it easy to pass from the solitude and vigils and penance of Philip II to the saturnalia of a Spanish bull fight.

We reached Madrid in the evening, just as the streets were thronged with people returning from Plaza de Toros, where the king had entertained the Portuguese Emperor and the diplomatic corps during the afternoon. The American Secretary of Legation, whom I found to be not only an old resident of Livingston county, New York, but also very kind, and full of information gained by his nearly six years' residence here, urged me to see the next day a very fine exhibition of this favorite amusement of Spain, saying that in some respects it

would be nearer a reproduction of the old Spanish fight than any to be given this season. The plaza is a huge circle of brick, with seats rising from the lowest, which is six feet from the ground of the arena and protected from it by a narrow alley of about four feet wide, up to the highest over twenty feet above, and there are seats for fourteen thousand persons; and the day we were there over seventeen thousand men, women and children crowded into the vast amphitheater. I never before saw so many people packed together in such dense masses. The true bull fight only pleases the Spaniard when it closes with the killing of at least one horse by the bull, and his own bloody death.

The first two bulls were fought by amateur sportsmen mounted on good horses, as was the custom centuries ago, and by the aid of the experienced picadors. The bulls were large for Texas cattle, but of the same type and not as wild as some Texas steers I have seen. The bull is confined in a dark room until the arena is ready, when two massive gates open and he bounds from darkness to face the fierce rays of a western sun; and as he enters, by some means a blue-and-red ribbon is fastened with a sharp incision into the thick of his neck, and he presents a picture of life and brute fury quite pleasing to the great multitude, who hardly from the beginning to the end cease howling, shouting, yelling, and at the *denouement* rising with screams of *bravo! bravo!* To me, this scene of delirious delight at the sight of the poor brute staggering to the earth, blood pouring from his mouth at the last well-pointed sword-thrust that touched the heart, two horses lying quivering in death-throes from the fierce goring of the bull, the picadors moving around the circle receiving plaudits and cigars, women waving their fans, and men strain-

ing their voices to applaud, seemed as near pandemonium as this earth can produce. The regulation sport is complete when eight bulls and any number of horses have been killed. We left the place when the fourth bull was killed, thanking the fate which cast us anywhere else than in and among a people whose national delight and amusement is a custom so utterly brutal and unrelieved of any noble end or impulse.

The crush of vehicles to reach the plaza was worth seeing. There were all sorts of carriages, from the tramway cars to a one-horse cart, all loaded down, even to the step and driver's seat. Then such racing, whipping of horses and mules, such cries and yells, I never heard before in any city. No wonder the people are poor, their nobles in debt, their aristocracy a mere tinsel outside, their industries primitive and barren, the vestibules of their magnificent churches, the gift of other centuries, crowded with fetid mendicants, and must and decay offending the senses of those who would admire the relics of the adventurous chivalry and grandeur of the ages past.

Madrid is a beautiful city on the Manzanares river, with a population of about four hundred thousand. Its public buildings, plazas and gardens are very fine. The Royal Picture Gallery and Museum here, are said to be among the finest in Europe. Some of the masterpieces of Raphael, Titian, Tintorreto, Paul Veronese, Rubens and Vandyke are here; and the walls show the works of Murillo, Velasquez, and many other Spanish painters. We stayed long before Rubens' "Magi" and "St. George and the Dragon," Murillo's "Annunciation" and "Conception"—said to be this master's finest productions, and a portrait of "Bloody Queen Mary," painted from life by Moro. A striking picture was that of the widowed queen, daughter of Isabella, receiving the dead

body of her husband who fell among the wars in the Low-lands.

Toledo lies down the Tagus valley some fifty miles from Madrid, and is remarkable for its cathedral, its famed steel, and its historic associations. It is a dull, decaying place now, but its cathedral is kept in fine repair, and is still an object of wonder. The city is securely built on a part of a long mountain of hard, tough rocks, the site of the place being cut out of the range by a sharp curve of the river running into the heart of the mountain, and then by another detour coming out into the valley on the same side it entered, and so leaving only one side exposed to attack; and this in ancient times was protected by walls and Moorish castles still standing. It is claimed that Toledo is the Tarshish of the Hebrews, whither they fled at the time of the Captivity. It was once a Gothic, Moorish, and Castilian capital, and contained over two hundred thousand people; now only twenty thousand inhabit its narrow and tortuous streets and lead an indolent and listless life, where once were great industries and political activity.

An English company, near the egress of the Tagus from the mountain, carry on the steel manufactories, and the fabrics now as of yore, have a great reputation. Knives, scissors, dirks, swords, and various other articles, are made in large quantities.

The cathedral has eighty-four massive pillars, and the dome, high altar, and organs, are remarkable works of art. The vestibule was filled with loathsome beggars, and the crooked passage-ways of the place swarmed wit these pests of travel.

The wheat-fields as we passed were ready for the sickle, and were glorious with the brilliant scarlet poppy that stood even

with the ripening grain, and gave color and beauty to the extensive scene. I suppose the poppy is a bad weed, for in places it seemed to take possession of the land, but it made the landscape most lovely.

ABOUT LISBON.

TAGUS VALLEY—WILD SCENERY—QUAINT HOUSES—ROYAL FAMILY—FISHING COMMERCE—EARTHQUAKE—RUINS—POLITICAL DISQUIET.

CORDOVA, SPAIN, June 4, 1883.

FROM Madrid to the capital of Portugal is a long ride, through a country of marked diversities. Some of the route is down the Tagus valley, and finally crosses it near Talavero, one of the great battle-fields between the French and English, the latter aided by the Spaniards, who here, as in so many other contests, left their brave ally to do the hard fighting. Here for awhile we leave the Tagus and its rocky deep channel. The fields looked worn, the barley now being cut was small, the olive orchards immense and thrifty; a few oat-patches here and there, a fair crop; no grass or meadows, no forests, no birds, either here or elsewhere in Spain; the country as the road mounts over high divides, growing wilder and fuller of rocks, crags, and gloomy cañons, frequented by sheep and goats in great numbers in the desolate mountains; the road overcoming heights and gorges by long and circuitous paths; a few stone huts among the rocky pastures; dark-faced, brigand-looking men seen now and then in the somber defiles and at the halting-places; snow-capped peaks in the distant west;—such was our journey until the late twilight of a southern horizon deepened into the shadows of the night.

The early dawn found us on the Portuguese frontier, with its custom house, and hurried examination of our luggage. Thence on to Lisbon we follow down the beautiful valley of the Tagus, now a lordly river, where palm trees grow, pome-

granates open their lovely flowers in the hedges, and cactus walls fence in the iron road. Meadows are covered with thick mantles of grass, orchards bend beneath their burdens of fruit, forests of cork trees are seen freshly stripped of their valuable bark, and gardens and cultivated grounds, with shipping in the river, show we are in an almost tropical region, and fast nearing a harbor and a city.

Lisbon is a very beautiful and clean capital, situated on high and level ground, which gives to it commanding outlooks, a noble reservoir, airy homes, beautiful drives, and smooth streets for business uses. It has a fine harbor, large cork manufactories, tile works, oil mills, a busy fish trade on its commodious wharves, and altogether is a deeply interesting place. We visited the ruins of the convent, which we were told are just as the earthquake left them over one hundred years ago. Some of the walls and a few pillars still stand, but the roof has disappeared and most of the edifice had been either removed or buried up in weeds and debris. Many of the houses had tiled sides, looking odd enough, and some were handsome with this strange wall. On the high grounds is the finest church in the city, St. John the Baptist. We found in it, protected by massive curtains of embroidered silk, a mosaic chapel more beautiful and costly than anything of the kind we had seen elsewhere. It was the gift to the church of some Pope, whose name I do not recall.

In the vestibule of the church were a large number of women, nearly if not quite one hundred, with babes in their arms, who had assembled to receive from the government their monthly allowance for the support of their children born out of wedlock. The sum monthly allowed to each mother is one dollar and eighty cents of our money, and it is given to prevent the crime of infanticide, which otherwise

would be very common. It was a sad and instructive sight. The rich and glorious temple dedicated to the pure and ascetic reformer was a strange place for the gathering of those who never knew, or had lost, the name of virtue.

The fish trade of the city is immense. The ships run out a few miles into the sea and return laden down with the spoils of the deep, for the waters off Lisbon are said to be most abundant in the choicest of the finny shoals. Women, carrying on their heads broad, shallow baskets filled with fish, patrol the streets selling their burden at very low prices to the housekeepers.

The royal palace is on the high ground, and is a very noble structure. We saw the king and his two sons, all of whom were quite polite to our party—they are very ordinary-looking people. Toward the royal family and its support there is quite a hostile feeling, so our guide told us. It costs these Portuguese, who only number five millions of souls, nearly one million of dollars annually to defray the cost of the royal family alone. Taxes are very high, especially those on the necessities of life, in some instances having been trebled within a short time. One large building is devoted to the royal carriages of the reigning family. Their magnificence—their ornamention and great cost, variety and numbers, told a story of prodigality and ruinous expense. The Portuguese pride themselves on their humanity as compared with the Spaniards. A bull fight was advertised for the Sabbath afternoon we were there, but we were informed the amusement was harmless to man and beast. The tips of the bull's horns were blunted with leathern knobs, and the sport ended with horse, rider and bull unhurt—only agility in warding off or escaping the fierce rush of the animal being displayed.

Wine is a product of Portugal of much importance, the port wine of commerce being made at Oporto, a city not very far from Lisbon, and around which is said to be the finest grape region in the world. The disease that has devastated so many vineyards in France is not known here; yet our American consul told me the people were importing grape seeds from Cincinnati to raise the roots for their new vineyards. The old enterprise and maritime spirit of the Portuguese is gone. They seem to be content to live in their narrow, ocean-bounded country, unmindful of their heroic past, and the thought of their ancestors' keels plowing unknown waters and bringing home the products and wealth of strange countries scarcely moves their ease-taking natures. All this our local guide bewailed to us in many a discourse, and for it he had but one remedy: destroy the monarchy and the priesthood — build up a republic. He was very near the nihilist of Russia, the socialist of Germany, or the communist of France. He claimed he spoke the sentiments of many in civil as well as in army life. The event by-and-by will tell whether he is right. It is certain there is little respect for royalty or reverence for the clergy among the common people. A cheap illustrated paper of extensive circulation contained caricatures and grotesque lampoons of the king and his eldest son; and in the theater where the masses go, the play that drew best represented the amour of a priest with a rich widow, and over the discomfiture of this worldly teacher the audience loudly roared.

The cathedral music of the Sabbath morning was very captivating. The organ had wonderful sweetness and power, and the choir of monks or priests was equally delightful; but there were few worshipers and those not very devout,

while out of doors all the scenes of every-day life, its work and pleasures, went on as usual.

The public garden on one of the acclivities of the city, is large, and filled with shade trees, walks, seats, and beds of the most brilliant and gorgeous flowers I ever saw. On the highest point of land is a massive reservoir under a granite roof which rests on great solid walls, and the water is very pure and cold, being brought from mountain supplies many miles distant.

We left Lisbon at night for Cordova. Daylight found us again in Spain, in the midst of wide olive trees and fields of grain. There are two kind of olives — the wild, which seems to be indigenous, growing in steep and rocky places and on the rugged mountain-slopes and heights, and whose fruit is of little value, having the same relation to the other kind, the cultivated tree, that wild crab apples do to the grafted and budded fruit. The oil of commerce comes from these carefully planted and tilled orchards.

The railroads of Spain are fenced in, more or less, with hedges almost entirely made of cactus, of which there appear to be three varieties, and one of them much resembles our century plant. They grow very high, sometimes twenty feet, and have very wide branches, which are generally kept parallel with the track. One variety has a beautiful flower. As the hedges had many breaks on either side, it was difficult to see what use they subserved. Our route crossed fields of war and military heroism and cowardice; Badajoz witnessed one of Wellington's greatest feats and also one of the most perfidious acts of Spanish treachery. Here Sonet is said to have bribed Jose Imaz to surrender without a shot a fort of such tremendous strength that it cost the hero of Waterloo five thousand dead and wounded to regain it. Beyond Bada-

joz we enter a region of extraordinary richness; vineyards, olive groves, wheat fields, stretch away in every direction mile after mile. The valley of the Guadiana, which we now traverse, is full of historic reminiscences as well as of exuberant products. Merida once rejoiced in the patronage of the Emperor Trajan and the bridge viaduct across the river, the Arch of Santiago, and the ruins of an aqueduct still ninety feet high with ten arches and over thirty piers yet remain to fix the eye and excite the imagination of the visitor.

Pushing over the divide between the Guadiana and Guadalquivir leads through a region filled with iron and coal, and contiguous to the great quicksilver mines of Almaden. Moorish towers and old castles rise against the sky from conspicuous headlands. The country becomes wilder, until the down grade carries us swiftly to Belmez; thence to Cordova we are among ripening grains, herds of Spanish cattle much like their Texan descendants, only more gentle and civilized, and all the evidences of a good fruit and farming region. Heavy unwonted rains gave to the landscape a bright and joyous appearance, and the suburbs and outlying villas of this ancient home and center of Moorish art and grandeur were radiant with flowers and verdant lawns and luxuriant masses of foliage.

SEVILLE, AND OTHER MATTERS.

ANDALUCIA—GRANADA—BREAD—QUEER CONVEYANCES OF LIME AND SAND.

SEVILLE, SPAIN, June 8, 1883.

WE spent two happy days at the Alhambra, and then took train for this city, the birthplace of Trajan, Adrian, Theodosius the Great, and the home of Cortez. It is in the heart of Andalucia, the paradise of Spain. We came through the Las Vegas—the meadows—that lie at the feet of Granada; we saw the little city of Santa Fé, where Queen Isabella pledged her jewels to enable Columbus to fit out the ships that brought the new world to light; we looked at the jewel-case of the Queen in the cathedral; descended into her marble tomb in the chapel; looked at some priestly robes her fingers embroidered; saw the priest at the cathedral door doling out two sous each to a great crowd of famished, scarred and disfigured women; visited the caves of gypsies in the hill opposite the Alhambra; plucked orange leaves and blossoms out of the windows where Irving wove his enchanting stories of the Moorish palace; took a long breath of the cool, delightful air that surrounds this gem of the plain and mountain; heard for the last time the early songs of the nightingales flitting through these retreats, and were off for Seville. Our journey led us back to Boabidilla over a great and rocky divide, thence over a country of great beauty and fertility. It resembles Johnson and Franklin counties, save there are fewer farm-houses to be seen. But the road swept through

unending forests of olive trees and immense fields of wheat. Here the land is mostly held in large estates and worked by tenants. Yet the same crude husbandry met the eye—the old Egyptian plow, the multitude of men cutting wheat by the handful with sickles, the donkeys laden with provender, the crowds of soldiers and men at the stations, were here as elsewhere in Spain. I may not try to describe the Alhambra. Irving has brought out its beauties from an architectural point, and the place is changed since then only in its surroundings, since the elm-trees that Wellington gave the place only a few years before Irving wrote, to the number of eight thousand, are now grown very tall and dense. We saw the son of Matteo Ximinez, Irving's ideal valet, and listened to the voluminous details of history and Moorish times given us the first day by our guide.

One thing in Granada as well as in some other Moorish towns impressed me—the presence and value of a good water supply. Could Lawrence have the cool streams that flow through the Moorish aqueducts over the Alhambra and thence descend to fill and beautify the city of Granada, it would double her attractiveness and value. Whenever we do obtain works of this kind, let us have them as ample as the means at our hands will allow.

Some queer things are seen in Granada and elsewhere. Long trains of donkeys were coming into the city, over roads where a span of mules could draw two tons, laden with sand or lime in sacks to build with. And I may mention that the bricks of this country are not like ours, but about half as thick and considerably longer and wider, and are of the same type as the Moors used in building the Alhambra. The air of the region of Granada is so dry that wood is well preserved, and the old Moorish adornments in wood, curious

carving and patching or piecing, remain nearly as sound as they were five centuries ago.

Cattle are said to be a great product of Andalucia, but I saw only one fine herd of stock in it. There were almost a hundred head of three-year-old black heifers, as fine a sight as any Kansas farmer could wish to see. The swine are herded with the sheep and goats, and often donkeys, none of them very good.

Irving writes of the good bread of Seville, but we find it almost the same as everywhere else — very thick crust, small loaves, and a smell of must in the flour of which it was made. Milk is cheap, but of a poor quality, as is also the butter, of which Spaniards make much less account than we do.

Seville is historic every way in the annals of Spain. Here was one of the seats of Roman power; here a center of Moorish learning and taste; here a great observatory which the monks turned into a belfry. The land is fair and fertile, and sometime the throbs of new life will touch it to its old-time greatness.

ABOUT GIBRALTAR.

SOCIETY OF THE BLACK HAND—CUSTOM-HOUSE ANNOYANCES—IGNORANCE OF THE MASSES—GIBRALTAR—TANGIER.

CORDOVA, SPAIN, June 28, 1883.

GIBRALTAR is a difficult place to reach from the coast of Spain. The route by Cadiz or Malaga is equally uncertain as to steamers, and in any case slow and vexatious. The wharves are not approachable by the steamers, and you must reach your vessel or disembark therefrom in small boats. The ways of Spanish customs officers are past finding out, your luggage often being examined in an aimless way in passing from one town to another. Why satchels and trunks should be opened, and then, without any serious examination, closed, in going from Seville to Cadiz, still puzzles us.

Since touching at different points in the interior I have discovered something of the undercurrent of feeling among the masses. Spain is filled with soldiers, and also has a great wheat harvest, much of it yet uncut, though it stands bleaching dead-ripe in the hot sun. It seems that there is a secret society in the empire, called the "Black Hand," whose members are devoted to a bitter hostility, not only to the government, but to the priesthood. They resemble the nihilists of the East, or the dynamite associations of bad men. One car, filled with these men as prisoners, was in our train to Cadiz. They were a hard-looking lot of men, and the one old woman among them excited pity for her years, and that alone. These men have deterred the laborers from gathering the

harvest, and have threatened to fire the standing grain, which now is as combustible as dry straw can be. So the government, under the show of furnishing laborers to the farmers, has scattered five thousand soldiers among the fields of Andalucia alone, and soldiers patrol the highways in every direction.

But the dislike of the present order of things is by no means confined to these desperate men. Everywhere I meet Spaniards who bitterly complain of their taxes, the want of schools, the illiteracy of their countrymen, and the frightful expenses of their established church. Said one to me last evening at Algeciras, "Here is a town with only one school for children, and that closed nearly nine months in the year, and over one hundred priests paid by the nation. Now I want it changed—only two priests, and ten schools." The clergy derive a comfortable support from the state; their numbers are immense, and so far as I have seen, the worshipers in the cathedrals and grand churches are few and listless.

Cadiz is gained in a short and pleasant ride down the Guadalquivir, from Seville. Immense pyramids of salt meet the eye as we approach the coast, which is made in the salt marshes by solar evaporation. The city stands on a high mole or elevation, is very clean, and boasts of having been founded by Hercules, strengthened and adorned by Cæsar, and under Augustus rose to wealth and importance. Its commerce now is small and its manufacturing interests are insignificant. But it is a pleasant spot, and the sea-wall affords a delightful promenade.

We reached Gibraltar, from Cadiz, by steamer along the Atlantic coast. The day was perfect, and the Spanish mainland with its old Moorish towers, its jutting headlands and its

old battle-fields, was in sight most of the way. We thought of Nelson, and the naval victory that cost him his life, as we sailed by Trafalgar. The coast is full of interest all the way.

But to Gibraltar. Much as I had read of this remarkable rock, around which the legends of Hercules, the galleys of Cæsar, the swarming boats of the long-ago Northmen, the Danes, the Moors, the French, the Spaniard, and last and greatest of all the Englishman, have all wrought out wonderful history or story, yet its natural strength, its peculiar inherent power and location, and its acquired greatness, never dawned on me until I saw it. No wonder the ancients thought this strait between Spain and Africa, this rift between the spurs of the Sierra Nevada and the Atlas ranges of mountains, was the mother of Hercules, a blind force, to them omnipotent. I may not attempt a description of this fortress beyond this, that it rises about fifteen hundred feet high, with precipitous sides toward the sea, the neck of land, a low plain toward the Spanish mainland, and a little less abrupt slope to the Bay of Gibraltar, at whose edge at the foot of the rock crouches the little town of Gibraltar. Through the kindness of our consul, Mr. Sprague, we obtained a permit to go through the fortifications. The trip is a severe one for footmen, and is not very easy on donkeys, as we made it. Passing through two gates guarded by soldiers, our passes surrendered, we followed a soldier detailed for the purpose. The path is through cuts and tunnels in the solid rock, up steep ascents, by chambers whose seaward sides open in slits or embrasures, whence the cannon balls may fly from the iron monsters resting on pivotal carriages. The sides of the tunnels and cuts have iron rings bolted in every few feet, by which the great guns are moved with blocks and pulleys up to their destined places.

The scene is very grand as you gain St. George's chamber, where is a large accumulation of guns and munitions, and whose port-holes sweep both the sea to the right and the upper bay to the left, as well as the neutral strip of land that at once separates sea and bay, as well as marks the boundary between Spain and Britain. The sea, the mountains of two continents, the white sails of numberless craft, the steamers from India and Rio Janeiro and Hamburg, the tranquil bay on whose waters the world's destiny has been changed, lie before the eye, while imagination is busy calling up the weird forms, the wild and shadowy events that once filled the scene with surpassing interest. All is now full of peace, yet this impregnable hold is still further being improved by the English. At one point, far up the cliff, we found swarms of men blasting out a great vault for a new powder magazine, and on this speck in the ocean seven thousand men, soldiers mainly, noble-looking men—Scotch, Irish and English—are continually kept; a force nearly, if not quite, half as large as our standing army. Not a vessel or steamer crosses these waters or passes this strait without reporting itself to the signal officer, whose lofty station on the topmost rock commands the entire sea and bay.

Gibraltar is said to be the most cosmopolitan spot on the globe. Its harbor and wharves are filled with craft and seamen from all over the world. Many of its supplies are brought from the neighboring African coast, at Tangier. This Moorish town is only a few hours steaming from Gibraltar, and its scenes present in so marked a manner the contrasts of the East and the West—the old and the new—that one should not when here fail to visit it. In Tangier, the seaport town of Morocco, not a wheel is seen, nor could even a cart find its way through streets too tortuous and

narrow, in many places, for even the loaded and abused donkeys to pass. We thought we had entered into another civilization as we passed through the sea-side wall of the town, and began to climb the steep, winding streets. Our hotel, a delightful French one, was on the opposite side of the place, and beyond the walls and the open market through which we passed to gain it. I have seen beggars elsewhere, but here they come in greater numbers, more diseased and repulsive, than anywhere else.

As we crossed the market, which is on moderately sloping land, gravel and sand mostly, a drove of camels came winding down the great interior trail to Fez, laden with products of loom and hand in that far-off place; and still another train came in a short time later. What stories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob came to the mind as these "ships of the desert" wound their way to the market! Moors, Jews, and a few Europeans hold and do the business of this Arab town. The farmers from the interior were here with dates and figs; poultry, sheep and cattle were for sale, while the little bazars on alleys and dim passage-ways were all open to the passer-by, who stood on the walks and examined the goods for sale. Rugs, carpets, embroideries, and articles in silk and wool, gold and silver, made in the far interior, are the chief things offered to the stranger.

The ladies of our party visited the harem of the pasha. The wives of this ruler of Tangier are rather pretty — confined to the castle, and quite eager to see European women, whose lives and destinies are so dissimilar to their own. A day among the Moors of Tangier only enhances the difficulties of the question we have often thought of: Whence had these strange people the science and wisdom that built the mosque of ten hundred pillars at Cordova, the Alhambra

palaces, the solid cities of Seville, Granada, and many more, and whither has all this cunning in architecture and scientific wisdom gone? Where are the descendants of the men who five hundred years ago built the aqueducts of the Darro and Genil?

OUT OF SPAIN.

MOSQUE OF CORDOVA—HOLY OF HOLIES—GUADALQUIVIR—THRESHING FLOORS—RICE FIELDS—IRRIGATION—VALENCIA—BARCELONA—DECAYED CITIES—PYRENEES—THE SEA.

MARSEILLES, FRANCE, June 21, 1883.

OUR journey through Spain, by reason of the boats failing to run on advertised time from Gibraltar, gave us the opportunity of spending another day at Cordova, and of revisiting its Moorish mosque, now a cathedral. We were glad, for take it all in all, this is the best-preserved relic of the religious works of that unique and remarkable people now existing. Perhaps I mentioned before, that its roof is sustained by over one thousand pillars of choice marble, brought from Rome, Arabia, Egypt, and other parts of the world. The structure is immense, both in its main naves and its chapels and cloisters. The pillars seem like a forest as you look from one aisle to another. But the most affecting thing in it is a mosque made of mosaics, with a roof of like character, which is only to be seen by means of a lighted taper, which your guide, animated by a franc, will hold up for you. This mosque is about eight feet in diameter, a complete circle, and was the holy of holies of the Arabs. They moved around it on their knees, with their faces to the wall, and the tesselated pavement is worn down quite sensibly by the knees of these people in performing their rites over five centuries ago. Our guide told us that often even now, Moors from Africa visit this shrine, and on bended knees and with streaming eyes move around and around this sacred place.

From Cordova we made a long ride to Valencia. We followed up the valley of the Guadalquivir to its sources, or nearly so, in the mountains, and then over some bold divides and down through other rich valleys to Valencia. The valley of the Guadalquivir is doubtless one of the best in Spain. It was a succession of olive orchards, vineyards, and wheat-fields. The peasants were busy cutting and threshing wheat and tilling the grapes. At a distance their vineyards look like a vast corn-field in Kansas, and as Spain has not suffered from the grape insect as France, the returns from this source of farming are very much more than ever.

The threshing is done by treading with horses, mules, and winnowing in the wind. Besides the hoofs of their animals, generally driven four abreast on the floor, there is often a queer, box-looking machine dragged by the two middle mules. It has under it three short iron rods, on each of which there are four or five iron disks something like our rolling cutters on plows; these revolve with the movement of the team and cut the straw quite fine. This is then packed into great sacks like our wool sacks, and shipped off to the towns and cities on the cars. From Alcazar to Valencia we touched valleys whose red gravel soil was stirred to its utmost by waters brought in ditches and conduits now as the Moors left them so many years ago. Here we saw rice-fields just flushed with water, orange groves, lemon trees and graceful palms waving over the low houses of the peasants. The mountains on either side are bare and bleak, though there was now and then one terraced to its summit, while hardly at any time were we out of sight of some Moorish tower or old castle standing on the high cliffs. If American industry and labor-saving machinery could touch this country, and our schools could be planted among this people—of whom hardly

one in five can read and write — what a revolution would appear!

We spent a day each at Valencia — famous for oranges and Moorish streets and alleys, as well as for its being the scene where the Cid, so much honored and revered in Spain, perpetrated his cruelties on the Moorish nobles — and at Barcelona. This town to me is most historic, in that here Isabella welcomed back from his bold voyage the great Columbus.

And now we take the cars for the last time in Spain, and gladly turn our faces along the shore of the sea toward France. We dash across rivers famed in story, greatest of which is the Ebro, at whose mouth stands the old town of Tolosa, once in Roman times a city of one million of people; now only a few thousand fishermen and boat-builders dwell there. All along we see the nets drawn out to dry on the beach, or being mended by women for another day's draught. The mountains and the sea coquette with each other, now rushing into each other's embrace and again separating by many miles of fertile plain, on which are cork trees freshly stripped of their bark (a process Nature endures once in five years without complaint), and wide stretches of yellow harvests, green vines, and the somber olive trees. At last we reach the bold Pyrenees, whose granite peaks end abruptly in the deep sea, and for a moment the heights above and the depths beneath seem to utter defiance to man, but a moment more we are driven through tunnels of great length and depth — the heart of the mountain yields its dread secrets to commerce, and we are in France.

OVER TO ITALY.

THE RHONE — HARVESTS — MEADOWS — COMMERCE OF MARSEILLES — SCHOOLS AND CLERGY — MONTE CARLO — GAMBLING — COLUMBUS AND GARIBALDI — CARNIVAL SCENES — PISA — GALILEO.

PISA, ITALY, June 26, 1883.

IN passing from Spain to France, leaving the Pyrenees behind, we reach a new and different country. Before long we touch affluents of the Rhone, and soon are crossing the low valley of this river of Cæsar's wars, and at whose mouth is situated the largest seaport town in France, Marseilles. We found large meadows on these low grounds, and the farmers were busy putting the hay into stacks. There were still uncut fields of wheat, potatoes just in blossom, while the olive and grape became less frequent.

Marseilles surprised me in its extent, the shipping of its wide harbor and the industries there carried on. It manufactures tile, flour from wheat brought from Spain, Italy and America, leather from hides found in India and South America; in fact, it seems to be the middle-man of the Mediterranean. Our hotel-keeper proved to be a very intelligent man, and from him I learned something of the feelings of the people to the government. Here in France, as in Spain and other countries, the established church is supported by the State. This he justified on the ground that some years ago the government took possession of several millions of dollars worth of church property and estates, and pledged itself to support the clergy from these confiscated revenues. But meantime the Republic is establishing free

and compulsory schools, and it designates the books to be used in them. Some of these books give great offense to the clergy, and so they have begun to denounce them from the pulpits; thereupon the Republic says to them: "All right; you denounce our books and we refuse pay you any longer." Eighty curates and ten bishops have thus fallen under a stoppage of their pay. It is easy to see that in the end the government will prevail. The song of freedom, named for this city of Marseilles, it seems was written for a band of prisoners or galley slaves who went from here to Paris at the time of the revolution, and committed great excesses.

Perhaps the most striking object that meets the eye in following along the Mediterranean, is the Maritime Alps, that glisten with snowy-tipped peaks just off to the left. Soon they come down to the sea, and for many miles with their indentations make the lovely winter retreats of the wealthy of Europe, as Nice, Cannes, Mentone, Genoa, and the long coast-line to Pisa. The villas of the English, German and Russian nobility are fairy-like spots, surrounded by gardens of never-fading flowers, palms, orange and lemon trees. At Cannes, Gladstone spent much of the past winter; near there Queen Victoria often comes during the severe weather, and many Americans also find here a home.

Monte Carlo or Monaco is the center of the gambling interests of Europe. It is nine miles from Nice, stands on two jutting promontories, and one is adorned with a magnificent marble hall two stories high, at whose tables vast sums of money are yearly lost and made. While we were there the tables were surrounded by eager players, one-half at least magnificently dressed women who staked their money and lost it with a nerve and equanimity equal to the others. One lady who played high and steadily lost, showed no sign of

disappointment save once when she gave a quick, sharp sigh. The road from Nice to Pisa is the old diligence road, the finest it is said in Europe, being cut out of the solid rock much of the way, and constantly overlooking the sea, whose waves dash to surf just below it.

Genoa is the home, or was, of Columbus. He was born a few miles out of the town. A letter in the handwriting of the great navigator, and the violin of Paganini, are among the curiosities of one of the public buildings. The city is delightful every way, and its historic associations are pleasant. Here Byron lived and wrote; here Garibaldi had his home with his two sons and daughters; the cemetery with its four long colonnades of marble under which sleep the noble and wealthy, while in the open inclosed plaza repose the humble, each with a lamp suspended over his resting-place which pious affection lights at least once a year; the chimes of bells, the pomp and circumstance of the great cathedral, the carnival on the Sabbath we were there, of the celebration of Mazzini, whose anniversary was being observed, and that for St. John the Baptist, which was observed with brilliancy in the cathedral; the out-of-door concerts in the great plaza; the shops open; the hucksters crying their wares on the sidewalks next the cathedral;—all this was beyond expression interesting.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa was a surprise. It is much larger and higher than I supposed, and the deviation from a perpendicular is so apparent that one almost holds his breath lest it fall. Its history is unknown. Next it stands the Baptistry of Pisa, that is wonderful for its echoing properties. The voice comes back to you softened by its round through the colonnades and arches of the circular chapel, in quite an astonishing manner. Here too is a great cathedral

whose chief attraction to me was a swinging silver lamp whose motions first taught the great Galileo the thought of the pendulum; and outside of the church in a narrow obscure street is shown you the house where the discoverer of the world's rotary motion was born, as the inscription on it says, February 18th, A. D. 1564. The Arno runs through the city, and walls on each side render this classic stream safe for the buildings that rise close to it. The mountains about this old place are lovely; the Alps, the Apennines, and the Pisa. And now to Rome.

IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

RUINS — OLD AND NEW CITY — PETER AND HIS CHURCH — VATICAN MUSEUM — STRANGE SIGHTS — RELIGIOUS CURIOSITIES.

ROME, July 2, 1883.

TO SEE Rome, to get an adequate idea of its former greatness and still undecayed splendors, one needs at least a month of good health, with a good guide: we had only a week. Many preconceived ideas vanish as the streets, the hills, the ancient ruins and present glories of the illustrious city are for the first time touched by the wanderer. The great walls of Aurelian, still massive in their decay; the Campagna, with its crowds of peasants and loaded carts, fresh from the wide meadows; the dome of St. Peters, the crumbling ruins of houses and palaces two thousand years of age, greet the eye, and at once suggest the stormy and frightful, the gorgeous and heroic, far-off past. Of one thing I am fully persuaded: students of Latin and of the history of this wonderful peninsula, would gain immeasurably could they spend one vacation here with an intelligent guide in visiting the scene of their studies. More than ever I believe that the student could forego many things, in learning the record in the language of the people who made it, of this central spot in history—to spend a few weeks looking upon the red Tiber; the Appian way; the Pantheon; the Coliseum; the Forum; the Capitoline, Palatine, and Quirinal mountains; the decayed villas of Cicero and Cæsar, and the many localities made memorable by brilliant or fateful deeds and lives. The Rome of to-day is largely built on different land from that of Paul

and Augustus. Yet perhaps the present objects of interest in the way of cathedrals, Vatican and Museum, will give to the new a claim upon one's thoughts and time as much as the old.

Whether Peter was ever at Rome or not, it is certain that he could not be more worshiped than he is, were he here even now. The imposing edifice that bears his saintly name represents more of grandeur and massiveness than any building I ever saw. It is almost overpowering in its immense size, the munificence of its decorations, and its accumulations of paintings, all (or nearly so) mosaic, and its statuary. We were fortunate enough to be in Rome on the great *fete* day of St. Peter: all shops were closed, and the day was given up to a celebration of St. Peter's good name. His effigy in dark bronze, sitting against one of the pillars of the temple, was covered with robes resplendent with jewels and gold and silver, and throngs passed through a narrow passage-way to kiss the great toe of the patron saint, which by repeated osculations has been worn half away.

The music of two bands, of the organs, and of two large choirs of male voices, was very imposing. The modes of worship are so different from what we are used to at home, that its real solemnity fails to touch me. To see adoration paid to any being save "Him who is a spirit" only repels; yet sincerity, devotion, and possibly peace of mind, belong to those kneeling forms and dwell within those care-worn and anxious faces. But St. Peter's church is so grand in its proportions, so varied in its treasures, that one can well spend a few days there and scarcely note the flight of time.

What can be said of the Vatican Museum, its Sistine chapel whose roofs were frescoed by Michael Angelo with paintings that yet challenge the admiration of the world, "The Last

Judgment," "The Sybils;" the place where all Popes are elected by the College of Cardinals; its galleries of paintings by the old masters; its statues and its antiquities — works of art that to examine in detail would consume months? It was all interesting, and the time flew while like a panorama these works passed before our eyes. But all these things grow pale and pall in the presence of the astounding wonders we saw elsewhere! We were shown at St. Peter's on the mountain the very spot where he was crucified with his head downward, and for a franc we obtained a thimbleful of the precious sand under his head; while near the forum we were shown the stone prison, with its single round opening at the top, through which Peter and Paul were let down to starve. At the chapel of the Scala Santa we were shown the holy stairs up which Christ went to Pilate's judgment hall, and descending which he dropped two spots of warm blood from the cruel stripes. The spots are covered with glass now blurred by the kisses of the faithful, and up these stairs the penitents go on their knees, at each one of the twenty-seven steps pausing to utter one or more prayers. How this staircase survived the burning and destruction of the Holy City under Vespasian and Titus, we were not told. Still more remarkable was the well-curb brought from Sychar, where Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria. It is marble, very beautiful, and covered with sculpture. The two mystic chains that bound Peter at Jerusalem and Rome, and which when brought near each other flew together with a perfect weld, were carefully preserved in a box of gold only opened on great occasions, one of which is the presence of a bishop from abroad; and as we chanced to visit the chapel when one of these dignitaries was present, our party were permitted to descend to the little crypt and behold.

More interesting however to me was the Coliseum, yet august in its ruin whence the materials of two great palaces have already been taken, and whose vast inclosure accommodated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and within whose arena naval battles were fought, the water being brought in ducts, still there; where fifty thousand men were sacrificed in gladiatorial sports at its dedication, and the noble and beautiful of the grand old city, weekly were in raptures over horrible contests between wild beasts and men. The forum where stands even to-day the central milestone of the world, whence the Romans began all surface measurements, the place where so many great events took place, is an open space, only a few broken columns, a few relics of its greatness, left. Capitoline Hill is covered with a museum of great interest, and from the Palatine Hill, still covered with columns and walls, we looked over the Tiber to the Tarpeian Rock of fame and story. So I might go on with the old familiar record. But after all, to see it, to pass over the spot where Cicero thundered and Catiline was put to death, where Cæsar fell at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, and the Tiber sweeps along in sullen, turbid strength, and in fact to be in Rome, is full of pathetic and deep interest.

IN AND ABOUT NAPLES.

FARMING — GOOD COUNTRY — ODD CUSTOMS — VEGETABLES — ITALIAN RAILROADS — VESUVIUS — CAPRI AND SORRENTO — PATRIOTISM.

NAPLES, ITALY, July 6, 1883.

HERE end our southward steps. Contrary to our fears, we have found almost uniform cool weather, the middle of the day being warm, but the nights pleasant. The farmers between Rome and Naples have a lovely country, and they employ it in raising wheat (part of which is yet uncut), oats, corn, hemp, and great quantities of grapes and olives. On the whole, we have seen nowhere in Italy, not even in the Tiber valley, better crops or a fairer land than lies on either side of the road between the two large cities of the empire.

There are many queer things in Italy, besides the steady extortion of the men you hire to do the least thing. In Rome and Naples they use an ox or a large cow in a cart as we would horses or mules, and when the load is too heavy they put a donkey next the ox to aid in pulling the load. If you buy an ice cream, a lunch, or anything at a café, you are expected to pay not only for the thing bought, but also give the waiter a fee. They drive their horses usually with a bridle that has no bit, and they peddle milk by leading two or more cows or a dozen goats in front of the houses and there milking as much as is required, and then to the next house, until the supply is gone or the demand filled. The chances for watering the milk are here reduced to the minimum. Pedestrians and teams in meeting turn to the left,

and the streets are so smooth that horse cars are built to run on them without iron tracks, although there are many street railways besides these independent cars. There are many wine shops, but very few places where anything stronger is sold. In Rome I saw one sign advertising whisky for sale, and one where American and English liquors could be found. The Italians are very affectionate, the men often kissing each other when meeting or parting. It is common to see a priest giving his hand to his acquaintances as he meets them, to kiss.

At the hotels, if you have ice, you pay extra, usually twenty cents for a small bowl of it; and the same is true of tea and coffee at any time, save morning. Little butter is used, and that perfectly fresh. Not much use seems to be made of the vegetables which grow so well here, for I have seen corn already in roasting-ears, though they raise a very small kind here, not so large as even New England grows; and beans, peas, tomatoes, and potatoes, as well as cabbage and cauliflower, are all in market, looking well; yet at the hotels, none of these things are presented pure and simple, but always garnish some course of meat — generally beef. The swine of this country are very poor — fair compeers for those we used to see in the timber on the Delaware reserve. It is rare to see any kind of pork on the table, save ham, and that only when ordered, and it is cooked execrably. We amused the hotel servants by ordering some raw tomatoes to be brought, which we proceeded to cut up and season to our taste; the astonishment found vent in an extra charge in our bill to the extent of three francs — sixty cents.

The beggars are not so plenty here as in Spain, and the government is endeavoring to disperse them entirely; yet the devices to get money are unending and amusing. Your carriage stops for you to get out; before the driver can open the

door some boy has pulled it open, and for it demands a fee. The same is true of your overcoat or umbrella; before you know it, some one, often a stout man, has taken it from you to carry to the car door, and then you pay another fee. The railroad folks furnish no water either on the trains or at the stations, and every time you drink you pay a few cents, not less than five centimes, to a woman who peddles it at the stopping-places.

Their way of starting a train is novel. First, a man blows a shrill whistle, then another man rings a bell, then yet another blows a horn, and finally the engineer sounds a keen whistle and the train starts. The conductor of the train has nothing to do with your tickets, that duty being performed by another personage who only punches them, while the final taking-up of the tickets is done by a guardsman in the station through which you must pass at your journey's end. All this is done, it is said, to prevent unauthorized "dead-heading." The railroads charge nearly double the fares in America, and carry no baggage free save what you have in your satchel. All trunks are carried at a fixed charge per pound.

I have seen one steam thresher in Italy at work, but otherwise there is nothing to show that in agriculture this land of old civilizations, opportunities and blessings, is one whit in advance of Spain. There are many things in the habits of the people utterly repulsive, and the disregard of the commonest decencies is prevalent everywhere. This is the home of the cathedral, the vast ruin, and the busy flea, and one finds it somewhat difficult to tell which should demand most of his immediate attention, though in one's dreams the latter plays the most important part. I should be glad to have St. Peter's of Rome set down near Lawrence for a few weeks, so that our people might wonder at its greatness and glories,

but I don't think I would want to put with it the fleas of Rome or Naples for any length of time, lest I should meet with curses instead of blessings.

Naples is the largest and most important city of Italy. It stands beneath the shadow and smoke of Vesuvius, along several miles of beautiful coast on the bay of the same name. I was surprised at its extent, its beauties, and its attractive surroundings. As we approached the place, just after dark, we noticed high in the air a red and changing glow, which for the moment we took to be the rising moon; but a sudden bursting out of the fiery glow told us we beheld Vesuvius, from whose summit, eighteen hundred years ago, there rained ashes and stones and lava upon Pompeii and Herculaneum, each distant from it many miles. The upper sides of the mountain are black and gnarled with suddenly-cooled lava of subsequent eruptions, save here and there a spot—a green oasis—around which the fiery current flowed and stiffened. The lower slopes of the mountain are blooming with the heaviest, most luxurious burdens of vegetation. Not only are they exuberant with grape-vines trained on trees, but the ground underneath was covered with corn, or tomato-vines, or beans, while the clusters of grapes over-head were the largest I ever saw.

It is a long and wearisome ride to the top of Vesuvius. The road zigzags backward and forward through the rough and contorted lava-beds, until within about three-fourths of a mile of the crater we come to the end, the horses panting and sweating with their twenty miles uplift. Here we find a sort of railway laid straight up the slope before us, at an angle of forty degrees. There are two cars, run by a stationary engine, one of which goes up as the other comes down. The ascent in the open car shakes one's nerves, but

I suppose there is little danger. From the head of the railway there is yet a toilsome climb through loose, disintegrated lava and ashes of some rods before we reach the smoking, steaming apex of about an acre in extent. The crater every moment with heavy explosions is throwing into the air huge masses of molten lava, smoke and steam. Most of the lava falls back into the crater, yet enough lodges outside to build up a high rim. We went to within a few yards of the chasm, but our guide warned us that the monster was more violent than usual, and we had better keep our distance. All around us was sulphur incrusting the lava-rocks, while here and there were seams and holes out of which came hot sulphurous vapors. It was a toilsome day's work, but it was full of wonders. The bay, with its islands of undying memories — Capri, Sorrento, Ischia and Bae — laid before us, with Naples and a cordon of villages around and along the coast to Castlemare. The exhumed and bare walls and broken columns of Pompeii glistened, and told us of a fate more terrible than that of any city since the day of Sodom.

We spent one day riding over the Bay of Naples to Capri and Sorrento, and to the "Blue Grotto," near the ruined palaces of Tiberias. One of the party kept repeating the matchless song of T. Buchanan Read, "Drifting," and it seemed doubly beautiful as we felt how exquisitely it chimed and rhymed with this lovely bay and its islands. The day was perfect, and the sail beyond description in its complete enjoyment.

I must not omit our Fourth of July celebration at Capri. After lunch the tableful of guests, mostly Americans, had toasts and speeches, in which we told how proud we were of our country and her flag. A Confederate colonel from Mississippi eloquently and patriotically responded; while a cap-

tain under Garibaldi, a member of our party, in beautiful Italian roused our enthusiasm by his allusions to Italia liberto and Americano Republico. There were larger gatherings of Americans that day, but none more enthusiastic than ours.

One day we gave to Pompeii. How can I picture that spot where the fiery storm in so few hours covered with its mantle of ashes a great city, whose walls were so frescoed that eighteen centuries beneath masses of earth and vegetation have not destroyed them, and which now uncovered rivet the eye by their beauty? Walls that tell us in these paintings of the then old story of Ulysses and Penelope with her suitors? Not one-half of the city has been uncovered, but its revelations of art and civilization in that day when Christianity was an obscure faith, and the Roman arms and religion governed the world, are full of thought and feeling.

FROM ROME TO VENICE.

VALLEY OF THE TIBER—FLORENCE—FAMOUS GALLERIES—ANGELO—MEDICI FAMILY—WONDERFUL STATUARY—THE PO AND ADIGE.

VENICE, ITALY, July 12, 1883.

IN the way of one variety of fruit this country is preëminent—cherries. I have never seen as large, sweet fruit of this variety, and as cheap, as we find it here. So far there are no apples; but apricots, a very small and early pear, large sweet plums, figs, and currants, are plenty. No raspberries or blackberries, though mulberries are just ripening on the trees.

Between Rome and Florence lies a picturesque and lovely country, reaching as it does the valley of the Tiber, here very yellow, and one of the affluents of the Arno, celebrated by Milton's magic pen. We found in this Tiber valley—which much resembles the Kansas from Lawrence to Topeka on the north side—the farmers hauling together their wheat with oxen and carts, one field containing eighteen of these queer-looking conveyances. The cattle are generally a dun-white, with long and upward-turned horns; the people call them buffalo, but they are kind and docile.

One large tract of wheat was still uncut in part, and along its edge we saw a line of two hundred men, evidently convicts, at work with sickles in the standing grain. They were separated into squads of ten, each with a mounted and armed guard over them. Great quantities of hemp are grown along

this route; in fact, it and rice are a large crop from Rome to this city of islands and canals.

We threw swift looks at Soracte, whose bright and lofty summit both Horace and Virgil have immortalized; and we wanted to pause longer on the shore of Lake Trasimenus, where the greatest of ancient generals, Hannibal, twenty-one hundred years ago met and crushed the Roman army under Flaminius, and won so desperate a victory that one of the little brooks falling into the lake has ever since been known as Sanguinetto, or Bloody. But the whole region is historic with battles and seiges: warriors of renown and poets and scholars of unending fame start up from a sleep of centuries, as the train speeds along from town to city, over plain and under mountain-slopes.

Florence has been painted in language so beautiful by Edward Everett, as well as other writers of dextrous pens, that I will venture nothing of its profusion of flowers, its lovely drives covered with densest shade, or of the crowned majesty of Fiesole, from whose top "At eve the Tuscan artist loves to view" the new moon's orb. The Arno threads the town, but it is a small stream whose swift current over beds of gravel and rock above the city affords a good many excellent water-powers.

Doubtless the glory of Florence is its famous picture galleries, the Uffizi and the Pitti, and the tomb-house of the Medici. The galleries contain acres of paintings, and I dare not tell how long were the rows of statuary, but each of the displays consumed hours of time, and at least weariness to examine. Some of the pictures and statuary were noticeable, even to an unprofessional eye. The galleries were created largely to celebrate the glories of the Medici, a family whose memory good men ought to exe-

crate. It chanced in one of the corridors devoted to sculpture, that over-head were frescoes of some of the members of this ambitious family, executed in the highest degree of art, while below stood two statues of Esculapius, the benefactor of mankind, the fabled head of that profession which has accomplished so much in alleviating suffering and prolonging the longevity of the race. To one I offered the homage of a grateful heart: to the other reproaches and contempt. Who can read the story of Michael Angelo's failure to complete the wonderful statuary in the sacristy of the Medici chapel, without forever abhorring the name that everywhere carried horrible cruelty and fanatical superstition into the sweetest affairs of life? The treasures of this sacristy consist in unfinished statues of the Madonna, Evening, Dawn, Night, Day, and two statues respectively of Giulano and Lorenzo Medici. It is said the sculptor delayed completing the work, lest at its end he should be put to death by the reigning Medici for his republican principles and open grief over the ruin of the republic. The world of art has ever admired these incomplete works, and to a mere layman they speak wonders. One of them, Evening, was unfinished in the lower limb and foot. One could see where the last strokes had been put, and in faint dim outline the shape of the foot and toes stood in the white marble, as they stood clear and sharp in the artist's mind, before ever the shapeless marble began to assume the matchless form. Angelo was, it is said, a great anatomist, and he drove his chisel without a model, save as it revealed itself to his inner and clearer sight. One could almost fancy the sculptor as doing nothing more than disrobing this marvelous figure of its ruder and more disguising garments, the glorious lines of symmetry and loveliness having been always there, only for a time hidden beneath grosser forms. Night

was personified by a recumbent figure, with one limb elevated at the knee, and in this space, out of the same block of marble as the main piece, was cut a perfect owl, with the beak and bent head of this bird of the shadows, while the downward-looking face of the statue was the image of brooding, solemn contemplation.

But I cannot take time to mention all that impressed me, either in this sacristy or its adjoining chapel, whose mosaics, frescoes and brilliant marbles cost one million and one hundred thousand dollars; but in the Pitti gallery the paintings that most touched me were an Ecce Homo, by Cigoli; Peter in Tears, by Gidio Reni; John on Patmos, and the Vision of Ezekiel, by Raphael, and three madonnas by the same artist.

The library connected with these galleries is an unusually fine collection of early manuscripts of classic and sacred authors. This building, with its peculiar staircase, is claimed to have been designed by Angelo.

Here was the home of Dante, whence he was banished by the city that now reveres his name. But we must turn away from this home of artists and flowers, this city of mosaics and paintings, to a ride down the plateau between the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas. The road pushes its way up the Arno into the defiles of the Apennine mountains, then reaching the divide, dashes down into and across the valley of the Po, and soon touches the Adige plains, and then over a wide zone of water, and we are at Venice, after eight hours' ride. The valley of the Po is extraordinarily fertile, and the hemp, rice, Indian corn and grape-vines all show large growth.

Here it is evident the plow of America is used, and its steam threshers. Numerous canals and high banks bisect the land, and it was on these embankments the poor people assembled a few months ago, when the great inundation

happened. The most luxurious vegetation covers the land; clover hay abounds, and crops must richly reward the laborer this year at least. We pass near the birthplace and tomb of the historian Livy and the poet Petrarch. Along these plains have fought Roman and Goth, Guelf and Ghebelline—over them plodded the great Galileo, and from these mountainous heights history received some of its most illustrious names. Now the "sword is beaten into a plowshare and the spear into a pruning-hook." The names of the persecuted Dante, the feared Angelo, and the thoughts and inspirations of great and noble men, are dwelt upon and learned; while the deeds of the Medici, the ugly and devastating tramp of Alaric and Attila, the conflicts of ambitious factions of ignoble emperors, and the pomp and arrogance of great wealth, are all lost in the deepest night. Who cares for these names, the busts of rulers, these Doges, these Popes, these Emperors, save as here and there the name is seen of one who loved his fellow-men and was their benefactor?

VENICE AND MILAN.

LOMBARDY—POPULAR BURDENS—VENICE—GONDOLAS—DOGES' PALACES—ST. MARK'S—LACE AND MOSAICS—MILAN.

VARESE, ITALY, July 16, 1883.

THE plains of Lombardy from time immemorial have been celebrated for their fertility. Over them has swept the terrible scourge of war ever since the days of Hannibal, and for them have contended Spaniard, Austrian, Frenchman, and Italian. To-day they are lovely beyond description, in the forests of mulberry trees interspersed with other fruit bearers, while grape-vines here are trained to trees and carried in graceful festoons from one tree to another. Beneath the trees are tilled fields, patches of wheat now harvested, corn, rice, and clover. From Padua to Milan and Gallerote is a perpetual garden—the grounds green with luxuriant vegetation, stimulated by copious floods of irrigating waters. No cattle or stock of any kind are seen from the cars, and the land is nowhere devoted to pasturage, though in the distant Apennines on the left, or Tyrolese Alps on the right, there doubtless is among the blue peaks grazing for the flocks and herds of the low-lands.

At one place I noticed the farmers, men and women, mowing grass with thick, short scythes and hauling it to the barns with regular wagons such as we use in America, the first I have seen in Europe. The hay is not heavy, not exceeding a ton to the acre, and the corn is small, yet vigorous. Oats are about as with us, though some fields were lodged,

the straw seemingly weaker than ours. If Italy belonged to her farmers, if ownership of soil could go with its culture, it would indeed be a rich state. But one-half of all its tillable soil belongs to the church, one-third to a few great nobles, and only one-sixth to the small farmers. If to this ownership by the church is added the enormous treasures of silver and gold in the way of religious decorations and bric-a-brac, to say nothing of marbles and statuary in churches, we have a total of unproductive capital suggestive of a wiser and more utilitarian use. The empire is poor, and sooner or later, as in France, it will turn these great ecclesiastical estates into channels of use and profit.

Venice is smaller, and on the whole less interesting than I anticipated. It stands on a group of islands on the edge of the Adriatic sea, and you reach it by a long causeway of two miles or more, over a shallow body of water that cuts the place off from the mainland. Gondolas carried us from the station, through at first a narrow and then along the Grand canal, to our hotel.

The gondolas and the canals are the features of Venice, that divide it from all other places. To ride in one of these small boats at night, the moonlight falling on oars and rippling waves, touching to a weird beauty the old palaces, and throwing into a deeper gloom the narrow canals between high buildings, a cool breeze dispelling the memory of the heat of the day, is luxury indeed; and hundreds, if not thousands, of these boats flash along at eventide, for then all Venice is out of doors. There are no sounds of horses and grinding wheels on the streets, that cross here and there on slender arched bridges these canals. Not a wheel is seen in Venice. All the heavy work, the transportation of goods, is done on the water, and the fronts of all the large establish-

ments are on the canals, while at the rear are narrow streets where shops and bazars abound. From the top of the lofty tower in St. Mark's piazza a very complete view is had of the city, its surroundings, and the sea. The manufactories in the place are quite varied, especially in glass and mosaics, as well as silk and other fabrics. To the casual visitor the Cathedral of St. Mark, the Palace of the Doges, and the great tower, aside from the strange methods of doing business with the gondolas, are the objects of most interest. The cathedral is conducive to reflection, since the red slabs that lie in the entrance tell of the vast powers once enjoyed by the Pope, for they commemorate the treaty between the great Emperor, Barbarossa, and the greater Pope, Alexander III. The mosaic pavement and domes are exquisite works of art, and the marble pulpits with the four alabaster columns supporting the canopy over the second altar, and said to have come from the ruins of Solomon's Temple, alike command attention. But the Doges' Palace concentrates most thought and time. All the romantic past of the place, its splendor, its loves and hatreds, its dread and terrible secrets, rise before the mind as you ascend the golden stairway once only trod by those whose names were written in the golden book. We first enter a large hall, where the rulers of the Republic once held their sessions. At the upper end or head of the hall is the largest oil painting in the world. It is Tintoretto's "Paradise," in which are twelve hundred distinct figures. The solid walls, each one hundred and sixty feet long as well as forty-seven feet high, and the end walls seventy-five feet in length, are all covered with rich paintings by the Venetian masters, most of them historical and one of them pathetic, in that it represents the Pope granting permission to Otho, the captured son of the Emperor, to go home to his

father to negotiate a treaty of peace, while the succeeding picture shows Barbarossa kneeling before the Pope. The ceiling of the vast room is also covered with historical representations, illustrating Persian valor and victory.

In one room is shown the slit in the wall where once was the lion's head, whose open mouth held for the perusal of the three inquisitors of the republic any secret information anyone chose to give through that channel. We looked with interest on the secret door that led to the passage-way of the dungeons from the inquisitors' hall, and we crossed the Bridge of Sighs and ascended to the dark and gloomy beds of masonry wherein were built the unlighted caves for prisoners of state. We stood within one of these dungeons, and put out our hands to the worn old aperture through which food was thrust to the unfortunate inmates, who rarely survived, our guide told us, five or six days' solitary confinement in these cells.

The palace contains some fourteen rooms devoted to art. There are more historic works here than in any place I have yet visited, and less madonnas and biblical scenes. One could well spend days in these galleries and museums in studying mediæval history, customs, and usages. Taking into these halls the thought and impulse of to-day, in contrast with the events depicted on the canvas and walls, one can easily see how wide and impressive is the advance our race has made in the ways of war and the nobler triumphs of peace. And in all this forward movement, religion, true, loving and spiritual, has gone further than all the rest.

Milan is remarkable most for its cathedral, which is quite different, especially in its towers, roofs and statuary, from any we have seen, though Seville, Burgos, Toledo and Cordova are quite noticeable in their way. The marble roofs and spires of the Milan edifice stand alone in beauty and loftiness.

Every available niche has a statue, and to give the roofs a side-look leaves the impression of delicate fretted-work, whose airiness seems unsubstantial; but when once you ascend the tower, and look over marble roofs, and examine these turrets and projections of cut marble close at hand, you see how firm and solid they are. I believe next to St. Peter's, at Rome, and the Seville cathedral, this is held to rank next in size. Of these gothic turrets there are said to be ninety-eight, while the statues in them and the edifice number about two thousand. The outlook from the topmost turret was magnificent. Not far to the southeast is Solferino, the battle-field that decided the fate of Austrian sway in Italy, and began the realization of Italian unity, which nearly fifty years ago, Bulwer, in his "Last Days of Pompeii," thought would prove so disastrous to freedmen. How little can the wisest divine the future!

The plains of Lombardy, like an exuberant forest, reach to the foot of the Alps, and the Po and Adige valleys run toward each other in generous rivalry in production of fruits and grains. Tall furnaces in every direction and clusters of red-roofed villages tell of manufacturing interests, and the whole region is noble in its natural and acquired gifts.

We have now reached the Italian lakes, the foot of the Alps, whose snows glisten in my eyes as I write, and soon we hope to be in the heart of the mountains.

LAKE COMO AND THE ALPS.

ITALIAN LAKES—VARESE—LUGANO—COMO—SWISS FETE—VILLAS—GARDENS—TICINO VALLEY—ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

CHAMOUNI, FRANCE, July 21, 1883.

VARESE, where I wrote last, is a busy village at the foot of a lake of the same name, above which lies Mt. Rosa, with a long snow-clad range of peaks only a little lower than it. The town is a place of silk manufacture, the region round about for many miles being given to the mulberry tree and its rich products. It is a delightful diligence-ride through a luxuriant country from Varese to Porto, a small hamlet under the shadows of dark mountains and at the western end of Lake Lugano. Here a small steamer receives us for a trip to the other end, and thence to Lake Como. Lugano is charming with green mountains, villas creeping up the steep ascents from the water's edge, and little bays and picturesque scenes from shore to mountain summit. We stopped at the bright Swiss town of Lugano for two hours. It was a fete day with the canton of Lugano, and the place was gay with flags and banners. A shooting match was going on, and the guns in a near-by wooded park were constantly firing, making very fine echoes among the mountains.

At the head of the lake is Porlezzo, where we again took diligence for Cadennabia, on Lake Como. The road was as smooth as a floor, and the diligence carried sixteen persons and all their baggage, and with such a load it went rapidly over a road that wound back and forth along the high lands that separate the two lakes. The men and women along the

way were busy at work cultivating their potatoes and corn and getting in the small patches of wheat. All the crops were growing in tiny spots of land, many of them not containing a square rod. They hoe their corn with shovels, and lift the earth up to the stalks in queer bunches. Corn stands thick under the olive or mulberry, and is very small. Their potatoes look well, while here and there were meadows just being cut, on which the grass was very light. Soon we caught a view of Como, a lake celebrated by the pens of Virgil, the two Plinys, of Bulwer and Byron. Its banks are a succession of villas and magnificent residences, most of which belong to the wealthy citizens of Milan and other Italian cities. It took us some time to wind our way down from the heights above to the waters, and the road doubled on itself time and again, giving us now magnificent views of the upper end of the lake, over which stood sentinel a line of snowy peaks, and then down toward Lecco and Como, while the bold promontory of Belaggio divided the eastern end of the lake into two arms. We spent a day on the lake, stopping at a point called Cadennabia, just opposite Belaggio.

Adjoining our hotel was the Villa Carlotta, one of the finest in its interior decorations and surrounding gardens on the lake. We visited it. It belongs now to a German duke or count, of Saxe Meinengen; but he rarely visits it, not having been here for more than a year, yet it is kept swept and garnished, and the garden on the terrace slope is in as complete and beautiful trim as if the owner's eye daily rested upon it. The entrance-hall of the mansion is a marble room containing statuary of great repute. The frieze of the room is in marble, and represents in fine sculpturing all around its four sides a triumphal procession of Alexander, by the famous artist Thorwaldsen. The cost of the frieze alone was nearly

seventy-five thousand dollars. What vast sums of money this one villa has buried in its walls and grounds! Yet its owner finds no joy in its possession, and its beauty is either lost or wasted on the passing stranger. The grounds are filled with the choicest trees and shrubs: a magnolia tree with blossoms stands near the house that is over a foot in diameter; the laurel of poetic glory, whose leaves were woven into garlands for the victors at the games, tulips of great size, lemon and orange trees, were mingled with pine, and indeed almost every kind of trees, while the mountain waters, carried through hidden pipes, only coming to the surface where needed, kept the grounds cool and full of fruitful vigor. Yet in all these possessions the owner takes no delight. So it is and always will be—struggling, worrying, sacrificing peace, quiet and happiness for more money, and when it is gathered, who thanks the hoarder, or what joy is it to him or those that come after him?

These old Italian villas (for this is only one of many) send us a story of human effort and failure one should never forget. On the promontory of Belaggio, just opposite, stands even a larger villa and far more expensive grounds than these, which has ceased to be the abode of the noble and wealthy proprietor: it is now used as a fashionable hotel. Just below, towards Como, stands the villa once the home of Caroline, queen of the English George, and in whose defense Lord Brougham won such fame. Who can say that the builders or owners of these vacant palaces are happier than the peasants who still care for the deserted halls and woods?

We found cool air and delightful boat-rides at this Italian resort. The lake is over forty miles long, and quite narrow: the waters are cold, and abound in fish. Below Candennabia, towards Como, there is no mode of ingress or egress save by

boats, so steeply do the mountains plunge into the waters, though at one place a valley breaks through the barriers to the lake, and at its mouth quite a level piece of ground is formed, covered with residences and trees, but usually only a few houses in a place, and often these rising above each other, form the homes of the toilers and laborers on Lake Como, while the villas stand in isolated beauty.

From the town of Como, at the foot of the lake, the railroad pushes at once north into the heart of the Alps, crossing Lake Lugano by a long embankment with two openings for boats to pass. Through tunnels and past Swiss villages, our road finally emerges high above, yet in the Ticino valley, just where the river finds its way into Lake Maggiore. The view of the towns, fields and lake below from this lofty point is magnificent. The valley is rich in agricultural beauty—the fields covered with golden grain, vineyards and orchards. Soon we begin to draw near the St. Gothard tunnel and pass. The train has seventeen cars with two locomotives, yet it rushes upward and onward, until at last it enters the first looped tunnel of a mile long. Just before we enter it we look away up the mountain and see right above an opening where we are by-and-by to emerge. While in the tunnel, which is a spiral and up a steep grade, we pass clear around, crossing our track at a point very much above it. We speed on through two such loops or rings, and then pass into the main tunnel, nine and a half miles long, through which we whirl in just twenty minutes—nearly thirty miles an hour. We emerge to cross one of the little streams that make the sources of the Rhine, and are at Goeschengen, whence by diligence we are to cross the Furka pass, and so reach the valley of the Rhone. Of this wonder-exciting ride, the glories of Alpine roads and scenery, I will try to speak in another letter.

IN SWITZERLAND.

FURKA PASS—COMMUNE—SWISS DAIRYING—WOMEN OUTDOOR LABORERS—RHONE GLACIER—THE ALPS—MOUNT BLANC—MER DE GLACE.

INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND, June 27, 1883.

GOESCHENGEN is on the Rhine side of the Alps, at the northern end of the St. Gothard tunnel, but our route in a few hours carried us to the Rhone glacier, and the source of the great river of that name. We took carriages and at once started up the steep and winding road that is common both to the Furka and the Gothard passes.

It was my first experience in the skillful road-building of this country. The highest passes are overcome by a series of zig-zag roads, doubling back on the face of the mountain, often eight or ten parallel roads within a very short distance of direct ascent. Soon we crossed a roaring cascade whose foam and spray dashed over a high stone bridge. The place is called the "Devil's Bridge," for what particular reason I did not see, though a rustic artist had painted on the sharp face of the cliff, next to the crossing, a picture representing at least his own idea of the features of that important personage; but if "Old Nick" resembles the one on the rock, no one need fear him. Near Hospenthal the road to Furka leaves the St. Gothard and follows up a narrow valley along which dashes a swift-flowing stream. The winding of the road, its backward and forward ascent of the mountain, opens constantly new peaks to the eye and bolder views of those already seen. The snows filled all the upper gorges, and laid on the

distant heights in great masses of dazzling white. Now and then a deeper body told of a silent glacier crowding down the defile. The little valley at its lower end opened out into a fine meadow—all the agricultural tillage possible at an altitude where there are nine months of winter and the rest of the year very late spring. But the upper portions of the valley and the slopes along it were given up to the grazing of cows and goats. These upper lands belong either to the government, or to what is called the commune, which is usually a small village of peasants living lower down. In the summer there is assigned to each family the right to pasture a certain number of cows or goats in this high-line grazing district. Thereupon, as the snows recede and the grass springs up, the allotted cows and goats are driven forward until the highest lands are reached. Here are stone huts in which those in care of stock stay. Women go out where the cows are grazing, milk them, and carry back to the huts the milk in a sort of long, flat wooden box, something as though an old-fashioned churn had been half flattened out on two sides. This when full of milk is strapped to their backs and so carried into the place where the milk is made into cheese or butter. The nearer these huts can be to the perpetual snows where it is always cold, the better is the place for making the famous Swiss cheese of commerce.

For money, Switzerland depends upon the cow and the tourist, and from the latter it derives the most revenue. The care given, however, to the cows here is not excelled by that bestowed by the owner upon himself. They are kept in first-rate condition—warm stables, often under the same roof as that which covers the family; plenty of nutritious hay and slops from rye and oats keep the milk product at its highest, each cow yielding during the season from forty-five to fifty

pounds of milk daily. These cows resemble the Jerseys somewhat, but have thicker necks and horns, and are paler dun or red than the Jersey. They are worth from sixty to eighty dollars per head.

In this country they seem to make woman a beast of burden. Everywhere the severest out-of-door work is done by women, from mowing, carrying and making hay, cutting wood with a saw, hoeing potatoes and pulling flax, to the drudgery of the kitchen. Coming down the Furka Pass we met a woman loaded down with two big bundles, while her husband walked by her sheltering himself and not her from a slight rain by an umbrella. What the men do I do not see, but the women do a great deal of hard work in the field and about the barn. While on the subject of farming, I may say that everywhere is the most patient and laborious care taken of every foot of tillable land. The refuse of the stable is packed in a square pile near the door, and below it is sunk a hole in the ground into which drains, not only the result of rains on the compost heap, but water thrown upon it as occasion requires, and this liquid is carried in buckets or wheelbarrows with a tight box, and applied to the growing vegetables or crops. The result is a most vigorous growth. The beets, lettuce, in fact all vegetables that will grow here, are very crisp and fresh. The work is mostly manual. Little machinery, indeed none, is employed on the farm, as far as I have seen. The hay, when ready for housing, is often carried on the back or a sled to the barn. The scythe is a short blade something near two feet long, and is as wide but not as thick as our brush scythe. The wheat is just now ripening in the lower valleys; oats are green, potatoes in blossom, though early potatoes are on the table. They have also fine apples, plums, cherries, and red raspberries, goose-

berries, and black and red currants—all very large and abundant. Their apple orchards are neglected, and the old trees are filled with small fruit, but the young trees are weighted down with large apples. The fields are generally very free from weeds, though Canada thistles in the wheat and white daisies in the meadows are troublesome. The country is, moreover, quite unequal in its capacity to produce, the region along Lake Geneva and near Berne, Thun and Zurich, being much richer and warmer than other portions.

But I forget I am climbing in the long twilight of a Swiss evening the famous Furka pass, over which French and Austrians marched or retreated, to meet at last at the narrow defile of the Devil's Bridge and there fight a memorable battle, years and years ago. The view of the mountains over and beyond the road behind us as we go higher and higher is very fine. The setting sun gilds the far-away peaks with lustre; the increasing cold which now begins to weave ice-crystals over the pools of water and stiffen the snow-drifts through which our road is cut, gives at once an elastic step and an eye ready to see and admire. But we were glad to reach the top of the pass and the hotel. The pass is much like Colorado passes, only it is narrower than many of them, being hardly wide enough to admit of the hotel and out-buildings. From its narrow space we can look down two frightful gorges—the one leading to the Mediterranean, and the other to the North Sea. It was a cold, freezing night, and the morning found a snow-storm raging. It soon passed away, and we began the downward journey to Brieg and Martigny. From our starting-point we looked down, down to the foot of the precipice, where we could see our road, and on it men, horses and diligences, looking not one-fourth their natural size. They were off and down from us about three-fourths of a mile, but to

get there we had over three miles of windings. The Rhone glacier is seen at good advantage from the loops in the road that lie nearest to it. At one of them we stopped to see for the first time close at hand, one of these marvels of Alpine scenery. The snow falls the year round in a lofty basin formed by mountain-peaks: of course the mass becomes harder and more solid with each foot of added snow, until it is ice. The mass finds the lowest outlet of the basin and moves slowly but with irresistible power through it, carrying along its sides and bottoms and grinding to fine sand granite torn from the inclosing mountain. Where the egress is between two great mountains, the glacier is pressed into narrower limits and into denser ice, and where it comes over a precipice, the upper side is broken into fissures in whose side something of the nature of the moving mass can be read: just as though the Kansas river were a solid bed of ice hundreds of feet in thickness, and steadily moving down over the dam at Lawrence, it being many hundred feet higher than it now is. The Rhone glacier is said to be fifteen miles long, and where we looked in upon its yawning crevices it was deeper than we could see. The ice is a deep, intense blue or green, and as I have since seen, it is as clear as any Mr. Eidemiller ever cut above the dam. It is a majestic sight—this solid, frozen stream descending the face of a mountain thousands of feet high, and creeping its way through centuries from its frozen bed amid the everlasting hills, toward the blue sea.

Just west of Marseilles we had crossed the Rhone, a great, powerful river, full of boats and ships, on an immense bridge; just below the glacier we crossed it on a small bridge, and could easily have tossed a stone over it. But soon it receives from either side contributions, that long before we reached

Brieg had swollen it into a large stream. The carriage road is magnificent, even in its most precipitous places. It is like all Swiss roads—made and supported by the government. The amount of labor spent on the highways is almost beyond belief. Not only is the bed always very narrow, covered with broken stone and made smooth as a floor, but at intervals of about eight feet the sides, or the one exposed to danger, are defended by large granite posts, set deep in the ground.

The little republic is full of enterprise, for new roads are being built in many new directions. At Brieg we saw the road leading up and over the great Simplon pass, which Napoleon opened to carry his cannon into Italy. Martigny lies down the Rhone from Brieg some forty miles, and is the starting-point for the Tete Noir and the St. Bernard passes. The former is said to possess the most varied scenery; the latter is renowned for its passage by Napoleon, its famous dogs and benevolent monks. We found the road over the Tete Noir pass even more difficult and with sharper acclivities than Furka, while the descent to Trient was enough to shake weak nerves. The driver led the horses, the wheels were locked with strong brakes and iron shoes, and yet the steep way and far-down precipices below made us all glad when at last the bottom was reached.

But I must not pause over the interesting scenery, the deep gorges and the roaring torrents that flowed through them, the vast mountains above, snow and ice, bold peaks, forests of pine and spruce, and all that gives to this land a delight. A few miles from Chamouni we saw the glaciers that come down from the great Mont Blanc range of mountains—the Argentere, the Mer de Glace, the Boisson, and several others. They crowd their course in immense gateways be-

tween towering cliffs, and their waters, before we went far, made the swift Arve. The streams whose chief source are glacial are far more turbulent and bluish than the pure mountain brooks. The grinding of the glacier reduces to atoms the grayish rock it passes over, and these find their way into, and discolor, the streams.

The Mer de Glace, or Sea of Ice, is a glacier of immense extent. A ride on a mule's back for three hours up a steep mountain takes one to Moutonvert, a point far above the moraine of the glacier, and where is had a grand view of the frozen mass and of the three great streams far up in the mountain defiles, flowing into the one before us. Where we are the glacier is about three-fourths of a mile across, but up higher it must be miles in width. We ventured to cross it with guides to hold and help the ladies, and all of us holding ourselves with alpen-stocks. We looked down chasms in the deep blue ice one hundred and fifty feet deep, and here and there on the glacier were vast masses of rock and crushed granite that had been carried down from the mountain heights, miles up and back of where we were. Everything was wild, and full of the story of the play of the giant forces. We came down by a path called from its danger Mauvais pass, and we found it rightly named. Many accidents happen here, as the path is often very narrow, places for the foot being cut in the side of the steep cliff along whose declivity it runs. A few days after we were there a French lady lost her foot-hold and fell to the bottom, some forty feet, yet in fair weather hundreds pass along the dangerous steps.

MORE OF SWITZERLAND.

SWISS DILIGENCES—TOURISTS—GLACIER BOISSONT—CURIOUS DEVICES—GENEVA—CALVIN—CHILLON—LEMAN—FREIBURG ORGAN—BERNE—INTERLAKEN.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND, July 30, 1883.

FROM Chamouni to Geneva, the diligence is the usual mode of conveyance. A Swiss vehicle of this sort is a thing to be looked and wondered at, but not admired. It carries easily twenty-five persons, and one would suppose it would be so arranged as to be a good place of observation; but while one is high up, yet the roof comes down so closely that only the outside passengers can see much, and even they have a poor chance to see the high mountains without giving the neck a serious wrench. Yet the fifty-three miles that separate the two places is made in about seven hours, so good is the road. Chamouni is the headquarters of those who desire to ascend Mont Blanc, a thing only accomplished as yet this season by two persons. We had a magnificent view one morning of this great monarch of the European heights. It is a mass of snow which examined through a telescope is seen to be riven into cliffs and huge broken precipices, but at the summit seems to be a great round dome of shining silver. At great effort we climbed to Brebent, a desolate peak opposite Mont Blanc, to get the finest view attainable of the range: half-way up, at a chalet called Bel Achat, we did have a few moments' revelation of the scene, but a dense fog hid everything as we reached the desired height.

The hotels are all there is of Chamouni, as well as of many

more Swiss towns, as Interlaken; yet these large stopping-places are very interesting. In them during the season are found people from many different lands: Americans, English, Scotch, Germans, French, Italians and Russians often dine at the same table and at the same time. French seems to be the universal tongue, yet German is quite common, and to my ear much easier to give one some idea of what the speaker means.

The devices to gain money, short of outright begging, of which scarce anything is to be seen among these people, are curious and persistent. A bunch of flowers will be tossed into your carriage; or a man will blow an Alpine horn as he sees you coming; or a little boy and girl, or two girls, will stand on a rock singing a Swiss song as you pass; or a boy will brush the flies from the horses as they go up hill, or block the wheel when they stop to breathe; or children will offer you wild strawberries or eidelweis, or rude lace made by themselves, or rude carving—for all of which you are expected to pay three times the real value. But the people are honest, painstaking, and full of love of free institutions. They educate their children and manage to live comfortably on small incomes.

A Swiss cottage or chalet is a thing peculiar to the country; generally not over a story and a half high, made of plank sawed or hewed to about four inches in thickness, roofs that are quite flat and projecting widely over the body of the house, the shingles put on in three and four courses and then weighted down with heavy stones resting on long poles that reach clear across the roof at about two feet apart—so severe are the wind gusts in these defiles; wood often cut very fine and piled up under the roof, and all sorts of farming implements peculiar to the country snugly hung up or laid away un-

der these roof projections — none of them painted; sometimes a porch on one side in which it is not unusual to see the family and neighbors having a social visit, the barn near by, and perhaps a stable for cows underneath or in one side — such is one of these cottages. On the distant mountain-sides they look very picturesque, the deep green of the grass and darker pines contrasting quite beautifully with them. The cottagers earn something as guides, coachmen, and waiters at the hotels, but most of them are busy with their cows and meadows or crops. The grass is very light, but it is remarkably nutritious; and on it alone, it is said, horses and cows will gain in flesh all through the long winters. I fear to weary the *Journal* readers with a relation of the commune in these Alpine regions, its power, extent, and mode of government, but they are well worth the study of those who take an interest in questions of domestic and political economy.

At Chamouni we entered an ice grotto some two hundred and fifty feet into the heart of Glacier Boissont. It was lighted with candles, and the intense blue of the ice, the roar of waters falling near by into a deep bed, the cold, the echo of the voice, the thought of the two imprisoning sides through some mysterious movement coming together, made the exit quite desirable; but the memory of that walk into the frozen billow, and then afterward across it, will not soon pass away. Since then we entered another grotto, not so deep nor in such piercing cold ice, at Grindelwald, but the Boissont glacier is far the more interesting in magnitude and descent from a lofty and precipitous height.

Geneva is memorable as the home of Calvin, into whose church we entered, and sat in his chair under the pulpit from which he was wont to preach. Doubtless he was a great man, not only in theological thought but in executive force,

for his arrest of a passing stranger, Servetus, and trying him for heresy and putting him to death at the stake, could only have been done by a man something more than a scholarly speculator on recondite religious possibilities.

The country about Geneva is very fine in every way, and full of picturesque beauty, while the city, with the lake on one side and its outflow, now the swift and lordly Rhone, and the quaint, narrow streets of the old town, the larger houses of the new, all sweet and clean, tend to make it one of the most delightful, as it is the largest, city in Switzerland. It is a center for music, both theoretic and practical, many large manufactories of musical instruments of all sorts being here, and also for the making of the fine Geneva watches of trade. Yet it was here I read in a newspaper an advertisement setting forth in glowing terms the superiority of the Elgin and Waltham watches, which the advertiser had for sale. A day on Lake Geneva or Leman was full of pleasure. The castle of Chillon, made forever famous by Byron's poem on its prisoner Bonivard, was visited, and the gloomy dungeons, the stone pillar and its iron ring to which Bonivard was chained, the place of execution of the condemned, the gateway to the lake, through which the dead were thrust, the deep pit, at whose bottom darkly swirled the waters of the lake into which troublesome prisoners were plunged, the post to which others were suspended to have their feet burned with hot irons, and the charred spots on the pillar, were all shown us.

Lausanne, where we spent a night, is a quiet, romantic spot, mostly interesting to one from its being the place where Gibbon wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The region about this place is full of grapes, terraces to the

number of one hundred holding up the vines on the slopes of the mountains.

We passed the summer-house of Gambetta, where he often revolved great and noble thoughts for the welfare of France, and numberless villas, lovely in situation and surrounding, abodes of wealth, and let us hope contentment. We stopped at Freiburg, to hear the grandest organ in Europe, and see its suspension bridges. I am so poor a judge of music that I ought not to say anything of the merits of the instrument, but it seemed to me very grand, though I thought no better than the one in Burgos or Toledo. The imitation of the human voice was, however, so perfect that I supposed it to be a priest joining with words the strains of the organ. The storm-piece was not as good as the one we have just heard in Lucerne, on the second great European organ, where it seemed as though the roof of the cathedral was being beaten by sheets of rain, while the peals of thunder rolled and echoed as nature voices them in her wildest moods.

At Berne we looked into its bear-pit, and everywhere saw pictures and carvings of Bruin, as the emblem of the canton. We sailed across Lake Thun, and were at Interlaken. We found this a delightful place, more for its surroundings than in and of itself; though fine hotels, shaded walks, and the swift stream flowing through it, give it unwonted attractions. It fills the space between Lakes Thun and Brienz, and possesses very rich lands, all under high cultivation. The walnut here grows to a large size, and is well loaded with nuts. This section is also full of pear trees, and they bear very heavily. Thousands of tourists are here every season, and the streets are lively with carriages and horses equipped for expeditions into the neighboring mountains. The Jungfrau,

the second highest Swiss peak, looks down upon the place from her snowy altitudes, and many minor peaks, white with perpetual snow, stand guard in all directions. But I must stop with the Brunig pass, Alpnach and Lucerne before me. These letters may seem long, but much I care to say must go by unmentioned.

AMONG THE CLOUDS.

BRIENZ PASS—FORESTS—PEAR TREES—HAYMAKING—CHALETS—LUCERNE—RIGI KULM—WILLIAM TELL—GLACIAL MILLS—ZURICH—EXPOSITION—SCHAFFHAUSEN.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, August 3, 1883.

AFTER riding the length of Lake Brienz in a small steamer, the road from Interlaken to lovely Lucerne lies along and up the side of a precipitous mountain, at whose feet from Meringen to Brienz flows in a straight, solidly-walled channel the Arve, a glacier-fed stream. The view as one mounts upward is magnificent. Behind you lie Brienz and Thun, with their environing towns like jewels on the finger of beauty; the Eiger and Jungfrau, and a host of lesser snowy heights, look down upon the scene, and just below lie the communes and fields and beech and pine woods of the valley of the Arve. Crossing the divide, the road winds its way down for many miles through forests of the largest beech trees I have seen since boyhood, with here and there, all the way up to the summits on either side, chalets, and meadows green as grass can be. The men and women were mowing fields steeper than the Lawrence side of Blue Mound, and raking the cured hay down—down toward the foot of the field, whence it was carried in large bundles on the back to the barns. The pear trees grow large, and were heavily loaded; many of them were tall, and over eighteen inches in diameter.

The road passes along the sides of lakes clear and sparkling, one with a subterranean outlet. The valley we had now reached opened wider, and the towns were closer together,

one of them containing the grave of the children's patron, and not a bad friend to the older folk—St. Nicholas—whose many virtues as a patron saint of the young are largely due to the imagination. The rugged peaks and dark-wooded side of Mount Pilatus rose up sheer from Lake Alpnach, whose side we had now reached. Another boat receives the passengers, sails the length of the lake, passes under a bridge that rises high above as we pass and settles down to its place afterward, threads itself through the strait that unites the lake of Alpnach to that of the Four Cantons, and soon reaches the wharves of that city of hotels and beauty—Lucerne. A boat carries us from Lucerne to Vitznau, a place a few miles down the lake, and here begins the railroad which in four and a half miles rises four thousand feet to a bold point hardly large enough to hold the station and hotel, built away up among almost perpetual clouds and storms of wind, sleet, and hail. The mountain is called at its highest point, Rigi-Kulm, and is reached for the last part of the way along a narrow, sharp isthmus of conglomerate rock, so tough that it is solid and has to be blasted to be removed. From either side of the open car you look down a long ways, and you know should the track prove treacherous or the machinery suddenly give out you would stand a poor show for your life. Yet there is hardly any danger. The engine runs behind the open car, which can carry seventy passengers, and its power is given to the moving train through a small cog wheel that plays in corresponding ratchets (I think that is the word), and so we move steadily up an angle that makes one foot of ascent to every four we go forward; pass through a tunnel in the conglomerate that sustains itself without masonry, so compacted and cemented are the small boulders; cross an iron bridge over a gorge whose bottom is seventy feet below the

slender structure, and where brawls in angry rush a mountain rivulet; rise above a heavy body of pine trees and behold with interest and wonder the panorama of lakes and mountains opening behind us wider and more alluring, while the lake over which we have just sailed seems to shrink within its shores, which constantly draw nearer to each other; the steamer we thought so capacious now dwarfs to a canoe, and its wake is scarcely discernible; the towns of Lucerne, Geisbach, Vitznau and a dozen more are mere hamlets, and now the clouds roll beneath us and take the landscape from sight — they rise about us, and a rain falls in torrents as we reach the hotel at the summit. Cold and wet we look in vain for fire, and so are compelled to exercise as best we may for warmth. The hotel is very large, finely built and well furnished, and if it was kept with a view to the comfort of guests might be a desirable stopping-place; but as it is, no one should think of spending the night there as we did, for it is cold up at that height, and often rainy.

There were crowds of visitors of all nations, though the Germans were the most numerous. We were favored just before sunset with a view of the plain and mountains about Lake Zug, and on to Zurich and the Black Forest. No pen of mine can bring before others' eyes the panorama that the glowing rays of the sun illuminated for a half-hour. The wheat-fields were yellow in the scene, and frequent enough to give a tinge of gold to the darker hues of forests, vineyards, orchards, and meadows; the deep blue of Lakes Zug and Zurich in the far-off horizon, Küssnacht at the foot of the Rigi, and Lake Sempach, and some whose names I did not know, gave their coloring to the view, and towns and villages with spires and turrets made the prospect from that lofty outlook of over five thousand feet elevation one of unsurpassed splen-

dor. Just below us we saw the chapel erected where tradition says Tell drove his unerring arrow through the heart of Gessler; and the next day, on the shore of Lucerne, in a spot where the mountain pushes sharp down into the water, we saw another chapel in honor of the legendary hero of Switzerland, said to be on the very spot where Tell escaped from Gessler's boat. In the morning we had a fine view of the great peaks that lie eastward and northward from Rigi, but the rain and fitful clouds were a sore trouble.

In Lucerne are the glacial mills, intensely interesting to the geologist and even to the layman, revealing in their deep-hollowed beds and massive boulders worn smooth and round, the story of ages untold of wear and grind. Thorwaldsen's lion, cut out of the white sandstone in the face of a cliff near these mills, is a fine work of genius.

We passed one day along one side of Lake Lucerne to where it begins at Fluellen, and then back on the other to our starting-place. It is lovely every way; many of the mountain-slopes, being gradual, are covered with chalets and villages, and here and there is a large hotel, or pension as they call them here. Then the scene changes, and shrouded mountains descend steeply into the waters. Schiller has a monument erected to his name, covered with an inscription in bronze letters, at an elbow in the lake, that is quite conspicuous. It was a perfect day we passed on the lake, and the pictures of beauty that smile upon the passing gazer are things of joy forever.

Zurich is surrounded by a country of vineyards, orchards, and streams, and holds a good post on the lake of the same name. An exposition of all the cantons of the Republic is being held here, and the place is gay with banners and music. I have spent parts of two days on the grounds. As cotton

and silk manufactures are plenty here, it was to be expected that these fabrics would make a favorable show, as indeed they do. But I was not prepared to see so many other fine mechanical appliances, as screw-cutting machines, engines of curious make and power, automatic nail-making machines, and a list too long to enumerate. The show of grains—wheat, oats, barley, rye, and grass seeds; of fruits—apples, pears, currants, cherries, gooseberries—made me think of Douglas county exhibitions. They have here and there a mower, no reaper or self-binder, and their farm tools seemed to me very clumsy, though strong; very large presses for wine making, immense vats or casks for beer or wine, and a collection of heavy double plows—that is, so arranged as to plow backward and forward on the same side of the land, probably for steam traction—fine straw and hay-cutting machines, small threshing machines, and an ample display of philosophical apparatus; books from the schools of the different cantons, a kindergarten school in full operation, and an Alpine Hall full of the scenes and objects of the mountains—these are parts of the exposition. The affair tells well for the State, and must prove an educator of the throngs of laborers, farmers and business men attending it. The faces of these people are quite a study, and the queer costumes of the different cantons, especially as displayed in female dress, excite attention. But the people were sober, thoughtful and kindly to each other and strangers; indeed, one learns to love the Swiss in very many aspects of their character. They are trusty, patient, and withal quite enterprising. They inhabit a region full of the perversities of a cold climate, whose fields in the hour of harvest are often daily deluged by the storms bred on the mountain heights, which are the glory and attraction of their land. Their love

of freedom, their devotion to education, their morality, stand prominent among their virtues.

We were at the falls of the Rhine near Schaffhausen to-day. Niagara so belittles all cataracts in all that speaks of power, that it is hard to give to the largest and most interesting waterfall in Europe its desert. But it is very beautiful, and a ride in an open boat below the falls among its yet disturbed and angry waters, is exciting. The people are putting much of this great water power to a practical use, and quite a town is springing up about it. In time, its greatest merit will be its utility, and then its beauty will be gone.

AGAIN INTO FRANCE.

FARMING—ALPINE HONEY—MT. BLANC—RHONE VALLEY—BEET CULTURE—LYONS—SILK WEAVING.

LYONS, FRANCE, August 6, 1883.

OUR good-bye to Switzerland was taken in an all-day ride from Zurich to Ouchy, on Lake Leman, and thence by boat to Geneva. The day was delightful, and the sun fell with warmth and beauty upon the Bernese Alps on the one side, and the Jura mountains upon the other, as we swept along through fields yet sparkling with the rain on new-mown grass and grains yet green. The oats were hardly turned yellow; the large potato patches were in full blossom, and the hay was being spread to dry, or the scythes were busy laying it down. Nowhere in the long ride did I see a mower at work, nor even in this smoothest and fairest part of Switzerland have I seen any of our labor-saving contrivances in use. Even in the exposition at Zurich, one of the mowers there seen was of American manufacture, which, with Edison's electric light and flouring roller apparatus from Minnesota, were all of our country's mechanism there exhibited.

In one thing does Switzerland excel—bee culture. The finest honey I ever tasted was found on all the Swiss tables, and could be had at almost every meal. It retails from forty to fifty cents per pound. The bee-hives seem to be made entirely of hay ropes wound around in a conical form, and have a small capacity, not much more than one-half of one of our ordinary hives. I suppose the exceeding purity of the honey

and its rich aroma grow out of the Alpine flowers, on which the bees work and feed.

From Ouchy to Geneva on Lake Leman our boat kept close to the shore, and the land scene was a panorama of villas, woods and fields resting against a background of blue, haze-covered mountains. The former houses of Joseph Bonaparte, and of Necker, the great French financier, were pointed out to us, but the one was interesting only as the birth-place of Madame de Staël, Necker's daughter, and the other as linked somewhat with the destiny of the still great though ignominious name in French annals. At Geneva, as the sun was sinking behind the distant peaks, Mont Blanc came forth from cloud and mist, glorious and royal. It stood above the glistening heights supreme and radiant in its robes of pure white. We looked upon the cold and silent summit until it faded into the shadows of the night. How the thoughts of the eternal past and the eternal future rise as one gazes on the perpetual snow, "bolted thrice o'er by the northern blast" of these immense uplifts of the earth; how, in their unpitying presence, do the animosities, the vexations, the hopes and fears of the hour sink into an unshaken trust in Him before whose breath these gigantic forms shall melt away! Living among these evidences of unimaginable power should make a people devout.

We hoped in Geneva to hear Phillips Brooks, of Boston, preach; but though he sat with the rest of us, and heard a drowsy English discourse, he did not aid the service in any manner. It seems the robe of the resident minister was too small for his great form, and he was unable to kneel in the pew he occupied.

We visited the Russian church, built by the wealthy subjects of the Czar. It is small, but its Byzantine decorations,

paintings, and unique style of finish, unlike anything we had before seen, made it worthy of a look. The worshipers in it have no seats, but must either kneel or stand on the rich carpet spread over the floor.

From Geneva to Lyons, at the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, is a short ride — much of the way along the deep bed of the Rhone, which flows between rocky banks far below the railroad track. One can enter and leave Switzerland without a custom-house officer examining his baggage, but France is now very watchful against the importation of spirits and tobacco — the latter article being a government monopoly. At the boundary all trunks as well as hand-bags are taken from the train and examined. One adventurous man must have been watched in Geneva, for the police examined his baggage piece by piece, and finally his coat and clothes. Three hundred cigars rewarded their search, and were confiscated. Toward Lyons the mountains sink down, the valley opens wide, and reaches by a gradual rise up to the horizon. The wheat was in stack, the oats were being cut, and now began to be seen small fields of the sugar beet. The cultivation of this crop is quite extensive I should suppose from the amount I have seen, and doubtless is profitable.

Lyons in every way much outruns my expectations: it is a city of over three hundred thousand people — nearly four. Its location between the two rivers gives it an easy approach. It is surrounded by an exceedingly rich agricultural region. The Rhone is navigable for small craft to the great sea, and manufacturing of silk fabrics, leather, cotton, and light vessels, as well as other industries, gives the town much life and growth. We entered the city after dark, and the people all seemed to be in the street listening to open-air music, and pleasantly enjoying the almost continuous cafés. We obtained

admission to one of the large silk-weaving factories. The proprietor, an old man, had been in the one place over forty years, and though wealthy and well gone in years, seemed to take as deep an interest and as much pride in his business as if he were young. We witnessed the weaving of black, figured, and pictured silks, but were the most interested in the rooms where they were making velvet. All the looms are moved by foot and hand, and the work is very exact and confining. I used to think that fine black velvet cost in our stores entirely too much, but after seeing the slowness, the exact and minute care and the risk its creation involves, I wonder it is sold as cheap as it is. The silk factories are built in the high part of the city, to which the most ready access is a wire-rope railroad, very curious and very speedy in its operation.

From the highest point in the city, called Fourviere, a magnificent landscape opens out in every direction. The city below with its long rows of massive business houses, the long valleys of the Rhone and Saone running into each other in the heart of the city, and the villages and fields in every direction as far as even the aided eye could reach, made the scene well worth the trial of the ascent. Here, too, stands the oldest cathedral of the region, and by its side the great walls of the new one, whose dimensions will exceed any in France, save possibly Notre Dame, in Paris. The railroad, in one place in this city, is carried by the finest of masonry over the streets, and the immense stone depot of the same road is a thing to be admired. Indeed the station-houses in France and Italy are all structures made to last an age, and large enough to meet the business of the country for a hundred years hence. The passenger traffic of the roads is something wonderful, but the freight business seems quite light—few

trains — not long, few loaded cars at the station, is as I have seen the matter.

Lyons is the second city of France. Its suburbs and tributary territory in which I saw many large manufactories, make it an important factor in French life. The cities are generally intensely republican, while the party of reaction has its stronghold among the provinces; but the cities with their friendly rural allies will make it hard for even a limited monarchy to live.

MORE OF PARIS.

THE LOUVRE—SEVRES PORCELAIN—ST. CLOUD—GRAND AND PETIT TRION—HOTEL DES INVALIDES—AU BON MARCHE.

PARIS, August 13, 1883.

IT is easy to see a great deal of this city in a week's time, with fair, cool weather, and a knowledge of just what points you desire to visit. The magnitude and extent of the industries and commerce of the place grow on one the more they are understood. Perhaps the first thought that rises is, How did this place ever become what it is? its advantages of location being unaided by maritime adjuncts, for the navigation of the Seine is very small, and never could have been very important. Before the day of railroads, Paris was the second city of Europe, and now it is a marvel of shops, manufactories, palaces, parks, and imposing public and private buildings. How it happened so many centuries ago that it should by its thrift and taste draw the world to it as a patron of all that touches the æsthetic in dress and food, and minister as well to the love of scientific, artistic and literary progress implanted in human nature, is a problem. The political storms that have so often swept over it and the rest of Europe have never imperiled its glory or stayed its march, while other cities have been wrecked by them. Whatever the cause or impetus, Paris remains the center of art, and easily rejoices in its myriad contrivances for comfort, use, or display, over all other cities of the world. I have just returned from the long halls and spacious rooms of the Louvre. There are collected statuary, paintings, sculptures, antiquities of bronze, marble, and stone,

gems and relics of royalty of the long-ago, specimens of Egyptian, Assyrian, and all ancient art, and a vast and wearying array of strange and curious things saved from the ruins of so much that was bright and beautiful in the past. It and its extension in the Tuileries cover nearly fifty acres.

The art collections have been accumulating for several centuries. I may not venture upon even a suggestion of the immense treasures there garnered. The rooms are constantly thronged by visitors, and almost each room has some renowned picture before which one or more painters are planted with easel and pigments, seeking to transfer it to a new canvas. The rooms are free to all, and in this respect Paris is remarkable in having its places of public interest well attended without expense to the visitor.

The *Journal* readers have some idea of the porcelain and china works at Sevres, but I am sure they have an imperfect one of the wonders the potter's fingers and the painter's skill can accomplish with the crystal rock out of which this ware is made. The manufactory belongs to the government, and is part of its St. Cloud domain. The museum connected with the manufactory is extensive, and full of works of great value, some of the decorated vases being valued at prices from eight to ten thousand dollars. The kilns in which the ware is burned after being moulded and fashioned are heated entirely by well-seasoned wood, an expensive article here. St. Cloud, the palace of the great Napoleon, is in ruins, having been burned during the Prussian war, but its grounds and woods are yet extensive and delightful. From the highest part Napoleon could look over the great city he so much loved and feared.

Beyond St. Cloud lies Versailles, which we revisited, more particularly to see the Grand and Petit Trion — each a palace,

built, the one by Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon, and the other for Madame de Barry by Louis XV. It was in the Petit Trion where the French tried Marshal Bazaine for treason in the Prussian war and condemned him to be shot, but knowing the injustice of the charge and sentence, notwithstanding the need of a scape-goat for blunders and imbecility only chargeable upon Napoleon III, his punishment was commuted to imprisonment on a French island, whence it was well known he could easily escape—as indeed he soon did. Near St. Cloud is the house, surrounded by grateful shade, where Gambetta died. It is always pointed out to the traveler, and his name is yet a watchword among these people. Yet his death was caused by a personal life every way bad. The Arc de Triomphe, in the noble boulevard Champs de Élysées, is a massive granite structure in the form of an arch over one hundred and fifty feet high, nearly the same width, and over seventy feet in depth. The view of Paris and environs from its summits is complete, and gives one an adequate idea of this accumulation of human beings and their works. The names of all great French battles and generals are inscribed on the pillars of the arch, but nowhere is seen the word Waterloo, nor do I suppose it will ever have Sedan. Yet, considering how much there is of boastful memorials in captured Prussian guns, battle-flags in the Hotel des Invalides, and pictures commemorating these events in the museum of Versailles, it shows the wonderful self-control of Bismarck that he did not suffer one of these things to be changed or disturbed during the time his armies held Paris.

The tomb of Napoleon in the Hotel des Invalides is a center of interest to crowds of tourists, and also Frenchmen. It is every way magnificent. The tomb is in a circular

court below the floor of the chapel, and above it rises a dome 160 feet high, adorned with paintings of the apostles and an imaginary scene of St. Louis giving to Christ a sword. The mind runs back to the eventful and heartless career of that genius who might have blessed the world, had only his tremendous powers of mind been subordinated by the nobler and better gifts of love to man and reverence for God. The letters of Madame de Rémusat prove what the world had long believed, that if Napoleon was a giant in intellectual force, he was an infant in moral and pure purposes. But in the realm of noble public improvements, of reformatory measures, in the certainty of law and its enforcement, and on the torn and stained fields of war, he was great; and in those directions his genius had full sway, since all of them contributed to the selfish brilliancy and supremacy of his scepter.

Notre Dame disappointed us every way, both in extent, materials of construction, beauty of mural decorations and altar splendors. So much does it fall below the cathedrals of Burgos, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, or St. Peter's or St. Paul's in all these regards, that we turned away from it after only a short look.

The Grand Opera House, built by the government at an expense of nearly five millions of dollars, is indeed grand. Yet it seats only twenty-two hundred people, and its heavy gilt interior, with allegorical representation of the hours of the day and of the planets, soon tires the eye. The light of a vast chandelier, throwing out the rays of over two hundred gas jets, fills the room. A newer opera house called Eden we thought the handsomer of the two. The Credit Lyonnaise is a banking institution of great proportions. It has thirty different places of business in Paris, and branch houses all over Europe and in several places in Asia and Africa. I was

in one of its places of business the other day, and such a marble and glass building devoted to such uses was a surprise. It cost almost two million five hundred thousand dollars. There seemed to be an army of clerks in the three stories I was in. These immense banking concerns are complemented by stores of corresponding magnitude, of which there are several. One of them, not the largest, called Au Bon Marche, occupies an entire block and has four stories, with twenty-five hundred clerks and employés, of whom only five hundred are women. In it one can buy anything man or woman ever wears and much that either ever uses. The prices are all plainly marked on the goods, and there is no beating down. The bulk of patrons, as a clerk told me, at this time of the year are foreigners, and doubtless Paris draws its chief support from other nations than France.

Sunday was much better observed than I expected; many of the largest stores were closed, and the smaller shops had less patronage than in many when I was here, but all sorts of labor on the streets and in factories seemed to go on as usual. Few were at the church we attended, and I think from the size of the places of worship of that kind, few attend at any time. Paris is not a cheap place to live in, as has been supposed, but on the whole a dear city. But it is resplendent and gay, as well as full of useful, literary, scientific and artistic attractions, and so will ever have the world for its customer.

THROUGH BELGIUM AND INTO GERMANY.

BELGIUM—SUGAR INDUSTRY—WATERLOO—BRUSSELS—LACE WORKS—COLOGNE—SPIRES—RHINE SCENERY—CASTLES—BINGEN—WINE MAKING—HOT BATHS.

WIESBADEN, GERMANY, August 20, 1883.

BETWEEN Paris and Brussels there lies a rich and well-cultivated plain, much in appearance like our Kansas prairies, but there is an absence of farm houses—such as we have. As we approach Belgium, and thence on through the entire extent of this little kingdom to its eastern border on Prussia, there are very large fields of beets, in a very vigorous condition. There are both white and red varieties, and they seem to grow largely above the surface of the ground, and the white is the largest. The sugar-making interests of France, Belgium and Prussia from this product must be very extensive. The soil in which the beet flourishes well is a light sandy loam, kept in perfect order by constant labor.

Red clover grows luxuriantly in the same belt of country, and next to it as a crop come oats, which were being harvested as we passed along. Winter wheat is also considerably raised. The farmers were plowing the wheat and oat stubble, preparatory for wheat and turnips. The plowing is very shallow, being done with a single horse or cow drawing a small plow, the beam of which is supported by a small two-wheeled cart. The labor did not seem heavy for the horse. When this sugar industry began in France, and I think also in Belgium, an impost was laid on foreign sugars for the purpose of helping the home farmers and manufacturers to compete

with the same article produced abroad. Now the business is so extensive and productive that the best of crushed sugar, such as is used on our tables for coffee, is sold here for about ten cents per pound. Whether it would not have struggled to the same supremacy without this governmental aid, cannot be known — we can only say it did not. I am told that brown sugar cannot be made from these beets, and so it is imported mostly from America.

On this wide champaign, wind-mills furnish a great deal of power; many farm-houses use them, and they are of the style of Wilder & Palm's, on Mount Oread, and their long, wide arms, flying round and round on either side give picturesqueness and life to the landscape. These Belgium and German farmers have much better homes, and seem to have a more comfortable time of it, than do their Spanish, French, or Italian brethren. We spent part of three days at Brussels, and of course visited the battle-field of Waterloo. After the vivid description of the place by both Victor Hugo and Noble Prentis, no one need mention anything more. Indeed, Mr. Prentis's letters from this region are very life-like, and enable one, without seeing the fields and cities, the men and women of this land, to gain a very accurate idea of what they are to-day.

W. C. Falkner, Esq., of Ripley, Mississippi, who was a lieutenant in the Mexican war and a colonel on the Confederate side in the last war, was with us at Waterloo, and after surveying the lines of the respective armies and the difficulties of their positions, said that the overwhelming advantages both of position and of defensive situation were with Wellington, yet had only Grouchy obeyed orders, beyond doubt the fate of the Prussian army at Ligny only two days before would have befallen the English forces. So gigantic and

masterful were Napoleon's plans, and so beyond his control were the causes that thwarted them, that for the moment one forgets the horrors of his reign — the carnage and destruction that followed his armies from beyond the Pyrenees to Moscow, and laments the untoward events which baffled conceptions so brilliant and wonder-exciting.

Good oats, clover and beets, grow where Ney at the head of the Old Guard charged, the Prince of Orange fell, and Wellington and Blucher clasped hands over their unexpected victory.

It was the fete of the Assumption of the Virgin at Brussels when we arrived; the shops were generally closed, and the people were making a holiday of it. There was more drunkenness than we had seen elsewhere in our trip, and in the windows of the cafés were bottles of absinthe to a much greater extent than in Paris. The cafés were more numerous and occupied far better business positions than I had observed elsewhere. In one block all but one business room was filled with these drinking-places. There is a cathedral here of no great merit save its beautiful chime of ninety-nine bells and its wood-carved pulpit. The former make delightful melody once an hour, and of the latter it can be said that its design (the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden) and its execution are very interesting displays of skill in wood-work. The first pair, the angel with his drawn sword, the hideous skeleton of death, the ugly serpent, and various domestic animals, are all skillfully cut out of the wood of which the pulpit is made.

More suggestive and probably interesting are the lace manufactories here, of which there are a great number. We visited one where are employed a large number of young women busy weaving lace, whose patterns are prepared for them on

paper by a one-armed man. A yard of lace over which one operative was bending, we were told would consume six months of her time and would be worth eighty dollars — not large wages — less than we pay at home for good house servants. This city has a fine park in which a band every evening discourses music, and a botanical garden of considerable extent is open to the visitor. Its streets are wide and clean. Indeed, everywhere we find the municipal authorities disinfecting and cleaning their streets and houses. The fear of cholera is having a good result in this direction. Yet the weather is very cool, and rains are frequent, and it is very doubtful whether the virulent type of Asiatic cholera is even in Egypt.

Between Brussels and Cologne we found in many places the railroad hedged with pear trees, rigorously cut back and trained out flat-ways, and parallel with the road, and in many places pears were very thick on these low trees. Plums are very plentiful, both in Belgium and in that part of Prussia where we have been. They are large — green and blue. The trees do not seem to be affected with curculio. Apples are rather small, and the ripe pears are insipid; they seem to have been prematurely matured. Few peaches are seen, and those poor. Fine Muscat grapes are in the market, but they come from Spain.

Cologne, celebrated by Coleridge for its "seventy distinct smells," we found a very lovely city on the Rhine, with a cathedral whose exterior may well be compared with almost any in Europe, save St. Peter's at Rome. It is very massive, and its two spires of granite, over five hundred feet high, are architectural creations commanding observation and admiration. The city is surrounded by manufactories, and all the way from Brussels the smoke of tall chimneys in every

direction told of industries even greater than those connected with the rich plain over which we swept so rapidly. Tile, leather, wine, iron, woolen, and many other like establishments, are seen on either side at narrow intervals. They all seemed to be in full blast, and to have plenty to do and sell. The exports of this region, especially woolen goods, go far over the world—our own country not excepted. I could see no reason why these factories should be here more than elsewhere, unless it was cheaper labor, and the greater means of sustaining it in the fertile fields near at hand than exist in more unproductive regions. At all events, this country from Brussels to Cologne, and from Cologne up the Rhine as far as Mayence, at least, is rich every way, save the few miles where the Rhine cuts its way through the mountains, and even there are found many busy factories.

A large new bridge spans the Rhine at Cologne, and two more like it at Bonn. The river disappoints in its size and shores those who have seen the Hudson and the Palisades. At Schaffhausen it was of a deep-blue color as it dashed over the rocks; but here it is turbid and stained by its affluents—the Main and the Nohe. From Cologne to Bonn the banks are low, and as far as we could judge from the boat, covered with a good growth of grains. From Bonn to "fair Bingen" the scenery is more attractive, and now and then presents features of considerable beauty. This is especially true of those spots where, on a jutting cliff, the walls of some old castle look down on the hurrying tide; and the wildness in the slopes wooded with low trees and bushes, suggests the old robber chieftains who built these strongholds, and there defied their foes, or levied tribute on the river craft of that age. Two or three of these castles have been restored, and are quite pleasant features of the scenery, yet with their small, infrequent, slit-

like windows, their high position and isolation, they must be an uncomfortable house for one who reads a daily paper, and wants to know within an hour after the event all about it, although it happened in China or Australia.

As we approach Bingen, the mountains begin to sink in gentler slopes, upon which rock-made terraces the far-famed Rhine grapes are raised. We saw large quantities of these vines, and, although they looked pale and feeble, we were assured that they produced the finest wine in the world. But if the castles and mountains of the Rhine are not overpowering in either beauty or grandeur, yet, when they are associated with the history of the ages gone, their place in the wide movement of the nomadic tribes of the earliest record, the sieges and wars, the security and peace of vassals and confederates, due to their rocky and inaccessible position, we look upon them with new interest. Again we people "the devil's stair-case," the narrow ledge, the abrupt cliffs, the dark gorge and the lofty outlook with the forms of Hun, Saxon, French, German, Swede and English soldiers or freebooters. The shadows of mailed warriors rise above the turrets, the battle-axes of roving chieftains again gleam in the defile, the weird song of the seven beautiful yet wayward sisters comes to the memory, and we seem to hear shouts of welcome or defiance echoing along the cliffs —legend and enchanting half-true story cast down on those abandoned and broken walls such beguiling thoughts that we hold our eyes upon them until the curves of the river remove them.

The castles number perhaps thirty or forty, and mostly seem to belong to wealthy families, some of them to the Queen of Prussia and her sons.

The "garden of the Rhine" lies between a place opposite

Bingen and Biebrich. The river finds its way through low banks and islands, and in a wide channel. Biebrich is the landing-place for Wiesbaden, where are thermal waters of wide celebrity. They are used as baths and for drinking purposes, and are thought to be useful to destroy rheumatism, gout, and kindred troubles. To bathe in, they are not as pleasant as the warm waters of Idaho Springs, or Hot Sulphur Springs in Middle Park. The place is delightful with shade trees, parks, flower gardens, and hotels largely patronized by the English. Much of the former fashionable patronage of the place has gone to Carlsbad, but still there are numerous visitors, and the great hotels are full.

GERMANY AND HOLLAND.

WIESBADEN—MAYENCE—PEARS—GUTENBERG'S MONUMENT—RHINE VALLEY—AMSTERDAM—DUTCH EXPOSITION—THE HAGUE—FEMALE LABOR—DIKES AND DITCHES—DELFT HAVEN.

LONDON, August 25, 1883.

FROM Wiesbaden I came by rail to Mayence, a short ride through a delightful region. Opposite the city is a fortified place, filled with soldiers and immense military works. It is called Castel, and has been a stronghold since the days of Drusus, in the year B. C. 14. The apple trees were bending beneath their burdens of fruit, and plums were even larger and finer than I had seen before, and small boats laden with pears were tied to the wharves. This part of Germany is very interesting to the farmer. Much of the region is devoted to grapes. The Johannisberg wine, made below on the river, is the product of forty acres, surrounding the castle of that name, and so famous is it that the product amounts to thirty thousand dollars annually—an immense yield for so small a tract of land. Of course not one bottle in a hundred, sold as the outcome of this vintage, ever saw the Rhine.

The cathedral at Mayence is worthy of note—more for its historic associations than for its beauty or size. It contains an ancient inscription in honor of the wife of Charlemagne, and some old bronze doors, very old and worn. It was Monday morning, yet the church was quite well filled with ardent worshipers, many of them children, repeating under the charge of some teachers what I supposed to be a

sort of responsive liturgy. In this place was born Gutenberg, and to his memory a fine statue has been erected in an open place facing towards the market. The base or pedestal on which the statue stands has on each side an historic picture cut in the granite representing the great inventor at different stages of his work. The last is the printing-press, with a boy at the lever, while in deep, profound study near by stands Gutenberg, looking at the first impression made by type on paper—an art which was to overturn empires, change the fate of men, and open to light the dark habits and beliefs of mankind. There are large manufacturing establishments here, and below at Biebrich, and Germany is diverting much of her energies to home industries. Labor, I suppose, is cheap, but still behind all this wide and extended work is found the fostering care of the State. We returned by steamer to Cologne, and so took in the Rhine by descent as well as ascent. It left the same disappointing impression as before.

The ride from Cologne to Amsterdam is along the valley of the Rhine for some miles, and thence to the second Venice, as it is called, over a smooth, level country. We were carried over the Rhine on a steam ferry, the entire train running on two long boats, and the delay was only for a short time. This part of Germany suffered by a severe drouth during the summer, and the crops are very much injured. The oats are light, and form quite a large element in the cereal production of this region. I was surprised to see quite an extensive area devoted to buckwheat, the first I had seen in Europe. The growth was good, and will help out the short crops.

As we neared Holland, the Rhine was held in by huge embankments, and further on we saw the ditches and dikes so

peculiar to the frugal Hollanders. With the increase of these there was a decrease of grain crops, and soon the entire landscape was filled with meadows and pastures. Large herds of cows were grazing on the bright green sward, and the long lines of parallel ditches, not more than eight or ten rods apart, were filled with water within a foot or so of the surface. The cattle are mostly black-and-white colored, and are fine, thrifty looking. Some sheep are kept here, but so far as I could discover, the chief industry is butter and cheese.

At Amsterdam, we found an exposition in full blast. It is called international, but France, aside from Holland, was the best represented. There seems to be a great cordiality between France and Holland, and much hostility toward Germany. The money of France passes readily, while German money is entirely refused. The United States had its interests represented in some degree by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company, whose land circulars were plenty; and safes, sewing machines, scales, and a few other American productions were there. The colonial enterprises of the Dutch were amply exhibited, and were very striking. The enterprise of the Dutch in the past has made tributary to the mother country immense dependencies, and much of Holland wealth grows out of these trading and settling ventures.

The show of grains, wheat, barley, grass seeds, and other cereals, of woods, manufactures, furs, fruits, models of homes, barns, and farm operations of these colonies, was well worth notice. In a small way the exhibition resembles our Centennial, but is inferior to it in every respect.

Amsterdam possesses good commercial advantages, and its business must be very large, judging from the shipping in its

canals and harbors. It lies down flat and low, and one would suppose it to be very unhealthy in the hot months.

The Hague is a more lovely and restful place. It is the capital of Holland, and contains many interesting places of resort and instruction. In its museum are two celebrated paintings—Rembrandt's school of anatomy, and Paul Potter's bull. The first is a startling representation of a medical professor dissecting the human hand for the benefit of his pupils, who stand around the dead body with eager eyes while the lecturer points out the wondrous mechanism of that member, whose offices are so varied and full of cunning and power. Potter's bull is doubtless a thing of beauty, for artists generally extol it; but to my mind its failure in proportions, the ewe-neck, and the unnatural twist of the head back toward the shoulders, take away much of the claim of fidelity made for it, and the type of bull painted is of the poorest sort of "scrub." Of course one can see the color of the hair, the flies on the body, the white alternating with the other colors; but I did not admire it.

The drive out to the Queen's palace through a great forest of large trees, along paved roads, was very pleasant. The palace itself is not imposing in any way, but some of the rooms—as the Chinese, Japanese and reception—are very fine. Some of the paintings in the latter room are pronounced by connoisseurs to be works of high art. We went out to Schevengen, a fashionable resort on the sea-coast. There is a very sandy beach here, and above it at some little distance, yet commanding a pleasant view of the waves and shore, are concert halls and hotels. Colonnades of large trees form the roads out and back, and nothing can be pleasanter at evening than to roll swiftly along the broad, smooth roads beneath the over-arching trees.

In Holland there seems to be a superfluity of labor, especially female. The numbers of women doing all sorts of work are very large. It seems a pity they cannot be told of the great demand there is in America for their labor. They are the best of help—faithful, honest, industrious, and apt to learn. Here they receive small wages, and engage in a great deal of drudgery. Hundreds of them could get double their present wages in Kansas, and live much easier lives.

Between Amsterdam, The Hague and Rotterdam, there is the same flat region reclaimed by ditches, and constant pumping of water into drains that run to the sea from the dominion of the waves. The dikes are high and well-turfed embankments. I was told that the cost of maintaining these drains and defenses against the ocean makes a heavy tax upon the people. It is all done under government direction. Forest trees and orchards grow well on these meadows, whose grass roots must run down to the water. At Rotterdam there were large boats like our canal boats, filled with pears, unloading into our steamer their freight for transportation to London. We also took several large boxes of dressed sheep and hogs for the same destination. Holland seems in these things to have a large English trade. On the other hand, it imports large amounts of wheat from India. One large vessel was unloading a cargo of wheat from Calcutta. I examined the grain, and found much of it injured by weevil, and none of it equal to our Kansas product.

Rotterdam was the birthplace of the great Erasmus. The house where he was born and his statues are shown the visitor with commendable pride, for he was one of the guiding minds of that era when new and nobler impulses took possession of men, and gave the world new hope and inspirations. The parks and residences at Rotterdam are better than any

we have seen in Holland. As we left the wharf and turned toward the sea we passed Delft Haven, whence so many years ago the Pilgrims set sail to found a Republic on freedom of belief and equality of man — not that this stood before their eyes clear and distinct, but, rather, it lay a possible and hopeful germ in the impulses that drove them out on a stormy sea to the new world.

It is a short night's ride from Holland to Harwich, where the railroad whirls you quickly to London. Of this center of the world's energy and business-life — its museums, institutions, churches, and life, I may write, but I do not promise, for so vast is the subject one can scarcely touch it in a book, much less in a letter.

IN LONDON.

NOTED PREACHERS—SPURGEON—HALL—NOVEL COLLECTION OF HOSPITAL FUNDS—DRINKING HABITS—OLD BAILEY—SMITHFIELD MARKET—ST. PAUL'S—THE TOWER—KENSINGTON MUSEUM—WESTMINSTER ABBEY—LUTHER.

LONDON, September 1, 1883.

HOWEVER well defined one's preconceived notion of London may be, it undergoes much change when the great aggregation of men, their institutions, places of business, homes, and modes of life are first seen face to face. I have spent a busy week in trying to see what London is, and to obtain some idea of its magnitude, its historic associations, and the achievements of its four millions of people. But in every direction the subject is so vast, I can see that months would be required to know the extent and amplitude of the city where Heine has said, "the philosopher can hear the heart-beat of the world." Among the notable preachers of London, probably Spurgeon, Newman Hall, and Canon Farrar rank first. I have heard the two former. The tabernacle of Mr. Spurgeon is being repaired, so he uses Exeter Hall. By paying a shilling one can get a fair seat on the platform, and so hear the preacher very well. The hall was crowded in every part to its utmost, and many must have gone away unable to gain admittance to the main floor. Mr. Spurgeon is a large, heavy man—bushy hair that refuses obedience to any brush or comb; he has a strong, far-reaching voice, easily heard, and very distinct. He has no choir or instrumental music. The hymn is given out, the congre-

gation rises, then he reads a stanza, a leader standing by him begins, and all join; then another stanza is read, and so on through the entire hymn, Mr. Spurgeon singing with the rest. His reading of the hymn is very impressive, as are also his Bible exercises. His prayer had a wide range, and the radicalism of the man broke out in his petition for the Queen, being qualified with, "as we are bound to do;" while that for the United States was without explanation, and overflowing with good feeling and desires for the great nation across the seas. The sermon was very practical, highly orthodox, and seemed quite impromptu. His earnestness, his unflinching belief in many controverted questions, his intense desire to do good, and his pithy way of saying many ordinary truths, conspire to make him, as he is, a man of power in the city and in the world. Mr. Spurgeon is open communion, but requires immersion for admission to membership in his church, evidently holding baptism a non-essential to the one and a requisite to the other.

Newman Hall has a magnificent church on the south side of the Thames, and it is well attended, though no such congregations fill it as do Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle. The two men however seem to work together quite harmoniously, for Mr. Hall announces not only a sermon by himself to young men in his own house, but also one by Mr. Spurgeon to the same class and at the same hour in Exeter Hall. I was not prepared for the quite extended liturgy Mr. Hall has in his services. He has the apostles' creed, with many modifications, and none, as far as I could see, improvements. The commandments are read as in Episcopal churches, with music and the organ, and a response from the choir at the end of the reading of each commandment. Prayers were read responsively, and Mr. Hall wore a black surplice until

communion-service, when he changed it for a white one. His sermon was impromptu, expository, and not unlike Mr. Spurgeon's. Neither sermon had the polish—literary finish—of hundreds I have heard in our Kansas pulpits; indeed, if these two famous preachers delivered the best English sermons, one may say that scholarship and culture are not essential factors in them; in fact, Mr. Spurgeon in very strong language pictured the fate of those men who preach sermons on "the tendency of modern thought."

In riding through London, one can but be struck with the number and variety of its benevolent institutions. The hospitals, infirmaries, and places for the unfortunate of all sorts, are everywhere—generally fine buildings, and well kept. Near where I stop is a foundling hospital, with over seven hundred of these parentless children within its care. In these directions, English philanthropy is unstinted. They seem to be sustained by voluntary contributions, generally gathered each Saturday by ladies who quietly sit at various public corners in the city with a box labeled "Saturday Hospital." They gather from the hurrying throngs considerable money in this way.

Over against this stands the enormous number of pauper-making grog-shops in all parts of the city. The numbers of them are immense, many of them of the lowest and most baleful kind, behind whose counters stand young women waiting on the customers. The temperance problem is upon English statesmen in a very troublesome way. The government derives an enormous revenue from the business, but it brings with it such overwhelming and unalleviated ills, that Mr. Gladstone the other day said to some temperance people, "While I am sorry to see our revenues diminished, yet I am glad to have them diminished from temperance appeals and

agitations." In England, the home of the common law, no one doubts the right of the government to deal with the traffic in intoxicants as it cannot with any other business. Whenever public opinion is advanced enough, and without doubt it is ripening rapidly, this grog-shop business will be wiped out here as we are trying to do in America. Just now, as far as I can gather, the temperance people are struggling for "local option"—the power of each municipality to prohibit liquor-selling within its own borders. This is as far as public opinion goes here—indeed, is a little beyond it.

London grows annually, it is said, at the rate of one hundred thousand people. Cities of very respectable size in our country, are added yearly to it. The city is undermined in every direction with railroads, and the number of trains and crowds of people passing out or coming in at these underground stations is a matter of constant wonder. Trains of fifteen and twenty cars come and go every three minutes in the busy part of the day, and the seats are filled or emptied with a celerity surprising to one unused to it.

I went into Old Bailey, where Jeffreys once hurried innocent men to the scaffold under the forms of law. The room is said to be now as it was then, and is only used for the trial of capital crimes. It must be hard for a criminal, as he is in a high box, away from his counsel, and can only reach him by bending over the railing, while the attorney must stand up to hear his client's words or suggestions. It was here, when the evidence failed to convict the defendant, that Jeffreys browbeat the jury into a verdict of condemnation, saying that if the man did not do the act, he would have done so had he had the chance. Not far away is the birthplace of Milton, the monument and burial-place of Oliver Goldsmith, and buildings called Dr. Johnson, after the famous man of

that name, who so often from that place used to pace down Fleet street; beyond is Smithfield market, on the spot where Cranmer and Latimer were burned to death for heresy, and who prophesied amid the flames that devoured them: "We this day light a fire in England that shall never be put out."

The market is an immense building covering some three and one-half acres, and is devoted entirely to the meat trade: the best beef in it is from America, the best mutton I saw was from New Zealand, while bacon from Ireland seemed to be the favorite brand. Lard in Chicago packages, and hams from the same place, have a great sale. From what I can learn, I think our meats will largely have to come here in the dressed form—the importation of live stock being strenuously opposed by English farmers for fear of the "foot-and-mouth disease."

St. Paul's cathedral, near to the market, is a great pile with a very imposing and noble dome. We heard a service there which, with the exception of the reading of the Bible, could not be very well distinguished from that we had heard in many Catholic cathedrals on the continent. While the edifice is said to be third in size in Europe, yet it does not seem as interesting as many others. In this same neighborhood is the money heart of the world. The Bank of England occupies about four acres, and though plain of exterior holds in its vaults one hundred millions of dollars of gold and silver, requires nearly one thousand employés to do its business, and through its vast ramifications is the largest, most potent money-power in the world. Around it are clustered gigantic financial institutions, none of them imposing buildings, but all full of great influence all over the civilized world. In this locality there is much interest in looking from the top

of an omnibus at the streams of vehicles and pedestrians coming and going at the crossings of the streets. You think such moving throngs cannot meet and pass, and especially cross each other's paths; surely no footman dare attempt to get from one side to the other of those interlocking streams — yet they do it all, and rarely does an accident happen. Now and then a man in blue clothes, among confused movements, raises his hand, and everything pauses until he gives another signal.

We wandered through the Tower with profound interest. Why one should look with intensity upon the place where the cruel Henry beheaded his Queen Anne, and Lady Jane Grey, beautiful, pious and loved, suffered a horrible death, or should pause to shudder over the masque of the executioner, the oaken block and ax which were used on those dread occasions, I cannot tell; but all the same one does. The jewels, maces, crowns, swords, and various articles of that sort in one of the Tower rooms, are guarded with great care, and are of immense value.

Kensington Museum is one of the wonders of London. It costs annually to keep it up, one million five hundred thousand dollars! It contains bric-a-brac of every kind, and Sheepshanks's collection of pictures, and also Jones's collection. Jones began a tailor's apprentice, and became very rich as a contractor during the Crimean war. He was a bachelor, and used his wealth in collecting pictures, relics, and curious works of art. The museum is vast in all its proportions. Landseer, Raphael and other masters adorn the walls, and almost everything made by human skill is seen here. And here across the way is the celebrated Fisheries Exhibition, with thousands daily peering at its strange col-

lection of fishing appliances from all over the world, and its aquarium wherein float fish, eels, lobsters, and the most singular products of the deep waters.

Westminister Abbey holds one by many ties. Dean Stanley of late years gave it renown by his catholic spirit, his eloquent writings, and his deep love of all that elevates man. It is a tomb-house as well as temple. How the lofty names of history rise before one as the eye looks upon the marble and granite memorials of Addison, Thackeray, Dickens, Milton, Dryden, Johnson, Chatham, Fox, and hundreds more—poets, philosophers, heroes, and benefactors, of their day and age.

The day in the British Museum was also one of delight. Part of one room is devoted to Martin Luther, whose fourth centennial is now being celebrated in Germany. His autograph writings, a statue and picture of him, copies of his theses, nailed on the cathedral door, with many other mementoes of the great man, are shown. Here, too, are manuscripts of priceless worth: Scott's Kenilworth, Macaulay's last page of the History of England; the signature and often letters of all the nobles, or powerful or royal names of English life. But the treasure of this repository cannot even be hinted at in this too-long letter; neither can I do more in speaking of this wonderful city than say that the area of the metropolitan police district, which really covers the London of to-day, is a circle with Charing Cross for a center twenty-four and three-tenths miles in diameter—an area as large, I think, or nearly so, as Douglas county; and it has streets that measure in the aggregate nearly seven thousand miles.

The commerce of the city is one-half that of all England, and the ends of the world daily pay tribute to the genius, the enterprise, the intelligence, and economies of this Eng-

lish city. What its future may be, who can divine? Its marvelous annual growth, its outreach in all departments of honest, useful life — as well as ideal and æsthetic, its eleemosynary, educational and religious institutions, make the London before our eyes an object of thoughtful contemplation, and, on the whole, of hope and promise.

NORTHWARD THROUGH ENGLAND.

ENGLISH FARMING—WARWICK CASTLE—STRATFORD-ON-AVON—DEER PARKS—DURHAM CATTLE—COVENTRY FAIR—FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE—KENILWORTH—HARD LOT OF TENANTS—WALLS OF CHESTER.

CHESTER, September 6, 1883.

SINCE my last I have seen something of England. All England is full of historic suggestions, and one cannot ride a dozen miles from London without passing over ground rendered famous by its association with some noble or illustrious name. If the saying of Addison respecting the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey was true, that he found there monuments with no poets and poets with no monuments, yet England has so many truly great men in her annals that wherever you go, from the dark abbey, the ivy-covered ruin, to bright and open fields, you are not far away from a spot made memorable by some great deed or noble life. Our first stop out of London was at Leamington, whence we reached by a lovely carriage-drive Warwick Castle, Stratford-on-Avon, and the home of the greatest of all writers, Shakspeare.

The road passes through a splendid farming region. It showed high cultivation. The wheat was nearly all secured, though as we went north we found more and more harvesting going on. In this country the farmers sow wheat from October to February, and hence the long period of harvesting. Then, too, as we go north we see less wheat and more oats, while the chief crop besides these and grass is roots, such as turnips, rutabagas, beets, carrots. Of these great use is made

by the farmers in feeding cattle and sheep. The tillage is all that the best farmer could ask, and the crops seemed uncommonly vigorous. But how with clean soil and frequent rains could they be otherwise? The country of the "Bard of Avon" is owned mostly in large estates, which are rented out to farmers in tracts of from fifty to one hundred acres. The parks, of course, are held by the proprietor for his own luxury and pleasure. That of Sir Thomas Lucy, immortalized by Shakspeare as the scene of his deer-poaching and bitter verses on the lord of the manor, is a magnificent domain — a heavy green-sward, covered with short yet widespreading oaks, and is devoted still to feeding hundreds of deer. The sight of these beautiful creatures disporting in the shadows of the trees, made us pause for some time. Nearly as interesting was the rabbit field, where the earth was thrown up into many a small heap to make retreats for rabbits, white and gray.

Warwick Castle is a noble pile of masonry above the swift Avon, and the suite of rooms in this home of the old "king-maker," shown to visitors, is filled with the most varied and curious articles of interest. The twenty-pound iron sword of the ancient Earl of Warwick, the two-barrel copper punch bowl of the same old warrior, the iron helmet of Cromwell, noble pictures of Ignatius Loyola, and of various other great and illustrious names in history, are all well worth seeing. But, after all, the thing above all others in this region is the birthplace and burial-ground of Shakspeare. Stratford sees thousands of tourists annually, anxious to pay their homage to the memory of the many-sided genius. The room in which he was born, his desk at school — a rough oaken affair — his signet ring, a scrap of writing addressed to him, and some contemporary relics, such as chairs, tables,

cups and tea-service, are shown the visitor. Two old ladies, garrulous and interesting, lead you through the rooms and up the stairs into the loft where, in an iron safe, is kept the best portrait extant of the poet. The old gabled house, rude and humble, proves that genius needs neither a castle nor princely lineage for its home or beginning. We rode out to the place by one road and back by another, and so had a pleasant view of all the neighborhood.

The cattle in the fields were all fine roan Durhams, large and fat. The roan is clearly the favorite color among English farmers. I have seen few all-red cattle in the fields, and at the agricultural fair of Warwickshire and two other counties which we attended at Coventry the next day there were no red Durhams on exhibition, but all roans. The display of cattle of this sort was remarkably fine. The sweepstakes two year-old bull was a splendid animal, weighing over eighteen hundred, and not in very full flesh either. The farmers however of England just now are in great trouble with what they call the "foot-and-mouth disease," which is killing off the stock seriously. To such an extent has the disease spread that at most of the autumn fairs the cattle feature of the exhibition is omitted. Of course this trouble must diminish the home supply of beef, and in that degree help the American producer. Meantime the government is enforcing rigorous quarantine against importation of live stock, apparently believing the disease to be of foreign creation. I was much interested in the sheep and swine at this Coventry fair. The sheep were large, black-nosed, and medium fine wooled. Above each lot of sheep was a card telling what peculiar preparation of food they had been kept on. All of them — besides the pasture feed — had been fed some kind of combination of meal and chop feed. The best

swine were Berkshire, though there were some large white ones which they call Warwickshire.

The horse ring was divided by a stone wall, a hedge and several movable hurdles over which dozens of fine steeds leaped at full speed, making an exhilarating sight and giving one a little idea of the famous fox hunts of this country. The show of agricultural implements was meager, and the tools seemed to be very heavy and burdensome. In the horticultural rooms were very large black Hamburg grapes, raised in hot-houses, good specimens of berries of all sorts, and very beautiful flowers; the vegetables were, however, only fair. Any of our Kansas county exhibitions that I have seen, as a whole would compare most favorably with this one. The crowds of people, however, here exceeded all I ever saw at home at the local fairs. The railroad dropped at the entrance gates every few minutes hundreds of men and women, and the road to the town seemed alive with people. Coventry is the place where the phrase "Peeping Tom" arose, and quite a debate was going on among the good folk there whether the proposed exhibition of the old scene should be reënacted in the place; the lady performing the patriotic feat of the one of old to be clad in silk tights. How it terminated I do not know.

Near Coventry is Kenilworth Castle, around which romance and history alike have woven so many thrilling tales. The estate of about five thousand acres belongs to Earl Clarendon. He does not reside on it, but has a Scotch steward, who about ten years ago followed the old steward. The new man, as the carriage driver told us, had driven off nearly all the old tenants who had been on the place for years and years, and their fathers before them, and had now let the whole estate to a German who was devoting the land almost wholly to horse breeding. The lot of these English farmers

on the great landed estates depends upon the caprice of some steward who has full power to act so long as the landlord's rent is paid. This estate pays the owner at the rate of seven and a half dollars per acre—not a large rent for land so finely located; though it may be more is in wood and forest than I could see from the ruins. For the castle is a ruin—only some broken walls tell where were the great banqueting hall, the chamber of the jealous Queen Bess, the prison of the hapless Amy and the quarters of the luxurious and fickle Leicester. The ivy running over "Cæsar's Tower" and festooning the open windows and doorways, and a few choice sheep grazing in the quadrangles where once gay lords and royal princesses held open-air revel, told a story of the fading nature of human greatness which one finds repeated over and over in every part of this island. The situation of Kenilworth is very lovely, and the view from its towers extensive. At one place the guide points out a dark-green spot where Cromwell planted his cannon against the castle in the day of his power and the castle's greatness.

The region between Kenilworth and Chester is full of manufacturing works, and is as well a good farming country. Everywhere one sees tall chimneys and great brick buildings, indicating the vast industries of this land. Coal is plenty, railroads cross or run alongside each other almost every mile, labor is cheap, and hence work of all sorts is pushed to the highest point. The world pays daily tribute to this vast manufacturing region. Yet while the owners of these mills and shops are becoming wealthy, the lot of the laborers remains poor enough. Emigration relieves the pressure some, but always there are plenty of men to do the least job. Chester is a walled city, or rather has a wall of the olden time in a good state of preservation. It is a quiet town, with "rows" of

shops one above another which give it a picturesque and quaint interest unlike any other place in Europe. These rows are so arranged that one can easily go from the upper to the lower, and so the same front serves a double use and occupation.

INTO SCOTLAND.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH CROPS—SANDSTONE QUARRIES—MAUCHLINE—MOSSGIEL—BURNS'S LIFE—AYR—BRIG OF DOON—GLASGOW—ELDER SHIP YARDS—LOCHS LOMOND AND KATRINE—HIGHLANDS—LARGE PASSENGER TRAFFIC—EDINBURGH SATURDAY NIGHT AND SABBATH MORNING.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, September 12, 1883.

PASSING from Chester, with its old walls and queer rows of shops, the road runs through a succession of busy manufacturing towns to Carlisle. All England seems astir with machinery and factories. One cannot ride a dozen miles without seeing the cluster of tall chimneys rising above wide and spacious buildings, and at times you see throngs of laborers hastening to or hurrying away from the works. Not only are these busy spots found in seaport towns, but all through the interior they are equally plenty. It is a good farming region, though more roots, oats and barley are raised, and less wheat, as we go north. The oat crop is good, yet bad weather is troubling the farmers. The "foot-and-mouth disease" is a frightful pest among the stock raisers, and bids fair to well-nigh stop cattle-growing in England. I learn it is a new trouble, of not over ten years' growth. It is a kind of pleuro-pneumonia. It attacks the feet with severe and crippling sores between the hoofs, and affects the mouth in the same way, causing a frothing, inability to eat, fever, and soon death. The only prevention is putting to death all affected animals, and creating a strict quarantine against infected dis-

tricts; but even these seem ineffectual, for it breaks out in remote quarters without any known cause creating it.

From Carlisle to Mauchline we are in the land of Burns. Dumfries, where he died and is buried, is a quiet-looking place, and near by, or at Ecclfechan, lies Carlyle. The region becomes rougher and less inviting to a farmer as we go north. But we are now in the land of the "old red sandstone," and thousands of men find employment in the extensive quarries all along the road. The stone is carried to London and all the large cities all over the land for fine buildings. Mauchline is interesting for its Burns associations. Near the town is the farm which he assisted his brother in working, and in the village churchyard is "Holy Willie's" grave, and opposite to it are the spots made famous as the scene of the "Jolly Beggars" and of Burns's revels, of his courtship and marriage. Mauchline is a small place after the Scotch fashion — stone houses, thatched roofs, plenty of whisky shops, and a surrounding population that finds much to do in the quarries. We stayed all night at the country inn made known to the world by Hawthorne as a typical Scotch tavern, where he spent much time at two different visits. It was cold and misty. The old Scotch landlady, who remembers Hawthorne well, gave us his rooms for the night, and in the little parlor spread the table in front of a cheerful fire in the grate. In the morning we drove out to the farm Mossgiel, where Burns lived, sat down in the spence, as the little family sitting-room is called, the room where he wrote so many of his immortal poems; went into the field where the "daisy" grew, and perhaps looked upon the spot where his autumn furrow rudely tore open the nest of the "cowering, timorous beastie." It is a cold, thin soil there, though the present tenant's wife told us "the corn is very

good the year;" but the meadows were very light, and the hay in the ricks had evidently been gathered after many a bleaching from drenching rains. In the upper rooms of the tavern is the Masonic Lodge where Burns was wont to meet with the brethren, and in it he threw off those sweet poems whose melody so often even now enlivens the work and routine of the fraternal meeting. Here, too, is an old oaken chest, once the property of Burns but now belonging to the lodge, and used by it to hold safely its furniture and archives. Looking on the plain, bare walls, and thinking of the plowman with his ringing laugh and merry jest, the center of fellowship and cheer, one wishes to be transported for one night to that dim hall, and to watch and hear that countryman with black eyes and dark features, in the play of his wondrous faculties. But still more interesting than Mauchline is

"Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses."

To read of a place is one thing — to see it, quite another. The birthplace of the poet is out from the town a couple or so miles, and is a small, poor cottage, though now well kept and cared for. Near to it is the old Alloway kirk, roofless as when Burns wrote of Tam and the witches' revel, and still beyond is the Brig of Doon where Tam's good gray mare barely cleared the "keystane" in time to save her poor drunken rider but not soon enough to save her tail from the witches' clutch. The birthplace of Burns somewhat reminds one of that of Shakspeare — both humble, rude, and yet dearer to men to-day than Warwick, Kenilworth, or Melrose — more venerated than the monuments erected to Nelson or Wellington.

We enjoyed every rod of our drive out and back to this

memorable spot, with thoughts constantly reverting to the wondrous power conferred by nature on the lowly lad whose lays had invested streams, forest, rocks and cottage with such strange and perennial interest. Were we not looking through the enchanting lines of Burns, it would be hard to see any great beauty in Doon, or "Bonny Banks of Ayr," or in any of the surrounding scenery. The town is on the sea, and quite an amount of shipping is done in its harbor; yet it would seem as if the sea with all its voices, its mysteries, and its dread greatness, had but little charm for Burns, though he was reared almost within sound of its beating surges, and often must have looked at its awe-creating expanses. To him the ocean was full of dread, and the sound of the wailing wind only suggested the terrors of "the stormy wave." But for nature in all her moods on land, and for men in all their sorrows and hardships, their temptations and falls, who has written more tenderly and pathetically?

It is a short ride through great coal banks and busy manufacturing towns, especially Paisley — celebrated for its shawls and thread works — to Glasgow, the second city for size and business in Great Britain. It numbers over a half-million of people — is filled with immense manufacturing establishments, including ship-building and other large works. Through the courtesy of the proprietor of Cockburn Hotel I had the pleasure of visiting the Elder shipyard, which covers seventy acres of land, and employs over five thousand men within its walls. There were four large steamers on "the stays" in different processes of erection, and one, the Oregon, nearly completed, and already launched. It was a bewildering scene. The immensity of the steel skeletons as they stood upon the stays, the enormous machineries em-

ployed, the heavy steel bolts, bars, plates and beams, the separate compartments (air-tight), the several decks, the massive engines, their complexity and strength—all these fill the eye of the novice with astonishment and admiration. The Oregon is intended to be so swift as to cross the Atlantic in six days, and its cost, my attendant told me, was, in round numbers, five millions of dollars, and it requires twenty-five hundred tons of coal to feed its fires across the deep.

We spent one day on Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and in the Trossachs, and on to Edinburgh by Stirling with its castle. It is a very pleasant day's journey, and gives one an idea of the Highlands with their purple heather and flocks of sheep. The scenery is not grand, but very pleasant and beautiful. Ellen's isle in Katrine, and the cave of Rob Roy and the scene of his daring and exploits, most interest, though all is heightened and intensified by the glamour of Scott's genius. There is little tillage along the route—sheep farming mostly occupies the people, and the farm-houses are "few and far between." The cattle are small, shaggy-haired and quite undesirable. But as you look up some glen, or scan some mountain-pass, there starts before you the plaid of some foraging troop, driving before it the booty of a midnight foray in the Lowlands, or you hear the far-off cry of a Highland sentinel, warning the clan of the swift pursuit. At Callendar we leave the diligence for the railroad, and at once touch a region of high cultivation, and rich agricultural resources. The junction at Stirling of several roads, and the delay incident to a change of cars, gave us an idea of the immensity of the passenger traffic of this region. During our stay of an hour, at least ten trains of heavily-loaded passenger cars halted to take on or let off travelers. The scene was exciting.

But nightfall found us safe in the most interesting city of

Scotland, and perhaps of Great Britain. It was Saturday night, and a stroll through the streets showed a wild and strange sight. The number of tippling-houses on almost every street is incredible, and the amount of drinking not only by men, but women, and even children, is appalling. No sadder sight can the world give than does the city of the Covenanter and John Knox, of a Saturday night, to the stranger.

Throngs of weather-beaten and evidently hard-working men were passing in and out of these shops, which seemed fitted up very much as our American groggery is furnished, and women with bare heads and dishevelled hair, torn and drabbled dresses, and faces once sweet and fair now reckless and defiant, mingled with the throngs and swelled the confused sounds, to me full of sorrow. To see little girls with bare feet and tattered gowns carrying cracked mugs and broken pitchers of whisky from these miserable pitfalls to homes of want, was sad enough. But if the night was gloomy with these distressful scenes, what shall I say of the Sabbath following? Unlike London, not a saloon open, not a tipsy mortal in the streets, not a tramway or steam-car in motion, not a hack at the stand—all was a quiet, Sabbath stillness. We crossed "the Meadows," a wide, lovely park in the heart of new Edinburgh, on our way to hear Dr. Bonar, whose devout and poetic effusions find so many places in our hymnals, and behold the paths were filled everywhere with crowds of worshipers with Bibles in their hands, going to their various places of devotion. Nowhere have I ever seen such strict Sabbath observance, such universal church-going, as in Edinburgh. A friend tells me the revelers and drinkers of Saturday night are not the thoughtful, well-dressed men and women I saw on Sabbath morning on their way to their church homes; and that while Edinburgh has its crowds of

pitiful and burdened people, who only increase their miseries at the saloons, yet that its better classes and property-owners feel deeply the grief and wretchedness these poor folks bring on themselves. But of all this matter I mean to speak hereafter, only now noting the sharp contrast between Saturday night and Sabbath morning. And I think I must reserve for a concluding letter the sights of Edinburgh, its castles, colleges, its revered and happy memories, and above all the home of Scott and the place he has forever made dear by his glorious imagination.

SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND OFF FOR HOME.

FAMOUS SCOTCH PREACHERS—CEMETERY—CASTLE—HOLYROOD PALACE—JOHN KNOX—CANONGATE STREET—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS—MELROSE—DRYBURG, SCOTT'S HOME—IRVING—HOMEWARD BOUND—MOVILLE AND IRISH COAST—FASCINATIONS OF A SEA-VOYAGE.

STEAMER CIRCASSIA, September 20, 1883.

THE Chalmers Memorial Church at Edinburgh is a new and pleasantly-arranged edifice, and so adjusted that the venerable Dr. Bonar stands almost surrounded by his large congregation. He is quite along in years, wears a silk robe, and talks leaning most of the time over his pulpit, though now and then a noble thought or earnest sentiment causes him to draw his imposing form up to its full height. His style is colloquial, extempore, and generally very measured. No one can look upon him and hear his pathetic words without a feeling of love and reverence. In his discourse there was little to suggest his power as a spiritual poet, and hardly at all did imagination light up his words. But his entreaties, his warnings, his arguments, coming from such an impressive presence and borne on a soft yet far-reaching voice, made his sayings memorable. Near his church is an old and beautiful cemetery, and we spent an hour there among the monuments erected by loving hearts to the memory of those who had gone from them. We stood long before the red granite slab that told us by the single name, Hugh Miller, that here lay all that was mortal of that rugged stone-mason, who amid

penury and hard toil evoked from nature some of her mysteries, and gathered reflections that bloomed so wondrously in the Old Red Sandstone and the Testimony of the Rocks. Over his sad and untimely fate one can but mourn, for in the darkening of his intellect and his sudden death, science lost a votary of great worth, and religion a true and earnest advocate. Near to the dead geologist is the grave of Dr. Chalmers, whose learning was so varied, and whose eloquence gave him the world for an audience. Here, too, lies the lamented Dr. Guthrie, whose fame is so dear to all Scotland and which is also honored in America. Many of the titled ones of the past sleep here, and the colleges of Edinburgh have sent to this quiet yard professors and teachers eminent for learning and research.

In the evening we listened to a polished and admirable discourse from Dr. Landels, who easily stands first among the Baptist clergymen of Scotland. His church, like Spurgeon's, is open communion, and I am also told, open membership. Indeed, most of the Baptist churches of this country are of this order, as also are the United Presbyterian. Dr. Landels uses notes; but his sermon, though ornate, was most captivating and persuasive. He had an immense attendance, and many were unable to gain admittance.

Edinburgh has, in some respects, more interesting local features and associations than any other city in the British islands. To us across the waters, it is perhaps best known by the spell that falls upon it in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and other fascinations from the pen as well as home of the "Wizard of the North," the early home of Mary Queen of Scots, to say nothing of Hume and a host of writers who here gave their thoughts to the world. A volume would not describe this city, and I must content myself with a few fugi-

tive impressions. There is an old and new Edinburgh; the former lies along a ridge gradually sloping up from Holyrood palace to a great castle on an abrupt crag, and between these two points along a street known in its different parts as Lawnmarket — High and Canongate is the most historic part of the city. The castle is an old structure, rude in its masonry, yet something like Gibraltar, from its commanding position and inaccessibility. From its walls one can see the city spread out on either side, with its new streets, parks, colleges, monuments, groves, museums, and public buildings. The sight is a picturesque one, that prints itself deep in the memory. There is a chapel of Queen Margaret, said to have been built in the year twelve hundred. A small room near by, with narrow, slit-like windows, is the room where Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to James the First of England and the Sixth of Scotland, and who mounted the throne of the woman who put his mother to death. But of more consideration is the street before mentioned, for over its pavements and in its houses were found the men and women who did so much to make Scotland one of the most notable kingdoms of the world. Before we leave the castle grounds, we stop a moment in the crown room and look at the jeweled crown of Bruce and his scepter, and think of the song of Burns:

"Scots wham Bruce has often led."

And there we take many a curious look at the Highland soldiers who hold watch and ward within these old walls, and try to, but cannot, admire their queer plaids, high fur caps, bare knees and long stockings.

I do not know the distance from the castle to the palace, but it must be a mile or more, and on either side of the street there is hardly a rod that is not memorable for some event — some house where greatness once tarried, some

church whose walls echoed words of controversy or high debate.

The most frequented spot is, perhaps, the house of John Knox; and then the church in which he roused the national heart against the life and deeds of Mary and her husband, the wetched Darnley. Knox's house is a queer edifice, with a shop in the basement, and seems to have been built of successive stories, each with a design of its own, and the last with a gabled room projecting to the front in a very conspicuous and unsightly manner. Not far off, in the pavement of the old Parliament buildings, is a square stone bearing the letters J. K., which is all there is of monument or tablet to tell us where the iron-hearted, and, perhaps, too unrelenting, hero of the church and state "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." And while we are in this court we enter the old hall where Scotch assemblies and legislatures met in the centuries past. The room is long, dark, oak-ceiled and carved. And so we go slowly down this street, crossing often from side to side to look down some close—as they call the narrow, arched passage-ways leading out of the street—to note for a moment the house where Hume lived, or Burns lodged, or Johnson had his rooms, or Argyle had his palace. The street is given up almost wholly to small stores, tippling-houses, and the homes of poor and squalid folks. The misery and poverty in these homes of power and greatness reminded me of a great marble palace at Burgos, whose frescoed walls and polished stairs only echoed the tramp of beggars. The street is wretched in its repulsive accumulations, but is daily scanned by hundreds who think upon Knox, Montrose, and the oft-repeated wanderings of Scott up and down these now repellant walks.

Holyrood palace is the royal abode of the past, and is now

honored by Queen Victoria finding here a few days' rest as she passes north to Balmoral. The picture gallery and the rooms of Queen Mary, and the dark, blood-stained floor where her unfortunate Italian secretary Riccia was stabbed to death in her very presence, are most shown and most mused upon by the stranger. In the picture gallery are portraits of all the kings, certain and reputed, of Scotland. We stood long before that of Macbeth, wondering whether indeed that swarthy face, those shaggy locks, those gleaming, baleful eyes were those of a man who listened to the whispering of his ambitious and unshrinking queen. Who ever reads Macbeth without feeling the power of the fateful events, the witches' dance and prophecies, the stirring midnight appeals of the proud and unquailing queen, that bore him onward to his crime and bloody death?

Arthur's Seat is the name of a high hill which can only be ascended on foot, and we consoled ourselves in the long climb, that even Queen Victoria cannot look away from this lofty outlook without the same hard walk.

A student in the University was good enough to point out to us from the windy height the objects of interest—the Frith of Forth and its shipping, the island in its midst, from whence not a shot had been fired for two hundred years until the Saturday last before us, and which is now being fortified, the villa of the great book publisher Nelson, the college that is the pride of the city, the infirmary, the largest in the world, monuments of Scott, Burns, Livingstone, the Pentland Mountains, the hills of Lammermoor just beyond, while in the dim south the Cheviot Mountains are barely seen in the horizon, and between us and them winds the Tweed, on whose banks are old abbeys and castles which seem classic ground, for over them all there fall the sun-

shine and shadows of many a story of love and sorrow, of border war and hate.

But Edinburgh, beautiful with its homes, new streets, its parks, museums and associations, we leave behind for a day at the home of Scott and surrounding scenes. Melrose station is close to the abbey of the same name, and which plays so weird and fascinating a part in Scott's writings. The walls alone of the abbey remain, and show that once it was a large Gothic structure with cloisters and carved stone ornamentations. It is hard to go into ecstasies over these walls, even when the wand of Scott is waved over them. At best they are broken piles of stone, ivy-covered, painful memorials of vanished grandeur. In one cloister an inscription tells us: here is buried the heart of Bruce which once was tossed on the waves of the Mediterranean, but even over this tablet one cannot become rapturous. Dryburg Abbey, down the Tweed and on its banks, is a far more delightful and romantic spot, though it is even a greater ruin than Melrose. But the yew tree, seven hundred years of age, the slab over the body of Scott who is here buried, the clean-swept lawns, the deep shades, the dark Tweed, just seen through a path in the trees, the wine-cellar of the good old monks who lived here, all tend to make this spot more enjoyable than its rival up the stream.

Abbotsford, however, holds the traveler longest. The spot is not the happiest, for after reaching the lane that leads to the house you must make quite a descent, and the home of the novelist lies much below the main road passing it. It fronts, however, on meadows and green slopes of the Tweed, and in that direction the outlook from the windows is lovely. But it is in the suite of rooms shown you, that you realize the taste of its noble founder. I do not stop to mention the armor

rooms, the living-apartments, or those devoted to collections of curiosities, though in one case you see the purse of Tam O'Shanter, the dirk of Rob Roy and some mementos of Napoleon captured at Waterloo, and presented by Wellington to Scott. It is in the two rooms devoted to books, where one finds most suggestions. The shelves are piled to the ceiling, and in one room access to the upper rows is made by a narrow gallery. In the short time I was there, I saw that the laboratory of Scott contained an immense range of literature — religion, art, history, poetry, classics; Spanish, French, and Italian works were all there. He was a genius, but he augmented his wonderful powers by all the appliances of the past. He pored over legend and wrought in musty books for fancies or facts, which afterward burst forth in Jennie Deens, Guy Mannering, Legend of Montrose, Marmion, or Lady of the Lake. So I thought that after all in the long run, genius needs the aid of patient effort, and the brilliant gift only reaches perfection through hours of training and cultivation.

All this region is interesting in an agricultural way, and Scott planted his home amid rich and pleasant surroundings. The mountains are soft and low, the streams swift and clear, the forests green and graceful, and the fields are now yellow with their fruitage and full of picturesque laborers gathering in the golden sheaves; and thus our first and only view of these hallowed spots will forever be pleasantly entwined with the magic pen of the great man who made these fields and hills so dear to all who ever read Waverley novels.

One evening at Edinburgh we listened to the actor Irving, in Much Ado About Nothing. He is pronounced great by the English people, and our Minister, Mr. Lowell, spoke of him lately at a banquet given in his honor in the highest terms of praise. But to my mind Miss Terry excelled him

in a true conception of the play, and in ease and grace upon the stage. Booth so far exceeds Irving in my way of estimating these actors, that to the one I accord talent, to the other all this and beyond it—genius. But now I turn my face, as they say John Logan in rapturous moments exclaims, "to the setting sun."

The Circassia is a staunch boat, capable of carrying forty-two hundred tons of freight and hundreds of passengers. We leave the firth of the Clyde at dark, and the next morning finds us over the Irish Sea, past Giant's Causeway, and safely moored in Loch Foyle, near Moville on the Irish coast, where we are to remain eight hours awaiting the mails and passengers from Londonderry. A few of us took small boats and went ashore. Moville is a cluster of stone houses, with quiet in its streets and but little doing at its single wharf. I noticed sacks of western corn on the platform, and was told it brought there about one dollar and ten cents per bushel. A queer cart with springs, and capable of carrying seven passengers and their driver, took us a few miles down the coast along a smooth road to the ruins of Greencastle. The garrulous old woman who has the charge of the gate and grounds told us it was built and occupied some hundreds of years ago, she really couldn't remember how many, by King William O'Donnell. The remaining masonry shows it to have been built by men little acquainted with architectural beauty in stone; the corners were unhewn rocks, and the walls were held together by a mortar of sea-washed gravel and sand. It however had several curious towers, up which once wound narrow, steep stairs, and its position on a jutting headland gave it a bold outlook and made it easy of defense. The old lady plucked what she called shamrock from within the walls, but it looked so much like our common white clover

that I felt inclined for once to doubt even the word of a guide. I brought away a bit of quartz, a few stems of the so-called shamrock, and then back to Moville by a longer and higher road. The cottages of the tenants—for we were in the midst of a large estate—were lowly, stone-walled and hay-thatched, and before them were huge piles of black peat, brought from excavations in the neighboring beds of bog. The laborers were bringing sea-weed from the coast and heather from the moors, to be in time food for their thin fields of oats and better-looking patches of potatoes. The life of these men is one of hard and pinching toil, and though the rents are small, yet the poverty of the soil is so great that they could not live were they not able to eke out their living by working as boatmen, pilots, or fishermen.

Now the Londonderry steamer has given up her load, and we are flying across the deep waters. As I write, we are within a day of Sandy Hook, after a voyage unexpectedly calm and delightful. Again I felt and saw the phenomena of the sea, the luminous white that flows with strange radiance from the vessel's keel when the stars are veiled with clouds, the patches of silver in the distance as the sun finds a rent in the vapors, the unceasing roll, the swell and subsidence of the waves, and the dazzle for a moment of the white-caps in the horizon. Then there are the thoughtful moods one reaches as by the hour he gazes over the waters, and in imagination recalls the fables of Neptune and his trident, of Æolus, Notus, and all the other winds of mythology and antiquity. Whoever crosses the Atlantic with Captain Campbell of the Circassia, will find in him and his officers all the courtesy a passenger can rightfully ask; and when he reaches Glasgow or Edinburgh, at the Phillips-Cockburn Hotel, in either place, he will receive a warm wel-

come and a good home with the proprietors of these houses, who are respectively the cousin and uncle of our Colonel William A. Phillips.

Possibly some friends for whom I have found pleasure in writing these letters may ask, What impression does all this old-world civilization and custom produce in your thought? Every true American can have only one answer. There are few if any aspects of our life, our habits, and institutions, that do not excel those found abroad, while the elasticity, the freedom and noble equality of American citizenship compel even foreigners who once lived in the United States, to unite with the returning traveler in his laudation of the land where there is no vast standing army, no titled aristocracy, no entailed estates, no state-paid priesthood, and no barrier between the lowliest birth and the loftiest position.

The most careless observer must come back from the best Europe can exhibit with a deeper reverence for law made by the popular voice, and a sincere desire to cast his influence where it will tell the most for the public serenity, purity, and prosperity. And I go back to Kansas disposed to use the closing words of General Sherman's speech at the University Hall a few years ago: "Kansas is the best State in the Union, and Lawrence is right down here in the center of it."