A KNIGHT TEMPLAR ABROAD;

OR,

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL BEYOND THE SEA.

BY

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Author of "Waterloo," (a translation from the French of M. Erckmann-Chatrian.)

"A little peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes; add to this
My book and friend, and this is happiness."
—FRANCESCO DI RIOJA.

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In Memoriam.

To the memory of my beloved aunt, Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, the Authoress, to whose fostering care and life-long affection the author is indebted far beyond all expression, and whose social and domestic qualities were only equaled by the lustre of her talents, this unassuming volume is affectionately dedicated by her nephew — the author.

"Green grow the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

PREFACE.

THE following desultory pages are the unstudied and cursory record of the fruition of years of desire and anticipation — "a vague unrest and a nameless longing" — which has, perhaps, pervaded the minds of many into whose hands they may chance to fall — a tour of Europe.

The writer had the rare privilege of accompanying the Apollo Commandery of Knights Templars of the city of Chicago, on their noted pilgrimage of Europe in the summer of 1883, and as no other knight of the quill has essayed to chronicle that extremely pleasant tour of some of the most interesting portions of the Old World, and as he has thought (perhaps with a pardonable pride) that such a notable event in the annals of Freemasonry should not pass into oblivion altogether, this circumstance chiefly, and not alone a mere vulgar *cacoëthes scribendi*, has induced him to add — inadequately, though it may be — another to the almost countless volumes of travel with which the reading public are, perhaps, surfeited.

However, the Masonic feature of the work (which is, by the way, mainly confined to the second and seventh chapters), it is hoped, will recommend it to the

kindly consideration of the Fraternity, while it is not prominent enough, it is believed, to repel the general reading public, as the entire volume, from beginning to end, is both descriptive and historical, and the author accordingly asks for the book the partial and kindly consideration of the reading public in general, in the hope that its perusal may not be wholly devoid of interest or of profit, even to those who have visited the same places so famed in song and story, and who, it is hoped, may embrace this opportunity to revisit them in fancy, at least, with the writer.

It is also believed that the book may be of some service to those who expect some day to "go down to the sea in ships," as well as to those stay-at-homes, who have neither the desire nor the time to "go abroad;" and with these prefatory remarks the book is respectfully and hopefully submitted to the public by

THE AUTHOR.

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A KNIGHT TEMPLAR ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK.

ON Thursday, July 12th, 1883, in compliance with arrangements previously made by Eminent Commander Norman T. Gassette, of Apollo Commandery, No. 1. Knights Templar, of Chicago, with Sir E. M. Jenkins, of New York, a goodly number of Apollo, with those intending Pilgrims, so courteously invited to "participate," from other cities and States, "*quorum pars parva fui*," the writer of this "abstract and brief chronicle" of one of the most noted Masonic Pilgrimages in the annals of American Freemasonry, met at the elegant and spacious headquarters of Apollo Commandery, which has a membership of over 700, making her the largest commandery in the world, preparatory to "forming lines" to march to the Michigan Central Depot, on our way to New York, and thence to Europe.

The procession was made up of probably 150 Sir Knights, preceded by the Oriental Consistory, of Chicago, to the number of about 50, and a fine band of music, and paraded through several of the principal streets of the city. There was a large crowd at the depot to see the departure of the pilgrims, and the train, which was a "special," pulled out amidst vast enthusiasm.

The engine was handsomely decorated, having in front the coat of arms of Apollo, and was decked out all over with the Maltese cross, banners in the greatest profusion, and the inscription on either side of the locomotive, "Apollo Commandery of Chicago." The train was composed of six elegant Wagner sleepers, two baggage cars, and a smoker, and the coaches were all comfortably filled. Throughout the ten or fifteen miles from the depot along the lake shore, and through the suburbs of the city, the passage of the Templar train evoked the most intense enthusiasm from hundreds of people who had gathered along the route to see the "*Templars pass*," and there was tremendous cheering, waving of handkerchiefs, Maltese banners, etc.

The conductor of the train, all the way to New York, was a Templar, and at Saint Thomas, Canada, where we took breakfast, our engine was changed for the second time, and we were put in charge of a Templar engineer and a Templar conductor, they being members of "Saint Thomas Preceptory," as the commanderies of Canada are called. Our friend, the engineer, and

the division master, also a Templar, had evidently spread themselves in the decoration of the engine and tender, as they were decked out as handsomely as the engine which pulled us out of Chicago.

The tender had an inscription on either side, consisting of the following words, "The Michigan Central and Canada Southern Railroad, wishes you a pleasant voyage and a safe return," and in the center of the tender on either side was a large horse shoe inclosing a Maltese cross. Our party felt so highly flattered by the pains taken by our friends, that we almost involuntarily gave three cheers for the beautiful engine, and the Masonic brethren who had so kindly decorated it.

The manager of our excursion, Sir E. M. Jenkins (who, we regret to say, has since died), arrived in Chicago on July 10th, in order to personally conduct our party to New York, and had, as he thought, arranged to issue our tickets, etc., at 101 Clark Street, where he had formerly had an office; but when the people of that office (the Erie Railroad) found out that our party had tickets over a rival road, they were so discourteous to him that he found himself compelled to remove to the business place of E. C. Norman T. Gassette, who had special command of the party on the entire trip, and right well did he discharge his trust. Here, of course all was bustle and confusion, there being quite an influx of tourists to see Sir Jenkins; some to pay the balance due on their tour, some to exchange American money for British gold, some to

obtain letters of credit, to get their tickets for the trip, etc.

Excepting our steamer tickets, the remainder of the coupons for the *tour* were bound in an elegant little morocco book, having the Maltese cross on one side and on the other the words: —

APOLLO COMMANDERY,
CHICAGO.
Pilgrimage to Europe.
1883.

We will now say something more about our train: —

Four of the sleepers had each a placard which read altogether as follows: "Pilgrimage of Apollo Commandery, No. 1, K. T., Chicago to Europe, *via* Canada Southern, New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and steamship City of Rome."

The next morning after we left Chicago, I noticed one of the placards was missing, having been taken off, I suppose by some mischievous urchin, at some station through which we had passed during the night.

Everybody on board of the train was in the best of humor, despite the dangers of the "vasty deep" which we were so soon to encounter, many of us for the first time, and the fun grew fast and furious, and in the coach occupied by about thirty of the Apollo Commandery, who were known as the "escort," as they were to go with us only as far as New York, there was an especially good time to be had. Everybody seemed

to be possessed of the chief requisite for a successful traveler — imperturbable good humor — and an intention to make the best of everything, and all were jolly and sociable to the utmost.

The pleasure of the trip was considerably enhanced by the "Big Four" of Apollo, who were among the "escort" and who sang exquisitely. Soon after leaving Chicago, "The Big Four," along with the "boys," went through the train, and gave the occupants of each coach a rousing song, and then they would sing on the platform at all the prominent stations, and always elicited immense applause, especially at Syracuse. We stopped at this point for supper, and they sang, among others, their famous "cat song," which provoked immense enthusiasm. A very comical thing happened in the escort coach, and it was this: Several Knights had seized on an unsuspecting *frater*, tied one of the sheets of the sleeper around his neck, and then proceeded to lather and shave the struggling Knight, *nolens volens;* and what do you think the *barbarous* fellows used in lieu of razors? Well, they actually used a hand saw and an ax, and they rubbed them over his face so roughly, that we were all afraid that the motion of the train might cause them to injure him seriously. However, he escaped apparently all right, and we afterwards saw the victim throw a glass of ice water down the neck of the chief inquisitor, we supposed, as the only means he had of getting even. Nothing more of special interest transpired until we reached Albany, where, although at the unseemly hour

of 1:30 a. m., Sir John H. Quinby, E.C ., Temple Commandery No. 2, with a party of Sir Knights, met the train, and showed the boys around a little, "set 'em up," shot off fire-works, etc., and had a good time generally. Our train arrived at the Grand Central Depot in New York City, at 7 o'clock a. m. on Saturday, July 14th, and our party were met and heartily welcomed by a large deputation of Sir Knights, headed by Eminent Commander Empson, of Palestine Commandery No. 18, of New York, and by them we were conducted to the Grand Union Hotel, adjacent to the depot, where Eminent Commander Empson greeted us most cordially in a neat speech, wishing us Godspeed on our pilgrimage, which was most happily responded to by Eminent Commander Norman T. Gassette, of Apollo, after which, we pledged each other's health in sparkling champagne at the expense of Palestine No. 18. Then, our party partook of a sumptuous breakfast, and the next thing in order was to make our arrangements for the grand parade to the steamer City of Rome. At about 10 a. m. we formed lines, having as our escort a large delegation from Palestine No. 18, which is to New York City Freemasonry what the aristocratic and high-toned Seventh Regiment is to New York society. The escort numbered probably 150 Sir Knights, all fine looking, almost without exception, in full Templar *regalia*, and wearing white duck pants like the West Point Cadets, who were preceded by a fine band of music and a large drum corps. The ladies of our party, who were quite numerous and accomplished,

had already been sent down to our steamer, and the line of march, which had been prepared for us by Palestine No. 18, covered a distance of perhaps three or four miles, including portions of Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and other leading thoroughfares of New York, and occupied not less than an hour and a half; and as it was a very hot July morning, we were compelled to rest once or twice during our *route*, as the hot rays of the sun poured down upon our devoted heads. However, although the march was rather long, yet the novelty of parading through the crowded streets of New York, to embark on an Atlantic steamer for a pilgrimage of Europe, many of us for the first time, made us forget our weariness.

When we arrived at the pier, and got our first glimpse of the colossal steamer, City of Rome, which was to be our ark of refuge on the wild waste of waters for the next eight or nine days probably, I was at once impressed by her unusual proportions, and instead of a feeling of uneasiness and repugnance at going on board of her, on the contrary, I was all impatience to see what an ocean steamer was like; for, although previous to that time, I had often seen them lying at the piers of the great metropolis, I had never, until that hour, trodden the deck of one. No doubt the exhilarating music of our superb band which, when our pilgrims marched on board two abreast, was playing the liveliest and gayest melodies, had something to do with my feelings on that occasion; and then the bustle and haste of preparation for departure, the con-

stant ringing of the steamer's bell, the quick hurrying to and fro of friends bidding each other tender and affectionate farewells, some of them, perhaps, for ever, and the entire novelty of the surroundings, presented to the "raw tourist" a scene something like the constant shifting of a kaleidoscope. Although I saw a number of people shedding tears at parting with their friends, I knew neither chick nor child upon the pier to tell me a sad good-bye, and thus I escaped an ordeal which might, perchance, have turned my thoughts into a channel equally sad. When the gallant ship swung around in the North River, and straightened herself out for another wrestle with Father Neptune, there was a perfect crush of humanity upon the pier, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting their last farewells. Some of that vast crowd, no doubt, parted with some of us on board with tender and tearful anxiety, but the greater portion were, doubtless, drawn thither by idle curiosity, in order to see the "valiant and magnanimous Templars," whose departure had been heralded for several days previous by the leading papers of New York.

When the great propeller began to revolve, and I could see that our steamer had really started on her journey across the vast expanse of waters, my sensations were rather pleasurable than otherwise, but I was nevertheless reminded of an incident that I had somewhere read in regard to the celebrated explorer of Africa, Dr. Livingstone. After several years spent in the interior of Africa, and making the most impor-

tant discoveries, Livingstone arrived at an African coast town for the purpose of embarking for England, and giving to the world the fruits of his superhuman researches, made under circumstances most remarkable, and amidst dangers most appalling. He brought with him a faithful native, who had been to him "another Friday," and who had followed his perilous fortunes for several years past, and whom he had finally persuaded after much entreaty, to go on board the ship to sail with him for England; the poor black man, however, was ill at ease, and his terror was so great at the unusual spectacle, that, when the smoke began to pour out of the steamer's funnel, and the great wheels to revolve, the whole affair was too much for him, and with a shriek, he sprang over the steamer's side, and was seen no more. I did not feel like that, but what my further sensations were I leave for my reader to experience for himself, when he, too, for the first time in his life, becomes an ocean voyager.

I must not forget to add that our escort from Chicago, of whom I have spoken above, and the Palestine Commandery, of New York, had chartered a steamer, the John C. Moore, and accompanied us down through the Narrows, and here we waved each other adieu, amid the shrieking of both steamers' whistles, the waving of handkerchiefs, the hurrahs time and again repeated, and one of the Chicago Templars, in his enthusiasm, took off his uniform coat and waved it frantically aloft in the air as a Godspeed to us.

As we sailed majestically down the North River,

and passed its junction with the East River, I obtained my first glimpse of the grand new bridge which now spans that crowded stream, as the connecting link between the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn; and as it hung there, suspended in mid air, like a colossal spider-web seen in the distance, with its multifold meshes of wire, I said to myself, "this is indeed a glorious monument of engineering skill." At this point, perhaps, a few statistics concerning our steamer, the City of Rome, which is the largest vessel in the world engaged in the ocean traffic, and which is second only in size to the famous Great Eastern, may be of interest to those who have never made an ocean voyage. The May Flower, which brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America, was of but one hundred and eighty tons burden, while this leviathan of the sea is of the monster tonage of 8,800 tons, or more than forty times the burden of May Flower. Such is the march of progress, since the days of our ancestors on this noble continent. The City of Rome carries a crew of 276 officers and men, burns 275 tons of coal per day, and carries usually out of port 2,800 tons of coal. Her propellor is 24 feet in diameter, makes 60 revolutions per minute; her engines are equal to 15,000 horse power; she has three engines, and three monster funnels or smoke stacks. Her veteran commander, Captain Monroe, has seen forty years of service, and has been a Captain since he was twenty-four, and in all that time has had but one shipwreck, which, he told me, occurred off the coast of Ireland in 1868, and in

which seventy persons out of about one hundred and forty were lost, and he himself was at sea thirteen days in an open boat before help came. In compliment to the Pilgrims of Apollo, the printed lists of the steamer's passengers had on the back a Templar of the Middle Ages, mounted and equipped for the battle with the Saracen.

As to the amusements on shipboard, they are more varied than one may imagine. For the first few days, the merely being on board the steamer on your way to see the glories and antiquities of a foreign land, furnishes the traveler sufficient food for thought if he does not happen to be sea sick, and, of course, most of them are more or less affected that way; but after the first two or three days, as a rule, all that is past and gone; you have become pretty well accustomed to the motion of the ship, and the constant throb of its ponderous machinery, and then you promenade the capacious decks with an enjoyment and exhilaration to be felt in no other place in the world. Of course, this can be done only in nice weather, but then you can use your telescope or opera glass in sighting vessels near the horizon, you can peer over the steamer's side, as she plows gallantly through the waves, and look for jelly fish or Mother Carey's chickens, now and then see a shoal of porpoises diving gracefully through the water, and occasionally, see a whale, the monarch of the deep.

On our third day out from New York, while we were crossing the grand banks of Newfoundland, we saw sev-

eral whales gaily disporting themselves near the stern of the ship, and, at intervals, we could see them sporting in the distance. You are not so lonely as you may imagine on the vast deep, but no where else in the world, with but a plank between you and eternity, does one feel so utterly his own insignificance, and feel so overwhelmingly that he is but a mere atom, as it were, in the universe of God, and that he doth truly hold man in the hollow of his hand. You are, however, greatly comforted by the sight, every now and then, of the smoke of some distant steamer, whose hull is hid below the horizon, or of some glittering sail for which you might steer your course in time of need; and especially, while crossing the Banks, we saw scores upon scores of fishing smacks engaged in fishing for cod, and occasionally we passed by them within easy hailing distance. One day, while we were seated at dinner, in the grand saloon of the steamer, we saw through the port holes a large ship pass very near us, and as seen through the port holes of the cabin, it looked very much like a stereoscopic view. The prettiest sight, however, of the whole voyage, I think, was the beautiful sunset of the first night, when we were fairly out of sight of land, and fast leaving behind us the beloved shores of our native America. Just before the sun sank beneath the horizon, and while his last rays were shooting across the waters in a perfect blaze of glory, a sailing vessel astern of us passed across his flaming disc, and almost eclipsed him for a moment, and it was a scene that I shall remember as long as life shall last.

As I caught the last flash of the monarch of day as he sank, full-orbed beneath the western waters, I thought of Childe Harold's beautiful and pathetic lament, under circumstances some what similar: —

> "Adieu, adieu, my native shore
> Fades o'er the waters blue;
> The night winds sigh,
> The breakers roar,
> And shrieks the wild sea new;
> Yon sun that sinks beneath the sea,
> We follow in his flight,
> A short farewell to him and thee,
> My native land, good night."

After the first day out, the weather became very foggy and disagreeable, and continued so during almost the entire trip, and especially for the first three or four days while passing the "Banks," and a part of the time, the deep and sonorous fog whistle was blown at frequent intervals, both day and night; and when five days out, the steamer's log showed only 1,900 miles, and the weather was so raw and disagreeable that every one who promenaded the decks, or ventured to occupy his steamer chair, found it necessary to don his heaviest wrappings, or use his warmest lap rugs. While the fog whistle was being blown so frequently, I then realized our danger from collision, either with an iceberg, which sometimes happens in these Northern regions, or perhaps with some other steamer, or sailing vessel, but I consoled myself with the thought that if such a thing should occur, by reason of the immense size of our vessel, all built of steel, with water-tight

compartments, we would, perhaps, not be so likely to go to Davy Jones' locker, as the ill-fated vessel with which we might collide; and while in this train of thought, I was forcibly reminded of an incident related by Washington Irving, which was told him, by an old sea captain with whom he was making a voyage. Irving says that this sea captain told him a harrowing tale about once having run down a fishing smack in a fog off the "Banks," and of his having heard the shrieks of the poor drowning wretches as they were ushered into eternity without a moment's warning, while his ship plowed through the sinking vessel, and I wondered if we, too, were destined either to inflict or meet with such a woful mishap. While I was in this frame of mind, an oar went floating by the ship all incrusted with barnacles, showing that it had been in the water for some time, and I wondered if that, too, if it could but talk, could not perhaps relate some sad story of shipwreck and privation. After eight bells (twelve o'clock m.) every day, the "log" of the day's run for the preceding twenty-four hours is made out, and transcribed on a chart, which is inclosed in a frame, and hung at the head of the cabin stairway, and thereupon, a great rush is made by the passengers to find out our latitude or longitude, and how much nearer our journey's end we are, than we were, at the same time the day before.

Bets are frequently made by the passengers on the day's run, and it is amusing to see the eagerness of those who have money up, to find out how near they

are in their estimates, and, consequently, whether they have won or lost. Our steamer did not make her usual time owing to the fog alluded to above, but we will give here, her run for the first five days, in order to give those who have no idea of how many miles or knots an ocean steamer can make per day, some conception of their speed.

To 8 bells, noon, July 15th	332 miles.
To 8 bells, noon, July 16th	385 miles.
To 8 bells, noon, July 17th	395 miles.
To 8 bells, noon, July 18th	374 miles.
To 8 bells, noon, July 19th	380 miles.
Total in five days	1,866 miles.

On Sunday, July 18th, the pilgrims in full regalia to the number of more than fifty, attended divine service in the grand saloon of the steamer, and never shall I forget the solemn feelings which attended my listening to the word of God under such unusual and peculiar circumstances. Our ship, mighty and strongly built as it was, according to all the skill and ingenuity of man, was as a speck on the face of the mighty waters, which was liable to be blotted out at any moment by the Omnipotent hand of God. The beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was read by Sir, the Rev. Dr. Haff, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and an eloquent and forcible sermon was preached by Sir Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer, a noted Baptist divine, of Chicago. He also preached to the steerage passengers in the evening. On Thursday evening, a concert was given by talent

selected from our party, for the benefit of the children of sailors in the Liverpool Orphan Institution, which netted about $100. By the way, I must not here omit to tell a little joke on the Reverend Dr. Lorimer, who is by birth a "Canny Scot," but who has lived in this country for a score of years, and who also married at Harrodsburg, in the writer's native State. * * * A party of us were sitting in the purser's cosy office one evening, listening to the doctor quoting Burns, as only an educated Scotchman can, when he commenced telling us about a reverend friend of his in Perth, Scotland, his own birthplace, and he said that he had often had a good time there with his friends cracking jokes, telling Scotch yarns. — "Yes," spoke up, in his dry, droll way, the purser, Mr. McKay (himself also a Scot), "and takin' a little Scotch whisky, too." We all smiled, — the doctor included. Among our most distinguished Templars, was the Honorable Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin, now United States Senator from that State. Senator Sawyer, notwithstanding his high position and immense wealth, which is estimated at $4,000,000, mainly amassed in the lumber business in that State, is one of the most genial and sociable of men, and gave me some interesting particulars of his life, which I will briefly recount here. He told me that he was born in Vermont in 1816, and when he was seventeen years of age he bought his time of his father for $100, which he had borrowed of his brother.

He came West in 1847, when he was thirty-one years old, and he has since been Mayor of Oshkosh, a mem-

ber of the Wisconsin Legislature, five times in Congress, and now in the United States Senate, and any poor and humble boy in the land may take courage for the battle of life from the distinguished Senator's career. We also had with our party Ex-Governor Beveridge, of Illinois, who became Governor when General Oglesby was elected to the United States Senate, but, he was not the only "beverage" on board by a good deal, for a great many of the passengers seemed to favor a new version of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," as instead of "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," they seemed to prefer the rendering thus: "Water, water everywhere, *nor any drop we drink.*"

On Friday afternoon, July 20th, just before sunset, the sun was very clear and bright, and a beautiful rainbow formed directly over the bow of the ship, and it seemed auspicious to us of the happy end of our voyage — it seemed as though the arc of promise had appeared in the heavens, especially for us, and I heard a gentleman who had crossed the sea several times say it was the grandest sight he had ever beheld on the ocean. On the next afternoon, the coast of Ireland was sighted, and at about 1 a. m. on Sunday morning we anchored off Queenstown, and sent up rockets for the tug to come out to us, and take off the passengers and baggage for Ireland; and as some of our party were to leave us here, I staid up to see them off, and I felt well repaid, as I got a fine view of the harbor of Cork, which is noted for its beauty, just at

daylight, as our steamer was proceeding on her way to Liverpool.

As we steamed out of the harbor, we met a large steamer which was also making signals for a tug, and as we passed by each other, I thought of the people on her, homeward bound, who had already seen the strange and wonderful things which were, as yet, in store for us. That day about 2 p. m., we anchored at the mouth of the Mersey, in order to wait for the tide, as our steamer was drawing too much water to get over the bar. That night at about 11 o'clock we weighed anchor, and by 1 a. m. the lights of Liverpool were in full view from the forecastle, and our voyage was all but ended. Of course, everybody on board the ship was up betimes that morning, and anxious to go ashore, but as it rains about two-thirds of the time in England, we could not get along without a rain to begin with, and everybody was abusing "the blasted country;" but by the time we had disposed of our breakfast, and gotten our baggage ready to go ashore, the clouds had dispersed somewhat, and the rain had ceased, to our intense gratification. We went on board of the tug, and leaving our *quondam* home behind us, we went up the river past the huge docks for some distance, and finally landed on British soil. I expected to stagger and reel like a drunken man, from what I had been told and read, but much to my surprise, as soon as I landed on *terra firma*, I could walk as comfortably and as easily as I ever could, and thus one more error regarding sea-life was dispelled for-

ever. The next thing in order was the examination of our baggage, which we had all looked forward to as the greatest bugbear of our tour, but this was gotten through with most expeditiously and courteously, considering our number (our Masonic party, then numbering probably one hundred persons,) and the amount of our baggage, and I heard no complaint upon the part of any one about discourtesy by the British officials. About the only things interdicted in that country of free trade are cigars and fire-arms, and I presume that very few of our party had any fire-arms, and still fewer cigars when they landed, so I take it for granted that there was very little trouble on that score. We found carriages in waiting at the top of the landing stage, all designated by a Maltese cross, and we were rapidly driven to our hotel, where we were to dine previous to our departure for York, "the home of ancient Yorke" Masonry, and at which place, we were to be entertained, on the evening of the next day by the ancient Ebor Preceptory of that city. There is not much of note to be seen in Liverpool, and I shall only speak of a few things we saw during the few hours we remained there. The most notable thing in Liverpool is its immense shipping interests, it being the commercial *entrepot* of Great Britain, and its enormous docks, which extend along the river Mersey for six miles, and which enclose nearly 300 acres, and at Birkenhead, opposite the city of Liverpool, nearly 200 acres more, thus giving Liverpool the facilities for handling by far the largest commerce of any seaport

in the world. Each dock has its own name, and among the most prominent I noticed "Waterloo," a name especially dear to every English heart. Right opposite the hotel where we dined, is situated St. George's Hall, which is quite a handsome structure of considerable size, the eastern front being over 400 feet long, and supported by numerous Corinthian columns nearly fifty feet in height; in front of this hall, are to be seen the famous "Liverpool lions," four in number, of colossal size, and sculptured from stone, and, also, the handsome equestrian statues of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria. Near this square, are to be seen the monument of Lord Wellington, inscribed with the names of his various victories in Spain and elsewhere, and the free museum which contains, probably, the finest collection of ornithological specimens in the world, and shows to its fullest extent the skill of the taxidermist.

There are, also, the Walker Gallery, which contains some very handsome paintings and statuary, and the Brown, and the Picton Libraries, which, between them, contain nearly 50,000 volumes. While I was sauntering leisurely through the Walker Gallery, my eye fell upon what I soon found to be a miniature cast of Windsor Castle, the most elegant of all the residences of British royalty, and while I was looking at it with very considerable interest, a workman who had been busily engaged near me, stepped up to me, and asked me what that was. I looked at him with some amazement, thinking at first that he was trying to "chaff

me," but finally, taking him to be in earnest, I said to him, "Why, this is where your Queen lives."

He then said to me that, he had never been nearer than fifty miles from London, and did not know about Windsor Castle. Then I thought to myself, if that was a fair sample of the intelligence of the English working classes, that England's boastful claims about the superiority of her institutions, and, in fact of all things English, over her youthful offspring, and her greatest rival, America, was all the veriest "rot and Buncombe." It was here, that I first saw the two-story street railroad cars, or "tram cars", as they call them, and it seemed strange to see women and men, indiscriminately, climbing up to the top of the cars, by means of a winding stairway, and it reminded me somewhat of New York, about seventeen years ago, in the days of the elevated bridge over Broadway, at the corner of Fulton Street, and which so darkened the business house of "Knox, the hatter," that he recovered damages from the city, and the bridge was soon taken down. That afternoon, most of us had our first experience with English railway "carriages," as they call them, when we left in a special train for York, about 2 p. m.

These boasted carriages are much shorter than an American railway coach, and hold about half as many people, thirty being about as many as they generally carry. They are divided into compartments, which hold from six to eight persons, who get in at a door at the side of the carriage, and half of the party must,

of necessity, ride backwards, as the two seats face each other, and so only half of the occupants of each carriage can sit by a window, so as to enjoy the scenery, while the remainder of the party must see as best they can, unless their friends by the window, occasionally, allow them their seats in order that they may thus obtain a flying glance at the surrounding scenery. There can, of course, be no retiring apartments, with scarcely an exception, in carriages of this description, and there is, besides, danger that you may find yourself, perchance, locked up in one of these compartments with a madman, a robber, or a ruffian, and more than once, in the last few years, has life been lost, or horrible violence perpetrated in these compartments, which are so different from our American style of traveling, where all are thrown together in one common apartment, and where a lady may travel, entirely unaccompanied, with the most perfect safety.

The passengers moreover have no means of communication with the "driver," or the "guard" of the train, as a general thing, and are perfectly helpless in the presence of danger. The "guard" calls no stations, and you can rarely ascertain where you are. The doors are generally kept locked, but that does not matter so much, as the upper half of each is of glass, which could, of course, be easily broken out by the passenger, if he should desire to do so; in fact, he can get out of these English carriages in case of necessity, as a rule, more easily than out of one of our own, but that is the only advantage which they have over us, as

far as I can see. These carriages are divided into first, second, and third class; the cost for third class being only about half of the first, but these are very common indeed, as they have no cushions, or curtains of any kind whatever. In Germany, they have even a fourth class, in which the passengers stand up like so many cattle. The first-class carriages are quite luxurious, and our tourist tickets entitled us to them all the time, but we, occasionally, were compelled by unforeseen circumstances to try a second-class carriage, and we found these quite nice enough for anybody; in fact, they are more patronized, a great deal, by the better classes of European travelers, than the more expensive first-class, from which has, no doubt, originated the saying that "none but fools and Americans ride first-class in Europe." The "driver" and "stoker" have no protection from the weather, or next to none, as the best engines either have no cab at all, or else only a little projection, perhaps eighteen inches wide, over their heads, which in bad weather I should think was next to nothing. I remember, distinctly, that the engine which pulled us from London to Folkestone, a week or so later, when we were on our way to the Continent, had no cab at all, and we left Charing-Cross station in a driving rain. There is, most surprising of all, no provision whatever for heating the carriages, so that each passenger in the winter season must furnish his own outfit of hot bricks, railway rugs, etc. There is one redeeming feature, however, about these English railways, which is this: they rarely

ever cross each other's track on the same level, and their depots, stations, and all their equipment, road-bed, etc., are much more substantial than ours; all this, no doubt, because foreign railway stocks are not "watered" like our own. At the stations, they generally have bridges over the tracks for the use of passengers, or tunnels under them, so that, with them, human life is much safer from railway casualties than with us, and persons who take the liberty of walking along the road-bed of their railways, are arrested and punished severely for trespass, and this also reduces the number of accidents.

They have, however, to offset all these admirable features, no such simple system of checking baggage as we have, but they register it, that is to say, they take your name and address, and write it in their books, and then put a corresponding ticket on the "luggage," as they call it. Of course, this is not half as good as our system of checks, but it seems to be the best they can do. Now, for our journey to York, where we expect to have a grand old "Masonic Love-Feast" to-morrow night, in that famous city, which is known as the "Metropolis of the North," and which should be doubly dear to every Masonic heart. Soon after steaming out from the station at Liverpool, we passed through a long and disagreeable tunnel, and, then, for some distance, the country was very mountainous, or rolling heavily, but after a while, we began to see some of the beautiful landscapes, and highly cultivated fields for which En-

gland is famous. Of course, every foot of ground in the "Tight Little Island," must be utilized in one way or another, because she has a population of nearly forty millions (more than one-tenth of this in the city of London), which must be fed, and therefore every available foot of ground must be cultivated, except, of course, those lordly domains scattered here and there, throughout England, consisting of thousands and tens of thousands of acres, of which their titled owners usually make a vast show-place. England, however, fortunately for her enormous population, is not so entirely dependent upon the cultivation of her soil as the people of France, who are, pre-eminently, an agricultural people. In France, the tilling of the soil is the chief occupation of her people. In England, on the other hand, her crops might fail for several successive seasons, and yet her manufactures would keep her people from utter want. It is for this reason, that you see in England many more beautiful residences, large pleasure grounds, immense parks, flower gardens, etc., than you ever see in France. In riding from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Geneva, you pass over countless miles of flat, marshy country, extending for leagues in every direction, and forming, at times, one monotonous and boundless plain, which is seldom relieved by the presence of a handsome chateau, or tolerable-looking country house, while England, in July, is a beautiful country, and most fair to look upon, and in some portions we saw of it, especially in Yorkshire, and, from York, "up" to London, it reminded

me forcibly of the noted Blue Grass regions of my own Kentucky home, which, I think, with, perhaps, a pardonable pride, are "the fairest the sun ever shone on."

On our way to York, we passed through several of the great manufacturing cities of England — Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, and I saw at a glance the great difference between their buildings and ours. Frame buildings are almost unheard of in England, and a house more than four or five stories high in their cities, is a rarity, except in Edinboro, where we afterwards saw some buildings at the foot of the Calton Hill, which were nine or ten stories in height. Most of the houses have a musty, weather-beaten look, partly from their age, as well as from the extreme dampness of the climate in a country where it rains more than half the time, and is cloudy almost all the balance.

CHAPTER II.

YORK, AND ITS RELATION TO THE INSTITUTION OF FREEMASONRY.

WE arrived at York about six p. m., and our train glided into one of the finest, and most magnificent passenger stations in England, which is built entirely of iron and glass, and is more than a

quarter of a mile in length. It is built in a curve, and is truly a wonderful piece of architecture, and the Royal Station Hotel, which adjoins the depot, at which a portion of our party occupied rooms, and where the entire party obtained their meals during our stay in York, is one of the most elegant and handsomely furnished hotels, either in Europe or America, and Americans know that their country is hard to surpass in that particular. The writer, in common with a number of other Sir Knights, was sent to the "Matthews Temperance and Family Hotel," but we soon discovered, that this "alleged temperance hotel" had the usual adjunct of "a bar and a bar-maid," more or less handsome and attractive, just like all other well regulated English hostelries. This hotel was run and managed altogether by females, as we found many of the hotels outside the great cities, and they seemed to manage things pretty well, too. Of course, we were met at the train by the usual Masonic committee, and made heartily welcome to the seat of "ancient York Masonry."

As we stepped out of the depot to walk into the Royal Hotel, right before us loomed up, in all its venerable antiquity, the old Roman wall, which once encircled the ancient city of York, (or *Eboracum*, in the Latin tongue), and for which, next to the grand old Minster, with its "dim religious light," York is famous the world over. There, right before us, and scarcely a hundred yards away, was a very high section of the wall, perhaps forty feet in height, still strong

and massive, and which had resounded to the tramp of the famous legions of Imperial Rome, as far back as the first century of the Christian era. So great was my interest in this ancient wall, that, as soon as possible, after seeing myself comfortably located at my hotel, and hastily satisfying the wants of the inner man, after our journey from Liverpool, I mounted the wall which has, to this day, a parapet sufficiently wide for a comfortable promenade, and which is quite a resort for the good people of York; and while I was leisurely sauntering around the walls, and looking at the quaint old city, which was spread out around and below me in every direction, where I spent some time, as night is late coming on in those northern latitudes, which approach towards the "land of the midnight sun," my thoughts unconsciously reverted to the days of my boyhood, and to the stories of Roman valor, as recounted by Tacitus, Sallust and Cæsar.

York, aside from its connection with the institution of Freemasonry, (and to which fact we were mainly indebted, no doubt, for our invitation by the Freemasons of that city, to make them a kind of international visit, as it were), is one of the most interesting of English cities, and, therefore, before entering upon a description of York, and its intimate relationship to the Masonic fraternity, we trust that we shall be pardoned, if we devote a few pages to this ancient city, from a historical standpoint. After the Roman occupation of Britain, which continued from the first to the fifth century, this city was the scene of successive

struggles between Briton, Saxon, and Dane. York is especially famous in all Christian lands, as the place where our modern recognition and celebration of Christmas was first instituted, this sacred "day of days" having been kept by good King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table, in A. D. 521; and he, also, rebuilt the churches of the old city, which were then in ruins. The walls, to this day, afford a continuous walk of several miles, particularly on the western side of the river Ouse, which divides the city into two portions, and at frequent intervals are found strong towers pierced with arrow slits for cross-bowmen, which, of course, were a prominent feature of the military equipment of those feudal times.

William, the Conqueror, captured York in 1068, and built a castle there, which stands to this day, although in a very imperfect state of preservation; and within the castle walls, which are very strong and massive, the courts of York are regularly held. Of course, we have all read of the "Wars of the Roses," between the noted houses of York and Lancaster, the house of York being known as the white rose, and the house of Lancaster as the red. Our own metropolis of New York, with twenty times its population, takes its name from this old capital of the North. When King Richard First ascended the throne of England in 1190, terrible massacres took place among the Jews all over England; the worst butchery of all, taking place here, where it has been calculated, that as many as 2,000 of these persecuted people, were butchered in cold blood.

The English Parliaments were held in this city for centuries, before the capital was removed to London, and no less than twelve of these Parliaments were held here, during the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III. During the contests between the ill-fated and unhappy monarch, Charles I., and the Parliamentary forces, under the great Roundhead leader, Cromwell, the city of York, true to its royal traditions, was loyal to the King.

It was besieged for some time, but held out faithfully, and when the fiery Prince Rupert, the nephew of King Charles, with 20,000 cavaliers, came to raise the siege, which he succeeded in doing, the King's forces, flushed with victory, imprudently withdrew from behind the fortifications of the royal city, and, next, met the enemy on the fatal field of Marston Moor. Here, but seven or eight miles from York, was fought one of the bloodiest battles which ever took place on English ground, and the fanatical soldiers of the great Roundhead leader utterly routed the forces of the King, and there forged one more link in the chain which was, finally, to bring the head of the impolitic monarch to the block. The next morning, which was Tuesday, July 24th, our party were gathered together, and, under the guidance of Bro. T. B. Whytehead, Past Master, and one of the most eminent Masons of Yorkshire, we were conducted to the various interesting sights of York. We first visited the gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, which contain the beautiful remains of St. Mary's Abbey, as well as

the Museums of Natural History and Antiquity, which the society owns. The first thing of interest which strikes the observer, is the multangular Tower which, according to the best antiquarians, dates back to the Roman occupation, and, therefore, ranks in antiquity, and interest, with the Roman wall. Near this, are the remains of St. Leonard's Hospital, which was not a religious institution, but entirely of a secular order, and which dates back to the twelfth century. The most interesting ruin, however, is that of St. Mary's Abbey, a Benedictine Monastery, which was the richest and most influential of any of the order in the north of England. The original foundation of the Abbey dates back to 1078, but that structure was destroyed by fire, and the present one, whose ruins are yet to be seen, was founded in 1270.

The principal remains to be seen, is the north wall of the nave of the church, which has still eight of the large windows remaining. This old ruin, covered with ivy, creeping in and out at the windows, is a very interesting one, and in looking around the foundations of the destroyed portions of the Abbey, our party discovered a number of "marks," which were undoubtedly the genuine *marks* of the speculative, as well as operative Freemasons who worked in the old Abbey.

We afterwards saw, in the crypts of the grand old Cathedral, undoubted evidences that Freemasonry had helped to rear that unequaled specimen of pure Gothic architecture. Next, we proceeded to the Minster, and when the view of that unexampled structure burst

upon us, all at once, as we suddenly turned the corner of the street, not being aware that we were so very near, most of us were totally unprepared for the glorious spectacle which was presented to our astonished eyes. Like all the great cathedrals of Europe, this, the first specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages which we had seen thus far on our tour, is in the form of the Latin cross, its extreme length (or the portion which, in all these ecclesiastical structures, is known as the nave), being 524 feet, and its breadth, (or the transept) 222 feet, and it has two towers, each, 196 feet in height. We may here remark, once for all, that the term nave always means that portion of this class of structures which is the longest, and the term transept, the width, or, in other words, alludes to the cross piece of the cross, after which they are invariably modeled, as suggested above. The present structure was founded about 1170, and completed about 1400, A. D. The most wonderful thing in the great Cathedral, is the famous east window, which is said to be 75 feet in height, and 30 feet in diameter, and to the eye, unaccustomed to such sights, it seems really greater. This is the largest stained glass window in the world, and contains a vast number of representations of scenes and characters taken from the Scriptures. The west window does not compare with this, in size, or in magnificence, nor is it entirely Scriptural, as it contains the portrait of a number of the earlier Archbishops of York.

It may be well to state here, that York has one of the

two Archbishops of England, Canterbury having the other, which fact shows the ancient importance of this city in the Christian world, as London itself, the greatest metropolis of the universe, has only a Bishop. This structure is said to be the most purely Gothic specimen of architecture to be found in Europe, and it would take a volume to describe it, so we will leave the matter in the hands of some more ambitious writer. Before leaving the Minster, several of us ascended the Lantern Tower, and obtained a glorious view of the city, and of the beautiful country for miles in every direction, and surely Yorkshire never presented a more lovely panorama, than on that glorious July morning. We now pass to the purely Masonic features of our visit to York, and hope that those of our readers, if any we have, who are not Freemasons, nor interested in an order which proudly traces its origin back to the building of King Solomon's Temple, will either bear with us for a few pages, or pass a little further along in the book, which will be found thenceforth mostly of a descriptive character. Before alluding to the banquet, which was given to us American Freemasons, in such handsome style, by our trans-Atlantic brethren, it is the desire of the writer of this feeble tribute to the courtesy of the Masons of York, to state here some facts concerning the early history of the Craft, which we trust will be of interest to every "Free and Accepted Mason, wheresoever he may be dispersed on the face of the globe." From a notable

address, delivered a few years since, before the Grand Commandery of Kentucky, by Rev. Brother, and Sir S. W. Young, formerly a resident of the city of London, we take the liberty of quoting the following historical account of the antiquity of our Order, and of the noble part which the city of York has taken in the revival and promulgation of the Craft during, and *since*, the Middle Ages. That distinguished brother and writer, speaks as follows: —

"I feel it a very high honor, indeed, to address an audience so distinguished, on so noble a subject as Masonry. A church has anathematized our Order, monarchs have persecuted it, and fools have sneered at its mysteries, yet, to-day, a million Masons are bound together in a love so fruitful, and a harmony so serene, as to bear no ecclesiastical comparisons, under an organization and discipline more perfect, than those of the armies of kings, and under the instruction of a wisdom so calm, and so solid, that it looks with unangered pity at its ignorant traducers. If Cyclopedias reflect current opinion, Freemasonry is supposed to be a *modern invention*, having only *imaginary roots* in the historic past. I would like to show you briefly to-night, that *our claims to antiquity* are *no mere empty blazon*. Students of history are well aware, that Craft-guilds are as old as the republics of Greece, or the first kingdom of Rome, and stretch away into the dim antiquity which shrouds the origin of the civilization of the Valley of the Nile. Amongst those guilds, that

of the master-builders was one of the earliest and most honored. The recent removal of the Alexandrian monolith has shown, that its foundations had been, in the far off past, well and truly laid, *in due and ancient form*, according to the *traditions*, and *ritual of the craft*. Our Anglo-Saxon Masonry is lineally descended from the Masonic Colleges of Rome, which traced their pedigree to the foundation of Numa Pompilius, 715 B. C., and, through him, *back to Jerusalem and King Solomon*. In 526 B. C., the *Collegia* were established in Great Britain, and one of the Inspectors, or Grand Masters, was St. Alban, who had the honor of being the first Christian martyr in the island.

The headquarters of the Craft were in the city of York. In A. D., 614, Pope Boniface IV., conferred on them the *sole right of erecting religious buildings*, and declared them free of taxation. In 925, A. D., King Athelstane convoked the Grand Lodge, and fixed the seat of the Grand Mastership at York. In A. D., 959, St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, was elected Grand Master. King Edward, the Confessor, and King Henry IV., filled the same office, and subsequently King Henry VI., James I., and Charles II. The great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was Grand Master of the Order, and, in 1703, when the building of the great Metropolitan Cathedral was completed, the Lodge of St. Paul passed a resolution, that 'the privileges of Freemasonry be no longer confined to *operative Masons*, but, be free to all men of all professions.'

Thus, did operative Masonry, by opening its doors to the learned and good of all professions, spiritualize its technical teachings, and make the Craft symbolical of wisdom and virtue. From Great Britain, the reorganized Craft spread all over the globe, and to-day numbers, in North America, alone, one million souls. Freemasonry is broad-based on a morality, as wide as the human race, and Christian, Jew, Moslem, and Brahman, can clasp hands over its altars."

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"Lamartine, in his famous history of the Girondists, while speaking of the influence which the tolerant reign of Frederic II. (known in history, however, much better by the title of 'Frederic the Great,') had upon the institution of Freemasonry in the eighteenth century, used the following language: "Great men always bequeath the impulse of their spirit to their country. The reign of Frederic had, at least, one happy result; religious tolerance arose in Germany from the very contempt in which Frederic held religious creeds. Under the wing of this toleration, the spirit of philosophy had organized occult associations, after the image of Freemasonry. The German princes were initiated. It was thought *an act of superior mind*, to penetrate into those shadows which, in reality, included nothing beyond *some general principles of humanity and virtue*, with no direct application to civil institutions. Frederic, in his youth, had been initiated, himself, at Brunswick, by Major

Bielfield; the Emperor Joseph II., the most bold innovator of his time, had, also, desired to undergo these proofs at Vienna, under the tutelage of the Baron de Born, the chief of the Freemasons of Austria.

These societies, which had no religious tendency in England, (but is not the learned author, to say the least, a little far-fetched in that statement?) because, there, liberty conspired openly in Parliament, and the press, had a wholly different sense on the Continent. There, they were *the secret council chambers of independent thought;* the thought, escaping from books, passed into action. Between the *initiated and established institutions*, the war was concealed, but the more deadly. The hidden agents of these societies had, evidently, for aim *the creation of a government of the opinion* of the human race, in opposition to the *government of prejudice.* They desired to reform *religious, political, and civil society, beginning by the most refined classes.* These Lodges were the catacombs of a new worship. The sect of *Illuminés*, or *Illuminati*, (that is to say, the intelligent, or enlightened), founded and guided by Weishaupt, was spreading in Germany, in conjunction with the *Freemasons*, and Rosicrucians."

Such is the tribute, though unwilling, I take it to be, which has been paid to the genius of Freemasonry, by one who was, no doubt, opposed to the institution, because the *italics* are not those of the eloquent historian, but the compiler of this brief and imperfect

sketch of the history of Fremasonry, has taken this method of showing that, even the historian of a Catholic country, which is notoriously opposed, as are all Catholic countries, to the tenets and principles of this noble institution (and the crusade against which is led, at this very hour, by the Pope of Rome, himself, Leo XIII.), has readily admitted that it has for its foundation stone, "some general principles of humanity and virtue." But, as the French say, *Revenons a nos moutons*, after this digression, which, we trust, will be pardoned in consideration of what has been contributed, meantime, to the further enlightment of the Craft, and, now, to begin once more where we left off. The writer owes to the courtesy of Eminent Commander Gassette, a copy of the pamphlet entitled, "The Masonic Reception at York, on Monday September 5th, 1881," (which was more than two years prior to our visit) "under the Auspices of the York and Eboracum Lodges, with a full Report of the Addresses given, the Ancient Documents and Relics Exhibited, and an Alphabetical List of the Brethren Present, by Bro. T. B. Whytehead, P. M.," who has been spoken of above, and to which document we are indebted for some interesting facts concerning the history of ancient York Masonry, which we suspect are known to but few of the Craft on this side of the Atlantic, and, in this belief, we reproduce them here, trusting that they will prove a welcome contribution to Masonic knowledge. Before doing this, however,

we shall copy a brief notice of our Pilgrims, which appeared in the New York *Herald*, on the next day after our arrival: —

"AMERICAN FREEMASONS AT YORK.

"About a hundred members of the Mason Craft, including about eighty Knights Templar, from Chicago, under the conduct of Mr. Norman Gassette of that city, arrived in York yesterday, accompanied by a number of ladies, the party being on a tour through Europe. The voyageurs arrived in Liverpool, yesterday morning, by the splendid steamship, City of Rome, and reached York by special train, yesterday evening, the trans-Atlantic brethren having accepted the invitation of the Ancient Ebor Preceptory of Knights Templar. To-day a meeting of the Knights Templars of this province will be held, by the invitation of Lord Londesborough, at the Masonic Hall, Duncombe Place, where Mr. T. E. W. Tew, of Pontefract, the Provincial Prior of West Yorkshire, will preside, in the unavoidable absence of his Lordship, and with the object of making the meeting a county affair. The visitors will be conducted through the city, and its principal objects of interest shown them, and, in the afternoon, they will be entertained at dinner at the Guild Hall, when the Lord Mayor, the city sheriff, and other prominent Masons, are expected to be present. The party will leave York for London to-morrow."

We will begin our quotations from the pamphlet above referred to, by giving a summary of a paper read at the reception alluded to, as having occurred on September 5th, 1881, on "The Records etc., in the Archives of the York Lodge," by Bro. J. Todd, P. M., York Lodge.

"In Masonic history, the ancient city of York has, from a very early period, *held an important and prominent position*; indeed, there is no place more interesting to the Masonic student, than the city which, by tradition, and the evidence of ancient manuscript Constitutions, is marked as the early seat of Masonry in this country. Nearly all the old Constitutions, of which there are upwards of twenty in existence, mention York as the place where, in early times, the meetings, or assemblies, of the Craft were held, and, from these meetings, or assemblies, there is little, or no doubt, that the Grand Lodge of all England, formerly held in this city, was originally constituted. It seems that the term 'Freemason' is of, comparatively, modern origin, as, until the year 1704, the term 'Mason' was the one generally in use. This is seen to be the case, from inspection of Roll No. 2, which is the most modern of the York MSS., and is written on parchment, and is headed 'The Constitutions of Masonry, 1703.' The minute book (of the Grand Lodge) commencing December 27th, 1774, and ending July 31st, 1780, and the minutes of the Grand Chapter at York, commencing February, 1778, and

ending 10th of September, 1781, were discovered by Bro. Hughan, amongst the records of the Grand Lodge of London, and, afterwards, restored to us. The latter book is interesting, as containing a minute of a Royal Arch Chapter's having been held in the crypt of York Minster, on Sunday, May 27th, 1778. The minute is as follows: —

"'York Cathedral, 27th of May, 1778; the Royal Arch Brethren whose names are under mentioned, assembled in the Ancient Lodge, now a sacred recess within the Cathedral Church of York, and, then and there, opened a Chapter of Free and Accepted Masons in the most sublime degree of Royal Arch.' (Here follow the names of nine (9) brethren. 'The Chapter was held, and then closed in usual form, being adjourned to the first Sunday in June, except in case of emergency.' In the Grand Lodge minute book, under date of February, 1780, is a record of the proceedings of the Companions of the Honorable Order of Knights Templars, and, subsequently, a resolution was agreed to, affirming the authority of the Grand Lodge over the five Degrees, or Orders of Masonry, viz.: 1st, Entered Apprentice; 2nd, Fellow Craft; 3rd, Master Mason; 4th, Knight Templar; 5th, Royal Arch." (The writer is here inclined to think, that there must have been some typographical error in this statement, which places the degree of Knight Templar precedent to that of Royal Arch, for the reason that, in a quotation which will be given a little further on, the Templar Degree is placed subsequent

to that of Royal Arch, which is, more than likely, the proper order of conferring these degrees among English Masons of the present day, and which is the order observed habitually among the Masons of this country). This Grand Lodge of York was the only Grand Lodge of Great Britain, which recognized the Order of the Templars. There is, also, a certificate issued by the Grand Lodge, signed John Brown, G. S., as follows: "Admitted (1st degree), 26th of January, 1779; raised (2nd degree), 29th of February, 1779; raised (3d degree), 27th of September, 1779; raised (4th degree or R. A. M.), 27th of October, 1779; Knight Templar (5th degree), 29th of November, 1779."

This is believed to be the earliest official document in Great Britain and Ireland, showing the connection of Knights Templars with Freemasonry. The earliest working of the Royal Arch degree in York was, until recently, supposed to be an entry, relating to a Most Sublime Chapter's having been opened, 8th of February, 1778, although, there is mention of that degree in the treasurer's book, a few years earlier. In 1880, however, an old minute book of the Royal Arch degree was discovered, commencing February 7, 1762, thus showing the actual working of Royal Arch Masonry, sixteen years earlier, by the members of the Grand Lodge of York. In the book of miscellaneous records and documents, will be found part of a minute book of the "Honorable Order of Knights Templars assembled in the Grand Lodge room of York, Sir Francis Smyth, Grand Master." The first entry, under date of the

18th of February, 1780, is (according to Bro. Hughan), the earliest record of Masonic Templars in England.

Just at this point, we quote once more from Sir. S. W. Young, as to the connection between the Order of the Templars, and the institution of Masonry. "But in our own Anglo-Saxon race, always religious, and altogether Christian, the need was felt of a closer and tenderer bond of union, based on their common faith of a Christian Freemasonry, which should lift men to a higher level, and be touched by a finer spirit. The old connection, *historically certain*, between the Templar Orders of the Crusades, and the operative Lodges of Freemasons, supplied the long felt want, and the chivalric orders of Christian Freemasonry sprang into light. The Level and Square were combined into the Cross, and 'the poor soldiers of Jesus' renewed their old warfare against the enemies of the Lord, only with the chivalry and weapons of the eighteenth, instead of those of the twelfth century." From Dr. J. D. Bell, P. G. D. D. P. G. M. G. Sup. of North and East Yorkshire, who made an address at York upon the same occasion, we obtain the following valuable information regarding the early history of the "Yorke rite." He said: "That whenever, as a Mason, he visited the good old city of York, he always felt as though he were treading upon sacred ground, probably, from a consciousness of the important part which this city played, at a very early period, after the arrival of the Romans,

and up to the present century. He regretted to find that, within the last few years, it had been the fashion, with a certain class of Masonic students, to ignore all traditional, or legendary, accounts of, either, events or circumstances, relating to the early history of the Craft, and to treat such accounts as myths; forgetting the marked distinction which obtains between definitions. For his own part, until evidence to the contrary was adduced, he was of opinion that Grand Lodges had been held in York, *and only, in that city*, from the year 926, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These meetings of the Craft were dignified by the title of 'Assemblies,' which were, to all intents and purposes, Grand Lodges, and there is every reason to believe that they were held in York, long antecedent to their being held in London, and previous to the year 1567, he was not aware of any Grand Lodge or 'Assemblies,' having taken place in that city, although, no doubt, Lodges were held in London, and different parts of the kingdom, but the 'General Assembly,' was held in York, where all the records were kept, and Preston (who the writer supposes, from the context, must have been some high English Masonic authority, as well as antiquarian), informs us that, to this Assembly appeals, were made on every important occasion. The disposition to treat traditions and legends simply as myths had led, and would lead, its advocates into difficulties. If they had thoughtfully considered how much the *history of the Craft differed from, perhaps, that of any other institution,*

they need no longer wonder that they had *so few documents, or other direct evidence of long by-gone transactions, the transmission* of which, every 'Entered Apprentice,' who had bowed the knee before the Masonic altar knew *from his own individual experience*, was, almost solely, *by oral communication*. Nevertheless, *now and then, tangible and undoubted records* unexpectedly presented themselves."

With these valuable extracts, which throw much additional light upon our previous knowledge of Freemasonry, we bring our remarks upon this topic to a close, for the present at least, and we desire to acknowledge most heartily, our obligations to our trans-Atlantic brethren and, especially to the Rev. and Sir S. W. Young, for their luminous and interesting additions to Masonic history, which we have made use of so liberally in this connection. We now pass to some account of the Masonic exemplification given in York, on July, the 24th, and of the elegant reception at the Lord Mayor's residence, and the sumptuous banquet in the evening. This city, because of its ancient prominence in English history, enjoys the distinction of being one of the three cities of Great Britain and Ireland, which have a Lord Mayor, a Mansion House (as the residence of the Lord Mayor is called), and a Guild Hall, where all the banquets, etc., which are given in an official capacity are held, the other two cities being London, and Dublin.

Some of our party visited one of the York lodges to see the third degree conferred upon a candidate,

but as there were some other things of interest about the city which I was particularly desirous of seeing, I did not see any of the "Blue Lodge" work, but I was present at the conferring of the "Order of the Temple" by the ancient Ebor Preceptory of York, and was highly edified by their ceremonies, and thought the exemplication more solemn and impressive, if that were possible, than the work done by the Commanderies of America, which I have seen exemplified in four different States. That evening, by 8 p. m., we repaired to the Mansion House, where we were presented to and received by the Lord Mayor, who had very recently been made a Master Mason, and were introduced to various prominent English Masons, viewed the handsome paintings which adorned the walls of the Lord Mayor's residence, and had a good time generally, for probably an hour, when we were invited to the banquet hall, which had been handsomely decorated in honor of the occasion. The writer had the good luck to be seated at the right hand of Brother J. S. Cumberland, P. M., who was a royal good fellow, full of fun and anecdote, and he literally kept our end of the table in a roar. The edibles were served in faultless taste, and in the greatest profusion, and the finest brands of champagne were much more plentiful, and, also, much more in demand than Adam's ale.

Brothers T. B. Whytehead and J. S. Cumberland took a prominent part in the exercises of the evening, not only on that occasion, but upon one, perhaps, equally memorable, about six years ago (July 25th, 1878),

when Mary Commandery No. 36, K. T., of Philadelphia, made a tour of Europe, and who, like ourselves, were also entertained by the kindly brethren of York, and to show their appreciation of these true English Masons, they were both made honorary members of the Mary Commandery, and were also presented with beautiful Templar jewels by that Commandery. That Commandery also presented the ancient Ebor Preceptory, No. 101, of York, with a beautiful white watered-silk Knight Templar banner, decorated with the Templar emblems, and gotten up in the most sumptuous style as to the *tout ensemble*. York Lodge No. 236, has what is called the Masonic Silver Loving Cup, which is a large tankard having a capacity of several gallons of "nectar and ambrosia," and, on this occasion, after having been filled to the brim with some delightful concoction, known only, perhaps, to the "universal British nation," when toasts "to the Queen of England, the Patroness of the Order," whose son and heir apparent, the Prince of Wales, is, by the way, the present Grand Master of England, and "to the President of the United States," were drunk standing; this large bowl was started from the head of our table, each brother drinking directly from the tankard, by the help of another brother (as one person could not handle it at all), then he would pass it across the table to the brother opposite, then he would pass it back, and so on until each and every brother had "participated." I had heard a great deal about the "wine and Wassail" of Merry England, but this was my

first experience of it, and truly it was a pleasant sight, and I felt that it was good to be there.

In addition to the toasts mentioned above, there was a third "To the Grand Masters of the Order in England, and the United States," by the V. E. Provincial Prior T. E. W. Tew, and in the printed programme for the evening, the names of our speakers, who were to respond to these toasts, were not given, and, although they were responded to most happily by various distinguished members of our party, we can, much to our regret, now only state that, to the toast "To the President of the United States," the response was most feelingly and appropriately made by the Hon. Philetus Sawyer, a member of that august body, the United States Senate, whose Ex-President, the Hon. Chester A. Arthur, had been raised to the exalted office of the Presidency by the death, at the hands of the assassin, of the lamented James A. Garfield, who was himself one of the "bright and shining lights" of the Order of the Temple. Next in order came the toast "To our American visitors," by E. *Fra.* Whytehead, P. E. P. P. G. Capt. Guards, and the response by E. *Fra.* Norman T. Gassette, E. C. Apollo Commandery. Then a toast "To the members of the Order in Yorkshire," by Rev. *Fra.* George C. Larimer, D. D., and the response by E. *Fra.* Cumberland, P. E. P. G. Aide de Camp. Next came the toast "To the Lord-Mayor of York," proposed by E. *Fra.* C. H. Benton, Grand Master, etc. (who by the way held several high Masonic offices, and from which fact he was

dubbed "the concentrated Mason"), and the response was made by the Lord Mayor in person. Last came the toast "To the City of Chicago," proposed by E. *Fra.* M. Millington, E. P. Ancient Ebor Preceptory, responded to by E. *Fra.* W. A. Stevens, P. E. P. Apollo Commandery.

Everything went off in the happiest manner, and the festivities were prolonged to a late hour, and during the evening Bro. Cumberland, who was quite noted as a vocalist, rendered several fine solos. I asked him if he knew the Prince of Wales, and he said, "Oh, yes, quite well, and he is a jolly good fellow," and that "he often came *down* to Yorkshire on hunting excursions." In fact, the Prince and Princess were in York, only the week before our visit, in attendance upon "the Grand Agricultural Show," and we saw over the various gates of the old walled city, many evidences of the numerous decorations which had been put up in honor of their presence. You must bear in mind that in England, when they speak of going to London, they always say "up to London" no matter in what part of the kingdom they happen to live, so they say "down to York," "down to Scotland," though these places are both north of London. The grand banquet closed with the toast, "To all Knights Templars wheresoever scattered o'er land or water," and was drunk standing and, in silence, and then, like the Arabs of the desert, "we folded our tents, and, silently, stole away," our hearts full of regret at parting with our kind English friends,

between whom and us, the broad Atlantic would soon leave a barrier, never again to be passed over, or, at least, by very few of us assembled on that memorable, and unusual occasion.

CHAPTER III.

YORK TO LONDON.

THE next morning, about ten a. m., we left York by special train for London, all aglow with anxiety to see its wonderful Tower, and sublime Westminster Abbey, the two spots which, in all the world, are to my mind, fullest of historic interest and with which the story of England's greatness, as well as ofttime wickedness and tyranny, is indissolubly blended, to say nothing of its countless attractions of lesser interest. On our way up to London we passed through a beautiful country, which seemed, at times, a veritable paradise, saw the two great cathedrals of Lincoln and Ely, each of which has a Bishop, passed through Peterborough, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was buried, after she was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle in 1587, and whence her remains were afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey, and made a stop of an hour or so at Cambridge, in order that we

might have a passing glance at one of the great Universities of England, where many of the greatest of earth have prepared themselves for their subsequent high estate, by the most thorough mental culture.

At the outset, it may be well to state, that the exact time when Cambridge became a seat of learning, is veiled in obscurity, and it is said that it was known as such, long prior to the twelfth century, but there are records in existence, showing it to date, at least, to that time. The colleges are seventeen in number, and, unlike our American institutions of learning (where the students are all under one common authority, and are thrown together as one common body), each college regulates its own affairs, and is a separate corporation, governed by its own master, or head, but, of course, all are subject to the Chancellor, who is the nominal head of all, but he does not reside at Cambridge, of necessity, at all, and his powers are really exercised by the Vice-Chancellor, who is chosen from among the seventeen masters of the various colleges, who is, for a year, the actual governor of this grand old institution of learning.

The present Chancellor is his Grace, the Duke of Devonshire, whose town house I afterwards saw in London, and who was by the way, the father of Lord Cavendish, the Under Secretary for Ireland, of Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant, who was so brutally murdered in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, in the spring of 1882. Each student when he arrives at Cambridge, if he has not really made up his mind before coming up to the university, picks out his college, say for example, either Trin-

ity, or Kings', or whatever his choice may be, and that college is then his home, during his entire university career.

He lives there, boards there, recites there, and so far as his studies, his examinations, and his every-day life are concerned, he has no connection except, perhaps, socially, with any other of the colleges of the University. The library of this ancient seat of learning contains more than 400,000 printed books, and about 3,000 MSS. of almost every age and language. At the time of our brief visit to Cambridge, much to my regret, it was during the long vacation, and we saw hardly any signs of life about the colleges, or the city, either, for that matter, as like all other "'varsity towns," either in Europe or America, when the students are away, there is no life apparently about, any where. The students of the various colleges have a distinctive dress, consisting of a cap and gown, by which, at a glance, experts can tell to which college a man belongs. When there, I remember of seeing but a single student, slowly sauntering through the street, with his mortar-board cap and black gown, but of course, I could only conjecture as to which college he might happen to belong. The two most famous of the whole number are Trinity, and Kings' College, and it has been said of the former, that "it is the noblest collegiate foundation in the kingdom, whether we regard the number of its members, the extent of its buildings, or the illustrious men who have been educated within its walls. Christ College, the largest

college in Oxford, falls considerably short of it." The old court of this college is said to be the most spacious quadrangle in the world, its four sides being entirely surrounded by buildings. It contains an area of almost two acres.

We were very much hurried in our visit to this glorious old University, but, nevertheless, I managed to see the interior of the chapel of Trinity, which was erected during the *regime* of Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and is a fine specimen of what is known as the Tudor-Gothic style of architecture. In a room, to the left of the main entrance, I noticed a large number of gowns hanging on the walls, and I was told that the students wore these, while attending religious exercises in the chapel.

There are more than six thousand persons connected with this University, during the greater portion of the year, a circumstance which makes Yale and Harvard, with only 700, or 800 students, each, seem very small affairs in comparison. There is, in the court of Trinity, a handsome fountain, which is supplied with water from a reservoir, several miles away. There are several very fine pieces of statuary at the entrance to the chapel, but the two which most interested me, were the statues of Lord Macaulay, the famous Whig historian, and of Sir Isaac Newton, two of the foremost of her many distinguished graduates, the latter said to be one of the finest statues in England, the inscription on which is as follows: "*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit.*"

I would be glad to give a worthier sketch of this great university, but I have neither the space, nor the materials at hand, for such a purpose, so we will hasten on to the great metropolis, which is, now, only sixty miles away; but before doing so, we will spend a few minutes in suggesting the names of only a few of the many illustrious warriors, statesmen, poets, judges, divines, men of letters and, in fact, men famous in every walk of life, who have, at one time, or another, been students at this grand old institution. Pre-eminent in the list, because of their prominence in the Christian world, come the names of the "Three Blessed Martyrs" to the impious wrath of Bloody Mary, who were burned at the stake in front of Baliol College, Oxford; Archbishop Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, and Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, the two latter suffering together in 1555, and Archbishop Cranmer in 1556.

Next we may mention Thomas Gray, the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard;" Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough; Spencer, author of the "Faerie Queen;" William Pitt, the great Prime Minister; the learned Erasmus of Rotterdam, the great ally and coadjutor of Martin Luther in the Reformation; Fletcher and Marlowe, the Dramatists; Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary to Queen Elizabeth; Sir Robert Walpole; Lord Howard of Effingham, the commander of the English forces, at the time of the formidable Spanish Armada in 1588, the famous Lord Chesterfield,

and latterly, the late Lord Lytton, who was novelist, poet, statesman, and dramatist, all combined.

This noted list may still, be further extended by adding the names of Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Isaac Barrow, Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, Oliver Cromwell, the regicide, Milton, Lawrence, Sterne, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Dryden, Byron, Tennyson, Lord Bacon, the author of the inductive system of philosophy, "Rare Ben Jonson," and hosts of lesser lights might be added to the list, but these will suffice to give the reader some idea of what this English University has done towards furnishing the world with intellectual giants. We left this grand old university town, hallowed by its many reminiscences and associations with much that is great, and much that is mean and ignoble, with some regret, in spite of what lay before us, as yet, totally unexplored and unknown, in the great metropolis, and as our train sped onward towards London, I could scarcely realize that I was upon the point of entering the largest, and, to me, decidedly, if not to most Americans, perhaps, the most interesting of all the world's capitals. At last, we reached its suburbs, and, after traveling for miles and miles, it seemed to me, our train ran into the Euston Road Station, in the fashionable West End of London, adjoining which, is the magnificent Midland Grand Hotel, which was to be the abode of most of the party, during our stay in the great city.

Our apartments had been assigned us, previous to

our arrival, and I found myself nicely located in a comfortable room on the first floor of the hotel, which commanded a fine view of the Euston Road, and the immense traffic of vehicles, omnibuses, Hansom cabs, etc., of which there are more than 25,000 of all kinds licensed and running through the London streets; but I did not remain there very long, for my time was too short to lose a moment of it, if it could be possibly utilized in sight seeing. As soon as I had refreshed myself, by getting some of the dust of travel from me, I at once mounted a London 'bus, from the top of which, by the way, is the best place to be found to see the sights in London streets, and started for Hyde Park, and Rotten Row, in the extreme West End, which was several miles further west than the Midland Grand Hotel, as I was anxious to see that famous resort of fashion, beauty and intellect, although it was rather late in the season, it being then about the last week in July. I had hardly seated myself on top of the 'bus, before I found out that my next neighbor was a young man from Boston, and I felt at home right away.

It was a ride of several miles, and something like an hour's time from the Midland Grand to Hyde Park, and as we rode along, I thought to myself, that I had never seen anything like such a turmoil and confusion in Broadway, New York, which, until then, I had been in the habit of considering a pretty lively thoroughfare, and which, during a residence of several years in the East, I had often traversed. Although it was rather late for "society people to be in town," yet the streets were

crowded, all the same, with all manner of vehicles known to the civilized world, and the pavements thronged with thousands of well dressed and joyous looking pedestrians, for it was a lovely July afternoon, and the scene was one not easily forgotten. To parody Tennyson's Brook, "Society may come, and society may go, but we (the people) go on forever."

We passed through Regent Street, the leading thoroughfare of London, with its hundreds of magnificent stores, the handsomest in the world, through Oxford Street, which is almost equal in attractions, and in splendor, to its more aristocratic neighbor, on through Pall Mall, or "Pell Mell," as the Londoners call it, then on down Piccadilly, past the town house of the Duke of Wellington, with its iron shutters, which barely protected the great man's life from the mob, at one period of his history, when Waterloo was well nigh forgotten, by reason of his oppression of the people, then, on, past the residence of the Duke of Devonshire, then, past, the residence of the noted Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who relinquished such a large portion of her income in order to marry the young American Bartlett, then past the monstrosity known as the Equestrian Statue of the Duke of Wellington, which eyesore to the æsthetic has since been removed, and, at last, and before we hardly know it, so much has our pilgrimage interested us, we dismount from the 'bus, and find ourselves at the grand entrance to Hyde Park. My American friend did not ride very far with me, however, and after he had left me, I com-

menced a little social chat with a very gentlemanly looking person who sat near me, and who, soon discovering that I was an American, and like the balance of the universal Yankee nation, "wanted to know, you know," and, in fact, had come expressly for that very purpose, became very communicative, and gave me a good many points, and items of interest. I will here state that, in connection with this kindly English gentleman, I met with a most singular coincidence. A few weeks later, upon my return from the Continent, whither I went, a few days, after, from London, I again took my old perch on a city 'bus, on my way to Hyde Park, for a farewell look at the remnants of beauty and fashion, when lo, and behold, whom should I meet but the self-same individual, with whom I had conversed, under exactly the same circumstances, only a short time before. I can but regard this as a most marvelous coincidence, when you remember that London has nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants, and, as I said before, runs more than 25,000 public vehicles for the transportation of passengers, to say nothing of the countless thousands of "turnouts," owned by the nobility, and the rich gentry, of the city of London.

I entered the park at the well known Hyde Park corner, where the east end of Rotten Row begins, and found a great many carriages on the drive, and quite a number of riders in the Row, although I suppose the display was, no doubt, very tame compared with what might have been seen a few weeks earlier. When I returned from the Continent, a few weeks afterwards,

and revisited the park, I could hardly find a corporal's guard of riders, or drivers, anywhere. So mighty a mistress is Fashion, that "every body, who is any body," needs must obey her every behest, no matter how imperious, or unreasonable. I heard that the Princess of Wales was driving in the park, and I waited, with some impatience, in hopes of seeing her, and, finally, I was rewarded, for after a while she came riding by in a royal equipage, accompanied by her three lovely young daughters, and by a gentleman, who was not the Prince, however, as I was informed. Ordinarily, when any of the Royal Family ride in the park, the equipage is preceded by two mounted policemen, who clear the way, but at the end of the season, when the park is not much thronged, this precaution is not observed, and I would not, perhaps, have known that Royalty was approaching, had I not seen so many gentlemen with their heads uncovered, as the Royal Family approached, and as I thought I could afford "to do, as Rome did," I took off my hat to the Princess, too. I, also, saw the great Prime Minister of England, the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, and his wife, and a few other notabilities, but those above mentioned, were the most prominent.

I noticed that all the horses in Rotten Row, which is exclusively used by the equestrians, had their tails cut very short, and thus the lower animals, as well as man, *often suffer from the cruel edicts of fashion.* This park covers an area of about 400 acres, and in the height of a London season, is one of the most fre-

quented, and liveliest scenes to be found in London. There is a fine sheet of water in the park, called the Serpentine, which is a great resort for skaters in the winter season, and, on its banks, are to be found a *corps* of life-savers, with all their apparatus, to be used in case of emergency. Here, also, is to be seen a colossal statue, which is called the Statue of Achilles, which was erected 7 years after Waterloo, by money subscribed by English ladies, in honor of "Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms." The statue is bronze, and is made from cannon, taken from the French in France, and Spain, and at Waterloo. The name "Rotten Row," although it sounds rather unsavory, to be so extremely a fashionable place of resort, by the high and mighty, is said to be derived from the phrase, *Route de Roi*, or the "King's Highway," which has probably been corrupted into its present version of Rotten Row, in modern times.

The favorite hour for equestrians in the Row is from 12 to 2, but they may be often seen there from 5 to 7, which is the hour for fashionables to drive through the park, so, I staid there too late to get back to the hotel in time to dine, and get ready to attend some one of the numerous theaters of London. In fact, our party had already dined, and scattered out in various directions, before I returned, so I concluded I would saunter around to Baker Street, and see the world-famous museum of Madam Tussaud, in comparison with whose interesting display, "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks" or, in fact, any body's else, are, indeed, not to be mentioned

in the same breath. This collection is no cheap, catch-penny affair, but is, in truth, one of the sights of London, which no stranger in that city should fail to see, if possible, as the figures are dressed with strict regard to chronological accuracy, and no pains, or expense, have been spared to make them look as much like their originals, in appearance, and in dress, as the highest artistic skill and taste, and an unlimited outlay of money will admit of

It is much more expensive to visit this collection, than most of the "alleged" museums of Europe, and this country, but when you get in there, you find out that it is no "Barnum humbug, and swindle," but you get more than your money's worth. The general admission is one shilling, a catalogue, which is necessary to properly understand the collection, will cost a six-pence more, and then an additional six-pence admits you to the Chamber of Horrors, so that, for two shillings, or fifty cents of our money, you can see, throughout, this unsurpassed exhibition of historic characters, which is unlike any other collection of the kind in the world, as it is, in fact, the oldest, having been opened in the Palais Royal, Paris, in 1772, and in London, in 1802. To show that Royalty itself has not disdained to visit this place of amusement, the sons of Madam Tussaud, who inherited the collection, name among their patrons, on the backs of their official catalogues, "The Royal Family," "Louis XVI,." "Marie Antoinette," etc.

The collection consists, at present, of more than

three hundred life-size figures, arranged in appropriate classes, in quite a number of rooms, and which is being constantly added to, as persons become famous, or die, either of famous, or infamous antecedents. Thus, among the recent accessions, are to be seen the wretch Guiteau, who assassinated President Garfield, and Capt. Webb, the noted swimmer, who threw away his life so recklessly in 1883, in his foolhardy attempt to "shoot" the Whirlpool Rapids, below Niagara Falls. The first distinguished person who greets you upon entering, after your cane, or umbrella, as the case may be, has been taken from you, to prevent you, either, in your verdancy, or enthusiasm, or possibly, both combined, from pointing at, or injuring any of the figures, is Charles Dickens, whose name is as familiar as his own "Household Words," wherever the English tongue is spoken or read. He is, by the way, the only author of world-wide celebrity, whom the writer has seen in the flesh, he having heard him, not long before his death, in 1870, recite his famous Christmas Carol, and the ludicrously-pathetic speech of Sergeant Buzfuzz to the jury, in the celebrated action for damages, for breach of promise brought by one Mrs. Bardell, against our benevolent old friend, Mr. Pickwick.

The writer, also, met him face to face, on Chapel Street, in New Haven, on the next morning after his reading, which was given on his last visit to America, in March, 1869. Next, you see the present King Humbert, of Italy, and his father, Victor

Emmanuel, and, near them, the Patriot, Garibaldi. The most celebrated group, however, in the museum, is in the room designated as the "Hall of Kings," and contains all the Sovereigns of England, from William, the Conqueror, in the eleventh century, to the reigning Queen Victoria, and the members of the Royal Family, and the sight is truly wonderful. At night, which is the best time to see the display, the scene is perfectly dazzling, and one which can hardly be excelled. I was especially interested in "good Queen Bess," and "Bloody Mary," dressed in their magnificent robes of state, all chronologically accurate, in Charles I., and his executioner, Oliver Cromwell, in the beautiful and unfortunate, Mary, Queen of Scots, who had around her neck, the very rosary she wore upon the scaffold, where she met her untimely end, in Edward, the Black Prince, and Richard, of the Lion's Heart, and in Louis XVI., and, his beautiful Queen, Marie Antoinette, whom the bloody *sans culottes* remorselessly butchered under the sharp edge of the guillotine, but most of all, in William III., the Prince of Orange, who ascended the throne at the Revolution of 1688 (the bloody and cowardly Papist King, James II. having fled, ignominiously, to France), and who bore upon his banner, when he landed on English soil, the motto of his house, "I will maintain," and, added to it, the glorious sentence, which endeared him to every English heart, "the Liberties of England, and the Protestant religion."

All these historic personages, and many more, of

which I have not the space, or the time to speaks, were dressed, as nearly as possible, in the costume of their time, the males clad in armor, just as they wore it when in life; and many of these, as well as others, wore the exact coats of mail, and handled the weapons of the period in which they lived, and the Royal Family especially, wore costumes which had actually been a portion of their wardrobes, and which had been purchased at great expense, from the Court Chamberlain. Among others, I might mention some of the leading statesmen of Europe who are to be seen there. Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Bismarck, Hon. John Bright, Gambetta, the great orator and statesman, the idol of the French people, and scores of others of lesser note in the political world. I must not omit to mention the Dauphin of France, and the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards, the Duchess d' Angouleme, whose fate is indirectly connected, by a romantic chain, with the Knights Templars of France, as the Royal Family were, for several years, during the French Revolution, prisoners in the Temple, in Paris, which was, in the thirteenth century, a stronghold of the Order in France.

It is said that Madam Tussaud knew the Royal Family very intimately, and, at one time, gave the Princess Elizabeth, the sister of King Louis, XVI., lessons in the art of modeling in wax, and that she resided at the Tuileries, and Versailles, with them, until the Revolution of 1789, when she sought safety in flight to London, and there located her famous collection, where it has remained ever since. She is to be seen among the

collection. America has a few representatives on exhibition, but these seem to be about the poorest among the lot, in appearance, and in likeness. They have Lincoln, Johnson, Garfield, and Grant; but none of them look like the originals, as far as I could judge from the pictures I had seen of them, as Grant is the only one of them whom I had ever seen in person, and his counterfeit presentment was far from being accurate.

We must not omit to mention the beautiful reclining figure, called the "Sleeping Beauty," whose bosom rises and falls with the same unceasing regularity, as though she lived, and moved, and had her being, like the rest of mankind. This is done, of course, by cleverly arranged machinery.

A little old woman, said to be Madam Tussaud, is seen sitting, and looking at the Sleeping Beauty, and she looks so natural that, occasionally, people are seen to speak to her, and their neighbors, who have, perhaps, made the same blunder, enjoy their discomfiture all the more. I remember that, once or twice, I came very near asking some questions of a wax figure, representing a London policeman in full dress, but discovered my error just in time. Another wonderful deception, is that of an old man holding a programme in his hand, and he is seen, occasionally, to look up from the paper, and, apparently, view the group before him, with as much interest as anybody. Persons are often deceived into speaking to him, when, of course, they find, to their surprise, that he is only a clever automaton, and that they are richly sold.

I pass now to what was, to me, and, doubtless, to many other visitors, the part of the exhibition which was of the most surpassing interest by far — the Napoleon rooms, which contained many relics of the wonderful man whom, from my earliest youth, I had learned to look upon, almost as a demi-god, in spite of the horrible calumnies circulated against him by his enemies, and of whom Phillips so brilliantly remarked that, "he was wrapt in the solitude of his own originality, and was the most extraordinary character, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell, the man without a model, and without a shadow!" These relics of the First Consul are unquestionably genuine, and well authenticated, and to procure them, involved a vast expenditure of money, but the heirs of Madam Tussaud, like our own unequaled Barnum, spare neither pains, nor expense, to obtain anything in their line, which is likely to "draw."

The first thing of interest which your eager eyes fall upon, on entering the room, is the celebrated traveling-carriage of Napoleon, in which he made his disastrous Russian campaign, and which was captured by the Prussians, on the fatal day of Waterloo, some fifteen miles from the field of battle, and for which the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., received $12,000. Only a few months before our party started on their tour of Europe, the writer met a gentleman, who had seen this carriage, and suggested the best way of securing from it, a souvenir of the

modern Cæsar. He said that the cloth of the carriage seat was already much torn, and, therefore, while the writer would never have dreamed of committing an act of vandalism, in order to obtain the coveted relic, he thought he would watch his opportunity and secure a small piece of cloth from the famous traveling-carriage. In order to do this, he seated himself in the former seat of the great Emperor, and finding the cushion torn, just as he had been told it was, he dexterously removed a small piece of blue cloth; but, alas! for the fruition of all human hopes, the coveted relic, which was put carefully away in the writer's pocket-book, had mysteriously disappeared by the following morning.

In the same room, is to be seen the very camp bedstead, which the Emperor used during his seven years' incarceration at St. Helena, where he "ate out his proud heart," under the infamous, and brutal Sir Hudson Lowe, with the same mattresses and pillows on which he died, and, on the bed, lies a wax counterfeit of the great Napoleon himself, in his chasseur uniform, and covered with the cloak he wore at Marengo. You may also see his favorite garden chair, a glass case, containing the counterpane used on his deathbed, and yet stained with his blood, a gold repeating watch, a cameo ring, a tooth-brush, a diamond found in his carriage, when it was captured by the Prussians, and many other things of interest; among them, a veritable tooth of the great Emperor, extracted by Dr. O'Meara, his surgeon, for several years, at St.

Helena, but who was compelled, by Sir Hudson Lowe's ungentlemanly treatment, and unfounded suspicions, to surrender his confidential and highly-honorable position, much against his will.

Literature owes to this man's pen a most interesting account of "Napoleon in Exile," and it must always be a source of regret that Dr. O'Meara was not with the famous prisoner, during the closing scenes of his stormy and most eventful life. Many other relics might be mentioned, but we will close the list, by alluding to the celebrated atlas, used by the Emperor, and which contains the plans of several battles, drawn by his own hand. I left the room with deep regret, having lingered there, almost to the very hour of closing the exhibition, and hastened to the Chamber of Horrors, for which, however, I cared but little; in fact, the very atmosphere seemed oppressive to me, the room being filled with representatives of the greatest criminals, and the most blood-thirsty villains of previous times, so I hastened out into the purer atmosphere, as soon as possible; but I wish to mention one blood-stained relic, in that uncanny room, which was, to me, fraught with almost the same sad interest, as those of the dead Napoleon, which I had so lately gazed upon. This was nothing more, nor less, if the catalogue can be trusted, than the original and self-same guillotine blade which decapitated the King, and Queen of France, Charlotte Corday, who killed the infamous Marat, the *soi-disant* "friend (?) of the people," who, just before his death, had coolly published the

awful declaration, that 200,000 more heads must be lopped off in France, before the success of the Revolution could be assured, Madam Roland, and hundreds of others of the best, as well as the meanest and most ignoble blood of France, from the gentle Martyr, King Louis, XVI., to the bloody monster Robespierre, the arch fiend, with whose fall, most justly "hoist by his own petard," the Revolution spent its fury, and the awful Reign of Terror ceased.

The victims of this single blade, are said to have reached the awful number of 2,800. I placed my hand upon this cruel instrument of death, and, as I did so, my thoughts reverted to the awful scenes of the Revolution, and I thought of the tremendous part in the drama, which that piece of metal, now so insignificant looking, had played. This knife was bought of one Sanson, the grandson of the original executioner, and its genuineness is said to be beyond all question.

The next morning, our party seated themselves in handsome wagonettes, drawn by four horses, and drove through the streets of the old city, to the Tower. It was an unusually bright day, for London, as the sun actually remained visible for an hour or two, and the drive was most enjoyable. It must have been something like four or five miles, at least, from our hotel, in the West End, to the Tower, but there was so much to see on the way that was novel and interesting, that the time passed rapidly, and, almost, before we knew it, the turrets of the famous historic structure burst upon our sight — a prison-house which has more to do with Eng-

land's history (which, glorious though it be, in the main, is yet darkened with many a bloody page), than any other within her realms, save the grand, and glorious, old Westminster Abbey.

We caught a glimpse of the principal citadel of the structure, which is called the White Tower, when several blocks away from it, and, truly, it made my heart thrill, and my pulse rebound more quickly than was its wont, when I found my self approaching the world-famous Tower, which has, at different periods in its history, figured as a royal residence, a prison, and a fortress, and which has, more than once, valiantly withstood the plots of traitors within, and foes without its walls. Before visiting the place, I had read, more than once, Ainsworth's historical romance, concerning the Tower, and, as almost every reader naturally will, had formed, from this description, some theory of the place, which, as is usually the case in such matters, I found totally erroneous, and the structure itself, wholly unlike what I had fondly imagined it. The Tower, itself, is a strong fortress, with walls varying in thickness from ten to fourteen feet, and embraces no less than eleven different towers, within its enclosure, which are designated by the folling names: The Bloody Tower, Bell Tower, Beauchamp Tower, Devereaux Tower, Flint Tower, Bowyer Tower, Brick Tower, Jewel Tower, Salt Tower, Record Tower and Broad Arrow Tower. The space which this large and irregular structure covers, is said to be thirteen acres, and the south wall is not many

feet distant from the banks of the Thames, which separates the city of London in two parts, somewhat in the same way, as does the river Seine, the city of Paris.

Almost the first thing of interest which you see, after you have purchased your ticket of admission, and gotten fairly within the walls, is the "Traitor's Gate," which is a massive affair, of rather clumsy architecture, (if you can apply such a term, to such a rude and primitive construction) and hangs upon tremendous hinges, through which, in by-gone ages, prisoners of State were brought into the Tower, having been brought thither by the river Thames, in order to avoid a rescue by the mob in the London streets; and in those days, doubtless, the river beat against the Tower wall, and served all the purposes of a moat, for defense. Now, however, there is an embankment of several feet in width, between the water and the Traitor's Gate, and the embankment serves as a walk, to which, however, the public generally are prohibited access, but the writer walked along it, all the same, but he had to pass an English sentry, and give him an account of himself, before he could pass through. The seven Bishops, in the reign of the fanatical James II., merely, because they would not order read, in the Episcopal churches, his Edict of Toleration for the Dissenters, and the Catholics, were brought through this gate, prisoners to the Tower, and rigorously confined here, until their triumphant vindication before the House of Lords, and count-

less others of note, in England's history. Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Thomas More, Lord Russell, Queen Anne Boleyn, the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen, and the three, glorious martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, Jeffreys, of the Bloody Assizes, with his victim, the unfortunate and unhappy Monmouth, and scores of others — some grand and noble, some vile and infamous — have passed through this historic gate, with few exceptions, either to waste their lives in cheerless dungeons, or to pass out again to death, on the Bloody Tower Hill. I could not refrain, while looking contemplatively upon this relic of mediæval times, from thinking of the associations of misery, crime, and wretchedness, by which I was then surrounded, and of how many of England's foremost historic characters, had stepped from the greatest heights of human grandeur and glory, to a most ignominious death on Tower Hill, amid the jeers of the heartless rabble, who were protected, like the *sans culottes*, in France, from the guillotine, during the Revolution, by their very obscurity and nothingness. The original foundation dates back to Cæsar's time, when the present London was known, in the Latin tongue, by the name of Lundinum, and one of the towers, is called by the name of Cæsar's Tower, to this day. The present buildings probably, date only from the time of William, the Conqueror, by whose command, the White Tower was built, and several important fortifications were added, during the time of William's two sons, William Rufus, and Henry I.

Mr. Bailey, in his History of the Tower, mentions that, "it is affirmed that the tower was built about the time of Constantine, the Great," and we have, also, the statement, that it was the treasury, and mint of the Romans. You see around you, curiously dressed persons called "warders," or "beefeaters," in slang parlance, who act as guides, and lecturers, (for which service they expect, of course, remuneration) whose dress is said to be that of the time of Henry VIII., and who are, generally, veteran soldiers, who have distinguished themselves, at various places, in the service of their country. I noticed several of them displaying decorations, which they seemed to wear with conscious pride.

The first things, which visitors to the tower generally see, are the crown jewels of England, which are kept in what is called the Jewel Tower, so named, because it is the repository of the crown jewels. The royal crown is of rich purple velvet, surrounded by bands of solid gold, and has, on the top, a ball and cross of diamonds of immense size, and of the purest water. The crown of the Prince of Wales, is plain in its neatness, being of pure gold, and without any ornaments. But, by far the grandest of all is, of course, the Queen's diadem; which is, truly, a magnificent affair, and is studded with immense diamonds, and pearls. This is said to have been made for Mary of Modena, the consort of James II., who ran away from his own kingdom to France, and therby solved the problem, as to the accession of the Prince of Orange, which might have been

a knotty one, had not James, by his cowardice, unwittingly, aided in its solution. There is much other royal paraphernalia here, the gold rods, which are carried in procession, when Parliament is convened, and many other things of interest, which we will not stop longer to enumerate.

You next visit the White Tower, which contains a vast collection of arms, and armor, of which I will speak of more at length, further on. While ascending the steps, in order to enter the armory, our attention is directed to a placard, near the stairway, which announces that near this step were found the remains of the two, unfortunate, little princes, who were smothered to death (like Desdemona in the play), in the Tower, by the orders of their cruel and unnatural uncle, Richard, the Hunchback, and their remains now rest in the Abbey, near the Great Queen, Elizabeth. The first thing you see in the White Tower, is a vast collection of fire-arms, of the most approved, modern patterns, perhaps, several hundred thousand of them, all stacked and arranged, with the most perfect method and uniformity, and bayonets, arranged in all manner of curious figures, by the ingenuity of a London locksmith. Next, they conduct you to the horse armory, where you see many of the Sovereigns of England, all accoutred in complete armor, of the time in which they lived, and their horses, also, protected by the trappings, which were used, in those days of knight-errantry and chivalry, for their prancing battle-chargers.

Among these, may be mentioned Edward I., Edward

IV., King Henry VIII., and King James II. There are, also, to be seen here very many curious implements of war, dating through a period of several centuries. Among the things of especial interest, which I remember, were a number of weapons, consisting of long spears, and scythe blades fastened to long poles, used by the peasants, who had joined the army of "King Monmouth," when he made his futile attempt against the throne of his natural uncle, King James II., who sent him to the block, on Tower Hill, after his defeat at Sedgemoor, in 1585. Monmouth was a natural son of King Charles II. and Lucy Walters, but this did not weigh anything in his favor, in the eyes of King James. Another very notable figure is that of Queen Elizabeth, clad in her robes of state, and proceeding on horseback to St. Paul's, to return thanks to God, for the escape of England, from the dreaded Spanish Armada, in 1588, which was destroyed by a tempest, upon the very eve of its descent on England.

After leaving this Tower, we come next to a spot, which is, indeed, entitled to occupy a niche in history. This is known as Tower Green, and has St. Peter's Chapel, on one side, Beauchamp Tower, on the other, and, on still another, the White Tower, which we have just quitted. On this spot, we see an inscription, which tells us, that the uxorious Henry VIII. had his wife, the fair Queen Anne Boleyn, beheaded here, and yet, the very next day, with the blood of his innocent victim crying forth from the ground against him, he wedded the Lady Jane Seymour. Here, also, were put to death by his

order, Catherine Howard, and the Countess of Salisbury, the latter, over seventy years of age; and, here Queen Mary caused to be beheaded the Lady Jane Grey, whose husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, had already, preceded her to the block, and whose headless corpse was borne past her window, after an ignominious death.

There might be some palliation for the action of Bloody Mary, in the case of Lady Jane Grey, as she had dared to set herself up as a rival for the throne, but none, whatever, can be urged to justify the cruel Henry for his behavior toward his victims. There is but one more tower, accessible to visitors, and that is Beauchamp Tower, of which they let you see but one or two rooms, so that your visit to the Tower is rather unsatisfactory, after all. There are a number of quaint and curious carvings on the walls of these rooms, but few of them are of special interest to the casual visitor, unless the following, which I will passingly allude to, should be so, because of its possible connection with the novel "Peveril of the Peak," by the "Wizard of the North." One portion of this rather elaborate inscription is a representation of the crucifixion, bearing the initials of its superscription, and a bleeding heart; underneath is the word "Peverel."

To the right of the cross, is part of a skeleton, with an illegible inscription; underneath, to the left, is a shield, bearing the arms of the family of Peverel. How truly does that bleeding heart appropriately typify the

sufferings of the unhappy wretch, who, perhaps, lingered there, for years, in hopeless misery? By giving an extra shilling to the warder, a young man from Boston, and the writer, were allowed to enter the sacred precincts of the little chapel of St. Peter's, which contains many dead, some as illustrious, and some as infamous, perhaps, as any who lie entombed, amid the splendors of Westminster. No one, I presume, will object to reading, in Macaulay's glowing prose, the names of some of the historic characters, who sleep in this little, and unassuming sepulchre, so I quote the passage, entire, from the incomparable history of England, where he describes the closing scenes of Monmouth's Rebellion.

Speaking of the death of Monmouth, he says: "Within four years, the pavement of that chancel was, again, disturbed, and, hard by the remains of Monmouth, were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth, than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's, with genius, and virtue, with public veneration, and with imperishable renown, not, as in our humblest churches and church-yards, with everything that is most endearing in social, and domestic charities, but, with whatever is darkest in human nature, and in human destiny; with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice, of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness, and of blighted

fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailors, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men, who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts.

Thither, was borne, before the window where Jane was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the Realm, reposes there, by the brother whom he murdered. There, has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There, are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, was another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounty in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early, and an ignominious doom. Not far off, sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard — Thomas, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, the eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here, and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens, who perished by the jealous rage of Henry."

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON CONTINUED

THE next place of interest to which we wend our way, is the famous St. Paul's Cathedral, which is the most prominent building in London, and is situated in that part, which is technically known, as "the city;" which is near the commercial center of London, and is a lasting monument to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, that glorious architect, and grand old "Free and Accepted Mason." This church is remarkable in this, that, though it was thirty-five years in course of construction, having been begun in 1675, and finished in 1710, during the entire period, while it was being built, it was under the supervision of one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, one Master Mason, Thomas Strong, and one Bishop, Dr. Compton. It cost, almost, $4,000,000, and was built, mainly, by a tax on coals. Architects did not, it seems, command very high salaries in those days, for Sir Christopher Wren received only about $1,000 a year, for superintending its entire construction.

It is the third largest ecclesiastical edifice in Europe, being surpassed only, by St. Peter's, at Rome, and the Cathedral, at Milan. It has the largest dome in the world, and this reaches to the height

of 363 feet, and is of the enormous diameter of 180 feet, and, to the top of the cross, which surmounts the entire structure, is 44 feet more, which makes the cathedral tower reach the extreme height of 404 feet, above the pavement. The church is built in the form of the Latin cross, and the nave (that is to say, the extreme length) is 500 feet, and the breadth 118 feet, while the transept (that is to say, the part which forms the cross piece, as it were) is just half the extreme length, 250 feet, which gives the cathedral the most exquisite proportions. It may interest the Masonic fraternity to know, that the corner-stone of this noble structure, was laid with Masonic ceremonies, and the London Lodge, whose members officiated on that occasion, I am told, yet, preserve the Trowel and Mallet, which were used at the time, among their archives, and Masonic souvenirs.

There are, probably, 50 or 60 fine monuments to be seen in St. Paul's, chiefly, of England's naval, and military heroes, many of them, very elaborate, and costly pieces of statuary. Immediately, upon entering the Cathedral, you find yourself surrounded, on every hand, by the statues, erected by a grateful people, to the heroes, whose fame has penetrated, even, to the uttermost ends of the earth; and almost the first which attracts your attention is, that to the valiant warrior, who fell at Waterloo, Gen. Sir William Ponsonby, whose horse was killed under him, on that eventful day, and which left him to the tender mercies of the French. This piece of statuary represents Ponsonby, almost in a state of nudity, slipping from his horse,

and a female figure, personating Victory, holding out to him a crown; also, one to Gen. Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, in Spain, during the war with Napoleon, and who was buried at midnight, according to the poem, with which every school boy is familiar, beginning —

> "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
> As his corse to the rampart we hurried."

He is represented, as being interred by the figures of Valor, and Victory, and Spain erects the standard over the dead warrior's head. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, is represented with a scroll in his hand, and in an attitude, indicating the profoundest meditation. John Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, has, also, a statue, which represents him as clad in the Roman *toga*, with a key in one hand, and a scroll in the other. He is represented as entering a prison, and, as was his wont, bringing food and clothing to the unhappy inmates. Truly, as I gazed upon the statue of this grand Christian hero, in the midst of England's military chieftains, I recalled the noble work, which had caused John Howard's name to be spoken with reverence, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom; and I felt the full force of the saying that, "Peace hath her victories, not less renowned than War." The crowning glory, however, of St. Paul's, is the monument to Lord Nelson, by Flaxman, which is most imposing, and, is, truly, a noble work of art. Nelson is represented with a cloak, concealing the loss of

his right arm, which he suffered at Cadiz, and he leans upon an anchor, supported on a cable, which is coiled up. The cornice bears the names of his three great victories,—Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar. The pedestal is embellished with figures, in bas-relief, representing the German Ocean, the Baltic Sea, the Nile, and the Mediterranean, the gallant Nelson having valiantly sustained the honor of the English flag, in all these waters. At the foot, crouches the British Lion, and there is, also, a female figure, impersonating Britannia, and, who seems to be inciting a group of young sailors to emulate the great admiral's glorious example.

It is said that, at the battle of the Nile, Nelson exclaimed "Either victory or Westminster Abbey," thus showing his appreciation of the glory of having his ashes mingled with those of England's most illustrious dead; but, nevertheless, he found his resting place in the crypts of St. Paul, where he lies, amid a most goodly company, of which, however, more anon. Of special interest to Americans, I imagine, are the monuments to Gen. Ross, who, in the war of 1812, burned the Capitol, at Washington, besides committing other acts of vandalism, but, who was afterwards killed, at the battle of Bladensburg; and to the Generals, Packenham and Gibbs, who fell at the glorious victory of New Orleans, where General Jackson put 2,000 British *hors de combat*, with the unparalleled loss of eight killed and seven wounded, considering the British loss and the magnitude of his unexampled victory; but, from the boastful inscriptions on these

monuments, if you did not know better, you might be led to believe, that these men had been the very embodiment of all that is chivalrous and gallant.

Among others, of note, are the monument commemorating the achievements of Lord Collingwood, who was Vice-Admiral, under Lord Nelson, at Trafalgar, where the naval power of France was utterly destroyed, and driven from the seas, and the threatened invasion of England, by Napoleon, forever frustrated, and on whom the chief command devolved, after the death of Nelson; the one to Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who fell in Egypt, in 1801; to Henry Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages; to Lord Cornwallis, whose surrender, at Yorktown, virtually ended our war for independence; to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose epitaph, most justly describes him, as the "prince of the painters of his age;" to Gen. Lord Heathfield, who, in the last century, so gloriously defended Gibraltar, during the noted three year's siege, by the combined fleets and armies of Spain, and which resulted in their final discomfiture; to Sir Astley Cooper, the great surgeon, and many others, who might be mentioned, but these are, perhaps, among the most noteworthy.

The "Iron Duke," Lord Wellington, has here, a noble monument, being represented, as reposing on a lofty sarcophagus, overshadowed by a canopy of marble, which is supported by twelve handsome columns of Corinthian marble. Above, is a colossal group which represents "Valor overcoming Cowardice." Wellington and Nelson, the two great ideal warriors of

England, the one, in military, and the other, in naval achievements, are both buried in the "crypts" of St. Paul. By this term, is meant the subterranean portions of the cathedral, which contain the immense pillars, forty feet square, which are needed, to support the vast weight of the mighty dome of the cathedral, the statuary, etc.; and, directly beneath the center of the dome, is the sarcophagus of Lord Nelson, of black marble, and which bears the simple inscription, "Horatio, Viscount Nelson;" while, not far off, as is fitting, reposes Lord Collingwood who, as said above, was Nelson's Vice-Admiral, at Trafalgar. The sarcophagus of Wellington, consisting of a huge block of porphyry, resting on a base of granite, is at the left hand of the crypts, and lit with gas from four polished candelabra; and near it, also, is the sarcophagus of Gen. Picton, who fell, shot through the head, while leading the charge on the bloody day of Waterloo; and equally fitting is it that he, too, who "rushed into the field and foremost, fighting, fell," should "sleep the last sleep" near the Iron Duke, who was his commander-in-chief, on that historic day. In a chamber, behind the sarcophagus of Lord Nelson, is to be seen, the funeral car of Wellington, just, as it was used, in 1859, at the obsequies of the "Iron Duke," still hung with all its sable trimmings, and rich with decorations, showing the nation's grief for the illustrious dead, and which was cast from guns, taken in his various victories. Among other famous dead, whose ashes repose near Wellington and Nelson, may be mentioned the painters,

Sir Edwin Landseer, and Sir Benjamin West, the latter, an American, of Quaker parentage; and, "last, but, not least," Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, sleeps beneath the majestic structure which is, itself, a noble monument to his genius. How truly could he have exclaimed, when he saw the noble edifice, rearing its proud spire, heavenward, *exegi monumentum perennius aere*! Of course, you must understand that, to see these sights, in Europe, always costs something, and, in St. Paul's, although you can see everything, which is to be seen, in the body of the cathedral free of charge, after that, you are charged so much admission to each place of interest. I will here give you the scale of prices for St. Paul's, and will, also, state here, once for all, that you are beset with the most shameless extortion, from one quarter and another, almost, without limit, and, without ceasing, from the time you land on the shores of Europe, until you get out of their clutches, — when you go on board ship, in order to return to your native land.

If this be the case (and any tourist will tell you the same thing), in churches and cathedrals, which, like religion, you would naturally think, would be "without money and without price," you may expect to be, "literally fleeced," when you get beyond their sacred precincts; and, indeed, you will not be disappointed. The whispering gallery, and the stone, and golden galleries, which are on the outside of the dome, cost sixpence; ascent to the ball, one shilling, and sixpence; library, geometrical staircase and large bell, sixpence, and the

crypts, sixpence more, costing in all three shillings English, or about seventy-five cents, American money. Next, I will speak of our ascent, from the body of the church, to the inside of the ball, which is almost at the very top of the structure, and it is, indeed, a tiresome journey, but one well worth the trouble it costs, to view the superb panorama of the great metropolis, stretching for miles in every direction, from an elevation, four hundred feet above the London streets. Just think of it, will you? The guide book says: "The ball is only six hundred and sixteen steps above the tesselated pavement of the church," but the view, which I obtained from my lofty eyrie, of the stupendous labyrinth so far below me, and which I shall speak of more at length, presently, more than repaid me, for the exertion and outlay, which the ascent cost me, as the day was bright and sunshiny; in fact, unusually fine, for London.

After toiling up 260 steps from the pavement of the church, after almost a period of infinity (as it seems to the already exhausted climber) passed in clambering up a narrow, and dark winding stairway; now, and then groping your way in gloom, which is rendered all the denser, after passing occasional gleams of gas-light, from a stray burner, here, and there, you reach the celebrated whispering gallery of St. Paul's; which, in its effects, is very similar to the one, which we afterwards visited, in the crypts of the Pantheon, at Paris. This is a gallery, with a light fancy railing, running around the inside of the base of the dome, the whole

distance, which, as the dome is at the outside base, 180 feet in diameter, would make the inside circumference of the dome, which forms the whispering gallery, about 320 feet, and, here, you first get some idea of the immense size of the dome, which is far above your head, and is much larger, and more imposing, than the dome of the capitol at Washington. You are then instructed by your guide, — who is, of course, one of the paid officials of the church, but who, nevertheless, always expects you to grease his "itching palm" with a shilling, at least, for his valuable services, in addition to what you have already paid to see the sights,— to go about half way around the gallery, which would be at a point about 108 feet across the dome, or 160 feet around the circle, and then apply your ear against the wall of the dome. Your conductor has, meanwhile, stationed himself near the entrance, and, applying his mouth to the wall, he utters a gentle whisper, which is reproduced in your ear, almost, in a conversational tone of voice.

He, also, claps his hands, which sounds like the discharge of a volley of small arms. The effect, however, is far inferior to the results witnessed in the Pantheon, at Paris, where the conductor struck the wall, with a small stick, and the echo resounded in our ears, like the reverberations of the loudest thunder. While in the whispering gallery, your attention is directed to the beautiful decorations, and frescoes, on the ceiling of the dome, by the celebrated artist, Thorn-

hill, and which represent various interesting events in the life of the great apostle, St. Paul. This work must have been attended with frightful danger, and it is said that, while the frescoing of the dome was in progress, one of the artists, in his enthusiasm, while gazing admiringly upon the creation of his own genius, stepped back, almost to the very verge of the scaffold, which was more than 300 feet above the pavement of the church, and, in another moment, he would have been dashed to atoms, had not a brother artist, with rare presence of mind, seeing his imminent peril, dashed his brush over the fresco, when the indignant painter rushed forward to interfere, and was thus saved from an awful death.

One hundred and eighteen steps more, and you reach the stone gallery, upon the outside of the dome, and which is enclosed by a stone parapet, whence it derives its name. From this point, the visitor obtains his first panoramic view of the city of London, and here, I think, for the first time, he begins to have even a faint conception, of the immensity of this stupendous collection of houses, and inhabitants, the largest in the world; which covers an area of 122 square miles, or about eleven miles on each side, if the city were built in a solid square, (which would make it embrace about half the area of Ancient Babylon, which was fifteen miles square, but which contained, within its walls, vast areas of tillable land, upon which might be raised supplies for her myriads of inhabitants, in case of siege), and which has

7,400 streets, 728,794 houses, 1,100 churches, 7,500 public houses, 1,700 coffee houses, and 500 hotels and inns.

Lord Cairns once said in Parliament, that "a man might hop from one end of London to the other, if only he might stop at the public houses," and, probably, he was right in his astounding assertion, for the statistics show that, in this vast city, there are, annually, consumed 45,000,000 gallons of ale and porter, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 8,000,000 gallons of wine, to say nothing of the daily water consumption of 150,000,000 gallons. Are not these statistics truly startling? Whilst a ship is sailing over the ocean, her path is always, of course, represented by the diameter of a circle, of which the horizon is the circumference, and I was told by the purser of the City of Rome, that, on bright days, the ordinary limit of vision at sea was, probably, about ten miles, in every direction, which would make the distance from one point of the horizon to the opposite point, about twenty miles.

The day, on which our party ascended to the ball of St. Paul's, was bright and sunny, and I could see for a considerable distance in any direction, say, perhaps, for four or five miles, all around the dome; but my eyes failed to reach even the suburbs of the great metropolis, and its innumerable streets, and buildings faded away into nothingness, in the misty sunshine, apparently, at that great distance, as a solid and continuous mass of brick and mortar, as they

were, at our very feet. This statement, of what the glorious view seemed to unfold to our startled vision, may give my readers some idea of this mammoth hive of human industry, vagabondage and crime, of pauperism and of wealth, which are, alike, unlimited, for, in no other city on the face of the globe, can be presented such a conglomeration of all the extremes of life, as in this marvelous city of London.

It was from this lofty pinnacle, that I first obtained a glimpse of the hoary, and weather-beaten, but, nevertheless, venerated, Westminster Abbey, and also of the magnificent Houses of Parliament, right at the very edge of the river Thames, and which Carlyle so aptly described, as "that work of modern confectionery," in whose august opinion, I fully concurred, upon a visit which I made to them, a little later. Still higher up is the golden gallery, and at the foot of the great stone lantern, as it is called, which crowns the cathedral, and sustains the weight of the huge ball, and cross.

At this point, your guide calls your attention to a hole in the floor, about 6 or 8 inches in diameter, and asks you to look at the wonderful sight below you. It is more than 300 feet, to the floor of the cathedral, and the persons there, who were engaged in divine worship, at the time, looked like the veriest pigmies. I shall never forget the impression the sight made upon me, and I, involuntarily, looked at the floor upon which we were standing at the time, and wondered, if it was entirely sound, and trustworthy.

I will mention, here, several things worthy of remark along the way which I have omitted to notice, in my anxiety to transport my readers, along with me, to the top of St. Paul's. The large, self-supporting staircase, winding around and around, until it seemed almost interminable, is called the Geometrical Staircase, and the steps hang together, like a good many healthy, able-bodied people I know of, "without any visible means of support," except the bottom step. As you pass, on your way, to see the great bell of St. Paul's, you step, for a moment, into the library of the church, which contains many rare, and curious works, among its 9,000 volumes, having the first book of common prayer ever printed, and a set of old monastic manuscripts, which are said to have been saved from the archives of the old St. Paul's which, as has been said above, formerly stood on the site of the present structure, when England was given over to superstition and idolatry, and was a Roman Catholic country, full of convents, monasteries, and cathedrals, of which there are said to have been more than six hundred during those times.

The floor of this room, is a very handsome mosaic, executed in wood. The bell weighs nearly 12,000 pounds, and is never tolled, except when a death occurs, or a burial takes place in the royal family, or in case of the death of the Bishop of London, of a Lord Mayor, dying in office, or in case of the death of the Dean of St. Paul's. The clock is an immense affair, with a dial-plate 20 feet in diameter, the minute hand being ten feet in length, the hour hand about six feet, and the weights,

and every thing else in proportion. Now, for the conclusion of our visit to St. Paul's, and we nerve ourselves anew, for the ascent of the ball. The place which you pass through, in order to reach the ball, is so narrow, that a very fleshy man could hardly get through, even if he should live to get up that high, which, from my experience, I am very much inclined to doubt, as, at that time, I weighed about 185 pounds, which made it with me almost a case of "fat man's misery."

However, when you at last get up inside the ball, you find that it is large enough to accommodate, at least a half dozen men, together, and, in fact, there were about that many of us, inside the ball, on that occasion. At first, you peep out a few times, rather timidly, as the wind which, on the pavement, four hundred feet below, was only like a gentle zephyr, you find here, blowing something like a Western cyclone, and you, involuntarily, wonder if the thing is altogether safe, and you fervently wish yourself once more on *terra firma*, until the manifold beauties of the scene make you forget yourself, for the time being, then you give one "last, long, lingering look" around, clamber down the six hundred steps, which you have mounted with such fatigue, look hastily back at the heroic figures, which embellish the body of the church, as you walk through, and, regretfully, pass out into the church-yard of St. Paul's, and back into the busy city, almost at one stride, and you have left this noble mausoleum of many of England's greatest celebrities, perhaps, for ever.

Next, we wended our way to Westminster Abbey, and to say that I approached that ancient pile (which, with its "many clustered shafts, and pointed arches," was founded by King Henry III. six hundred years ago) with feelings akin to awe and veneration, would not be very far from the truth, and I feel, only, too painfully, my entire inability to give, even the faintest idea, of its grandeur and its sublimity, far less, to speak with fitness, of its historic dead. While the grand old Abbey is not nearly so imposing as St. Paul's, yet, when you think of what remains of human greatness, learning, and wisdom (to say nothing of cruelty, tyranny, and all phases of human wickedness, as well) lie here "entombed, and waiting for the resurrection morn," just, as all other dead, of common mould, the glowing words of Byron (although, not used by him, to describe the Abbey, at all), seem not inapt, and more nearly to express the feelings of a person of thought, and sensibility, upon such an interesting and eventful occasion, than any other quotation, with which I am, at present, familiar: —

> "Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground;
> No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
> But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
> And all the muse's tales seem fairly told,
> Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
> The scenes, our earliest dreams have dwelt upon."

The Abbey is built, as usual, in the form of the Latin cross, and the following are its dimensions: It is 416 feet in length, from the two western towers, which are

225 feet high, to Henry VII.'s Chapel, and, including that famous chapel, is 530 feet in length; the nave is 166 feet in length, and about 38 in breadth, and the choir is 155 feet, by 38.

The chapel of Henry VII. is 104 feet in length, and, about 136 in breadth. Sir Henry Cole, the author of "A Hand-book for Westminster Abbey," says that, the "Abbey has always seemed to me the most varied and grandest of our national specimens of ecclesiastical architecture," and the foregoing statistics, concerning the Abbey, are obtained from his valuable, and interesting work. We obtained our first view of the Abbey, from the north, which is the point from which the structure is generally approached by the visitor, as this portion faces toward the busiest part of the city; and this is most disappointing at the first visit, as the Abbey, on this side, seems very much wanting in height, and majesty of proportions, for a place, so full of grand historic associations, and, more particularly, as we have just come from viewing the immense proportions of St. Paul's.

Just before we reach Westminster we pass by Parliament Square (which is directly in front of the Abbey, and near the Houses of Parliament), which contains the statues of Lord Palmerston, Canning, Sir Robert Peel, who justly earned the nation's gratitude for the noble part he took in repealing the obnoxious Corn Laws; and, notably, a fine bronze statue of the late Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield (Disraeli), and pass, for the first time,

within the portals of that famous structure, which, alone, is worth the perils of an ocean voyage to see, and which is the "Walhalla," or Temple of Honor to all Englishmen, whether of high or low degree.

We pass in at the north transept, and, almost, immediately we are dazzled, and bewildered, by the "embarrassment of riches," of a historic kind, which is indissolubly blended with England's history, and, so, with the whole world's history as well; and in the surroundings which we behold, in that "dim religious light," the first tribute of a nation's admiration, and love, which rivets our attention, is the elaborate monument to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who died in 1778, and who was the father of William Pitt, the unrivaled Minister; whose brilliant opponent, and leader, of Opposition in the House of Commons, Charles James Fox, who admired Bonaparte, almost as much as Pitt detested and feared him, is buried, near the younger Pitt in the north aisle; and thus, by a singular coincidence, though, they were bitter enemies while in life, yet death has leveled all distinctions, as usual, and, there, the two most brilliant statesmen, perhaps, that England has ever seen, lie, almost, side by side, mouldering into one common clay, and, no doubt, it was their close proximity, which suggested Scott's oft quoted lines: —

> "Drop upon Fox's grave, the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

These famous dead "sleep their last sleep," in the north aisle of the nave, and, near them, lie Grattan, the

famous lawyer, and that prince of orators, dramatists, and wits, the incomparable Richard Brindsley Sheridan.

The monument of the Earl of Chatham is one of the most elaborate to be seen within the walls of the Abbey, and for that reason I will try to give my readers some faint conception of its grandeur. Lord Chatham is represented by a life-size statue, as though in the attitude of delivering an address, while at his feet are seated two female figures representing Wisdom and Courage; in the center Brittania, who, according to the old quotation, "rules the wave," with her trident, and to the right and left elaborate bas-reliefs representing respectively the earth and sea. Of course, many persons have memorial tablets or monuments to them, in the Abbey, whose remains are not interred there — sometimes even persons of distinction — and it is now so filled up that interments rarely take place there, and members of the Royal Family have not been interred there now for more than a century, the last interments of the royal family being King George II. in 1760, and Queen Caroline in 1737 in the chapel of Henry VII, ever since that time the interments taking place in St. George's chapel at Windsor Castle. So, of course, you find the tombs of no kings or queens during the last century and a half in the Abbey.

In the north aisle, also, lie the remains of Lord Palmerston, George Canning, and Sir Robert Peel, spoken of above, as having obtained the repeal (when intended) of the odious Corn Laws, and for which philanthropic achievement he has monuments and statues innumerable,

all over England, besides being forever enshrined in the hearts of his grateful countrymen of the United Kingdom. Here, also, lies Lord Mansfield, "the father of English law," who is represented in his judicial robes, on his left hand, Justice, with her scales held up aloft, and on his right hand, Wisdom, opening the book of the law. Behind the bench, and above his lordship's head, is inscribed Lord Mansfield's motto, "*uni aequus virtuti*," with the ancient symbol of death, a youth with an extinguished torch.

We next passed directly across the center of the Abbey to that sacred nook, the "Poets' Corner," where we find commemorated the brightest names in English literature, both in poetry and prose, from the time of old Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, down to our own time, and where Americans see, with unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction, the bust of our own Longfellow; but I missed, extremely, one whose incomparable poetic brilliancy and genius surely merits some fitting recognition in this hallowed spot, at the hands of his, apparently, unappreciative countrymen. I need hardly say, I allude to the peerless Byron, but no matter; the world has fully recognized his immortal genius, and when his morbid and fiery spirit took its flight to that unseen world, "from whose bourne no traveller returns,"

> "They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
> But left him alone in his glory,"

which shall not fade away or become dim, even in the lapse of ages!

Here, I can only mention the names of the most prominent occupants of the "Poets' Corner," as I have not the materials at hand for a more extended notice, than I have given above, of the various tombs and statues whose names are legion. In this sacred nook, which contains the dust of the greatest intellects, and the greatest factors in human progress that the world has ever seen, or ever will see again, undoubtedly, lie Geo. Grote, the historian of Greece; David Garrick, the famous actor; Joseph Addison, the greatest prose writer of the eighteenth century, and author of the *Spectator*; Lord Macaulay, the eloquent Whig historian, whose graceful periods have amazed the literary world; Thackeray, the keenest analyst of human nature, in modern literature, except, perhaps, Balzac; Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Vicar of Wakefield" will always be a classic; and John Gay, the author of the "Beggar's Opera," which is the starting point of our modern *opera bouffe*, and who wrote his own epitaph, which has been quoted time and again, though, perhaps, it is a trifle irreverent, if we consider by what goodly company the gay and licentious wit is surrounded, and also that his ashes lie within the portals of the most venerable and renowned mausoleum, probably, to be found upon the face of the globe.

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, but now I know it."

Here, also, lie Thompson, the poet of the seasons, and Thomas Campbell, who wrote the "Pleasures of

Hope," but "th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage," the "bard of Avon, sweet Will Shakespeare" is not here; but we see a life size statue of the poet, and the epitaph, as is fitting, is taken from his writings —

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision
> Leave not a wreck behind."

The time will, no doubt, come when Shakespere's remains will rest in this *sanctum sanctorum*, where they should have been interred long ere this, and surely nothing but a feeling of superstition, produced by the perusal of the frightful malediction which the poet himself has invoked upon the devoted head of him who shall dare to disturb the quiet of his last resting place at Stratford, has prevented their removal to Westminster Abbey long since. I give below the poet's blood-curdling invocation against the would-be despoiler of his tomb: —

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare
> To digg the dust encloased heare;
> Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
> And cursed be he yt moves my bones."

In this connection, it may not be without interest to our readers to state that the town of Fredericksburg, Virginia, has a relic which directly connects her history with the bard of Avon, and which, though rarely seen, and utterly neglected, the British Museum,

doubtless, would purchase at its weight in gold, or even more, if only apprised of the bare existance of such an (invaluable) relic. This relic is nothing more nor less than an old slab of red standstone, which is to be seen in the Masonic burial ground at that place, flat on its back, under a tangle of weeds and creepers, with the upper corner chipped off, and the old English lettering dim, but still distinctly traceable. The inscription explains itself fully, and I copy it in this place: —

"Here lies the body of
EDWARD HEEDON
Practitioner in Physics and Chirurgery.
Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord, 1542.
Was Contemporary with,
And One of the Pall-bearers to William Shakespere of the Avon.
After a brief illness,
His Spirit Ascended in the Year of Our Lord, 1618.
Aged 76."

Next, we come to the east side of the Poet's Corner, and there we find Matthew Prior, politician and poet, Thomas, Gray, John Milton, Edmund Spenser, author of the "Faerie Queen," and called the "prince of poets in his time." Ben Johnson, the friend and contemporary of Shakespeare, and, on the pedestal, I noticed especially the inscription, "O rare Ben Johnson," as it is spelled on the base (and not "Jonson," as it is usually quoted), Geoffrey Chaucer, the author of the "Canterbury Tales," and John Dryden, who translated Virgil, and who wrote, among many other poems *Annusi Mirabilis* (or the "Wonderful Year"), which commemorates the great plague and great fire

of London, both of which notable events occurred in the same year, 1666, and the latter of which is kept before the eyes of Londoners constantly by the great Fire Monument which stands on Fish Street Hill, near the spot where the great conflagration started.

These things we saw without charge, but to see the chapels of Westminster, of which there are nine, you must have one of the church officials conduct you through, which he generally does, in parties of fifteen or twenty persons, each of whom pays sixpence for his trouble, and for the lecture which he gives you as you visit the various chapels. However, it does not take very long to make up a party containing that many persons, as the Abbey is usually so thronged with curious visitors, that the services of the Vergers are almost constantly in demand.

The oldest chapel which you visit is that of Edward the Confessor, who, indeed, was the founder of the Abbey, and among the tombs of note here are those of Henry III., whose father was a Knight Templar, and which order buried him with distinguished obsequies. Eleanor, the wife of Edward I., Queen Philippa, the wife of Edward III., and noted as being the mother of fourteen children, one of them born the Prince of Wales, but better known as the illustrous "Black Prince," whose achievements in arms have given him an enviable place in history, but who, broken down by his many arduous campaigns, died before his father, in 1376, the latter dying in 1377, and, as being related to no less than thirty crowned

heads, and King Richard II., who was murdered on St. Valentine's Day, 1399. Here you also see the ancient coronation chair of the Scottish Kings, and the chair made expressly for the coronation of the Prince of Orange (William III.), after the Revolution of 1688, and his wife, Queen Mary, so that both might occupy the Coronation Chair, and be crowned at the same time, upon which condition, only, William consented to accept the throne of England, he being unwilling to fill any other relation to his wife, Queen Mary, than that of being crowned and reigning on equal terms with her.

The finest and largest chapel of the Abbey is that of King Henry VII., and here lie King Henry himself, "Bloody Mary," and "Good Queen Bess." Here, also, may be seen a monument to the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who was first interred at Peterboro, after her death on the scaffold at Fotheringay Castle, in 1587, but whose remains were afterwards removed to Westminster, and near her is the tomb of Charles II., the "Merrye Monarch," with General Monk, who was the chief instrument in his restoration to the throne of his father in 1660, and who is seen as though standing guard over his tomb, which is a very pretty conceit, I think.

Near the great Queen Elizabeth, rest the bones of the two little princes who were smothered in the Tower by the connivance of their cruel uncle Richard, the Hunchback. It would, however, take a large volume to describe half way the glories of the Abbey, and its countless

historic dead, and I will not weary you much longer with details; but there are several things yet which I wish to speak of. One tombstone, I especially desire to mention, and it is located in the south transept near the tomb of Chas. Dickens. This is the tomb of "old Parr," as he is called in England to this day, and the following is the inscription on his tomb, which is probably without a parallel in what is known as "graveyard literature." "Thomas Parr, of ye county of Sallop, born in A. D. 1483. He lived in the reigns of nine princes, viz.: King Edward IV., King Edward V., King Edward VI., King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles; aged 152 years, and was buried here November 15, 1635."

What vicissitudes of history did not that man of such longevity, (who, most marvelous of all, lived in three successive centuries, the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth, during the Middle Ages; something which no other man except himself has ever done most likely since the days of the Patriarchs,) behold during these nine eventful reigns, during which some of the most momentous events of England's history took place? I will mention but two more tombs in the Abbey, and then pass out from its sacred portals once more, into the sunshine to meditate, at some future time, upon the glories I have so lately quitted.

Near the chapel of Edward the Confessor, is the ancient monument of the Knight Templar, "Edward

Crouchback," the second son of Henry III., from whom the house of Lancaster derived its claim to the English throne, and the claims of whose rival, the House of York, led to the bloody "Wars of the Roses." On the sarcophagus are remains of the figures of the ten Knights who accompanied Edward to the Holy Land, and near by is the monument of another Knight Templar, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who was assassinated in France in 1327. Near these monuments is one to Gen. Wolfe, who fell at the capture of Quebec, and of whom it is said that while floating down the St. Lawrence, on his way to surprise that important stronghold of the French in Canada, as though he had some premonition of his approaching end, he quoted the following couplet from Gray's Elegy: —

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await, alike, the inevitable hour;
> The path of glory leads but to the grave."

That evening, I was extremely desirous of seeing the celebrated actor Mr. Henry Irving, of whom I had heard so much, already, in America, and, also, to see his gifted, leading lady, Miss Ellen Terry, at the well known Lyceum Theater, in London; but the house not being very large, and at the same time, tickets being almost unprecedentedly high, and besides that, having been advised that there was standing room only to be had that evening, I concluded I would have to curb my enthusiasm, and wait *till I see 'em* in America, so I went

to the Savoy Theater, in the Strand, instead. (By the way, a patent on this pun has already been applied for, and no infringement will be allowed, under any circumstances, whatever, and, therefore, we fondly trust that none will be attempted). There, I saw the charming opera of "Iolanthe," by Gilbert and Sullivan (the latter since Knighted, and made Sir. Arthur Sullivan), and aside from its charming music, and pretty costumes, I was highly diverted, if not edified, by seeing the supposed Lord Chancellor of England, dressed in his high official robes, and masquerading on the comic stage.

I had already seen the genuine barristers, in their wigs, and gowns,at York, at the Criminal Assizes, and was, especially, pleased to have an opportunity of forming some idea of how the Lord Chancellor of England would look upon the veritable wool-sack, and, here, I saw his exact *fac-simile*, although, in rather a new, and unusual *role*. It took a strong effort of the imagination for me, even, to think of a haughty, and dignified Lord Chancellor of England, "cutting pigeon wings" on the opera stage, and making love to his own ward in chancery, for which, as he said, himself, he was liable to be fined heavily, for contempt of his own court, and how to obtain his own consent, to marry his own ward, was one of the trouble she had to contend with, and I think that it was this absurd incongruity, which amused the audience, more than the witticisms of his *soi-disant* lordship, and his absurd

antics on the stage, seemed far removed, indeed, from the staid demeanor, which we would naturally look for, in a genuine Lord Chancellor.

One of the leading parts, on that evening, was sustained by Miss Fortesque, a charming actress, who was said, at the time, to be engaged to a real live English lord, Lord Garmoyle, and the society papers were all on the *qui vive*, in regard to this juicy *morceau* of news. Since my return to America, I have seen the sequel to this love affair, in the shape of a heavy suit for breach of promise, in which the noble lord was mulcted, in a compromise, for the immense sum of $50,000 damages; a pretty heavy price for the fickle fancy of an *opera bouffe* actress, but Lord Garmoyle is not the first lord "Very Soft" (nor will he be the last one, either), who "has paid very dear for his whistle."

It is said, that this is the largest verdict, that was ever rendered in the British Isles, in a case of breach of promise, and an amusing discovery has been made, since the trial, in regard to the well conceived, touching and highly edifying letters, which were written by the fair plaintiff, Miss Fortesque, to the defendant, Lord Garmoyle, and which were much commended, by his lordship from the Bench, were taken *verbatim*, *et literatim*, *et spellatim*, *et punctuatim*, from somebody's "Complete Letter Writer." By the way, the great "*mulcted*" is now in this country. I was much surprised, to find that I had to pay a penny for the pro-

gramme of the evening's performance, and I thought how different were the ideas of the dull, and heavy Britons, in regard to business push, and enterprise, from us, their descendants. over here, in America, in regard to such things.

The programme contained no advertisements, whatever, as ours do, but was simply a bill of the play, for which the enterprising manager charged about two cents.

The next day, about twenty of the original party, which had set out from New York were to start for the Continent, by the morning express, from Charing Cross Station to Folkestone, at which point we had arranged to embark for Boulogne, which is what is known as the middle route across the English Channel, the shortest route being that from Dover to Calais, and the longest that from Newhaven to Dieppe, so I will postpone any further description of London until my return from the Continent, when I shall make a more protracted stay, and then will resume the narrative of the sights of London so, for the present, we will bid adieu to murky, gloomy London, and hie us away as fast as steam can carry us to the gay and brilliant French metropolis.

CHAPTER V.

FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

IN accordance with the arrangements of Sir E. M. Jenkins, our pilgrims being considered by him too numerous to travel in one party on the Continent, the larger portion were to leave London the same night for the Continent, *via* Harwich and the North Sea, and travel in the reverse order of our projected route, they ascending the Rhine, and we descending that noble and historic stream; and our programme included a reunion of our entire party at Interlaken, the "Swiss Saratoga," which was carried out to the letter, and will be adverted to more at length when that interesting Mecca for European pilgrims, as well as Pilgrim Templars, is reached in the due course of travel. The next morning about nine o'clock, we proceeded to the Charing Cross Station, which is unusually fine and imposing, and has also an elegant hotel, which is known as the Charing Cross Hotel, connected with it; and at this station, we entered our railway carriages for our trip to Folkestone, and thence to the fascinating and dangerous Paris, the *Sans Souci* of the universe, if any in truth there be. In front of the station stands a magnificent Gothic monument, which is a copy of "Eleanor's Cross," which was erected,

in 1291, by Edward I. at Charing Cross to commemorate the spot where the coffin of his queen was set down on its last halt on the way to Westminster Abbey.

The original was taken down by order of the Rump Parliament in 1647, which two years later beheaded King Charles I. Before our train pulled out of the station I sauntered along the platform and took a look at the engine which was to draw our train, and although the rain was falling quite fast, I noticed that there was no cab whatever, for the "driver" and "stoker," as the English term our more familar engineer and fireman, and there they stood in the rain enveloped in big gum coats, or "Mackintoshes," as they call them, with not the least protection from the weather, as well as none for the delicate machinery of the locomotive, which is so well protected by our railway cabs. At last the train steamed away, and we soon crossed the Charing Cross Railway Bridge over the Thames, and we were on our way to *la belle* France.

The distance from London to Paris is something like two hundred and eighty-three miles, and counting the time consumed in crossing the channel at an average of an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters, takes from ten to eleven hours. The ride from London to Folkestone was accomplished in a couple of hours, and our train backed us around right down to the pier, where we took the packet boat for France, and while she was taking on board her usual quota of passengers, with all their luggage *et id genus omne*, I spent my time in looking at the high

chalky cliffs of perfidious Albion, of which Macaulay speaks, when describing the passage through the Strait of Dover of the fleet which was bringing back Charles II., in 1660 (when he says the chalky cliffs of Dover were covered with thousands weeping with joy, at the restoration of "Prince Charlie from over the sea"), and in listening to the musical murmurs of the French language, heard for the first time in all its mellifluence from the lips of a number of our fellow passengers, and then, I first really felt that I was, or rather, soon would be, a "stranger in a strange land."

True, I was myself of Huguenot extraction, and had some acquaintance with standard French literature, and could translate the language fairly well, but the French of Paris, and the *patois* which is taught in American boarding schools and colleges are as wide apart, almost, as the poles. During my travels on the Continent, when forced by dire necessity, I made a few blind staggers at *speaking French without the accent*, but my success was not the most flattering in the world, as you may well imagine, and reminded me very forcibly of a lively anecdote which Charles Lever relates in the "Confessions of Con. Cregan," and as it fitted my case pretty well, I will here quote it for the edification of the students of *American French.*

Lever says that "a certain Tipperary gentleman once called upon a countryman in Paris, and after ringing stoutly at the bell, the door was opened by a very smartly dressed 'maid,' whose grisette cap and apron seemed to pronounce her to be French, '*Est-ce-*

Capitaine-est-ce — Monsieur O'Shea, ici?' asked he in considerable hesitation.

"'Ah, sir, you're English!' exclaimed the maid in a very London accent.

"'Yis, my little darlint,' I was askin' for Capt. O'Shea.'

"'Ah, sir, you're Irish,' said she, with a very significant fall of the voice.

"'So,' as he afterwards remarked, 'my *French showed* that I was *English*, and my *English* that I was *Irish*.'"

The most of our party, unfortunately, like our Irish friend just alluded to, had neglected Tom Hood's capital advice,

> "Never go to France, unless you know the lingo;
> If you do, like me, you'll repent, by jingo!"

and I suspect that most of us sincerely regretted our shortcomings in that direction.

We had all had our misgivings about the channel's being very rough, but on the contrary we were agreeably surprised to find that it was a glorious, sunshiny morning, and we crossed over in about an hour and a half, the distance being about twenty-five miles; and very much to our satisfaction our party had very little use for the bowls which lay around the cabin in the greatest profusion, and which were unpleasantly suggestive; nevertheless, here and there we noticed some one prostrated with the *mal du mer*, of which we had already had our share on the broad Atlantic, and paying

tribute, at occasional intervals, to Father Neptune. Our steamer was a very fine and fast sidewheeler, and we went across with dispatch, and the coast of England had barely faded away before we began to distinguish afar off the outline of the French coast, so you may know from that, that we must have had a nice day for the trip.

At Boulogne, I got my first glimpse of the *gens d' armes*, whom I had read about all my life, and there they were, waiting at the pier for the arrival of the Channel packet, with their jaunty cocked hats, swords, and military caps, and they presented a singular contrast to our "nobby Broadway squad," and still more so to the average London policeman, who is awkward and ungainly to a remarkable degree. There is nothing especially notable about Boulogne, except that it is the place which Bonaparte selected as the *rendezvous* for his projected invasion of England, in 1803, which menaced that country daily, and nightly, for three years, and for which he had made colossal preparations.

He collected at this point, which was only twenty-five miles away from Dover, an army of 172,000 of the flower of his infantry, 9,000 cavalry, and a fleet of 2,413 transports, for the purpose of leaping over the narrow barrier which interposed between him and his prey, and surely, since the days of the memorable Spanish Armada, in 1588, England has never been in such imminent peril as she was at this period. Three events chiefly conspired to pre-

vent this invasion. One, the death of Villeneuve, Napoleon's most trusted and valued admiral, who died as Napoleon was about to consummate his gigantic project, he relying upon Villeneuve's skill to cover the crossing of the transports to the English shore, and he deferred action in the matter for some time, to cast about him for a suitable successor. Another cause was the great coalition which the wily Pitt formed with the Prussians the Austrians and the Russians, and which caused Bonaparte to withdraw a portion of his forces from Boulogne, but which eventually ended in the unparalleled campaign of 1805, in the glories of Jena, Eylau, Ulm, and Austerlitz, and in the complete humiliation of the Prussian monarchy especially.

The crowning reason, however, which caused the scheme to be finally abandoned, was the entire annihilation of the French fleet at Trafalgar, in 1805, by Nelson and Collingwood, which gave the *coup de grace* to his ambitious designs in that direction forever. Trafalgar Square, in London, takes its name from this event, and Lord Nelson, whose famous monument is the chief attraction of that portion of London, is justly looked upon as the savior of his country. Bonaparte had spent much time in drilling his soldiers to enter the transports under the enemy's fire, and was perfectly satisfied of his ability to cross the channel until, by his failure to obey orders, coupled with a painful lack of decision, Villeneuve's successor allowed Lord Nelson with his fleet to cut him off from Boulogne,

and with the loss of his fleet at Trafalgar his vast scheme collapsed like a bubble.

From that time forward, Napoleon was compelled to allow England to remain mistress of the seas, while he made himself the autocrat of the land. I believe there is a pillar there, which marks the site of the camp of the "Army of England," as Bonaparte exultantly called it, but he reckoned without his host, and the same powers, which by coalition prevented the invasion of England, also dealt Bonaparte his death blow at Waterloo. About the only place of note which we pass through, between Boulogne and Paris, is the city of Amiens, where the "Peace of Amiens" between France and England was signed in 1802. Joseph Bonaparte, afterwards King of Spain, and who, after the downfall of the Bonaparte dynasty, came to this country, and lived at Bordentown, N. J., for a number of years, represented France; while Lord Cornwallis, who figured so prominently as a brave, though unfortunate British general during our Revolutionary war, and whose surrender at Yorktown in 1781, by the aid of the French, under Count Rochambeau, virtually ended the Revolution, represented England, but the "Peace," I believe, only lasted about a twelvemonth.

We arrived at Paris, at 9, P. M. having passed through a dreary and cheerless looking country, which, in point of beauty, can not compare with England, being much more like our Western prairie country, and I was heartily glad to get to our journey's end. We were driven at

once to our hotel, the "Splendide," which we found to be situated directly in front of the Grand Opera House, and, consequently, in the very midst of gay and lively Paris (which, though not 300 miles away, seems the *antipodes* of dull and gloomy London), that glorious capital which is at once, the political, scientific, literary, artistic, and fashionable center of Europe; and as Lever says, "whose very air is the champagne of atmospheres, and where, amid the brilliant objects so lavishly thrown on every side, even the poor man forgets his poverty, and actually thinks he has some share in the gorgeous scene around him."

We were but a step, as it were, from the Boulevard des Capucines, one of the most magnificent thoroughfares of that superb city which the much abused Bonaparte *regime* has done so much to adorn and beautify. The carriages on the Northern Railway of France are the handsomest and most luxurious we have yet seen in Europe; and on this line I first beheld the novel sight of the "guard" walking along on the steps of the carriages which, of course, like the English railway carriages, have the steps on the sides, instead of at the ends, as with us, and looking in at the upper part of the door to punch our tickets, while the train was running at express speed, and I thought to myself that his life was in the greatest peril every moment, for if he should find one door of the train not securely fastened he would be liable to be thrown off into space without a moment's warning or chance to save his life. I wondered how our American conductors would like that

style of collecting tickets. In England your ticket, if you are a through passenger, is taken up by a station employe at the next station but one before you arrive at your destination, the guard having nothing to do but to run the train.

"The vine-clad hills of delightful France" are no where to be seen between Boulogne and Paris; in fact, the first we saw of them was near Fontainebleau, which is forty miles from Paris on the route to Geneva, and which is noted as the place at which Bonaparte signed his Abdication, in 1814, before his retirement to Elba. You only see, in the main, a vast extent of low, or marshy country, here and there covered with a piece of timber, and the same dingy-looking houses, with their red tiled roofs of which we had already seen so much in England. The timber in the portion of France through which we passed was rather scanty, and both in England and France we saw a great many men hay-making and, here and there, numbers of women were at work in the fields.

On this line I noticed some two-story railway carriages, which seemed as strange to me as the two-story tram cars which I had seen in Liverpool, but I afterwards took a short ride in one of them myself, in Switzerland, when I found them, though not nearly so large as our coaches, yet made on the American plan, all the passengers occupying one common compartment. I saw men cutting wheat with a small sickle, only a few minutes' ride from the city of Paris, and I noticed very slight indications of the use, either in England or

France, of the labor-saving agricultural implements which our "universal Yankee nation" is engaged in making and using, and which have, undoubtedly, put us in the van of all the nations of the world, in the art of agriculture at any rate. Not far from Paris I noticed the name "St. Just" on the cover of an old wagon standing in a farm-yard, beside the railway, and my mind reverted at once to the bloody Revolution, the principal theater of which I was so soon to see, and of which St. Just, along with Danton, Robespierre and Marat, was one of the leading spirits.

After we had dined at our hotel, although it was then perhaps 10 p. m., I concluded to take a stroll on the boulevards, and get a glimpse of Paris by night. The Place de l'Opera is directly in front of our hotel, and this beautiful square, all brilliantly lighted up, with the imposing Grand Opera in the background and thronged with thousands of handsomely dressed people, who turn night into day, and with hundreds of stylish and showy equipages, although not an "opera night," which is, of course, more showy still, when the Grand Opera House, with its myriad lights lends a dazzling brilliancy to the scene, presented a spectacle unusually pleasing and attractive. One of the finest Boulevards of Paris, the Boulevard des Capucines passes through the Place de l'Opera, and I spent some time promenading on this splendid avenue, and witnessing the *abandon* and frivolity of *La Vie Parisienne*, which is truly *sui generis*, and whose

counterpart can be seen no where else in the wide world. The pavements are twice as wide as those of our largest cities, being thirty-five feet in width, and the roadway in proportion, and double rows of fine shade trees are planted on either side of the Boulevards.

What struck me as the unique feature of *La Vie Parisienne* was the scenes presented in front of the numerous cafés and restaurants, which take up half of the pavements with their small stands and chairs where they serve drinks of all kinds, at all hours, to all sorts of people, for Paris is the magnet which attracts strangers from all quarters of the globe, and yet so wide are the pavements, that there is ample room for the immense throng of pedestrians to pass by without being incommoded in the least.

In Brussels, I saw the same scenes enacted on a Sunday afternoon ; almost in the middle of the wide street, the tables and chairs of a café having been brought clear off of the pavement, in order to find the shade to protect their numerous customers from the heat and glare of an August sun. In Paris they habitually turn night into day, so that, really, you can form hardly the faintest conception of *La Vie Parisienne* unless you have seen it in all its glory "under the gas light," or according to the modern version, "under the electric light." The greater part of Paris is hardly up before noon, for they really seem there to do nothing, but try to have a good time, and lead a regular *dolce far niente*

life, and at that hour the cafés are thronged, and business is generally dull, or has hardly commenced any where else.

There I had my first experience with a French *dejeuner*, or breakfast, and to have nothing at a first-class hotel but a little bread and honey, with a cup of coffee, seemed rather a poor preparation to encounter the fatigues of sight-seeing, which you find, after a short time, is equal to a hard day's work. This is about all you get anywhere on the Continent, as a substitute for the good old substantial American breakfast, and you have not much more at luncheon, but the substantial meal of the day occurs at about 5 p. m. or at any other convenient hour you desire to suit your party, and is called *dejeuner a la fourchette*, and which consists of seven or eight dishes, and generally well cooked and handsomely served, but you have no coffee unless you pay extra, as you are expected to order wine instead as, of course, wine and beer in those European countries are drunk more copiously than water.

I believe, however, on that first morning in Paris, as we were booked for a ten-mile excursion to Versailles and Saint Cloud, we had a little more to eat by a special arrangement, having, I believe, some meat given us in order that we might better stand the fatigues of the day. About 9 o'clock our party started in large open wagonettes drawn by five horses, three (in the lead, and two at the wheel,) to see the glories of Versailles and alas! only the ruins of St. Cloud, which had fallen a prey to the shells of the Prussians in

1871, and whose statuary, etc., in the once beautiful grounds was, after the city of Paris was evacuated by the Prussians, totally destroyed by those horrid wretches, the "Communists." Versailles, would, no doubt, have suffered in the same way had not the fort of Mont St. Valerien, which played a prominent part in the siege of 1871, caused such havoc in the ranks of the Communists that they were compelled to forego their project, M. Thiers being, at that time at Versailles, and that being the seat of government.

We got a fine view of this stronghold as we were driving along the bank of the Seine, on our return from Versailles. On our way to Versailles, we saw several of the most imposing buildings of the city of Paris, the "Ecole Militaire," the Trocadero Palace and Gardens, in which the exhibition of 1878 was held. The beautiful Tuileries gardens, and various other places of interest which we could not then stop to visit.

We crossed the Seine on a magnificent bridge, and passed the fine equestrian statue of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, which is said to stand on the exact spot where James de Molay, the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar, was burned to death at the stake, in the fourteenth century, after having suffered imprisonment and all manner of torture at the hands of King Philip, the Fair (but only in name), of France. We also stopped at the Hotel des Invalides whose gilded dome is one of the landmarks of Paris, in order to see the tomb of Napoleon the Great, but when we got there, we found that Saturday was

not one of the days on which we could be admitted, so we had to wait until the following Monday, much to my regret in particular, as I would rather have seen the tomb of Napoleon, than anything else in the city of Paris, but there was no help for it, and so we had to be patient and wait until another time.

On the way to Versailles, which is ten miles west of Paris, we passed the village of Sevres, which is known to have been a town as far back as A. D. 560, and is celebrated for its porcelain manufactory, Sevres china being famous the world over, but the works have lately been removed to the Park of St. Cloud. Versailles, before the Revolution, had 100,000 inhabitants, but now it has dwindled away to 30,000. While driving through the suburbs of Paris, we passed a school where there were a large number of children playing and, as soon as they saw us, they began to call out "*Americains! Americains!*" and then they would run out into the street after us crying "*a moi, a moi,*" "to me, to me," and holding out their hands for *centimes*, and some of them would stand on their heads for us, and it was great sport to see the boys scramble for the coins which we would occasionally fling out amongst them.

The grand monarch, Louis XIV., mainly made Versailles what it is to-day, although King Louis Philippe spent nearly $5,000,000 in repairing the Palace in furniture, pictures, etc. During the siege of Paris, King William of Prussia had his headquarters here from September, 1870, to March, 1871, and in the famous

galerie des glaces, or "Glass Gallery," the most magnificent room in the world, he was crowned emperor of Germany, and here during the *Commune*, was the headquarters of the French army, and the seat of government, while the red-handed Communists had unbridled control of the beautiful and helpless city of Paris. We entered the grounds of Versailles at a gate directly opening upon the *Place d'Armes*, which is a large space eight hundred feet broad, where the great military reviews were held in the days of the grand monarch, Louis XIV., from which circumstance it gets its name; and thence we go into what was formerly known as the "Court of Ministers," but which is now known as the "Court of Statues," from the numerous pieces of statuary with which it is adorned. Among them, are a colossal bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV., with statues of other French notabilities, — Masséna, Condé, Richelieu, Bayard the Chevalier, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and others of distinction.

The marble court is surrounded by the Palace on three sides, and from one of the balconies the death of a king of France was always announced by saying, "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi*," and from another balcony the intrepid Marie Antoinette addressed the *sans culottes* of Paris, in 1789, when the Royal Family were removed by force to Paris and imprisoned in the Temple, until relieved from their sufferings and sorrows by the guillotine. By the way, it is not a little remarkable that the Empress Josephine was a prisoner during the Reign of Terror, and *barely escaped the shining blade of the guillotine to*

ascend the throne, while Marie Antoinette *descended from the throne only to ascend the guillotine.*

I noticed on the front of the two wings of the old palace the words inscribed, "*A toutes les gloires de la France*," and truly were the "glories of France" to be found here in the most sumptuous magnificence. The treasures of art and of statuary contained in this wonderful Palace of the ancient Kings of France, are well nigh immeasurable and simply indescribable. The *Musée Historique*, or Historical Museum, consists of only eleven large rooms which are full of pictures, representing the great events in the history of France, down to the Revolution of 1789. I was greatly interested in the seven rooms which are called the "Halls of the Crusades," and which contain a thousand things of special interest to every Knight Templar. They are adorned with the regalia and banners of the French Crusaders, with pictures of many of their famous battles, such as the Battle of Ascalon, Taking of Jerusalem, Raising the Siege of Malta, A Chapter of the Templars, Godfrey de Bouillon under the Walls of Jerusalem, together with portraits of many Grand Masters of the Order, including James de Malay, Hugh de Payens, De La Valette, etc.

In one of the rooms are to be seen the doors of the hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, given by Sultan Mahmoud to Louis Philippe in 1836. Eleven more rooms contain pictures of celebrated French battles from the earliest period, this collection being called the "First Gallery of the History of France," then comes

the Gallery of Constantine, seven rooms, and the Second Gallery of the History of France, consisting of ten rooms more, containing pictures illustrating French history, from 1797 to 1836, thus covering the extraordinary career of Bonaparte from the campaign of Egypt entirely through his wondrous history of Consul and Emperor, and this to me was the most interesting portion of all the grand paintings at Versailles, and this is only a portion of its art riches. Of the battles and achievements of Napoleon alone, there are about three hundred paintings by the first painters of France, many of them by David, the great battle painter, who insulted Louis XVI. while a prisoner and voted for his death, but aferwards, nevertheless, became one of the most groveling and abject sycophants around the throne of Napoleon, and I could not help thinking of this while gazing upon his great pictures.

Among the pictures are the famous Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine, by David, the battles of Wagam, Eylau, Friedland Rivoli, Essling, Arcola, Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, the Siege of Ulm, etc., etc., with hundreds of others of almost equal historic interest and of great artistic value. There are to be seen here the bed-rooms of many of the kings and queens of France, with furniture and trappings, in some cases nearly as they were in the days of their famous occupants, though generally dingy and decayed, and which were strikingly suggestive of the fact that princes, as well as their rich surroundings, can not escape the fell destroyer any more easily than common men.

I was especially interested in the rooms of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and saw many things used by her, among others the royal couch with her royal monogram upon its faded trappings. There is an elegant theater, and a grand Royal Chapel, also, in which Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette were married in 1770, but which has not been used for services since the fall of Bonaparte. I must not omit to speak particularly of the *Grande Galerie de Louis XIV.*, or Glass Gallery, which is 239 feet long, 33 feet wide and 23 feet high, which occupies the center of the west front of the Palace, with 17 windows, which look out upon the beautiful gardens and the grand fountains of Versailles reaching from the ceilings to the floor.

What grander spot could have been chosen to celebrate the unity of the German Empire, and to crown the Conqueror William the Emperor of Germany. It presented a spectacle similar to that of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, proudly taking possession of the halls of the haughty Montezumas; right here, too, where the Grand Monarch Louis XIV. had in his arrogance emblazoned on the cornice of this superb *salon*, the words *Le Roi gouvrne par lui même*; "the king governs by himself alone," a dogma as arrogant, and yet equally fallacious as that promulgated by Napoleon III., the "nephew of his uncle," *Lêtal, cêst moi*, "I am the State," whose total overthrow William had just accomplished two centuries later. Opposite each window is a grand mirror, and between the windows and the

mirrors are paintings to celebrate the glory of Louis XIV., by Lebrun and Mignard.

A ball was given in this room by Louis Napoleon to Queen Victoria, in 1855, and they opened the ball together. We next looked at the grand fountain, and were sorry that we had not been there on the day when they turned on the water, which is the first Sunday in each month, and this wonderful sight brings out thousands of people from Paris. The water used on that occasion involves an expense of 10,000 francs, or about $2,000. We wound up our visit to Versailles with a visit to Great Trianon, which was built by Louis XIV. for his royal mistress, Madame de Maintenon, and Little Trianon, built by Louis XV. for Madame du Barry, the son imitating faithfully the noble example set him by his illustrious sire. These are counterparts of Versailles on a much smaller scale, of course, though quite grand in their way, but after seeing the great Palace you soon grow weary of these small affairs.

We then visited the room which contained the royal carriages and sleighs, which were the most gorgeous things that we had yet seen, among them the finest of all being the state carriage of Napoleon, which was truly a magnificent affair, gilt all over, and profusely sprinkled with the royal "N" of Napoleon. On our way back to Paris we entered the grounds of St. Cloud, which is about seven miles from Paris, but there was nothing left but a pile of ruins to mark the spot. While waiting at the gate

of St. Cloud for a railway train from Versailles to pass, so that we could cross the railway and enter the park, a small body of French soldiers passed near us chanting their national hymn, the Marseillaise, the bloody inspiration of the Revolution, and of Rouget de Lisle, its author, and I shall never forget how the air thrilled me through and through. The Palace, or rather the remains of it, is on a high plateau above the Seine, and from which you obtain a fine view of Paris in the distance. The Palace was built in 1688 by Louis XIV., and presented to the Duc d'Orleans, and King Louis XVI., afterwards purchased it for Marie Antoinette. Napoleon spent much of his time here during the summer, here he was married to Marie Louisa of Austria, in 1810, and it was here, after Waterloo, that Blucher had his headquarters, and the Capitulation of Paris was signed in the château.

Not only the Palace, but the town of St. Cloud, was almost utterly destroyed during the siege of 1871. From St. Cloud, the road to Paris descends considerably, and as we approached the banks of the Seine, we had a grand view of the city spread out before us, and of which as yet we had seen but little. While descending to the bridge over the Seine, I noticed a round shot, firmly embedded in the portico of a house right by the roadside, which was, no doubt, a relic of the siege. We then passed Long Champs, the famous race track of Paris, which, by the way, was the scene in 1881 of the famous victory of Foxhall, sired by King Alfonso, and of course, foaled in Kentucky,

where his owner purchased him for the insignificant sum of $500.00. Foxhall was the first American colt that ever ran in France, and he beat Tristan, a French colt, only by the skin of his teeth, but by so doing he won the *grand prix* (or grand prize), which is worth 160,000 francs or $32,000.

In England, subsequently, he ran a number of races, and no wonder his fortunate owner, Mr. Keene, "thought that his colt was the greatest horse in the world." Alas, poor Keene! he was then worth $10,000,000; now he is not worth a *sou* — while making this little digression I may say that while going over on the City of Rome, I made the acquaintance of the noted Theodore Walton, the well known turfman, of New York, but who is better known by the appellation "Plunger." We then drove through the Bois de Boulogne, which is a magnificent park and covers 2,250 acres, and, finally, found ourselves in the famous avenue leading from the "Bois or wood of Boulogne to the *Arc de Triomphe*, or Arch of Triumph, which is to Paris what Hyde Park is to London, it being filled at certain fashionable hours with stylish turnouts and handsome women. The equestrians, I believe, go to Bois on summer mornings, about 9 o'clock, for their favorite ride.

The *Arc de Triomphe de l'etoile* next commands our attention for a few minutes, and is said to be the finest thing of the kind to be seen any where in the world. It is about two miles from the Palais Royal, and from its position can be seen almost all

over Paris, like the Dome of the Hotel des Invalides. It is called *l'etoile*, or "the star," because twelve fine avenues radiate from this, as a common point, like the the spokes of a wheel. These avenues were laid out by Baron Haussman, the "Boss Shepherd" of Paris, by the orders of Napoleon III. The Arch was begun in 1806, by Napoleon, to commemorate his victories but was not finally completed until 1836, by the King Louis Philippe, and cost, when complete, more than 10,000,000 francs or $2,000,000.

It is 150 feet high, 137 feet wide, and 58 feet thick. It faces toward the Champs Elysees, the favorite promenade of Paris, and it is inscribed with the names of 384 French generals, and nearly 100 French victories. The most famous bas-reliefs represent, respectively, first, the funeral of Marceau; second, the battle of Aboukir; third, the Bridge of Arcola, and fourth, the capture of Alexandria. I was told that from the top was to be obtained the best view to be had of Paris, but I did not have the time to go up. We drove from there through the beautiful Champs Elysees, passed the Place de la Concorde at the other end of the avenue, and arrived at our hotel about six p. m. much fatigued and very hungry, but highly pleased with our day's sight seeing. That night several of our party visited the magnificent Eden Theater which is not far from the Grand Opera House, and is one of the most beautiful theaters in Europe. There was a grand spectacular pantomime being exhibited called "Excelsior," I think, which required a large number of persons to be on the

stage at once, frequently, and the scenery and appointments were truly splendid.

They have a fine café on each side of the auditorium, upstairs, where you can retire between the acts, or at any time, and sip your refreshing drinks to the music of sparkling cascades, as well as of a female orchestra which discourses, at intervals, the most bewitching airs, besides, occasionally, dispensing their sweetest (?) smiles upon their interested auditors. A party of us visited the Grand Opera House on Monday night following, and I will give a brief description of it later on as I have aimed, as far as practicable, heretofore, to describe what I have seen, as much as possible, in the order in which I saw it. The next day was Sunday, and about the first thing most of us did was to stroll around the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines, past the Grand Hotel and up to the elegant rooms of the American Exchange, where we registered our names, wrote a few letters home, looked over late American papers, etc., and where we were most kindly treated by the gentlemanly manager and his employes whose names, I regret to say, I am unable to give at this time.

The famous Madeleine, or Church of Mary Magdalene, was next visited, and I stepped inside and listened to the service for a few minutes. This edifice dates back to 1764, in the time of Louis XV., but was not completed until 1842, costing two and a half million dollars. The carvings over the front entrance are very elaborate and represent the Last Judg-

ment, and were designed by Lemaire, and the ponderous bronze doors are adorned with groups illustrating the ten commandments. The front of the Madeleine, with its fine Corinthian columns, is very imposing, and the church taken altogether is one of the finest structures in Paris, and it barely escaped being battered to pieces during the sway ot the Commune of 1871. We next drove to the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is situated on an isle in the river Seine, called Notre Dame Isle, formerly *Isle de la cité.*

The present structure was begun in 1160, the choir was completed in 1196, and the rest in 1257. Nothing was done after this with the building until 1700, when a number of alterations were made, and during the Revolution the building was most wantonly abused and was dedicated to the Goddess of Reason, and was called the Temple of Reason by the mad revolutionists. The west front of this noble building is indescribably beautiful. Victor Hugo, however, has depicted it with all his wonderful descriptive powers in his story of "Notre Dame de Paris," and, of course, I shall not attempt it. It has a famous bell called the Bourdon, weighing more than thirteen tons. The interior is three hundred and ninety feet long, and the center aisle is more than one hundred feet in height. There are also two beautiful rose windows, thirty-six feet in diameter, which date back to the thirteenth century. Among the relics of the Cathedral, they claim to have *two thorns from the crown of the Savior* and *one of the genuine nails of the cross.*

Services were also going on there, and the music was very fine. They have a custom of burning wax tapers before the Virgin for the repose of the soul of a dead friend, for good luck, etc., and I noticed several of our party investing *sous* and *centimes* for these tapers, and having them burnt before the Virgin. The next place we started to see was the *Louvre*, as Monday in the picture galleries of Paris is, generally, devoted to cleaning up, so that was our only chance to see that vast collection which consists of thousands of pieces of statuary and acres of canvas, so after a hasty luncheon we hurried to the most famous and by far the most extensive picture gallery of the world. The buildings, as they now stand, form a hollow square of immense size and extent, one wing being right on the bank of the Seine, and you walk from one room directly into another, all the way round the square.

When you enter, an attendant at once takes your cane or umbrella so that you will not be tempted to point at the pictures, or statuary, and thus perchance injure them, and then you are ready for the vast undertaking, but there is such an embarrassment of riches, so much to be seen, and so little time to see it in, that you are utterly bewildered as to where to begin. You begin to look around and take a note of this, that, and the other thing until you become utterly discouraged, as I did, time and again, and resolved not to scribble another line or jot down another memorandum about any thing, no matter what. As Virgil said of the descent to Avernus, *hoc opus hic labor est;* but we can not spare

any more time for moralizing, but devote ourselves at once to a hasty inspection of our surroundings.

This enormous collection of works of art occupies nearly the whole of the building forming the Louvre Palace and the Louvre Gallery. A high authority on the subject of art says of this wondrous magazine of painting and statuary "that, as a whole, it is perhaps the finest, and as regards numbers, the largest in Europe, although it must yield, in Italian art, to those of the Vatican and Florence; in Dutch, to those of the Hague, Amsterdam, and Antwerp; in Roman antiquities, to the Capital and Vatican at Rome, and to that of Naples; and in Greek sculpture, to the British Museum." Such is the extent and the size of the collection that merely to walk through the rooms at a leisurely pace would require a couple of hours, and to arrive at a fair conception of the most important paintings and pieces of statuary would require at least a month; but we did the best we could with the limited time at our disposal.

As we entered the Louvre on the basement floor, we went through that first, and very hastily, because I was impatient to get to the floors above, where the picture galleries were, although the ground floor contained the sculptures of all ages and all countries almost, but for which I cared very little. The sculptures to be seen here are divided into five different collections which, according to the guide book, may be classified as follows: "*First*, ancient Roman and Greek Marbles; *second*, Egyptian Monu-

ments, Statues, etc.; *third*, Assyrian, Syrian, Phœnician, etc.; *fourth*, Mediæval and the Renaissance Sculpture, and *fifth*, Modern, that is the last three centuries."

Among the most remarkable sculptures to be seen in the first department above named is, of course, the famous Venus of Milo, which is surely the most perfect specimen in marble of the "human form divine" which is to be found in the world, and which was discovered in the Island of Milo, in 1820, whence it gets its name. It is undoubtedly as near perfection (except that, unfortunately, its arms have been broken off above the elbow, but that matters not), as any thing upon which the eye of man has ever fallen, in the way of the reproduction of the human figure in the almost living marble, and as I gazed at it with ever increasing interest, I thought that certainly, no human creature has ever been blessed with such a perfect form as that, and then, too, the expression of its face seemed to say, "I too, have a soul as well as you," and it looked almost as though it were inspired; and so it was with the genius of the "great unknown" who sculptured it.

Next in interest, perhaps, is a colossal statue of Melpomene, the Muse of tragic and lyric poetry, and in front of this fine statue is a fine Mosaic pavement in five compartments, the center only being antique, and personifying "Victory," while the other four are modern supplements to the ancient original, and represent four great rivers of Europe and Africa:

the Po, the Danube, the Nile, and the Dnieper. In the Assyrian collection is to be seen a colossal vase, four feet in circumference which was found in Cyprus in 1866. In the Museum of sculpture of the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance (or "new birth in art"), is the celebrated group of Diane de Poitiers, the famous mistress of King Henry II., in which she is represented as the Hunting Diana, by the noted artist, Benvenuto Cellini.

In the museum of modern sculpture, are to be seen fine busts of Madame du Barry, the mistress of Louis XIV., one of the famous Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose birthplace I afterwards saw in the city of Geneva, a statue of Prometheus, one of Psyche by the famous Pradier, and so on *ad nauseam*, these being only a very few of the thousands of the notable specimens of sculpture which may be seen in those capacious and well filled rooms. Now do you wonder that I was anxious to get to the splendid rooms above, where I afterwards found works by artists such as Paul Veronese, Correggio, Rembrandt, Andrea del Sarto, Van Dyke, Rubens (of whose famous pieces I actually counted thirty-seven, nearly all of them of the largest size), Holbein, David, Titian, Leonardo Da Vinci, Teniers, Quentin-Matsys, the Blacksmith-painter, and Lebrun, the court painter of Louis XIV., to say nothing of hundreds of lesser lights. Lebrun has four very fine paintings on a large scale, concerning the life and exploits of Alexander the Great, representing the passage of the Granicus, the

battle of Arbela, Alexander meeting King Porus, and his triumphant entry into Babylon. Rubens has one series of twenty-two large pictures representing, allegorically, events in the history of Marie de Medicis. The ceiling of each room is frescoed in the highest style of art, and you notice a *gens d'arme* at the entrance of about every other room, who takes care that no harm comes to these priceless treasures of art from either thoughtless or designing visitors. The day I was there (Sunday), the Louvre was crowded, and it was with difficulty that we could make our way through some of the rooms at all. The most famous pictures of the collection are to be found in the Salon Carré in which the gems of the Italian, Flemish, Spanish, and French schools are placed. Here is seen the largest, as well as one of the finest pictures in the Louvre, by Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana, and this picture is thirty-two feet long and twenty-one feet high. The Savior and the Virgin Mary appear in the center of the picture, and the remaining figures are said to be portraits, among them Eleanor of Austria, near her Francis I., and next, Queen Mary of England, and in the foreground, the great painter, Veronese himself, playing on the violoncello, the picture costing about $120,000, the largest price any picture in the world has ever been known to bring.

From this interesting place we enter the Great Gallery, which is 1,320 feet long and forty-two feet wide, and contains only the works of dead Masters,

which was chiefly formed by Bonaparte, and is one of the most magnificent in the world. The pictures of the Louvre are about 1,800 in number, and made up as follows: Of the Italian school, there are about 560, 20 Spanish, 620 German, and 660 of the French school, so you see that they are of an immense variety, and embrace almost every conceivable subject. There were, formerly five rooms known as the Museum of Sovereigns, three of them being known respectively as the chamber of Anne, of Austria, Bed-chamber of Henry IV., and Salon of Henry IV., and a few years ago were full of interesting relics of various Sovereigns, but more especially of the Great Napoleon; but these mementoes are now to be found distributed among other museums in various cities of Europe.

After the battle of Waterloo, the Louvre lost many of its most valuable works of art, which had been placed there by Bonaparte, as the spoils of his victorious campaigns, and taken from the finest galleries in Europe, where had gone his victorious eagles, they being restored to their original owners by the Duke of Wellington, which act the French looked upon with the greatest disgust, they having had them in their possession so long that they had begun to regard themselves as their legitimate owners. One picture in the Louvre is called, "Lot Leaving Sodom Attended by Angels;" this bears Rubens' own signature and is apparently all done by his masterly hand, and his *chef d'œuvre* in the Louvre, but to find

his *masterpiece*, you must see his famous Descent from the Cross in the grand old Cathedral at Antwerp, of which I will speak at the proper time.

The Louvre was formerly the Palace and residence of the kings of France, and from a window of the then palace, which, however, can not now be seen, as that portion of the Louvre has been destroyed, and is now rebuilt, the infamous Charles IX. fired upon the innocent and helpless Huguenots in the streets below, at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572; and in front of the Louvre is the noted church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from which the fatal signal of destruction was given on that dreadful night, and, indeed, it is said that the bell was tolled during the entire night. I afterwards looked at this church with the greatest interest, because a near relative of mine now deceased, who was a writer of some note, Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, had, among other works, written an interesting historical romance, called "The Huguenot Exiles," in which one of her ancestors, who was of prominent Huguenot extraction, figured as the hero, and who was compelled to leave France after the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Besides what has been referred to, which is hardly a thousandth part of the riches of the Louvre, must be mentioned the drawings and designs of the "Old Masters," which are the natural complement to their paintings, of which the Louvre has the finest and richest, and the most numerous collection in Europe, and they fill at least a dozen rooms, and are said to number

about 36,000 specimens; and among them you may see original sketches by Holbein, Teniers, Rubens, Vandyke, Paul Veronese, Gerard and others of equal note, from which sketches their greatest works were afterwards completed. The Louvre has had several very narrow escapes from destruction at the hands of the Revolutionary mobs of Paris, having been bravely, but ineffectually, defended by the Swiss guards for three days during the Revolution of 1830, but it seems that its valued contents did not suffer seriously upon that occasion.

In 1871, however, the red-handed Communists set fire to the Louvre with the intention of erasing this vast treasure-house from the face of the earth; but luckily the library was the only portion of the buildings which was destroyed. The chief works of art had already been sent away to Brest for safety some time before, in anticipation of the siege by the Prussians, so that even had the Louvre been totally destroyed, there would have been yet left in France the nucleus of another Renaissance of art; but, happily, that disaster was averted by the precautions so wisely taken. Any further description of the Louvre "would tire the talkative Fabius," so I leave the subject which has occupied a thousand abler pens than mine, and turn my attention to some other of the sights of the great city, of which so much yet remains to be seen in the brief time at our disposal.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS CONTINUED.

IT was a beautiful, sunny Sabbath afternoon, and as by the cruel (!) regulations of the authorities the Louvre is closed at 4 p. m. when we reluctantly took our departure, we strolled through the beautiful Champs Elysees, which is the favorite promenade of the gay Parisians, and which presents many singular phases of life to a stranger. On that broad thoroughfare you may see people dressed in almost every garb of the world, and hear a confusion of tongues, such as Babel hardly equaled, see half a dozen Punch-and-Judy shows all going on at the same time, see nice little wagons drawn by goats, and filled with pretty and handsomely dressed children, and then the polite and well dressed Parisians, especially the ladies, who are noted the world over for their handsome figures, neat gloves and boots, and dresses perfectly fitting, and all looking as only a French woman can look, from the fair Parisienne, dressed in her silks and satins, to the maiden in the plainest attire — all this, I say, presents a panorama of gay and careless life to be seen, I presume, in only one city in the world.

I could hardly realize that this was Paris which had furnished the bloody orgies of the Revolution, and the

horrid outrages of the *sans culottes*, when the women of the lower classes actually brought their knitting to the very foot of the scaffold, there to gloat over the misery of the unhappy victims, and to scream exultantly, *à bas les aristocrats* ("down with the Aristocrats"), at the prisoners brought in carts to the guillotine, whose only crime, frequently, was that of occupying a little higher social position than their wicked persecutors. I next wended my way to the famous *Place de la Concorde*, which is grand and imposing at any time, but presents a wondrously beautiful appearance with its myriad gas lights after night, and where the guillotine did its horrible office during the Revolution, and I was curious to see this spot which had been watered with the blood of all that was most exalted and noblest in the history of France.

Some of the most important events in French history have taken place upon this truly historic spot. It was formerly called the *Place Louis Quinze*, from a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XV., which formerly stood there, but during the heat of the Revolution it was torn down and melted into cannon, and the mob changed the name to the *Place de la Revolution*, and here erected a statue of Liberty, to which Madame Roland alluded in her famous dying words on the scaffold, when she pointed toward the statue and exclaimed in heartrending accents, "Oh, Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!"

The guillotine was erected here, near the famous obelisk of Luxor, and here it is believed the lives of

2,800 persons were taken, most of them upon the flimsiest pretenses.

For a short time during the Reign of Terror in 1793, the guillotine was removed to the *Place de Carrousel*, but was soon after restored to its former location. On the occasion of the festivities connected with the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, in 1770, and, as if presaging what afterwards occurred to these royal personages on that ill-fated spot, a panic originated by the bursting of a rocket, caused the vast assemblage to push each other into the ditches, etc., with which the place was then filled, causing the deaths of 1,200 people, and seriously injuring 2,000 more, and from this you may form some idea of the vast size of the place.

At the eastern and the western entrance of the place are to be seen two fine marble groups representing fiery horses being controlled by their groom, near the center is a magnificent fountain, and around the *Place*, at regular intervals, are to be seen eight allegorical monuments, representing eight of the principal cities of France, and, it is said, but I know not how truly, that each group faces toward the city which it represents. The eight cities are Lille, whose monument was destroyed by cannon during the reign of the Commune, but is now restored; Strasburg, which is habitually draped in mourning to typify the loss of that city which was held by France for 200 years (it having been taken from Germany by Louis XIV.), and with it the province of Alsace and Lorraine (as part

of the price of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870–71), Bordeaux, Nantes, Marseilles, Brest, Rouen, and Lyons, where the Terror raged as madly, almost as in Paris itself.

The obelisk of Luxor of which I have spoken, dates back to the time of Sesostris the Great, of whom Herodotus, the historian of Egypt, discourses, and weighs 500,000 pounds, and cost France to get it here and place it in position the sum of $40,000. It is 72 feet high, and seven feet square at the base, and five feet at the top, and there are said to be 1,600 Egyptian characters traced upon it. The next morning we took our seats in our wagonettes for the purpose of seeing all we could of Paris that day, and we first drove to the Mecca of all Frenchmen, as well as the place that interests strangers from many lands, need I say where? to the tomb of the great Napoleon; who at thirty-six was First Consul, and at forty-six, the master of Europe, but who, after having tasted all human glories, had to taste the bitterness of Waterloo, and to "eat his proud heart out," upon the lonely sea-girt rock of St. Helena, under the insulting and arrogant espionage of the brutal Sir Hudson Lowe, who was especially selected for that post because of his well known meanness of character, *as no English gentleman would consent to act the part of a spy and jailer.* As Byron says of him after "that first and last of fields" —

> "Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
> He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain."

The famous tomb of the Emperor is directly beneath the gilded dome of the Church of the Invalides, which is one of the landmarks of Paris, where a circular marble balustrade surrounds the crypt, which is about 20 feet below the spectator and 36 feet wide, who must be content with looking on from above, as entrance to the crypt is not allowed to visitors. Two grand staircases of marble lead down to the entrance of the tomb, which is marked with the royal "N" (Napoleon's monogram), and over the entrance are inscribed a few words from Napoleon's will in regard to the final disposition of his remains, and of which the following is the translation: "I desire that my ashes should rest upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." At each side of the entrance to the tomb is a Corinthian column crowned with a funeral urn, and dedicated to his intimate personal friends in the days of his prosperity, the Marshals Duroc and Bertrand, and who did not desert him in his hour of need, they having shared with him his exile at St. Helena.

The light is admitted from above through colored glass, and the effect upon the gilded surroundings of the tomb is perfectly wonderful, even on a dark day, which was the case when I saw it, and the light falling upon the high altar, with its ten marble steps, and the figure of the Savior on the Cross above the crypt, all seemed bathed in indescribable glory. The sarcophagus, which occupies the center of the crypt, is a single block, 12 feet long and 6 feet wide, and above this is the tomb,

which is an immense piece of porphyry which weighs 135,000 pounds, and was brought from Finland at a cost of $28,000, all this immense weight resting on a block of green granite, making the total height 13½ feet. The pavement of the crypt is decorated with a crown of laurels, in mosaic, and within this, in a black circle, are the names of some of Napoleon's greatest victories. These are Rivoli, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and others. Twelve statues face the tomb, each representing some victory of the illustrious dead. The whole expense connected with the transfer of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena in 1842, and rearing this costly and magnificent memorial of the idol of France, was something like $2,000,000. The mortal remains of Bonaparte were deposited in the sarcophagus with befitting ceremonies on April 2, 1861.

The hotel of the Invalides, proper, covers an area of 16 acres, and has about 18 different courts and can accommodate 5,000 invalids or veterans, but it has generally only about 700. The Church of St. Louis (the Chapel of *Invalides*), is said to be the masterpiece of its architect, and is one of the most conspicuous ornaments of Paris. In the days of Napoleon, this chapel was decorated with 3,000 flags taken in battle, and others were hung up in the chapel, but nearly all of them were burned by order of Joseph Bonaparte, just before the Allies entered Paris in 1814. There are, however, a few torn and battle-scarred flags left in the chapel yet. I saw and talked (briefly of course),

with several old soldiers who told me in their intensely Frenchy dramatic way, in answer to my inquiries addressed to them in stammering French, without the accent(?), that they had belonged to the Grand Army, and whose eyes sparkled with pride, and who drew themselves proudly up to their full height, when I mentioned the revered name of Bonaparte.

Near the tomb of Napoleon are the remains of his brother, King Joseph of Spain, and the great Vauban, the famous engineer of Louis XIV., also Marshal Turenne and King Jerome Napoleon of Westphalia, who, when a young man married Miss Patterson of Baltimore, but whose marriage, at the instance of Napoleon, was annulled by the Pope. Bonaparte had this marriage annulled for reasons of state (though it is said much against the will of his brother Jerome, who fell desperately in love with Miss Patterson early in the century while crusing in a French man-of-war, which anchored for some time at Baltimore), because he desired his brother Jerome to form a matrimonial alliance with some of the monarchs of Europe, and thus strengthen the Napoleon dynasty, and so Jerome was forced to yield to the iron will of Bonaparte, and give up his young and lovely bride, as a reluctant sacrifice on the altar of ambition.

It is said that Madame Bonaparte, while visiting Italy afterwards saw Jerome, then the King of Westphalia, and his queen in a picture gallery in Florence, and that he apparently seemed to recognize his deserted wife, and it is not a little re-

markable that she lived to survive the last remnant of the dynasty of Napoleon (for whose selfish aggrandizement she was, like the Empress Josephine, herself, afterwards so cruelly and remorselessly set aside), in the person of Napoleon III., whose star forever set, in 1870, she dying only very recently, a fact which goes far to prove the truth of the old saying, that "time makes all things even." We next drove past the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin, on our way to see the *Place de la Bastile*, which is, of course, another of the historic spots of Paris, and the monument there which is called the Column of July, commemorates the site of the famous Bastile, which was razed to the ground during the Revolution.

The Porte St. Denis is much grander in size and beauty than the Porte St. Martin, and was originally built to celebrate the victories of Louis XIV. (who like Napoleon, was fond of setting up monuments of his achievements, but unlike him, was rarely seen on the field of battle, rather preferring to leave the issue of his campaigns to his great marshals and engineers), and at that time forming one of the gates of Paris, as the walls then ran along the present Boulevards. It is seventy-six feet high, and the principal arch is forty-five feet high, and twenty-six feet wide. The bas-relief above the arch represents Louis XIV. crossing the Rhine. Both these arches have figured in the various revolutions of Paris, as they afforded strongholds for the insurgents, and in 1830 and 1848 especially. The Bastile was attacked

by a mob 50,000 strong, with twenty cannon which they had taken from the Invalides on July 14, 1789, but as the garrison only consisted of thirty-two Swiss and eighty pensioners, they could not long resist such overwhelming odds, as they had not nearly force enough to man the walls. The Bastile fell and De Launay, the governor, was beheaded, most of the garrison murdered, and the head of De Launay stuck on the bayonet.

In spite of the popular belief that the dungeons of the Bastile were full of prisoners who were unlawfully detained of their liberty, only seven prisoners were found in the fortress. It is supposed that the fortress was stormed, because its guns commanded the Faubourg St. Antoine, which was at that time the home of the workingmen of Paris particularly, and of course a perfect hot-bed of sedition. The next year the Bastile was demolished by the decree of the National Assembly, and part of its *debris* used in conconstructing the *Pont de la Concorde*. The column is one hundred and fifty-four feet high, and entirely of bronze, and has some finely carved lines around it. The genius of Liberty surmounts the column, in her right hand a torch and in her left a broken chain; she stands on one foot, with wings expanded as though about to soar away into the vast expanse of ether. We then went on to the famous cemetery of *Pére la Chaise*, which contains about 20,000 graves, and among them some of the most eminent names of France and especially of the present century.

The place derives its name from La Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV., and covers over two hundred acres. You have hardly gotten inside of the enclosure before you begin to see wreaths of *immortelles*, some of them, of course, being genuine flowers, in great profusion on most of the tombs which you see around you. I had heard so much of these *immortelles*, that I was curious to examine them, and I did so and found that many of them were not made of flowers at all, these being on the graves of persons I persume whose friends and relatives could not afford the expense of genuine *immortelles*, but that they were made out of fine wire, in imitation of the genuine *immortelles*, of a peculiar tint, which made them look somewhat as though they were made of flowers.

No wonder that they called them *immortelles*, for I can see no reason why they should not last almost forever, and, so in France, you can decorate the graves of your dear departed at very slight expense by the use of these *immortelles*, which seem to be in that country the national decoration. About fifty interments per day take place here and two-thirds of these are in large ditches (called *fosses communes*, or "common ditches,") where a large number of coffins are laid side by side, and in rows of three or four deep, all of which are then covered over with dirt. The charge for this, unless the dead person was an absolute pauper, is about twenty francs, or $4, and they usually erect near the spot a small wooden cross and railing, which cost very little, and then perhaps plant

a few flowers. After the lapse of five years, all these railings and crosses about the *fosses communes* (or promiscuous interments), are taken up, and the materials given to the hospitals for fuel.

They have another class of graves called the *fosses temporaires* (or temporary ditches), where for the sum of about fifty francs, or $10, the dead can be allowed a separate grave and may rest in peace for the space of ten years, or for a "ground rent," in this case, of about $1 per year. In the latter case, each grave has a little railing, a garden, and a cross or chapel; of course, the ground for the most expensive tombs is purchased outright. On many of the cheaper tombs you will see the words *priez pour moi*, *priez pour elle*, *priez pour lui* ("pray for me," "pray for her," "pray for him,") or where there is more than one in a tomb or grave, as often happens, as has been indicated above, you will see the words *priez pour eux*, "pray for them," which is the way they have in France of asking for the prayers of the living who pass by these tombs on behalf of the dear departed. In this country they have a custom of visiting the tombs of their relatives and friends continually to pray by them, and hang up garlands of *immortelles*.

On All Soul's Day, which is the 2d of November, the cemetery is crowded by persons who desire to pray for the repose of the souls of their dear deceased friends and relatives, and then a visitor beholds the sad side of Parisian life, as contradistinguished from the careless levity he usually sees on the Boulevards, and in the café and theater. The cemetery of Pere la Chaise,

however famous as it is in point of neatness and general appearance, forms a painful contrast to such a beautiful city of the dead as Mt. Auburn (near Boston), and is far inferior to the Spring Grove Cemetery, near Cincinnati. Most of the ground, especially the old part of the cemetery, is rough and ill kept, and affords no such wealth of green sward, smooth gravelled walks and fine and capacious drives, as we are accustomed to see in the well cared for cemeteries of our largest American cities, or indeed, in the cemeteries of some much smaller cities which might be named.

This cemetery, being located on elevated ground, which gives it the command of many parts of the city of Paris, has figured as a military stronghold more than once in this famous city of sieges, capitulations and revolutions. When the armies of the Allies who had combined to crush Bonaparte in 1814, advanced on Paris and besieged the city, this cemetery was obstinately defended against three charges before it was captured by the Russians, and then they *bivouacked* in the cemetery, and cut down a great many of the trees for fuel. Again, during the *Commune*, in May, 1871, this was their last stronghold, and from this point they rained upon the devoted city of Paris shells loaded with petroleum which, of course, caused tremendous loss of life and property in the city which had already suffered so severely at the hands of the Prussians during a siege protracted for about six months.

As the results of this reign of Anarchy are to found here two huge graves which contain about a thousand of the deluded, misguided wretches who died "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," in the midst of their atrocities, and whose corpses were piled together "in one red burial blent" between layers of quick-lime. Quite a contrast to this is presented by the handsome monument which is to be seen here, erected to the memory of 2,000 French soldiers who fell while fighting nobly during the siege in defense of La Belle France, unlike the wretches above alluded to who died ignobly, while attempting wantonly to throttle the liberties of their native country, and to destroy the grandest monuments of her glory. The pedestal is adorned with sculptured wreathes of flowers and oak leaves, and at each corner of the monument is a soldier-like figure, one representing a soldier of the line, a marine, an artilleryman, and a *garde mobile*, and all appropriately inscribed.

Near the main entrance, you are taken to the Jewish portion of the cemetery, where you see the tomb of Rachel, the great tragic actress, and there you see the name of Rothschild, which is such a tower of strength in the commercial and financial world. Not far from there is the famous tomb of *Abelard and Heloise*, which Mark Twain has so humorously described in his "Innocents Abroad." Abelard died in 1142, but Eloise *pined away* for some twenty-two years longer before she "shuffled off this mortal coil." This monument

has a rather neglected look, but on account of the romance connected with the famous dead will always be an object of interest to visitors. Abelard and Heloise are resting, side by side, on top of the sarcophagus, which is surrounded by a Gothic chapel open on the four sides, but the tomb is surrounded by a railing.

In the avenue of Acacias, we saw the tomb of M. Thiers, the French statesman, and first President of the existing Republic, which was plain and unassuming. I was especially anxious to find the tomb of Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," who went over to Napoleon, "his old Commander," after his return from Elba, with part of his army, after swearing fidelity to the Bourbons, kissing the hand of King Louis XVIII., tendering his services and promising to bring the Great Napoleon in a cage to Paris, either dead or alive. Alas! brave, and yet weak man, I have often thought how great a pity it was that this hero of a hundred battles could not have lost his life at Waterloo, where he had five horses shot under him, and yet receiving scarcely a scratch himself, instead of surviving that dire encounter to be shot like a dog in the Luxembourg Gardens, only a few months later, and to sleep in Pere La Chaise without even a stone to mark the last resting place of the chivalrous and gallant man who could not resist the magnetism of Napoleon, whose eagles had owed not a little of their military glory to the leadership of this foremost of the Marshals of France, and of whom

Napoleon himself once said that he was worth 6,000 men.

I was anxious for another reason to see the grave of Ney, which was this: There is a tradition connected with the history of this hero, which makes him a native of America, and a soldier of our Revolution, but who afterwards "a soldier of fortune," enlisted under the eagles of Napoleon, and with his good broad sword carved his pathway to fame, and this tradition formed the groundwork of a historical romance of intense interest, because of its connection with the career of Napoleon, which was written by my relative, Miss Dupuy, who has been referred to above, and in which story Ney figures under the name of Michael Rudolph. Our guide, however, did not seem to know exactly where it was situated, and as it had commenced raining, I was compelled to forego that pleasure, and will finish this brief and imperfect sketch of this famous city of the dead, with a reference to some of the illustrious persons who lie buried here.

Many of the most famous of the Marshals of France lie here, among them McDonald, who made the famous charge at Wagram, where out of a division of 16,000 men, he came out with only 1,500 fit for duty, and which won him his marshal's *baton*, Kellerman, Suchet, Massena, Davoust, Gen. Gouvion St. Cyr, Baron Larrey, the surgeon of Napoleon, Molière and La Fontaine, the famous authors, Emanuel Godoy, the infamous Prince of Peace, De Sèze, the courageous and undaunted advocate who defended Louis XVI.

before the Convention, at the imminent peril of his life, and which noble and disinterested act, I believe, later on resulted in his death by the guillotine, La Place and Arago, the famous astronomers, Talma, the unrivalled actor, and hundreds of others, noted in various walks of life. While coming from the *Place de la Bastille* to Pere La Chaise, we passed the Prison de la Roquette, where are kept juvenile offenders, and where condemned felons are imprisoned while awaiting execution.

In front of these prisons the guillotine is erected whenever an execution takes place, which is generally from four to six a. m. Here during the last days of the Commune in May, 1871, Archbishop Darboy and five priests, thirty-seven other prisoners and sixty-six *gens d'armes* were murdered in cold blood by the hideous wretches who outdid the *sans culottes* of the Reign of Terror, almost, in their fiendish cruelty. There are many more places of interest in this beautiful city which we would like to visit, many beautiful churches and historic spots which we would like to describe, but time, and the projected limits of this faint attempt to outline the chief features of our route of travel, forbid that we shall do so, but there are a very few more to which we will give time and space, at any rate, for a passing notice.

Our party next were driven to the Pantheon, or "Temple of all the Gods," which is one of the most remarkable buildings in the city of Paris, and which is rich in historic associations. This church

is also called the Church of St. Genevieve, and is truly a magnificent building, three hundred and fifty feet long, and two hundred and sixty wide, and it has three rows of fine Corinthian columns to support the grand portico. Upon the front is to be seen in very large letters an inscription, the translation of which is, "Our country recognizing her great men," and the sculpture in the pediment above the portico contains the statues of many of the illustrious citizens of France. Among them are Mirabeau, who befriended Marie Antoinette, but who died before the Revolution was accomplished; Voltaire, Rousseau, Lafayette, David, the painter, and others. The day we were there services were going on, it being Sunday, and the fat priest in the pulpit seemed to be making gestures continually, which I presume is the usual style of French oratory.

I also noticed a woman sitting at the entrance to the chapel, which was separated from the rest of the church by a railing, who received some money from each person who entered while our party were there, and I afterwards learned that where you had a seat in any Catholic place of worship in the city of Paris that you were charged a few centimes or sous for it. We next descended to the vaults of the church, some of which are so dark that our guide had to light his lantern for us, in order that we might be able to see how to get around. We saw there the memorial tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire who, however, are not buried there, though Mirabeau and Marat were, though

the two latter afterwards were *depantheonized* by the National Convention. The body of the wretch Marat, who called himself during the Revolution the "friend of the people," and who up to the very moment of his death was clamoring constantly for more blood, was pitched into a common sewer, fitting resting place for him, blood-thirsty villain that he was, and the world owes Charlotte Corday a vote of thanks for having rid it of such a monster, and there can be no doubt that she felt an inspiration from Heaven to immolate herself upon the altar, that the flow of blood in France might be the sooner stopped, and so it was. On the tomb of Rousseau is an inscription which says: "Here reposes the man of Nature and of Truth," whom Byron calls —

> "The self-torturing Sophist, wild Rousseau,
> The apostle of affliction, he who threw
> Enchantment over passion, and from woe
> Wrung overwhelming eloquence."

Here also is to be seen a *fac-simile* of the Pantheon, made of marble, on the scale of one to twenty-five, and in these vaults a most wonderful echo is to be heard, which is really startling in its intensity. We then drove to Notre Dame Isle to see the Cathedral once more, which has already been spoken of, and then the Morgue, which is hard by the Cathedral, was also visited. There is hardly a morning when the body of some unfortunate, taken from the Seine, or found dead in the streets, is not to be seen there for the purpose of being recognized by the friends or relatives of the deceased, and

they are exposed, naked above the waist, on marble slabs, for three days, beneath jets of water, but for a wonder there was no one exposed that morning, which I was rather glad of than otherwise. All the dead are photographed with all their gaping, hideous wounds when they have died by violence or just as they may appear when brought to the Morgue for recognition, and these are placed in frames that, perchance, the original may be recognized even after they are buried, when they may then be identified and reinterred in accordance with the wishes of their relatives.

We saw several hundred of these photographs, some of the mrepulsive and horrible to the last degree, and you may imagine that they were not pleasant to look upon. There was not much of a crowd there that day I suppose as there was not the usual ghastly display to be seen and so the lovers of the horrible had nothing to feast their eyes upon, as is most generally the case in the summer months, as the number of exposed corpses is usually the largest at that season of the year. By the way, while strolling with a friend one evening along the *Boulevard des Capucines*, it occurred to me that, as I had frequently ridden in a Broadway 'bus in New York, and had also seen much of London from the top of a 'bus, that I would also like to ride on a Paris 'bus and see what I could see, so I proceeded at once to put my design into execution, as I thought.

Accordingly, I threw up my hand as I should have done in New York or London and cried out "*Ici, ici, monsieur*, here, here, sir," to the first 'bus driver, who

came along, but to my surprise he only shrugged his shoulders and grinned a little as I imagined, as much as to say, I thought (when I learned, a little later on, why it was that he had not stopped for us), "that is a blank-ety-blank-greenhorn." Well, I tried one or two more *conducteurs* with the same success, and had about concluded to give up the project, when, by this time, we had reached a place where two or three 'buses were standing in a row, and a lot of people were buying tickets at a little box-office on the sidewalk. I also noticed that the conductor called off numbers, and the person who held the number which the conductor called off then got into the 'bus, and as soon as it contained so many passengers, then the 'bus would drive off, and the same process would be repeated with the next bus. I bought me a ticket, too, and waited for some time for my number to be called, but as dark was fast coming on, I had to relinquish my design of looking at Paris from the top of a 'bus.

So in that country it would seem that there is not always room for one more in an omnibus, as seems to be the understanding with us. These 'buses only run on certain boulevards, and to persons who wish to go to certain streets at right-angles with the particular street on which they are traveling, they give another ticket which is called a correspondence or transfer. There was one more place of interest which I desired particularly to see, and this was the Temple, or "clothes market" ("to such base complexion are we come at last") which from once

having been the site of the ancient stronghold of one of the Knights Templars of France, and the scene of many important events in French history, and which was standing in all its ancient majesty and glory a century ago, has actually been reduced to being the chief place in Paris for the sale of "old clothes" at the hands of eager Israelites "in whom," "as usual," "there is no guile."(?) Alas!

> "The Knights are dust,
> Their swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints we trust."

But, nevertheless, a short historical sketch of this ancient stronghold of the Order may not be without its interest to Knights Templars of the present day.

The Temple, which was built in 1222, was an ancient fortress and prison and formerly occupied the Boulevard du Temple and the Rue du Temple, but of which nothing now remains. It was one of the two commanderies of the Knights Templar at Paris in the thirteenth century, and was as large and important a feudal fortress as the Louvre. Kings resided there, and the treasures of the crown were often deposited there. In 1312 the Order of Templars was suppressed and its members burned at the stake, hanged, or dispersed with the greatest cruelty, under Philip of Valois. Whether they were guilty of the crimes, irregularities, and conspiracies imputed to them is still a matter of dispute, but of this matter we shall speak further on.

The Temple was then granted to the Knights of St. John, who afterwards became the Knights of Malta.

A century ago, a great part of the Temple was standing, surrounded by walls and defended by towers. The church was circular, like that in the Temple at London, and whence Temple Bar takes its name. The Tower, a square and gloomy mass, flanked by four round limits at the angles, was the prison in which the unfortunate Louis XVI., with his queen, Marie Antoinette, his son, the Dauphin, and his daughter, afterwards the Duchess d' Angouleme, and his sister, Madame Elizabeth, were confined from the 13th of August, 1792, under circumstances of incredible cruelty, privation, and insult.

The King perished on the scaffold January 21st, 1793, the Queen was sent to the Conciergerie on August 2d, 1793, and died on the scaffold in the following October, while Madame Elizabeth was executed on May, the 10th, 1794. The unhappy Dauphin, the heir to the haughty throne of the Bourbons, was detained in this prison until his death on the 8th of June, 1795, at which time he was not yet eleven years old. His sister was the only one of the Royal Family who escaped the scaffold, being saved in some inexplicable manner by the intervention of powerful friends. The Dauphin was at first given to the charge of a cobbler named Simon, a cruel and utterly-depraved wretch, and his wife, by whom he was treated with every kind of indignity and cruelty, and who tried, in every way, to corrupt and deprave him. He was afterwards kept in solitary confinement with deficient food and total neglect, and it is actually

said that, for a period of two years, the poor child was not allowed a change of bedding or of clothing. He finally died in this prison of filth and misery on the 8th of June, 1795, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The tower was used as a prison subsequently, and Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of the siege of Acre, and who is buried in Pere la Chaise, and Toussaint l' Ouverture, the Emperor of St. Domingo, captured at the French occupation of that isle, Moreau, the hero of the Rhine, and Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland, were prisoners there. The tower was pulled down in 1811, and the site built over, as alluded to above. The hotel of the Grand Prior of the Order was built in the seventeenth century, and in 1814 Louis XVIII. gave it to the Princess of Conti to establish in it a convent of Benedictine nuns who were to pray continually for France. In 1848 the nuns were expelled, and the building seized by the government. In 1854 it was entirely pulled down, and the space laid out in the present handsome square and garden. M. Lamartine, the author of the history of the Girondists, gives the only description, so far as I know, which can be found in modern literature of the famous Temple in Paris, and, with the hope that the subject will at least interest every Knight Templar, though at the risk of making the sketch too long, perhaps, we again quote from the historian. He describes it as it appeared nearly a hundred years ago, at the period of the French Revolution.

The Temple was an ancient and dismal fortress built by the Monastic order of Templars, at the time when sacerdotal and military theocracies, uniting in revolt against princes with tyranny toward the people, constructed for themselves forts for monasteries, and marched to dominion by the double force of the cross and the sword. After their fall, their fortified dwelling had remained standing as a wreck of past times, neglected by the present. The *château* of the temple was situated near the Faubourg St. Antoine, not far from the Bastile; it, with its buildings, its palace, its towers, and its gardens constituted a vast space of solitude and silence in the center of a most densely populated quarter. The buildings were composed of *a prieure* or palace of the Order, the apartments of which served as an occasional dwelling for the Compte d'Artois, when that prince came from Versailles to Paris.

This dilapidated palace contained apartments, furnished with some ancient movables, beds, and linen for the *suite* of the prince. A porter and his family were its only hosts. A garden surrounded it, as empty and neglected as the palace. At some steps from the dwelling, was the donjon of the château, once the fortification of the Temple. Its abrupt dark mass rose on a simple spot of ground toward the sky; two square towers, the one larger the other smaller, were united to each other like a mass of walls, each one having at its flank other small suspended towers, in former days crowned with battlements at their extremity, and these formed the

principal group of this construction. Some low and more modern buildings abutted upon it, and seemed, by disappearing in its shade, to raise its height.

This *donjon* and tower were constructed with large stones cut in Paris, the excoriations and *cicatrices* of which marbled the walls with yellow, livid spots upon the black ground, which the rain and smoke incrust upon the large buildings of the north of France. The large tower, almost as high as the towers of a cathedral, was not less than 60 feet from the base to the top. It enclosed within its four walls a space of 30 square feet. An enormous pile of masonry occupied the center of the tower, and rose almost to the point of the edifice. This pile, larger and wider at each story, leaned its arches upon the exterior walls, and formed four successive arched roofs, which contained four guard rooms.

These halls communicated with other hidden and more narrow places cut in the towers. The walls of the edifice were nine feet thick. The embrasures of the few windows which lighted it, very large at the entrance of the hall, sunk as they became narrow, even to the cross work of stone, and left only a feeble and remote light to penetrate into the interior. Bars of iron darkened these apartments still further. Two doors, one of double oak wood, very thick, and studded with very large diamond headed nails; the other plated with iron, and fortified with bars of the same metal, divided each hall from the stair by which one ascends to it. This winding staircase rose in a

spiral form to the platform of the edifice. Seven successive wickets, or seven solid doors, shut by bolt and key, were ranged from landing to landing, from the base to the terrace. An exterior gallery crowned the summit of the Donjon. One here made ten steps at one turn. The least breath of air howled there like a tempest. The noises of Paris mounted there, weakening as they came.

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The small tower stood with its back to the large one. It had also two little towers upon each of its flanks. It was equally square and divided into four stories. No interior communication existed between these two continuous edifices; each had its separate staircase; an open platform crowned this tower, in place of a roof, as on the *donjon*.

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The low arched doors, whose freestone mouldings represented a bundle of pillars surmounted by broken escutcheons of the Temple, led to the vestibules of these two towers. Large alleys paved with flagstone surrounded the building; these were separated by barriers of planks. The garden was overgrown by vegetation; thick with coarse herbs and choked by heaps of stone and gravel, the relics of demolished buildings. A high and dull wall, like that of a cloister made the place still more gloomy. This wall had only one outlet, at the extremity of a long alley on the *Vieille Rue du Temple*. Such were the exterior aspect and interior disposition of this abode, when the

owners of the Tuileries, Versailles, and Fontainebleau, (the historian, of course, alludes to the famous prisoners of the Temple, King Louis XVI., and his Queen, Marie Antionette), arrived at nightfall. These deserted halls no longer expected tenants *since the Templars had left them to go to the funeral pile of Jacques Malay.* These pyramidal towers empty, cold, and mute for so many ages, more resembled the chambers of a pyramid in the sepulchre of a Pharoah of the west than a residence.

This much for M. Lamartine's pen picture of the temple, and we leave for the next chapter some account of the overthrow of the Order in France.

CHAPTER VII.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE OVERTHROW (NOT EXTERMINATION), OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

THE following historical sketch of the causes which led to the overthrow (though, not by any means, annihilation), of the Order of Knights Templars in France, in the fourteenth century, and the accompanying description of the scenes of thrilling interest, and of horrible cruelty, which attended their downfall, as the result of a nefarious and blood-cur-

dling conspiracy which, if historians are to be believed at all, was entered into between Philip le Bel, or Philip the Fair, King of France, and Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, in the year 1305, has been revised and condensed from "A historical Sketch of the Last Days of the Templars," by the well known writer G. P. R. James. We shall make no apology for its length, but rely for its kind reception upon the historical authenticity of the statements contained herein, in addition to the supposed interest which every Templar has, or should have, in anything well authenticated concerning that chivalric Order, so without further delay we will proceed *in medias res* at once.

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The fatal battle of Tiberiad, and the fall of Jerusalem, before the victorious arms of Saladin, terminated the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, founded by Godfrey of Bouillon. True, the Franks continued to hold for some years various strong places in the Holy Land. True, the mighty arm of Richard Cœur de Lion brought temporary hope, and a brief prospect of success, to the defeated and disheartened Christians of Syria; true, Henry of Champagne, Almaric, and Isabella and others after their death, called themselves sovereigns of Jerusalem; but they never possessed one stone of the Holy City; nor were they nor their followers permitted to set a foot within its walls, except by permission of the victorious Moslem.

Vice, luxury, and idleness had taken possession of the descendants of the early Crusaders; and the sole bul-

warks of the Christian power were the two great Orders of the Temple and Hospital. Often rivals, often enemies, these bodies of military monks were rarely found wanting in harmony and zeal at the moment of danger and distress; and the misfortunes which fell upon the Christian kingdom after the return of Richard I. to England, united them in defense of the little which remained of all the fair possessions which had been won from the infidels. An effort was made shortly after to rouse the spirit of European nations to a new Crusade. Theobald Visconti, Archdeacon of Liege, had dwelt in the Holy Land, had witnessed the miseries of the Christians, and had become deeply interested in the recovery of Jerusalem.

He was still at Acre, when he was raised to the Papal throne; and his first efforts, on his return to Europe, were directed to raise forces for the great object of his heart. A general council was summoned to meet at Lyons, in May, 1274, and the Grand Masters of the Temple and the Hospital attended, to advocate the cause of the Syrian Christians. Monarchs and princes gave their aid; Rudolph of Hapsburg, Philip of France, Michael Palæologus, Charles of Anjou and Sicily, with many another noble name, took part in the movement; and every thing promised fair, when, after a short period of rule, Gregory X., was removed by death from the scene of his exertions, and the trumpet of the Crusades ceased to sound in Europe. Disappointed and desponding, the Grand Master of the Temple, William de Beau-Jeu returned to Palestine.

He took with him, it is true, a gallant band of Knights of his own order, sent by the various Temple Houses in England and France; but he found Acre, now the capital of the Christian power in the Holy Land, one scene of confusion, contest, and vice. Nevertheless, the resolution of the Grand Master remained unshaken; but it was all in vain that he endeavored to inspire the same spirit into the breasts of others; and all aid, but that of a few Italian free companions, was refused by Europe to the petition of the Syrian Christians. Negotiations with the infidel, and gradual encroachments upon the Christian territory, filled up a considerable space of time, during which a nominal peace existed. The walls of Acre, impaired by Richard, had been strengthened at various times since his death, and consisted of a double rampart, with immense towers at intervals of a stone's throw.

Within the walls were four fortified buildings, which might be considered as citadels, though the real citadel, or castle, was called the King's Tower. The other three consisted of the house or convent of the Knights Templars, the strongest and most important of all, capable of containing several thousand men, and furnished with immense and well constructed defenses, the Convent of the Hospitalers and that of the Teutonic Knights. The sea washed the walls of the city on one side; and an artificial port with fortifications for its protection, completed the defenses of the place. Toward the sea, however, the wall was single; but on

the land side no means had been left unemployed to strengthen the fortifications; and a deep ditch surrounded the whole city. About 12,000 fighting men, besides the soldiers of the Temple and the Hospital, formed the garrison of Acre. The whole weight of the defense fell upon the military orders; and it would appear that the principal command was intrusted to William de Beau-Jeu, Grand Master of the Temple, whose age, experience, and skill well justified the choice.

For six weeks the siege continued, and by night and day the unequal contest raged between 200,000 infidels and the small, but determined band of the defenders of the doomed city. Still, however, William de Beau-Jeu and the Grand Master of the Hospital conducted the defense with unconquerable courage, and for ten days even after the fall of the Cursed Tower, which was one of the principal defenses of the city, maintained the place against the entire force of the Moslem. It would seem that on one occasion the town was actually in the hands of the enemy, but a charge of the Templars and Red Cross Knights drove the Mamelukes back through the break which they had entered. At length, however, in spite of superhuman skill and daring, the 18th of May, 1291, the fatal day of the fall of Acre came. The defense was fierce and resolute, for, though the Arabs say the Christians soon fled, yet they admid themselves that the Mohammedans did not effect an entrance for several hours.

Nothing, during this dreadful day, was wanting on the

part of the Grand Masters of the Temple and the Hospital. For some time they fought, side by side, in the streets, their Knights forming a living barrier with their mailed bodies against the torrent of infidel war. Hundreds and hundreds fell; and, as a last resource, it was agreed that while William de Beau-Jeu maintained the struggle in the streets, the Grand Master of the Hospital, with 500 Knights, should issue forth by a postern and attack the enemy in flank. About this time fell Mathew de Clermont, Marshal of St. John; and hardly had the Grand Master of the Hospital breathed his last when William de Beau-Jeu himself was slain by an arrow.

The rest of the Knights of the Temple who were left alive retreated, fighting step by step, till they reached their fortified convent; and the Hospitalers who had issued forth to attack the enemy's rear, were all killed with the exception of seven, who with difficulty made their way to the ships after having seen that the place was actually taken. In the meantime, one building detached from all the rest, and a fortress in itself, resisted all the efforts of the infidel forces. The Temple House of Acre covered a large space of ground, and was surrounded by walls and towers almost as strong as those of the city.

It is, perhaps, not very possible to describe it accurately at present, but we know that within the walls it contained a palace, a church, a market-place and a monastery. There, as I have before shown, the surviving Knights of the Temple, somewhat more than 300 in

number with the serving brethren, and a considerable body of the inhabitants of Acre, among whom were many women and children of high rank, found refuge when the city itself fell. In all, it would appear from the account of Aboul Nopassen that the Temple House gave shelter to 4,000 men.

The Knights, as soon as the gates were closed, and the place in a position of defense, held a chapter of the Order and elected a Grand Master of the name of Gaudini, to supply the place of their deceased leader, the gallant, illustrious and lamented William de Beau-Jeu. They then prepared to make the most strenuous resistance. Their only hope must have been to obtain honorable terms of surrender; and it matters not much by whom the proposal of a capitulation was first made. The Christians and the Mohammedans differ. Certain it is, however, the Sultan agreed to grant, and the Templars to accept, terms highly honorable to themselves.

The lives of all persons at that moment within the walls of the Temple were to be spared. Shipping was to be placed at their disposal to carry them to some other land, and they were to be permitted to retire in peace whithersoever they pleased, with the fugitives under their protection, and so much of their more precious goods as each man could carry. As a pledge of good faith, the Sultan sent the Templars a standard, and a guard of three hundred Mussulman soldiers to insure the due execution of the treaty. The standard was placed on one of the towers of the Temple, and

the Mussulman guard was admitted; but a shameful violation of the terms of the treaty very speedily took place. The women had hidden themselves in the church of the Temple, but they did not escape the eyes or the violence of the Moslem. Attracted by their beauty, the guards sent for their protection forgot the terms of the treaty, burst into the church and polluted the sacred edifice by infamous violence. The Templars closed their gates at once and slaughtered the criminals to a man. Immediately an attack from without began upon the Temple House; but the Knights made a gallant defense during the whole of Saturday, the 19th of May. On the 20th, a deputation was sent to explain to the Sultan the offense offered by his Mamelukes, and the cause of their massacre.

The Franks and the Arabs differ much as to what followed; but both accounts are alike unfavorable to the honor and justice of Khalil. The Christians declare that he at once put the deputies to death, and that Gaudini, the Grand Master, finding the place could not be maintained, selected a certain number of Knights, gathered together the treasures of the Order, and all the holy relics it possessed, and escaping to the port by a secret postern, got possession of a galley, and reached Cyprus in safety. The Templars who remained defended the great tower, called the Master's Tower, with valor and success, till the walls were undermined, and the building fell, crushing to death all whom it contained. Such is the Christian account, and there can be no doubt that Gaudini, with a small

body of the brethren, escaped by sea. Thus fell the Temple House at Acre.

The city was fired in four places; the walls were razed to the ground; the churches, and the houses which escaped the flames, were cast down; and nothing remained of Acre but a pile of stones. The Order of the Temple, however, still subsisted. Numerous preceptories were to be found in various Christian countries; Limisso, or Limesol, in Cyprus, became the chief establishment of the Order; and a powerful fleet, great wealth, and considerable bodies of troops rendered it an object of terror to the infidel and of jealousy to many Christian princes. Gaudini did not long survive the expulsion of the Christians from the Holy Land. He died in Cyprus during the year 1295; and James de Molay, of an illustrious family of Burgundy, then Grand Preceptor in England, was elected Grand Master of the Order. His predecessors had fought and died in arms against the infidel; but the last Grand Master, James de Molay, was destined to fall before the evil passions of his fellow-Christians.

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The fate of the Templars had, in the meantime, been hard. The first reception by the King of Cyprus, of the little band expelled from Syria, had been kind and hospitable; but the numbers, both of the Red Cross Knights and the Knights of St. John, who now flocked into the island, alarmed the monarch; and, before Gaudini's death, a system of petty annoyance and exaction had begun, which the Templars resisted in

vain. Three great preceptories of the Order at Limesol, Nicotia, and Gastira with several smaller buildings, already belonged to the Knights of the Temple; but the King of Cyprus forbade any further establishments, and endeavored to impose a capitation tax upon the Order, in common with the rest of the inhabitants of Cyprus. The soldiers of the Temple plead exemption under many decrees from Rome; but the descendants of Guy of Lusignan seemed to have little reverence for the Papal mandates; and the disputes between the king and the Order were running high, almost to open war, when the brief and inglorious career of Gaudini terminated.

James de Molay was a man of a very different character, firm but moderate, full of religious zeal without fanaticism, devout, strict and disinterested. He was in England as Grand Preceptor, when his elevation to the head of the Order was announced to him; and, after framing various wise regulations for the government of the Knights in this country, he crossed the sea to France, and acted as godfather to the son of Philip the Fair, and then hastened to join his brethren in Cyprus. He found the dissension between the Knights and the Sovereign at its height, and the rash efforts of Pope Boniface VIII., in favor of the Templars only rendered the dispute more violent.

An opportunity soon presented itself, however, of quitting the isle with dignity and propriety, and James de Molay seized it at once. But by this time, the preparations of Cazan Khan, the great Em-

peror of Persia who, though himself an idolater, had married the daughter of Leon, King of Armenia, who was herself a Christian princess of great beauty and accomplishments, were about complete for the greatest enterprise of his whole reign. An enterprise, too, which but for the influence of his Christian wife, might never have been undertaken, for she had not only won her husband's almost unbounded affection, in spite of his 600 to 700 concubines, but had obtained great authority in his counsels, by her wisdom and beauty as well as her prudent and judicious advice. Such was her influence with the Monarch Cazan Khan, that he not only allowed her the free exercise of her own religion, but even had a Christian temple erected for her worship, and thus this Christian woman drew closer and closer the bonds of alliance between her husband and her fellow-Christians, and soon we shall see the great results which flowed from this marriage between an idolater and an earnest Christian woman. He had resolved to drive the Mamelukes from Syria. He demanded the co-operation of Georgia and Armenia. He negotiated even with the Pope, and with the Christian princes of Europe; and he agreed that Palestine, if recovered from the Sultan of Egypt, should remain in the possession of the Christians. Georgia and Armenia readily answered to this call; but the only European Christians who joined him, were the Knights of the Military Orders.

James de Molay did not hesitate; but gathering together as large a force of the Templars as could be

spared from the Preceptories, he set sail, early in the year 1299, once more to plant the standard of the Cross on the shores of Syria. A large Tartar, Mogul, and Armenian force had already entered the territories over which the Sultan claimed dominion, and had encamped among the ruins of Antioch. The distance from Cyprus was but small; and the galleys of the Temple reached Suadeah in safety. There, for the first time after many years, the great standard of the Cross was raised once more by the soldiers of the Temple. Under the shadow of the Beauseant, they marched on at once to join the forces of Cazan Khan; and a division consisting of 30,000 men having been placed under the command of James de Molay, the combined forces of Knights, Moguls, Armenians, and Franks commenced their march toward Damascus.

The rulers of Egypt, however, were not inactive. Levies were instantly made, and led rapidly into Palestine. Damascus added her multitude, and at Hems, on the high road between Aleppo and Damascus, the two armies met and engaged. It seemed as if on that action depended the fate of Asia, and perhaps, the ascendancy of the Christian or Mohammedan faith in the East, and the troops on either side fought with desperate valor. But the forces of Islam were totally defeated; and the victorious Moguls with their Frankish allies, and the Templars and the Red Cross Knights, pursued and slaughtered them till night only stopped the carnage. Aleppo, it would seem, had already surrendered. Damascus fell an easy prey to

the conquerors. The Mussulmans abandoned the towns on the road to Jerusalem, and the Holy City itself was left nearly undefended.

The Templars marched on and took possession of Hierosolyma, and it was now that they celebrated the feast of Easter in triumph and rejoicing. One more was made effort by Cazan, to rouse the European Christians to seize the favorable opportunity, and had it been successful, what might have been the result? Unhappily all were dull to the call, however, and though Pope Boniface in his letters lauds the Pagan Protector of Christianity, he exerted himself but little to second the efforts of the Tartar. In the meantime, disorders broke out in Iran, and Cazan was obliged to withdraw the greater part of his army, in order to restore tranquility in his own dominions.

He left, however, a considerable force under the command of the Grand Master, who, pursuing, his successful course drove the Mamalukes back to Gaza, and forced them even, it is said, to take refuge in the desert. Then comes a period of doubt and darkness. Cazan, it would seem, trusted to some Mohammedan officer, who betrayed his cause. The Mussulmans of Syria rose in defense of their religion; and, although supported by reinforcements from Persia, De Molay was forced to retreat. The struggle was, however, again renewed; but the illness of Cazan, his death in 1303, and the decline of the Mogul power, *deprived the Christians of their last hope of recovering the Holy Land.*

After all had been lost which the brief campaign of 1299 had obtained, a party of the Templars retreated to a small island in the neighborhood of Tortosa, where they were speedily attacked by an overwhelming force and the greater part of them were put to death, or sent in chains to Egypt. Some of them escaped, however, or were ransomed from captivity; and among them was James de Molay, who was reserved for a fate more terrible than an honorable death by the sword of the infidel.

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There is a vacancy in the history of the Templars for several years. The Order was still numerous in England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy; but we know little of their proceedings, from a short time before the death of Cazan Khan, to the first open commencement of the infamous persecution of the Order, *in the year 1307*. The headquarters of the Templars had been re-established in Cyprus; and there was the chief treasury of the Order under the care of James de Molay, who was apparently unsuspicious of any evil act meditated against a body of men who had been for so many years, the main support of Christian *Palestine*.

Nevertheless, numerous events had taken place which might have shown this brave, dignified, and amiable man, had he not been too confiding and unsuspicious of character, the blow that menaced the Order, its objects, and its cause. Right and justice had been violated toward the Templars, in many coun-

tries. Two Edwards had siezed, without just cause, considerable sums belonging to the Templars in England. Many noblemen and Sovereign Princes had infringed their rights and privileges. The clergy, generally, hated and menaced them on account of the immunities which had been granted them by various popes. Separated from the rest of the world, and deprived, to a great extent, of the ties of kindred, they had few interests and feelings in common with the laity.

Unfortunately for them, as well as for all Christendom, the spirit of the Crusades had died out; Palestine was lost; they were no longer admired as the incarnation of a widespread enthusiasm; they were thought to be no longer needed as a barrier to Christian Europe; but it was individual cupidity and personal malice which prompted their destruction, and directed the blow. Philip, the then king of France, was a man cold, calculating, remorseless, but ambitious and avaricious to a high degree. He mounted the French throne when only seventeen years old, and very soon began to show the unprepossessing qualities, which he afterwards displayed more fully. Oppression, borne impatiently and long, at length roused the people to resistance.

Riots took place in many towns; and in the capital the people rose against the king and his ministers, who by this time by reason of his oppressions, and because he and his ministers by extortionate taxation, had reduced the value of the coin to one-seventh

(which they were forced to take at its face value), had changed his name from Philip the Fair, to Philip the False Money-maker, which was significant, to say the least, pillaged the houses of their oppressors and even menaced the safety of the monarch. Forced to fly from his palace, Philip took refuge in the strong and defensible buildings of the Temple, where he was received with open arms by the brave and hospitable Knights who at once to a man drew their good broadswords in defense of their king and good friend, as they believed. The people followed him in arms, invested the Temple House, and threatened to starve him into surrender.

For two days, no provisions were suffered to enter; but the enthusiasm of their fury died away; tranquility was restored in the capital; and the king escaped the fate which had seemed to menace him. The Templars of Paris had given honorable shelter to the monarch, closed their gates against his enemies, and promised to protect his person. But there is much reason to believe that he demanded more of them, that he required them to act against his people, but to their honor, be it said, the Templars refused. It was forbidden to them by the most solemn obligations to draw the sword against their fellow-Christians, except in their own defense, and, although, as individuals they might have, occasionally, violated this rule, yet they had never done so in a body.

Moreover, at that time the most vehement dissensions existed between the King of France and the Papal See,

going on to indecent violence on the part of Philip, which the Templars could not see, without indignation, exercised toward a Pontiff who had always shown himself favorable to their Order. This cause of offense was probably not forgotten, yet Philip could dissemble; and it would appear that no plan for taking vengeance on the Templars, or stripping them of their wealth, suggested itself, so long as the Papal throne was occupied by a Pontiff, independent of the power of France. The Popes had so completely committed themselves to the support of the Order of the Temple, that with no degree of decency could they withdraw their protection; and Alexander IV., in the middle of the eighteenth century, had even defended the Templars, both against the clergy and the monastic orders, with a vigor and decision that repressed, for a time, the jealousy which these military monks had excited. Boniface VIII., died at the end of 1303, and was succeeded by a wiser and better Pontiff, Benedict II., who was not wanting in firmness, nor wanting in moderation.

It was at this period that the French King, knowing that under such a man as Benedict, it would be impossible to execute a scheme for the destruction of the Templars, affected with a common artifice of tyrants, the greatest attachment toward those whose ruin he at the same time meditated, although they had afforded him a sanctuary when he was in the most imminent peril at the hands of his own subjects. In an edict of 1304, by which he granted them numerous

privileges in France, he burst forth in their praise in such a fulsome manner as might well have put them on their guard against the pitiless storm of persecution which was destined, so soon to break upon their devoted heads.

"The works of piety and charity," he says, in that ever memorable edict to which he so soon gave the lie, by showing his duplicity in his wicked action toward the Templars, "the magnificent liberality which the holy Order of the Temple has exercised at all times and in all places, and their noble courage, which ought still to be excited to the perilous defense of the Holy Land, have determined us to spread our royal bounty over the Order, and its Knights, in our kingdom, and to afford special marks of favor to an institution for which we entertain a sincere predilection." "Put not your trust in Princes" is an axiom however, coeval with the earliest dynasty, almost, and favors and praises from a treacherous and unscrupulous monarch ought, perhaps, to have caused alarm; but Philip had, as yet, displayed no enmity of any kind toward the Order, confident of its strength and proud of its services.

In addition to this, not only had the Temple Master James de Molay held the infant son of the French king at the baptismal font, but the Temple House at Paris had been the Monarch's chosen place of refuge in the hour of danger. And besides all that, the Order numbered among its knights, nobles of the highest rank in France and princes allied to the blood Royal. So for

all these reasons (and their confidence seemed fully justified by the circumstances), they had no fear, no suspicion even, when their ruin was determined, and nothing was wanting but the occasion. The long desired opportunity came at last, and it came in this wise.

On the 7th of July, 1304, died Benedict XI., the friend and ally of the Templars, and with him fell the last bulwark of the Order; for, at once, intrigues began for the tiara on which, as soon as transpired, the fate of the Order of the Temple depended. Philip already had his eye on a man after his own heart, upon whom he felt he could depend in this emergency, and who for a price which he now had at his own disposal, he knew could be prevailed upon to act as the main instrument in carrying out his fell design, against the Order of the Temple. This man was the licentious and avaricious Bertrand de Got, then Archbishop of Bordeaux, whom Philip, who had the controlling voice in the election of a successor to the pious Pope Benedict XI. sent for, and to whom he made five conditions, and the price of his accession to the Papal See, was to be his unconditional assent to these five propositions.

History gives an account of the first four of these conditions, but with them we have nothing to do; our whole concern is with the fifth of these propositions, which Philip did not then communicate to him, but the nature of which, he informed him, that he would let him know at the proper time

and place. The wicked Archbishop agreed, although wicked and unprincipled as he was, be it said, to his honor with some reluctance, to the five conditions, but the price was too tempting to his avaricious soul to be refused; as Sir Robert Walpole once said in the English Parliament, "every man has his price," and Philip knew well how to reach the unscrupulous Bishop whom he had picked out as his tool in his proposed villainy and the unhallowed compact was duly signed.

Bertrand de Got received the reward of his infamy, was elected Pope, and assumed the name of Clement V. He at once proceeded to execute the four specified conditions of his compact, and now what was the fifth, which was of such a nature that even Philip, as well as he knew the wickedness and hardihood of the tool which he had just bought body and soul with a tiara, did not dare disclose it to him all at once, in all its atrocity. A French historian has said: "It has never been positively known what was the fifth article of the convention; but all historians have conjectured, perhaps, from the occurrences which followed, that it was the destruction of the Order of the Temple." Can any one doubt it? Philip might well keep it secret, even from the infamous wretch whose soul he was purchasing, till he had in some degree prepared the way for a proposal, perhaps, the most monstrous and the most frightful that ever was made by one man to another. The rules of the Temple were severe; burdensome to a degree, which could only be rendered tolerable by the sustaining power of enthusiasm. Some must have failed

in the trial. Some must have yielded to temptation. Some must have bent under the load. It was known that some had been expelled from the Order; that some had been severely punished; that others had been degraded and disgraced. A singular coincidence now took place.

The new Pope, Bertrand de Got, had hardly seated himself in the chair of St. Peter, before rumors began to be spread through Europe, which accused the Order of the Temple of heresy, impiety, and even of crimes so infamous and so horrible, that they can not be so much as hinted at upon a page intended for the sight of all.

The probable origin of these rumors (for they were nothing more), may, perhaps, be reduced to this with reasonable certainty. Two criminals condemned for civil offenses, one a citizen of Beziers, another, an apostate brother of the Temple, were confined in the same dungeon in Paris, previous to execution. Confessors, it seems, were not in those days allowed to ordinary criminals condemned to death; and these two men detailed, or confessed to each other, their several crimes. The degraded Templar charged his Order with a multitudes of iniquities, and the citizen of Beziers (no doubt seeing a chance of saving his own life in the revelation of what he considered a valuable secret), announced to his jailers that he had most important disclosures to make regarding the Templars, and asked for an audience of the king in person.

The two prisoners in consequence were brought before the king, who, no doubt, listened to their tale, whether

he believed it or not (but we easily believe what we wish to), with ill-concealed satisfaction, as he was thereby furnished with the pretext which he had long been seeking for an onslaught on the Order. "Give me but one line of a man's handwriting," said the unscrupulous Cardinal Richelieu, "and I will bring his head to the block;" Philip here had sufficient testimony to justify him in putting into execution his nefarious project, and the doom of the Templars was sealed from that hour. Be this as it may, it is universally conceded that the first charge against this noble Christian phalanx, rested on the unconfirmed and worthless statements of one or two condemned criminals; but what booted that to the blood thirsty King of France, as long as he was enabled thus to gain his own ends? When these statements were first made does not exactly appear; but it would seem that Philip and Pope Clement desired extremely to get the Grand Master, James de Molay, into their power, before they suffered their nefarious conspiracy against this noble, unsuspecting Order to become apparent.

Even Bertrand de Got, unscrupulous and hard-hearted as he was, heard, with amazement and incredulity, the charges against the Templars when they were first revealed to him, and it is said that he pronounced them as "incredible, impossible, and unheard of." Philip, however, like another Shylock as he was, clamored for the pound of Christian flesh, and his creature Clement was compelled to comply with his wicked compact, not only in the spirit but to the very letter.

In June, 1306, Clement invited the Grand Masters of the Temple, and the Hospital, to join him in France without delay, and as secretly, and with as small a retinue as possible, in order (as he pretended) to concert with him, measures for the recovery of the Holy Land. The wily prelate well knew how best to reach the noble heart and unsuspecting mind of the Grand Master James de Molay, who, himself the very embodiment of chivalry and honor, in fact another Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur, et sans reproche*, and always possessing *mens sibi conscia recti*, was the last person in the world to suspect of perfidy the King of France, who had been the self-invited guest of the Templars in a time of deadly peril, and the Pope, whose predecessors had been so favorably disposed to the Order, of which he was the venerated head.

The Grand Master of the Hospital more worldly wise, came not, but James de Molay suspecting naught of treachery, set out for Paris at once. He was at this time in Cyprus; and he took with him sixty knights to confer with the Pope. He brought with him a considerable amount of treasure, which he deposited in the Temple House at Paris, in the beginning of the year 1307, and after seeing the King of France, proceeded to Poitiers, where the Pope then resided. He was there detained for a time with proposals of a different nature altogether from what he had expected. Something was said, indeed, concerning another Crusade to the Holy Land, but the Pope mainly dwelt upon the expediency of consoli-

dating the Orders of the Temple, and the Hospital.

There matters were discussed at some length, but the Grand Master declined to accede to these propositions, saying that the rumors of dissensions between these great military Orders were wholly unfounded, and that the only rivalry that existed between them was, as to "*who could best work, and best agree.*" In the mean time, the King of France was secretly preparing his plans for the final catastrophe. Secret letters were written in September, 1307, to the officers of the king all over France, charging the Templars with the most atrocious crimes, with crimes so monstrous, so absurd, and so incredible as to carry with them their own refutation; among them charging this order, which has lost thousands of lives and millions of treasure, in upholding the Cross of the Savior, with heresy, idolatry, sorcery and most improbable of all to a true Templar, or Knight of the Red Cross, *the renunciation of the Christian religion, and the mockery of the Cross itself*, the sacred emblem which they had worn upon their breasts in many a hard fought battle with the infidel.

The only crime in the history of France, which can compare in the extent of its wickedness and cruelty, with the overthrow of the Order of the Templars, is the massacre of St. Bartholomew on the 24th of August, 1572, at the hands of the infamous Charles IX., when the innocent Huguenots were butchered by thousands for the sake of the Christian religion, and as we shall see a little further along, these two of the

wickedest kings of France met with a righteous retribution.

Truly, "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small," — but to resume our narrative. In these letters he commanded his officers in the provinces, to make preparations secretly to seize upon all the Templars, their houses and property, and then *to subject them to the torture, if it should be deemed necessary*. The king's commands were executed. On the night of Friday, the 13th of October, 1307, every Temple House was seized throughout the realm of France, and all the Knights and serving brethren made prisoners. The moment the first act of the drama was successfully accomplished, (for they had no suspicion of treachery, and hence were taken wholly unawares, and of course could make no defense) and the gallant Knights secured, of whom there were at that time we are assured 15,000 in the various Preceptories of Europe, Philip threw off his mask, and trumpeted forth his foul accusations against them to the world.

He had, just before seizing upon their persons com municated to several neighboring Monarchs these foul and calumnious charges, in the hope that, by securing their co-operation at once, he might thus be enabled to overthrow the Order throughout the length and breadth of Europe, but, although it was an age of superstition and mental and moral darkness, yet these charges were so utterly at variance with the outward life and professions of the Order for centuries, that, at first, they were scouted at, as wholly absurd and improbable.

Even Edward II., of England, weak though he was, and although son-in-law to the French king, could scarcely credit the tale at first.

In Germany and Spain, to their honor be it said, the noble Order was acquitted at once, of all guilt; and the people of Cyprus bore honorable testimony to the behavior of the Templars in that island. But in Italy, Sicily, and France, the persecution raged, and it was not long before the arguments of Philip, and the anathema of Pope Clement, drove King Edward to a similar injustice against the Templars of England. France, however, is the country to which our attention must especially be directed, for here it was that the horrible plot was formed, and here it was that it was consummated with a fiendishness and cruelty which is almost without a parallel in history.

Every step taken by these two confederates in iniquity, Philip and Clement, shows the baseness of their proceeding. Preaching friars were tutored in their story by these monsters, and were ordered to declaim against the Order in all the public places of the kingdom, and in any other age but that, the charges made against these soldiers of the Cross would have been received with shouts of derision, aud those who made them would have been tied to the cart's tail and beaten with the knout for their impudent assurance, but in that age the charges, unfortunately, found credence with many of the lower orders, and even with some of the more enlightened classes.

Philip endeavored at first to draw from the Templars, or some of them, at least, by a promise of pardon on the one hand, or by the threat of instant death, or the horrors of the torture on the other, (which are simply indescribable), such a confession of guilt as would justify him in the eyes of the world, for his iniquitous and and high-handed proceedings. But these soldiers of the Cross had faced death too often, and in too many different ways, to allow themselves to be thus intimidated and disgraced. He was not very patient, however, and after a few days vainly spent in coaxing and threatening them by turns, Philip turned them over to the tender mercies (?) of the Dominican Friars, who were noted throughout Europe for their inhumanity and cruelty, and who at this time, gave the world a foretaste of the horrors of the bloody Spanish Inquisition of succeeding centuries.

Again the Temple House at Paris, whence had issued forth more than once a host of heroes to defend the Holy Land, was crowded with gallant Knights, but alas! how changed their circumstances. Instead of a noble band of warriors, all armed and equipped in their glittering coats of mail, and with swords uplifted for the contest with the infidel, there they were, a band of wretched prisoners, hopeless and helpless, and most lamentable fact of all, captives to their fellow Christians, in the power of enemies more pitiless than the Saracens, they lay in chains, each in solitary confinement covered with foul accusations, and expecting naught but death.

Every thing was gone from them; their wealth, obtained by no dishonest means, nor by oppression, but mostly the gift of those who admired this band of Christian warriors, was taken from them, and naught was left even to pay an advocate to plead their cause. The Grand Master himself, fared no better than his fellows, and the only thing to vary the dreadful monotony of their lives was the frequent ordeal of the torture. We will not harrow the feelings of our readers by attempting to describe the various sorts of torture to which these noble Templars were subjected by those devils in human form — the Dominican Friars — to whom, as said above, full control in the matter was given, but suffice it to say, that they had gone through a long apprenticeship to the trade of torture, and had become perfect masters of their horrible craft.

It is said that, true to the traditions of the Order for unshrinking bravery, thirty-six Templars actually died under the torture, without uttering a single word to criminate their brethren. Many more came from the torture-chamber crippled for life, but not a man wavered until, as a last resort, forged letters were shown them purporting to come from the Grand Master, and exhorting them to admit their guilt. About seventy of the Order, thinking no doubt that they might follow the example of their illustrious Grand Master without shame or the sacrifice of their manhood, or even proving recreant to their solemn vows of Knighthood, confessed, while under the tor-

ture, anything that their cruel inquisitors might dictate to them, but they saved only their lives for the time being; they were not yet free from the toils of their relentless persecutors, and at this time, such was the system of murder and torture to be seen continually going on in every Templar Preceptory in France.

Soon, all Europe rang with the stories of the cruelty of the king of France, and Pope Clement himself pretended to be shocked at the awful disclosures. He ordered a commission to be appointed to look into the matter, but the result answered little to his expectations. The Knights, when brought before this commission revoked all confessions they had made while under torture, reasserting the innocence of the Order and the entire untruth of the charges made against them, and further announced, that if any further acknowledgments should be drawn from them by a re-application of the torture, the world should regard them as false. They were allowed no counsel, nor any aid from sympathizing friends. Every thing was denied them, and they were treated with every outrage and indignity, as though they were the veriest criminals.

Finally, James de Molay, the Grand Master, who had in the meantime been a prisoner at Corbe, was himself brought before the commission, in November, 1309, and defended himself and his Order, at one and the same time, with manly boldness. He said, among other things, that he was "a plain, unlettered man, not instructed in the law, but always ready to

defend himself and the Order, against the unjust and infamous accusations which had been brought against them, as best he might." He showed that he and his brethren had been stripped of everything, that he, the Grand Master, himself, who had lately controlled almost limitless wealth was dependent even for his bread, upon charity, and that he further proposed, if he were allowed the aid of an advocate, to prove the innocence of himself and his entire Order, even to the satisfaction of their enemies.

At this juncture, to his entire amazement, as may well be conjectured, a paper was shown him which purported to be his own confession, made at Chinon, and attested by certain of the Cardinals(!). He was speechless with amazement for a moment, and it is said that he three times made the sign of the Cross, as though he were beset by evil spirits. At last his honest indignation burst forth, and he passionately proclaimed those who signed it as willful liars, and invoked God to send upon them the punishment which the ancient enemies of the Templars, the Saracens, were wont to inflict upon malicious slanderers. "Their bellies," he exclaimed, "they rip open, and their heads they cut off." All this and more he said, but his words reached unbelieving, or at any rate, hard-hearted listeners. The commissioners dared neither to excommunicate him, nor put him to death just then; for his time was not yet come.

In all, no less than five hundred Knights were examined before the commission, and they all, to a man,

protested their innocence as vehemently as did their Grand Master. Philip saw that he was being foiled in his fell design, and turned the case over to a new tribunal, which better answered his wicked purpose. This new tool was the lately appointed Archbishop of Sens, who seems even to have been too hardened to meet the approbation of Clement himself, as he protested against his appointment.

To this new tribunal the Templars were handed over, and truly, he did not disappoint his master's expectations. Every Templar who was dragged before this monster was allowed the option of renewing the confession which he had recanted, or he died at the stake at once. Glorious army of martyrs! to a man, they refused to the last to admit the crimes of which they were accused, and in their dying agonies, they ceased not to declare that they were given up to death, unjustly and without cause. It is said that fifty-nine were burned at the stake in one day by this fiend incarnate, and not one denied his Lord and Master.

Such awful scenes were common in other parts of France as well, but the Grand Master with some other distinguished Preceptors of the Order, still languished in their cheerless prison cells. For almost six years, which must have seemed a century to the unhappy prisoner, James de Molay remained a captive, and, at frequent intervals, he was subjected to the torture, and we know not whether he confessed at all in a moment of weakness (and who shall blame him if he did, at such an awful moment, forswear the Order), or

if so, what was the nature of that confession, but from what we know of the character of the man, we should be inclined to think that he stood firm to the last, and that the confession which he had so boldly and vehemently pronounced a forgery, was the document upon which his inquisitors mainly relied in order to vilify, and finally overthrow the Order.

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Finally, however, we reach the last sad act in the drama, and ring down the curtain on the last days of the Templars. On the eighteenth day of March, 1313, a scaffold was erected in front of Notre Dame, and the news was heralded all over Paris, that the leading officers of the Temple would that day admit their guilt of all that was charged against them, and thus fully justify (?) the King and the Pope, for all they had done against them. Their confession was said to have been made before the Archbishop of Sens (a veracious witness truly) and several other suborned perjurers of the King

A great multitude was gathered together to witness this extraordinary scene. At the appointed hour, surrounded by the king's satellites, and loaded with chains, the Last Grand Master of the Templars, accompanied by three other prominent officers of the Order, were led forward to the front of the scaffold. The *alleged* confession was then read to the four Knights and they were asked to give their assent to the same. Two of them, the Visitor-General and the Grand Preceptor of Aquitaine, awed by the pres-

ence of an awful death, bowed their heads as a token of assent, but to their everlasting honor be it said the noble Grand Master, and his subordinate, Guy of Lusignan, the Grand Preceptor of the Order equally undaunted, although they well knew the consequence of their boldness, proclaimed aloud the falseness of the confession, and declared that it was a sin, alike in the eyes of God and man, to proclaim a falsehood.

"The only thing for which I reproach myself," said the Grand Master on this memorable occasion, "is that I may possibly, under the agony of the torture, have admitted untruly, horrible offences against an Order, which has ever nobly served, and defended Christendom." These noble words sealed the fate of the Grand Master, and his fearless companion, and that very evening the two martyrs died at the stake on Notre Dame Island, victims of one of the most infamous conspiracies in the annals of history. The murderer, however, did not long survive their victims: Philip, King of France, died the next year, as did several centuries later, Charles IX., the murderer of St. Bartholomew, by a singular coincidence, also of a lingering disease, unknown to the most learned physicians of his time, and his infamous ally, the bloody Pontiff, died before his master, and his body was partially consumed by fire, set, it is said, by the hand of his own nephew.

Enguerand de Marigny, likewise, "the power behind the throne, which was mightier than the throne itself," who is supposed to have prompted and

carried out most of the iniquitous acts of Philip the Fair, and who had in the words of the monk of St. Dennis "become more, so to say, than Mayor of the palace, was hanged in 1315, upon the gibbet of the common robbers. They had hounded to death most cruelly the Soldiers of the Cross, and hath not the Lord said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay." Edward II., King of England, who had in that country also persecuted the Templars, and confiscated their wealth, did not fare much better than his father-in-law, Philip, the False Money-maker, as he was deposed from his throne by his Queen and his son, and died mysteriously in prison. Thus was overthrown, by the machinations of wicked and unscrupulous monarchs, assisted by their conscienceless tools (though, thanks be to Him who doeth all things well, not exterminated), the Order of the Temple, and thus, in perfect keeping with the eternal fitness of things, perished those who had so infamously, and so unjustly persecuted it.

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"From the election of Hugh De Payens (1118) to the death of Jaques de Molay (1313), there were 22 Grand Masters of the Order. After the overthrow of the Order of Knights Templars throughout Europe, Dennis I., King of Portugal, in 1317, solicited of Pope John XXII., permission to re-establish the "Order of the Temple" in his dominions, under the name of the "Order of Christ," and to restore to it the possessions which had been wrested from the Templars. The Pope consented, approved the statutes, and in 1319,

confirmed the institution. The Grand Mastership was vested in the King of Portugal, and the Order having been secularized in 1789, the members were divided into three classes. It was designated "the most noble Order," and none but those nobly descended, and of unsullied character, could be admitted. Thus, and through other sources, was the existence of the Order protected from complete annihilation."

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS CONTINUED, AND GENEVA.

AMONG the sights of Paris must not be omitted the Vendome Column, located in the Place Vendome, which is a handsome square with the houses, all of exactly the same kind of architecture, and designed by the famous Mansard, which gives the square, which has but one street running through it, a uniform appearance and were it not for the two openings made by this street, the square would look for all the world like one huge quadrangle on the same plan as the University buildings at Cambridge. The column was erected by Napoleon, to commemorate his famous campaign of 1805, when he utterly destroyed the armies of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, in an unexampled series of victories, the glory of which he never subsequently equaled. It was begun in 1806, and finished in 1810, in imitation of the famous Trajan and Aurelian columns at Rome.

The shaft of the column is of stone, cased on the outside with bronze from the metal of captured cannon, in a series of bas-reliefs representing the battles and victories of the French, during the campaign in question. The figures are about eight feet high, and the whole forms a spiral riband eight hundred and ninety feet long, winding around the column from the base entirely to the top, and this is decidedly the finest column to be seen in the city of Paris. The column, including the pedestal to the base of the statue is one hundred and forty-three feet high, and the statue twelve feet. The first statue which crowned the summit represented Napoleon in a Roman *toga*, which was taken down and melted at the Restoration.

However, on May 16th, 1871, the Commune had already thoroughly resolved to destroy every vestige of civilization, art and culture, if possible, and to that end they pulled down the column and threw the pieces into the Seine, but the government of M. Thiers, after the suppression of the Commune, very wisely and patriotically decided almost immediately to repair it as far as practicable, and replace it, and they had the pieces hunted for in the river Seine, and actually found almost all of them, had the column repaired and set up again in a short time, and to-day it stands there as of old, showing the triumph of a correct public spirit over the spirit of anarchy and misrule, which so unhappily for the public weal stalked abroad during the sway of the Commune.

My view of the sights of Paris was completed by

a visit to the Grand Opera House, where our party paid about ten francs, or $2, for a box which held four people in the fifth tier of boxes, but they are so small that only two persons at a time who are in the box, can see much of what transpires on the stage. This Opera House is the largest theater in the world, and covers an area of nearly three acres, although it has less seating capacity than the theaters of La Scala in Milan and San Carlo at Naples. Between four hundred and five hundred houses were demolished to provide the site which alone cost about $2,000,000. The building was in the process of construction for thirteen years (from 1861 to 1874), and cost nearly $20,000,000. It is entirely fire-proof, has five tiers of boxes, and will seat two thousand two hundred people. It has a grand double-branched horse-shoe staircase which is well worth the seeing. By the way, the drop-curtain at Heuck's Opera House in Cincinnati gives a fine representation of the grand staircase. The most notable thing about the Opera House, however, is the grand *salon* which affords a magnificent promenade, as in Paris at the Grand Opera House, half the audience go out between the acts to this grand *salon*, which is splendidly adorned with sculpture and mirrors from the floor to the top of the ceiling, which is very high, and is magnificently frescoed by Baudry, and is certainly the finest play-house in the world.

The audience are recalled to their seats from the grand *salon* for the rising of the curtain, by electric bells. The opera given on that occasion was "L'Africaine,"

and it was truly a grand performance, and the scenery and appointments were, of course, of the most gorgeous character. The government subsidizes the Opera by giving the director, who pays no rent, a gratuity of $160,000 a year. To give you some tangible idea of this mammoth Opera house, I will here give you a few startling statistics. The stage alone occupies nearly two and a half acres; just think of its immensity. There are three hundred and thirty-four dressing rooms, the staircases number six thousand one hundred and nineteen steps, there are nine thousand two hundred and nine gas burners, and one thousand six hundred and six doors. The water pipes are four and a half miles in length, and there are only one hundred and fifty miles of cords and ropes for managing the scenery of this gigantic place of amusement, and the expenses of the Opera are of course enormous.

The gas bill alone costs $50,000 a year, merely the sweeping out costs $8,000, and the authors' fees and the *droit des pauvres*, or right of the poor of Paris to a certain per cent of the receipts amount to $100,000, so that these four items absorb completely the subsidy of $160,000. In 1883 (the year that I was at the Grand Opera), the singers cost $17,000 per month, and the *corps de ballet* and choruses $12,000. The receipts average $80,000 a month and expenses $76,000. The Parisians, however, are so much dissatisfied with the way in which the Grand Opera is managed, that they talk of taking the Opera House away, and building a less pretentious one.

The exterior of the building is enriched with busts, statues, and groups, all of exquisite execution, and the Opera House is one of the most magnificent buildings, probably, which can be found on the globe. We reluctantly (*cela va sans dire*) bade *adieu* to Paris the next morning, July 31st, and took the morning express train for Geneva *via* the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad and the first place which we reach worthy of note, is the most interesting place on the route from Paris to Geneva (a distance of about 413 miles and about twelve hours' travel by express), Fontainebleau, a handsome town of 10,000 inhabitants, and about forty miles from Paris, which is noted for its palace, which in point of magnificence stands unrivaled, and the picturesque forest on which it borders, both of which figure prominently in the history of the Kings of France.

The forest is the most noted in France, being sixty-three miles in circumference, and contains 42,000 acres, or more than sixty square miles in area. The place derives its name from a fountain of fine water, which the huntsmen who resorted to the neighboring forest found so refreshing, that they called it *Fontaine Belle Eau*, or the "fountain of beautiful water," whence, in the course of time, it became corrupted into the present form of *Fontainebleau*. A royal residence seems to have existed here from the time of King Robert the Devout, in the eleventh century, and Philip the Fair (during whose cruel reign, as mentioned above, the Knights Templars were

overthrown and for the most part put to death, and the few survivors expelled from France), was born and died at Fontainebleau, and his tomb may be seen at this day in the small church of the adjoining hamlet of Avon.

The present château was commenced by Francis I., and was the favorite residence of that monarch and his immediate successors. Henry IV. added largely to it. Louis XIV. used to make an annual visit to Fontainebleau with all his court, and the royal retinue, consisting of three hundred ladies and gentlemen with their valets and ladies' maids, were all lodged here.

This palace has been the theater of some most notable events. Here it was, in 1812, that Pope Pius VII. was lodged for eighteen months, while the unwilling visitor of Bonaparte; here it was that Napoleon signed his abdication in 1814, and the small table on which he affixed his signature to that important document may yet be seen in the palace; here it was on the 20th of April, he bade adieu to his beloved Guard, upon setting out for Elba, this mournful event taking place in the Court of Adieux, and so called from that circumstance, Napoleon standing near the famous horseshoe staircase built by Louis XIII., and here it was, exactly eleven months later, on the 20th of March, 1815, that he reviewed his soldiers on his return to France, preparatory to the last sad act of the drama, which was destined, though he knew it not (and would have scornfully flouted at the prediction had

any one dared to make it to him), to be enacted on the fatal field of Waterloo. The palace was neglected by Napoleon, and for some time under the Restoration, but it was afterwards repaired and beautified by by Louis Philippe; he spent vast sums upon it, and restored it to something like its ancient splendor.

The palace has five principal courts called, respectively, the Court of Adieux, the Court of the Fountain, the Oval Court, the Court of Officers, and the Court of Princes. The Court of Adieux is of magnificent size, being five hundred and one feet long, and three hundred and seventy feet wide. The Court of the Fountain has buildings on three sides, and a piece of water on the fourth, and the Oval Court occupies the site of the original castle, of which only one turret remains. In the chapel at Fontainebleau, the marriage of Louis XV. was celebrated, and here Napoleon II. (the King of Rome), the son of Napoleon and Maria Louisa of Austria, was baptised. The most famous room of the palace however is the gallery of Henry II., which is one hundred feet long and twenty-three feet wide, and is one of the most beautiful works of the Renaissance.

In the palace, in 1685, Louis XIV. signed the famous revocation of the "Edict of Nantes," one of the most notable events of this reign, which caused consternation throughout the Protestants of France, which had only been surpassed by St. Bartholomew; and more than a century earlier here died in 1765, the father of three Kings of France,

one the unfortunate Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., although the Dauphin, their father, the only son of Louis XV., did not himself live to ascend the throne. Here Charles IV. King of Spain, when dethroned by Bonaparte and succeeded by Joseph, the eldest brother of Napoleon, was a prisoner for twenty-four days, in 1808, and here it was that the famous Divorce between the Emperor and Josephine was pronounced.

The grounds and gardens resemble very much Hampton Court, near London, which I visited upon my return to that city, and which will be spoken of when London is reached on our return from the Continent. The pond facing the Court of the Fountain, which is a fine piece of water of triangular shape about one thousand feet long on two of its sides, and seven hundred feet on the other, is filled with enormous carp which live to a great age, and some of these are said to be two hundred years old. In the forest, there is much to be seen of interest; and it is said that from a high point called the "Fort of the Emperor," you can see forty miles in every direction, and by the aid of a good telescope the Pantheon of Paris is said to be distinctly visible.

Now we pass on over the dull and uninteresting plains of France, and as we near the city of Geneva, we travel between the Jura Mountains, where we get some foretaste of Alpine scenery, through picturesque gorges, probably seventy-five miles before we reach the city, and near Culoz, almost forty miles from our journey's

end, we first strike the valley of the Rhone which flows directly through the Lake of Geneva, or "Lacus Lemannus," as Cæsar frequently calls it in his Commentaries, which I had pored over many a weary week when a restless school boy, and when I used often to wonder whether I should ever live to see those wondrous lands he speaks of, and here I find myself after all in the very Geneva of my school-boy studies, and of which Cæsar himself says, *extremum oppidum Allobrogum proximumque Helvetiorum finibus est Geneva*. Before the Roman conquest, it was a considerable frontier town of the Allobroges, and Cæsar having taken possession of the place, built on the left bank of the Rhone a wall fortified by several towers, to oppose the passage of the Helvetii. I awoke early the next morning, and from my window at the Hotel de la Paix, which is situated directly on the quay of the beautiful lake and at which I luckily had a front room directly overlooking the lake and Savoy, and the Jura Mountains in the distance, I could see faintly in the distance, fifty-three miles away, the snowy outline of the peak of the famous Mont Blanc, and almost at my feet, was moored a small fleet of lake steamers, two of which bore the historic names of Tell and Winkelried respectively, and which set me at once to thinking of the noble part which each had played, in helping to free his native land from the relentless grip of the tyrant. I thought of Winkelried's martyrdom at the battle of Sempach, A. D. 1314, when he rushed upon the serried lances of the Austrian phalanx,

theretofore totally impervious to the Swiss, until he had received so many of their lances in his body as to break their serried column, and as the poet so beautifully expresses it: —

> "'Make way for liberty,' he cried,
> Made way for liberty, and died."

But his fellow Swiss, by his devoted act of self-sacrifice, were enabled to win a most glorious victory. I hastened down from my room, and in the fresh early morning, I took a stroll along the banks of the beautiful lake whose waters are as blue as the sky above, and which for blueness of tint is only equaled by the Mediterranean, it is said; on the opposite side, gazing on the shores of Savoy, and at a bend in the lake, perhaps a half a mile from the hotel, obtained a glorious view of this beautiful sheet of water, which is, perhaps, one of the most striking pieces of scenery in the world, and the water of which is so clear that you can see for some distance into its pellucid depths.

The view was obscured somewhat by a slight mist, but the beauty of the spectacle I shall never forget while life itself lasts. At this point, a long pier is built out into the lake for some distance, with a light-house at the end, and from the end of the pier I obtained a fine view of the city itself, and while I was sitting there gazing over the beautiful blue expanse of water, several steamers passed me filled with happy excursionists and tourists, anxious to see the beauties of this famous lake which has furnished themes for many a

poet, and the beauties of whose scenery have been delineated by the brush of many an artist. Byron says of it: —

> "Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
> The mirror, where the stars and mountains view
> The stillness of their aspect, in each trace
> Its clear depths yields of their far height, and true;
> There is too much of man here to look through,
> With a fit mind, the might which I behold."

And he has addressed matchless invocations to its beautiful shores, which are the chief charm of this famous Swiss lake.

Geneva is celebrated as the first stronghold of Protestantism throughout all Europe, and here John Calvin sojourned for twenty-eight years, and died here in 1564, after having had enjoyed the satisfaction of elevating Geneva to the highest degree of theological renown. Here it was that Rousseau "first drew the breath which made him wretched," and we were afterwards shown the house where he was born. There is an island at the lower end of the lake where the Rhone emerges as blue as indigo, which is called Rousseau's Island, and here is a statue of the great philosopher, the work of the celebrated French sculptor, Pradier, erected in 1837; and this is a great resort of the people of Geneva, and especially of tourists (who in the summer season, crowd Geneva to overflowing), as they can obtain a fine view of the lake from Rousseau's Isle, although a better one can be obtained from the public gardens, which are on the

opposite side at the lower end of the lake. The Rhone separates the city into two divisions, which are connected by bridges.

Among the sights of Geneva may be mentioned the sumptuous statue of the Duke of Brunswick, who left his fortune of about $5,000,000 to the city, and which stands in the *Place des Alpes*, and directly fronting the lake. Two colossal lions stand in front of the structure, and the top is surmounted by a statue of the Duke on horseback. It is in the form of a pyramid in three stones, composed of white and colored marble, and cost a large amount of money, but soon after leaving Geneva I saw a dispatch from there to the London *Times*, which stated that the foundations of the monument were crumbling away, and that it probably would have to be taken down and rebuilt. No. 11 *Rue des Chanoines*, west of the cathedral, is Calvin's house where he lived from 1543, until his death in 1564. But the place of his interment is unknown, as he forbade the erection of any monument whatever to his memory.

Rousseau was born in the same vicinity in 1712, in Grande Rue No. 40. A curious sight to be witnessed in Geneva is several boats, anchored in the river Rhone, and filled with women busily engaged in washing clothes, and I thought at the time that if any water in the world could conduce to cleanliness, it would certainly be the heavenly blue water of the Rhone. Geneva has been noted as the center of those revolutionary ideas which, since

the sixteenth century, have shaken Europe to its foundations, Calvin having been the great advocate of *religious* reform, while Rousseau was of *social* reform. Here it was by Calvin's order, that Servetus was burned to death simply *because he differed from Calvin's views of theology*, and here it was that some of Rousseau's writings were burned by the hangman as being "scandalous, bold, impious, and tending to destroy the Christian religion, and all governments."

Geneva has been the residence at one time or another, of some of the most gifted intellects which Europe has produced, and has had much to do with shaping the intellectual and social progress of Europe, as well as of the rest of the world.

The new theater is a very fine building in the Renaissance style, and there is also a fine museum called the Rath Museum, named after a General formerly in the Russian service, who was a native of Geneva. In the Hotel de Ville, or city hall, may be seen a number of coats of mail which were taken from the bodies of the dead Savoyards, who attempted to capture the city on the night of December 11, 1602, but who were repulsed with great slaughter, and one of the sights of the city is a fountain commemorating the event.

Geneva is noted for its watch factories, and for the handsome jewelry which is manufactured there, and the displays in the store windows vie with Paris in magnificence. Among the eight bridges which cross the Rhone, connecting the two parts of the

city, is a very old wooden bridge which is adorned with a series of very curious pictures, called the "Dance of death," and also other pictures representing notable events in the history of Geneva and of Switzerland. They are arranged at intervals of twelve or fifteen feet, and you look up directly over your head at them as you pass through the bridge. The old wall of the city, near the opera house, is very high, and bears the date, 1719, although in most places the walls have been thrown down or are made use of as boulevards. One of the streets of Geneva is called Bonnivard, from the name of the celebrated "prisoner of Chillon," "whose steps appealed from tyranny to God," and as we were on our way up the lake the next day, we met a steamer of the same name coming down.

The public library of Geneva was founded by Bonnivard in 1551, and now contains more than 75,000 volumes, and at least 500 manuscripts, and a collection of portraits of the great reformers and Protestant chiefs of all countries — from Wyckliffe and Jean Huss, to the latest eminent man of the republic. By the way, it is related of Rousseau, that in his early days he was an apprentice to an engraver, and on one occasion had been rambling outside of the gates of the city, until too late in the evening to be admitted within the walls. He was afraid to face his tyrannical master on the morrow, so he ran away, and entered upon that career which was destined to shake the established forms of society to their very foundations.

I visited the watch factory of Patek, Philippe & Co., one of the most prominent watch-making firms of Geneva, and was shown through the various rooms of the factory, and witnessed the process of making watches in all its ramifications. I was told that they manufactured about 6,000 watches a year, and that the city of Geneva annually made 100,000 of them. That is the place to buy the finest music-boxes in the world, and at the hotel where our party stopped, we dined accompanied by the tones of a magnificent orchestrion, which stood near the entrance of the dining-room. The banks of the lake are lined with beautiful villas and residences, many of them owned by rich persons from the various capitals of Europe, who only come to Switzerland to spend the summer.

One of the most elegant and expensive of them belongs to one of the famous Rothschilds, and is not far from Geneva, on the right bank of the lake, and presents a fine view from the deck of a steamer, as we saw it the next day while going up on the Winkelreid. A favorite place of resort in Geneva on a warm summer afternoon, is the English Garden at the foot of the lake, and from which you obtain a fine view of the lake, and the city as well. Necker, the great financial minister of Louis XVI., and his daughter, afterwards the famous Madame de Stael (and with whose mother, Susanne Curchod, Gibbon, the great historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was once in love, and to whom he actually made a proposal of marriage, though their engagement was distasteful to Gibbon's father,

as we learn from the "Memoirs of Madame de Stael"), were born in Geneva, and Gibbon remained true to his first love, and never married. The Academical museum at Geneva is well worth a visit, as there are a great many interesting specimens to be seen there; one, especially, which is an elephant that was once the property of the city of Geneva, but the parsimonious authorities came to the conclusion that, "they had an elephant on their hands" which they could not afford to keep, so they had him killed with a cannon shot, stuffed him, and then had him placed in the Academical museum. The story also says that they sold his meat to the various restaurants of the city, in order to defray the cost of his keeping, as far as possible.

Perhaps the most interesting thing to be seen in the city of Geneva is the cathedral of St. Pierre, which is situated in the highest part of the town, which is the *mother-church* of the Calvanistic-Protestant doctrine, and was the scene of Calvin's oft-repeated and violent invectives against the corruptions of the Roman church. The present edifice is constructed on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, dates back to the twelfth century, and is built in the Gothic style with three large towers, one, one hundred and thirty feet high, with the exception of the portico which, singularly enough, is of Grecian architecture, and supported by five Corinthian columns.

The interior is very plain, and free from the adornments generally so profuse in the churches of the Middle Ages. In the ancient chapel of the

Virgin Mary is the tomb of the Duke of Rohan, a celebrated Protestant chief of the era of Louis XIII., and his armor is to be seen on top of his tomb. He fell at the siege of Rhinefeld in Germany, in 1638, and is buried by the side of the Duchess, his wife. His tomb has a lengthy Latin inscription commemorating his achievements, and his many virtues. At the bottom of the choir are some stained glass windows of the fifteenth century representing Mary Magdalen and five of the Apostles. The large roses, as well as the lower compartments of the north and south windows, were placed in the church in 1835, on the occasion of the Jubilee in honor of the Reformation.

Here also is to be seen a chair which was the property of John Calvin, in which I seated myself for a moment, and, afterwards, in Edinboro, I also had the pleasure of sitting in a chair which was the property of John Knox, in his own house, while I copied several sentences from his History of the Reformation. These two great men, after Martin Luther, and the learned Erasmus, of Rotterdam, have had more to do with the destinies of mankind through their gigantic efforts in the Reformation (John Knox in Scotland, and John Calvin in Geneva), than any other two men who ever lived. They were contemporaries, were thoroughly in sympathy with one another in their gigantic *mission* (as they regarded it), and Knox visited Calvin on one occasion at Geneva. Calvin, however, was so dogmatic that he became known as the "Pope of Protestantism" in Geneva, but under his

noted administration Geneva became a refuge for persecuted Protestants from every country. Protestantism has not only rendered the State flourishing and independent in the midst of great rival powers, but has produced the happiest effects on the morality of its inhabitants.

Calvin was extremely austere and rigid, and a few of his regulations may be given to show the temper of the man. Among them, was one which prohibited more than five dishes for a dinner for ten persons. Plush breeches were forbidden to be worn; violation of the Sabbath was punished by a public admonition from the pulpit, and adultery with death, while the gamester was exposed in the pillory, with a pack of cards around his neck. By the way, Calvin did not confine his attention to "plush breeches," but he also had more to do with the present *mode* of women's dress than the rising generation, perhaps, have any idea of, and fewer still would suspect that Calvin was, among his other accomplishments, a "man-milliner(?)"

Prior to the Reformation, dresses were fastened at the back, and one of the grandest results of that memorable insurrection against ignorance and superstition was the emancipation of women from "dresses hooked up behind." It was Luther who took the bold ground that woman, so long as she had to have some one to assist her to fasten her dress, was not a free person, and that, in order to develop her noblest qualities, she must be permitted to "fasten

her dress in front," and thus dispense with assistance when putting on her clothes. Calvin differed from Luther in this matter, and maintained that "dresses fastened in front" *were not authorized by Scripture, and therefore wrong.* Melancthon tried to steer a middle course, and, naturally, gained nothing by it. Luther upbraided him for his want of courage, while Calvin charged him with heresy. The final result of the very hot discussion of the matter between the great leaders of the Reformation, was that each one clung to his original position, and that, with the exception of the immediate followers of Calvin, the women of the Reformed Faith accepted the doctrine of Luther, *and began to wear "dresses fastening in front."*

The old Blue Laws of Connecticut were doubtless modeled from Calvin's code, and in this day of liberal ideas such things no doubt produce a smile of wonder, if not of incredulity. We quote here an eccentric verse of doggerel, of the time, in regard to Calvin's hide-bound, and extremely narrow-minded asceticism: —

"The old Blue Laws of all the best,
Old Calvin made in solemn jest,
For fun he never could tolerate,
Unless established by the State,
A Puritan,
A funny man,
John Calvin was a Puritan."

The Dukes of Savoy controlled Geneva before the days of the Reformation, but they were finally ex-

pelled by a determined effort, and from these contentions between the Dukes of Savoy and the Protestants of Geneva, arose the term of "Huguenots," as the French Protestants were afterwards called. The German name for Confederates (that is to say those who were banded together to resist the Dukes of Savoy), was *Eidgenossen*, pronounced by the French "*Hegnenos*," whence came the term by corruption, "Huguenots," which afterwards extended to France. The attempts made by the Duke of Savoy to recover possession of Geneva proved abortive. Geneva was justly looked upon as the bulwark of Protestanism, and many Protestant princes contributed considerable money to aid in strengthening the fortifications of the city.

Lake Geneva is in shape a perfect crescent, with its horns turned towards the south, and is the largest, being fifty-five miles long, as well as the most beautiful of all the lakes of Switzerland. It has one strange phenomenon connected with its waters, for which no plausible scientific explanation has yet been given. In different parts of the lake, but more frequently near Geneva, the water suddenly rises at times from two to five feet. This continues for perhaps twenty-five minutes and then the water resumes its original level. These sudden rises are called *seiches*, and the only explanation that is offered of this strange occurrence is that of the unequal pressure of the atmosphere at different times. About a mile and a half below the city of Geneva, the Arve, heading from

Mont Blanc with its muddy current, unites with the Rhone with its "heavenly blue," but they do not become blended into one another for some distance, but finally the Rhone loses its identity in the muddy Arve, and both are lost subsequently in the waters of the ocean.

We came up the valley of the Rhone for some considerable distance before reaching Geneva, and the water had nothing of the clearness and beauty which the Rhone has, while rushing past Rousseau's Isle at Geneva. The next morning, which was the first day of August, and on Thursday, we went aboard the steamer "Winkelried," and prepared ourselves for a sail upon that beautiful lake as far as Ouchy, where most of our party landed, in order to proceed from there to Lausanne, about two miles distant, where they took the train for Berne, at which city the party were to stay that night; but as I was extremely desirous to proceed further on up the lake in order to see the famous "Castle of Chillon," I did not get off there but proceeded in company with one of our party, Sir Dresser, and will speak more at length of the castle and its famous prisoner Bonnivard, a little further on.

Dumas has compared the lake of Geneva to the bay of Naples, and he says that "Geneva sleeps like an Eastern queen above the banks of the lake, her head reposing on the base of Mont Saleve, her feet kissed by each advancing wave."

Fourteen steamers plow the waters of this beautiful lake, the "Winkelried" being one of the largest, and

they are hardly enough to meet the demands of tourists, for the immense summer travel through Switzerland is estimated at 60,000 tourists annually, and most of them usually go either up or down lake Geneva.

While looking over the register at the Hotel de la Paix, I saw the name of the Hon. John W. Bookwalter, of Springfield, Ohio, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio, who was defeated by Charles Foster, four years ago, and who went through Geneva on his tour around the world; and I also noticed two names which are famous in the history of Europe, Talleyrand, a relative no doubt of the famous minister of Napoleon, and Prince Napoleon and *suite*, he being the legitimate and direct heir to the throne of France, since the recent death of the Count de Chambord. I also saw registered the name of Canon Farrar, of Westminster Abbey, which will give you some idea of the class of tourists who visit Switzerland. The transportation of freight upon the lake does not amount to much, the largest sailing vessels being of 180 tons burden, and with their large and graceful lateen sails at a distance on the water, they present very much the graceful appearance of the extended wings of some large bird. I am told that these picturesque sails are seen no where except on this lake, and in the Mediterranean Sea.

Soon after leaving Geneva the steamer passes the small town of Pregny, which is noted as having been the residence of the Empress Josephine after her divorce, and from which is to be had the

best view of Mt. Blanc to be obtained near Geneva. And on the top of that hill, rises the princely mansion of Baron Adolphe de Rothschild. The steamer touches first on this side of the lake and then on that, and thus you get a fine view of both sides of the lake which gradually widens until between Mordes and Evian it is at its widest, which is about eight miles. Not far from Pregny, and at a little distance from the lake, is the town of Ferney, or, as it is usually called, *Ferney-Voltaire*, in honor of Voltaire, which when he arrived there in 1759, had only a few huts, but his energy, coupled with his renown, made the town so flourishing that, in 1778, when he left for Paris, there to die, the town of Ferney contained more than 1,200 persons. He built a château here which is still standing. The house is completely shut out from view either of the lake, or the Alps, but the garden commands a fine view of both, and the arbor may yet be seen in which he wrote his tragedy of Irene. The theater has been demolished and the chapel which bore the famous inscription *Deo erexit Voltaire* has been changed into a farm house. Byron says of him and Gibbon: —

> Lausanne and Ferney, you have been the abodes
> Of names, which unto you bequeathed a name;
> Mortals who fought and found, by dangerous roads,
> A path to perpetuity of fame."

The next place of any note is Coppet, the château of which formerly belonged to Necker, who retired here

in 1790, and died here in 1804, and his daughter, the famous Madame de Stael resided here for some time. The first place of any size is Nyon, which, like many of the Swiss towns, nestles at the very edge of the water, and is protected by a breakwater only three or four feet high, which I thought in the case of a storm, or of one of those sudden rises peculiar to this lake, and spoken of above, would be very little protection, indeed, from an overflow. A great many persons are at the landings to witness the arrival of the steamers, many of them Swiss peasants in their picturesque costumes, and the sight is quite a pleasant, as well as a novel one. Here is a fine old castle situated on a commanding eminence with walls ten feet thick, and five towers which date back to the twelfth century, and now belongs to the town of Nyon. While going up the lake, we met the steamer Bonnivard coming down, which only enhanced our eagerness to see the famous castle.

After leaving Ouchy (to which, of course, we had afterwards to return from Chillon in order to go on to Berne), we landed at Vevey which owes much of its reputation to the writings of Rousseau. The Church of St. Martin, which is not far from the town, on a high eminence, and which dates back to 1498, is noted as containing the graves of Ludlow and Broughton, two of the Regicides who voted for the death of King Charles I., and the latter of whom read the death sentence to that unfortunate Monarch. The inscription on his monument (in Latin)

says, "He was thought worthy to announce the sentence of the King of Kings, and for which he was expelled from his native land."

At the restoration of Charles II., that monarch, desiring to punish his father's murderers, made a demand for the extradition of the refugees, but the Swiss government, perhaps, as a Republic, deeming the deed of these fugitives a patriotic one, refused to comply with his demand, and they died there. Ludlow's house stood in the east end of the town, but it is no longer in existence. On the house was once an inscription chosen by himself, *omne solum forti patria*, which was purchased and removed by one of his descendants. Not far from here, we reach Clarens, immortalized by Rousseau, and to which Byron has addressed some passionate verses: —

"Clarens, sweet Clarens; birth-place of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above,
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose hues sees them wrought
By rays, which sleep there lovingly."

From here we begin to catch a glimpse of Chillon's massive walls and towers, and at Montreux, which is the nearest steamboat landing, we disembarked, and from there to the castle we take a small boat, which in a few moments brings us under Chillon's walls, where is said to be the deepest part of the lake.

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its mossy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

This Castle, however, owes its fame much more to Lord Byron than to its noted occupant Bonnivard, whose history was entirely known to Byron, as he says himself, when he wrote the poem, which is certainly one of the finest, as well as one of the purest and cleanest poems that he ever wrote. It is said that he came to write it as much by accident, as anything else. While passing around Lake Geneva in 1816, he was caught in a storm and stopped two days at a common little inn in Ouchy, and he employed his time while there in writing his exquisite poem, the "Prisoner of Chillon." Afterwards, he became acquainted with the history of Bonnivard, and prefixed to the original poem, a sonnet specially alluding to the noble Prior of Victor, who passed six long weary years in the lonesome vault of Chillon, chained to a stone pillar, and in solitary confinement. The ring is still to be seen there, and it has worn a hole in the pillar deep enough to lay your finger in it, and at the foot of the pillar are impressions of depth enough, and about the proper shape, to have been actually worn into the stone by human feet. Byron's name is carved on the fourth column from the entrance of the dungeon, and the second column beyond this one, is the one to which Bonnivard was chained; and of which Byron says, as he only can: —

"Chillon; thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar — for t'was trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard — may none those marks efface —
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Bonnivard was here imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy, from 1530 to 1536. While yet young, he incurred the enmity of the Duke of Savoy, and the Bishop, and, when in 1519, the Duke entered Geneva with 500 men, Bonnivard fled from the city, but was betrayed and imprisoned for two years. Meanwhile his zeal for Geneva was none the less abated, and he was met in the Jura Mountains by robbers in 1530, who to curry favor with the Duke of Savoy, then in full possession and control of Geneva, gave him up to that despot, who forthwith incarcerated him in the gloomy and cheerless dungeon of Chillon. When restored to his liberty by an attack of 7,000 Swiss by land on the castle, and the Genevese galleys by sea, he found to his immense surprise and joy that Geneva was free, and enjoying the full glory of the Reformation, instead of being, as when he was imprisoned, a Catholic state subject to the tyranny of the Duke of Savoy.

The castle stands on a rock, which was formerly entirely surrounded by water, some twenty or thirty yards from the land, but the strait is now dry, and the castle is connected with the main land by a bridge. Upon approaching the castle you find that it is much larger than it seems to be from the lake, although, in fact, I had expected to see a much larger and more imposing structure than I actually found it to be, upon entering and examining it. Above the entrance are the arms of the Canton of Vaud, in which the castle is situated. The rooms of the castle are quite interesting, from their associations, and from the embrasures on the

side next to the lake, you obtain a view of the beautiful expanse of blue waters for many miles. The pillars of the dungeon where Bonnivard was confined have many names inscribed upon them, among them the names of Eugene Sue, Georges Sand, and Victor Hugo, but truth compels me to say that the dungeon is not much, if at all below the level of the lake now, whatever it may have been in the time of Bonnivard. Poets must be allowed some license, however, and Byron locates it below the level of the lake considerably —

> "Below the surface of the lake
> The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
> We heard it ripple night and day;
> Sounding o'er our heads it knocked,
> And I have felt its winter spray
> Work through the bar, when winds were high
> And wanton in the happy sky."

The name "Chillon" is to be seen in large letters on the slate roof of the castle turret, on the side next to the lake. At the upper end of the lake we saw the first snow on the mountain tops except, of course, the distant view of the top of Mont Blanc which we got a glimpse of at Geneva, as indicated above, and one peak called the Dent du Midi, was much higher than the rest, and had seven or eight ragged indentations on its surface, and was almost entirely covered with snow. At Vevey, we saw several American flags on small boats in the harbor, and on the hotel *Monnet* was displayed a large English flag, and a half dozen

large French flags. The French use the tri-color, the same as we do, but they have no stars, and their colors consist of the colors blue, white, and red, which run perpendicularly, instead of horizontally, as our flag does and called the tri-color. A great many of the boat's passengers were either English or Americans, and I noticed one young lady who was so deeply absorbed in William Black's last novel, "Yolande," that she seemed entirely oblivious of the beauties of the surrounding scenery and although, of course, I readily concede that Mr. Black is a most charming writer, yet I thought that was hardly the place for a tourist to read, while surrounded by so many new and attractive sights, and I wondered what she came abroad for. The banks of the lake are covered with vines down to the very edge of the water, and very often breakwaters are built to protect the grapes from the encroachments of the waves.

Near the steamboat landing, we noticed a very steep inclined plane leading to the mountain top, which was, I suppose, something like 1,000 feet high, but the tramway was not then in operation, as they had not gotten the machinery in position necessary to run it. There are a number of fine hotel buildings on the side of the mountain near Chillon, and I was told that they only charged about nine francs a day, or $1.75, for what were very good accommodations. One thousand years ago a single massive tower stood upon the rock in the water where the Castle of Chillon now stands, and this old tower was used as a light-house and prison.

In 1238, Peter, Duke of Savoy, built the present castle on the ruins of the former tower. The lake has but one island in its whole extent, unlike Loch Lomond in Scotland, which is literally studded with them, and this is at the upper end of the lake, near Villeneuve, and is the one alluded to in the "Prisoner of Chillon."

> "And then there was a little isle
> Which, in my very face, did smile,
> The only one in view."

This little island is called the "*Ile de Paix*," and was planted with three elms by a lady, a century ago. The elegant Hotel Byron stands upon the slope of the hill, between Chillon and Villeneuve. "It is an historical fact, that in 830, A. D., Louis le Debonnaire incarcerated the Abbot Wala of Corvey, who had instigated his sons to rebellion, in a castle from which only the sky, the Alps, and lake Leman were visible, and this could have been no other than Chillon." Count Peter of Savoy improved and fortified the castle in the thirteenth century, and it now stands much as he left it. The strong pillars in the vaults are in the early Romanesque style, being very large and massive, and belong to the original edifice. The Counts of Savoy frequently resided in the castle, and it was subsequently converted into a state prison. Since 1798, it has been used as a military arsenal.

The mountains back of Chillon are very high, which make it appear to an observer on the deck of a lake steamer, much smaller than it really is, but I was much

disappointed in its size, when I afterwards entered it. A railway skirts the base of the mountain, and runs only a few yards from the castle, which seems to take much of the romance away from the place. At Ouchy, opposite the steamboat landing, is a very handsome hotel with neatly laid out grounds, but Sir Dresser and myself directly proceeded from there to Lausanne, which is at least two miles away from the lake, in order to take the train for Berne, the capital of Switzerland, whither our party had preceded us, instead of going on up the lake to see Chillon.

There is a railway connecting Ouchy and Lausanne, but as we were unable to find out where the station was, we decided to walk, and as the day was warm, and I had a valise and several canes to carry, I found the walk a very fatiguing one. However, we arrived at the Berne railway station at last, and then we found ourselves in an irregular, rambling, old city, which owes much of its fame to the fact that Gibbon spent much time there, and there completed his great history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The ground from Ouchy to Lausanne rises all the way, and the city itself, which was the *Lausonium* of the Romans, is now the capital of the Canton of Vaud, and occupies a beautiful and commanding situation on the terraced slopes of Mont Jorat, and has a noble cathedral and a castle, which are in opposite parts of the city from each other.

The cathedral was erected in 1235–75, and was consecrated by Gregory X., in presence of Rudolph

of Hapsburg, and is a simple but massive, Gothic edifice, and has been undergoing restoration since 1870. It stands upon a terrace, and its commanding situation is approached from the market-place by a flight of 160 steps. In 1537, a famous disputation took place in this church in which Calvin, Faul, and Viret participated, and which resulted in the removal of the Episcopal See to Freiburg, and the separation of the Canton of Vaud from the Church of Rome, as well as the suppression of the supremacy of Savoy. The interior of the cathedral, which is 352 feet long and 150 feet wide, is remarkable for its symmetry of proportion.

Among the most noted dead in the cathedral are the Russian Countess Orloff, Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, whose husband was, at the time of his wife's death, the English Embassador to Switzerland, the Countess Gimborn, who was the mother of the Baroness Stein (her husband being the famous war minister of Frederick the Great of Prussia), and Major Daniel who was beheaded as a traitor. A tablet to his memory on the wall of the cathedral bears this tribute to his patriotism. "To the memory of Major Daniel, who died on the scaffold April 24, 1723, a martyr to the rights and liberty of the people of Vaud."

One of the leading hotels in Lausanne is called the Hotel Gibbon, and in the garden in the rear of the dining-room, Gibbon wrote the last chapters of his great work, which it is said he conceived while sitting upon a broken column in the Coliseum (fit type of the

decay and downfall of that wondrous Roman Empire), and he ended his arduous literary labors on the banks of the beautiful lake of Geneva. To quote his own words: "It was on a night in June, 1787, between the hours of 11 and 12, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk, of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent." And yet this great intellect, of whom Byron speaks as "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer," lived without God, and without hope in the world.

The steamboats on the lake are neat and clean, and their attaches are polite and accommodating. The first-class passengers sit on the upper deck in the stern of the boat, while the others take their places on the bow of the boat, which is a few feet lower than the portion of the boat where the first-class passengers stay, and this is covered with an awning. The steersman stands at the stern of the boat, and the captain stands on one of the paddle boxes and gives his directions to the engineer below through a speaking trumpet, which seems strange to us. The boats are not very large, but some of them are quite fast, and if you desire a nice luncheon you will find it in the neat little cabin below, which is usually ornamented with neat little views of Alpine scenery.

Although Switzerland has one capital and one united government, yet it is made up of many cantons, and each has its own peculiar dress and its own kind of money, although they are usually only a few miles across, and each bordering on the other, and yet they retain these peculiarities from one generation to another. The dress of the female peasants is not only odd and antique, but very different, as you travel out of one Canton and into another. In Freiburg, which we passed through on our way to Berne, you will notice the females wearing black crape caps with wings like huge fans projecting on each side.

As the train leaves Lausanne and winds around the mountain side towards Berne, you obtain a most magnificent view of the beautiful lake spread out for many miles behind and below you, and as I reluctantly took my last look at the lovely view as it fast receded from my eyes, I thought of the "last sigh of the Moor," when he took his farewell glance at Grenada, from an eminence many miles away from the scene of his former glories and triumphs. Byron has summed up its beauties so inimitably that I hope I may be pardoned, if I round off this poor sketch of the manifold attractions of this lovely spot by still another quotation from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," (although I feel that I hardly need to apologize for quoting anything from Byron, provided that it be done appropriately,) and I am satisfied, from my experience, that you can not travel in Switzerland, and along the Rhine, without being tempted to quote him with great frequency,

because he has described with all the fiery intensity of his incomparable genius those entrancingly beautiful historic spots, and in such glowing lines as no other pen has ever equaled, or ever can.

"Clear placid Leman, thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring·
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from destruction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet, as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I, with stern delights, should e'er have been so moved.

"It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk yet clear,
Mellowed, and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitately steep; and drawing near,
There breaths a living fragrance, from the shore,
Of flowers, yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or, chirps the grasshopper, one good night carol more.

"At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into life a moment, then is still;
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy — for the starlight dews,
All silently, their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away."

CHAPTER IX.

SWITZERLAND CONTINUED.

THE trip from Lausanne to Berne takes about four hours, and the portion of the route from Lausanne to Chexbres is extremely beautiful, and the views are said far to surpass those to be seen on any other Swiss railway. Freiburg, the most important place between Lausanne and Berne, was founded in 1175, and stands on a rocky height nearly surrounded by the river Sarine, its situation being very similar to that of Berne, which is encircled by the river Aare which flows one hundred feet below the city, Berne being situated on a sandstone peninsula. The city of Freiburg lies on the boundary between the French and German tongues, the lower portion of Switzerland in the main using the French language, while the upper portion, lying towards Germany, naturally, gravitates to that language. Freiburg has a mixture of German and French; most of the inhabitants speaking French, but German is yet spoken in the lower quarters. The city is noted for the big organ, and its two fine suspension bridges, and the latter are remarkable, the one for its great length, and the other for its extreme beauty. The big organ is to be seen in the Gothic church of St. Nicholas, which was founded in 1258, and completed in 1500 and

has been recently restored. It has a tower 280 feet high, which dates back to 1452.

This organ is one of the finest in Europe, and has 7,800 pipes, some of them thirty-two feet long, and sixty-four stops. It is said to be equal in tone and volume to a full orchestra of the finest musicians. The large suspension bridge is supported on four cables of iron wire, each one composed of more than a thousand small wires. This bridge is 905 feet long, is twenty-eight feet wide, and hangs suspended above the water, like a spider's web, 174 feet.

The other bridge connects two mountains across a deep and picturesque ravine which opens into the valley of the Sarine, and is 300 feet high and about 750 feet long. The shafts of this bridge are sunk in the solid rock of the mountains, and down these the wires that sustain the bridge are dropped so that you see no pillars, and, in fact, none are used. The other is secured by 128 anchors, attached to blocks of stone, which are far below the surface of the earth.

Berne, the capital of Switzerland, has about 45,000 inhabitants, and stands in a large bend of the river Aare, which surrounds the city on three sides, doubling back on itself, and which gives the city rather a picturesque location. The Canton joined the Swiss confederation in 1353, and is the most important of all the Swiss cantons. The main street of the city is about a mile long, and runs from east to west, and has several different names in different parts of the city, and many of the old streets are flanked with arcades and are used

by foot passengers. The bear, which is the favorite emblem of this city, is to be met with almost everywhere. The city has numerous fountains which are adorned with statues of various kinds. The most curious fountain, however, to be seen in Berne is the fountain of Ogres, which is situated in the Kornhaus-Platz near the tower which contains the famous clock of Berne. This fountain is surmounted by a grotesque figure, which is about to devour a child, while the other children doomed to the same fate, protrude from his pocket and girdle, while below is a troop of armed bears. The bear is also to be seen on the neighboring "fountain of bears," all equipped with shield, sword, banner, and helmet. The "bear pit," where they have a few bears constituting a kind of zoological garden on a small scale, is a great resort for the people of the city.

A troop of bears go through a performance on the east side of the clock-tower two minutes before every hour. At about three minutes before the hour strikes on the tower clock, a wooden cock prepares the spectators for the spectacle by flapping its wings, and crowing; the bears then march around a seated figure, and a man grotesquely dressed strikes the bell a certain number of times according to the hour. The cock then crows for the second time, and when the hour strikes, the seated figure, which is that of a bearded old man, turns an hour glass and counts the hour by raising his scepter and opening his mouth, while the figure of the bear on the right of the old man, imitates him

by inclinations of his head and at the same time a stone figure, dressed in armor strikes the hour on a bell with a hammer. The cock ends the performance by crowing a third time. There is always to be seen a number of persons around the clock tower, just before the hour, waiting to see the performance.

On Sundays and holidays, the crowds of people fill the long street which stretches from one end of the town to the other, all dressed in their holiday attire, with the glittering brooches and silver chains depending from their shoulders, as is the custom of the Canton.

All around the bear pit is a scene of good humor and enjoyment. Near the pit are stalls filled with all manner of refreshments for the assembled crowd, and all manner of toys for the children, the bear, of course, largely predominating; and I remember in particular seeing one toy which represented a bear acting the school-master, wearing a pair of spectacles, and with a book in his hand and a very knowing look, hearing a class of seven or eight bears recite their lessons, and I brought several of these bear toys of various kinds to my little nephews as souvenirs of Berne.

Very often you will see persons buying buns and other sweetmeats to feed to the bears, who devour them with great gusto.

Next we visit the cathedral, which is a Gothic structure about 300 feet long, 125 feet wide, and 75 feet high, which dates back to 1421, completed in 1573, and was

restored in 1850. The portal of the cathedral is very fine; the sculptures represent the last judgment; in the outer arches are the Savior above, with the Virgin Mary, and John the Baptist on the left and right, and also the twelve Apostles; in the smaller arches of the portals, are the prophets and the wise and foolish virgins. The tower rises to the height of 134 feet, but remains in an unfinished state. The keeper of the cathedral lives at the top of the tower, which requires 223 steps to get to the top of it, and the water which he uses up there, is forced up by natural hydraulic pressure from the neighboring mountains. He shows you the relative proportions of some of the largest bells in the world, and from the gallery around the tower you obtain a superb view of the city below you and the surrounding country and the river Aare for many miles, which flows almost 250 feet below you. The cathedral contains very few monuments, but has an organ almost equal to that at Freiburg.

Berne occupies a lofty situation, and is noted for the exquisite views to be had from there in fine weather of the snow-tipped Alps of the Bernese Oberland, which are visible from all the open spaces in Berne. The Federal Council hall of Berne is a very handsome structure in the Florentine style, 400 feet long and 165 feet broad, which was completed in 1857. The sittings of the legislative Assembly, which generally occur in the month of July, are open to the public. Aside from its being the capital, there is not much in Berne to interest the passing tourist, it only affording

a convenient place to stay over all night for us from Lausanne to Interlaken, which is the Swiss Saratoga, and is as beautiful a valley as can be found in the Alps, if not any where.

We left Berne by rail on Friday, August 3d, for Interlaken. Our route was by rail as far as the lake of Thun, where we went on board the steamer Bubenburg for a sail on the placid sheet of water, which reflects from its clear surface the snow white peaks of Stockhorn, Wiesen, Eigher, and Monch, which rise in solemn grandeur along the quiet shores of the pretty little Swiss lake, but we missed the beautiful blue water of which we have seen the last in Switzerland in the lake of Geneva. The water of the other Swiss lakes is more or less of a greenish hue. Interlaken gets its name, which means "between the lakes," because of its situation between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, which are about four or five miles apart, and Interlaken is located in the beautiful valley between these two lakes, and is hemmed in on both sides by high mountain peaks.

There you get the first view of the famous Jungfrau, which is only 15 miles away, and whose top is covered with perpetual snow. When we disembarked from the little steamer, we took our seats in the two story narrow-gauge cars and would soon have been at our destination had not a carriage been off the track directly ahead of us. However, this was soon put on the track again, and a short ride brought us to this beautiful spot, which is certainly one of the fairest and brightest

in the world. Interlaken seems to be away out of the the world, and yet on account of its beautiful scenery, it is estimated that 60,000 tourists visit this beautiful spot every summer. It has a magnificent avenue running past the leading hotels and stores, and any number of beautiful drives and walks around it. There is a wonderful contrast to be seen between the peasants in their homely, though often picturesque costumes, and the stylish suits and magnificent dresses worn by the thousands of fashionable tourists who come there in the summer.

Our party stopped at the Hotel des Alpes, which was a good enough kind of a house, but rather high-priced, considering the accommodations furnished, for I remember that I paid a *franc*, or twenty cents, for a cup of coffee which I ordered one day at the luncheon, which I thought was pretty steep; but there is a magnificent hotel there called the Victoria, which is truly sumptuous in all its appointments, and the grounds of the hotel are also very handsome. Not far from Interlaken are the ruins of Unspunnen, the reputed residence of Manfred, and Byron lays the foundation of his drama around the Valley of Interlaken.

At night the favorite resort in Interlaken is the Casino, a building in the Swiss style with garden, reading-room, wide verandas, etc. There is a fine orchestra here, and a beautiful fountain which they illuminate with colored lights, and the effect is very fine. A small admission fee is charged, and you can

sit down and listen to the band, sip a little wine, take a smoke, and enjoy yourself generally at a very small expense. I first saw here an interesting game of chance in which many ladies and young girls, too, seemed to take a great interest, they buying tickets as well as the men, called *Chevallier*, or the "game of jockeys." It consisted of eight horses, with their riders ranged around a circle covered with green cloth, and all started at the same time by the operator. You paid a franc for a ticket, the horses being numbered from one up to eight, and your ticket contained some one of these numbers, and if the horse whose number corresponded with your ticket was ahead at the close of the race, you would get seven francs, the operator always charging one franc out of every eight, every time he let the horses race around. Often he would sell several sets of tickets on each race. But if your horse went the least bit beyond the goal, though he might be ahead of all the rest you would lose. I tried the amusing game with varying success for several nights, as we remained at Interlaken from Friday evening until the following Monday morning, and at last gave up the game about even; but I noticed one man who had remarkable success, and won several handfuls of silver, while I was playing with the most indifferent success. Once, my number was the winning one, but I had unfortunately dropped it on the floor, which was covered with hundreds of other tickets, and the *croupier* at first refused to pay me; but I kept jabbering away at him in the very best French at my command,

and kept insisting so persistently that I had won and he must pay me, that finally he gave me my seven francs.

This race track, on a small scale, brought back to my mind the fine races I had seen in the Blue Grass regions of my old Kentucky home. By the way, I must not omit to mention that at Interlaken, I had the pleasure of meeting ex-Governor R. M. Bishop of Ohio, with his daughters, Mrs. Rev. W. T. Moore, of London, and Miss Annie Bishop, of Cincinnati. Governor Bishop was many years ago a schoolmate of my father's, and then a merchant in my native town, for a number of years, and afterwards mayor of Cincinnati and Governor of Ohio, having thus, to some extent, fixed a precedent for President Cleveland's astonishing career, Governor Bishop having also prominently been spoken of for Vice-President with Tilden in 1880, had the "sage of Grey Stone," been renominated for President at Cincinnati.

The next morning, we started in diligences to visit the famous Grindenwald glacier, which is about twelve miles from Interlaken, and the ascent required several hours. It was a damp, gloomy morning, but that was the only day we could devote to the purpose, as the next day would be Sunday, so we started out rather reluctantly. Our road lay most of the way along the valley of the river Lutschine, which is formed by the melting of this glacier, and is a rushing, roaring mountain stream. At frequent intervals along the way we met a great many children with fruit, carved work of all kinds, bouquets and bunches of the beau-

tiful *edelweiss*, that snow white little flower which grows on the highest parts of the Alps, and which reminded me of the beautiful story by that name of Erckmann Chatrian, which contains the sad incident of the young woman buried with her family under an avalanche, and rescued in a few days, but when restored to the light of day she found her hair, like that of Queen Marie Antoinette during her cruel sufferings, turned entirely gray.

At a bridge which we crossed, there was quite a number of boys who held in their hands large bunches of weeds, and also wedge-shaped mallets, and I wondered what they were for, but I soon found out that they proposed to keep the flies off of the horses, and when ever the driver stopped to let his horses blow a little, they would "chock" the carriage wheels with their mallets, and for these services they expected a few *sous* or *centimes* from the tourists in the *diligences*.

One little boy walked along by the side of the horses of our *diligence*, brushing them all the time industriously, although there was not a fly to be seen, and one dear little girl followed us so far through the rain, that I had her get up in the driver's seat, for some distance while he walked by the side of his horses, in order to lighten their load a little. The Alpine roads are as fine as can be found any where, the roadway being as hard and firm as the eternal hills, and every ten feet or so, where the road is at all dangerous, are erected stone posts from two to three feet high, and at the

most dangerous places these posts have timbers fastened on their tops with iron spikes, thus making the roadway perfectly safe. Sometimes you see walls of solid masonry, from ten to twenty feet high, built on the side next to the mountain, to protect the road from landslides. The bridges are generally of iron and stone, and built in the most substantial manner.

At one place on the way to Grindewald, we passed a vast deposit of stone and *débris* of every description, which had been caused by a recent scaling off of the mountain side, which extended for several hundred yards in breadth, and even way down to the very brink of the river Lutschine. The roadway was cut through this vast mass of *débris* to a depth of four or five feet. The gorge of the Lutschine, ordinarily, presents a scene of indescribable grandeur and gloom — perpendicular clifts, many hundreds of feet in height, rise on each side, and the swift mountain-torrent went rushing by us with a roar something akin to what we had heard at the whirlpool rapids of our own Niagara Falls.

About four or five miles from Interlaken, the main road proceeds on to Lauterbrunnen, but as we were on our way to the Grindenwald Glacier, we here branched off to the left, and crossing the foaming torrent of the Lutschine (which at intervals would sprinkle us with spray), upon a substantial bridge, we proceeded on our way up the ascent of the Gründenwald. Every once in a while, little girls, when offering us fruit, would burst forth in one of their wild Alpine choruses, sung in a high *falsetto* tone (in fact,

if you will pardon me for saying so, they frequently made a *false set-to*, and, by the way, this is only the second time I believe, that I have offended in this manner, but really I feel rather *pungent* this morning while I write), and the weird unearthly music was indeed novel and refreshing to most of us. The effect of this novel music on the traveler is often most astonishing, and the poet Southey, in speaking of it says: "It is surely the wildest chorus that was ever heard by human ears; a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice is used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description." It was while on this trip, too, that for the first time, I heard the full rich piercing melody of the Alpine horn, and its reverberations, echoed and re-echoed back from the steep mountain precipices which surrounded us on every side, was, indeed, sweet music to my ears, which had never before heard such entrancing melodies. This musician had selected a place right opposite some high precipices especially adapted to return the echo from peak to peak, and truly his music was superb.

The Alpine horn from which this wild untutored peasant was drawing forth the most melodious sounds, is about six feet long, and is only a tube of wood, called the "Zodlyn," bound about with birchen bark, and from it sounds are evoked which I thought not the finest cornet in the world could equal. We gave him a few small pieces of Swiss money, and

we heard him for some time after we had passed, making the welkin ring with his sweet melodious notes. During the tourist season the Alpine roads are thronged with these artless (?) musicians of nature, and they pick up no doubt a good many *francs* from the passers-by who, like myself, doubtless, are equally entranced by the novelty. I suppose it was the "*Ranz des Vaches*," (in German the word is kuhreihen), "rows of cows," that he played for us, and, hitherto, I had thought it to be a single air, but in Switzerland it seems to stand for a class of melodies.

The words mean "cow rows," and allude to the manner in which the cows come home along the Alpine paths at milking time. The shepherd, it is said, marches in front of the herd and they wind along slowly after him in strict obedience to the musical tones of his horn. It is said that a Swiss peasant would feel a touch of the *heimweh*, or home sickness, were he to hear the *Ranz des Vaches* any where in foreign lands, and they never play these melodies in Swiss regiments of the French army, because of the great tendency they have to produce desertions among the Swiss, who are yet among the bravest and best of mercenaries, as witness their devotion especially to Louis XVII. and Marie Antoinette, and to whose unswerving bravery and fidelity the famous "Lion of Lucerne," carved out of the solid rock, bears a mute testimony, which yet almost speaks.

When we reached Grundenwald, the first thing that we did was to refresh the inner man with a luncheon at

a nice little inn, and a party of us, consisting of eleven, then mounted our horses for the purpose of ascending as far as the glacier, and at that point we had to dismount, of course, and make the rest of our journey on foot.

On our way up the mountains, our guides had us dismount at a mountain hut, for the purpose of taking us into a deep gorge near at hand, where we got our first view of the massive glacier, through a narrow opening at the upper end of the gorge, whose cliffs were here at least 200 feet high, and through which the Lutschine rushed with a velocity, and a roar almost equal to Niagara, sure enough. While we were in this gorge, a man fired off an anvil, and the report was perfectly deafening and overwhelming, and the echoes reverberated and repeated themselves with a crash like unto the final upheaval of nature. It was, indeed, truly awful in that wild gorge, and if I had not known that the anvil was going to be fired, I do not know what might have been the result, and I should certainly have clapped my hands to my ears, and have concluded that Gabriel must be blowing the last trump.

We then remounted our horses, and proceeded slowly and laboriously on our way up the steep ascent. Just as we were leaving the hut on the mountain side, we saw below us the portly form of Senator Sawyer, being carried up the steep ascent in a kind of Sedan chair, borne by two men, but he did not venture on the ascent of the glacier, which we found to be about the

most exhausting task, I suppose, that we had ever undertaken.

Before we mounted upon the glacier, which is said to be more dangerous and inaccessible, than the more frequented *Mer de Glace* at Chamounix, we were conducted by our guides for some distance into a cave, cut out of the solid ice of the glacier, in which we found two Swiss women lying in wait for us unsuspecting tourists, and they played upon instruments called a zither, and sang for us the national airs of their country, and finally they gave us a melody to the tune of our own "America," which so enthused one of our party, Sir Libbey, that he actually gave them a five franc piece, while we all contributed more or less of "lucre;" but how much more enjoyable would it have been to us all, had we not known that they were there only for *money*, and the execution of our national airs was wholly mechanical, without the least regard to the grand and patriotic sentiments which hearing them inspired in a true lover of our country.

We then mounted a long ladder, by means of which we got upon the top of the glacier, and then commenced a toilsome, as well as a dangerous, experience. One of the party, who had been extremely solicitous to put his foot upon a Swiss glacier, here abandoned us, saying that his "life was too valuable (?) to his family for him to undergo the risk," and so we lost the pleasure of his congenial society on our perilous and difficult tramp, for such it

was. Our guides, of whom we had two, often had to cut places in the ice for our feet, and far below us we often heard the roar of the waters which were formed by the melting of the glacier, but still we persevered, in spite of many severe falls, and amidst many dangers, until we reached the very summit of the glacier, which the guides told us was more than 8,000 feet above the valley below, glaciers generally beginning at about this height or less, while above this are snow-fields which the hottest summer's sun can make no impression upon, and the last part of our ascent was over perpetual snow, we then being above the line where the snow melts away under the influence of the hot suns of July and August.

Every once in a while wewould look back, and the houses in the valley below us would seem like doll houses, and the river Lutschine, itself, appeared but as a silver thread in the sun light, which, at intervals, would burst through a rift in the clouds. Near the top of the glacier, we noticed a very large boulder which must have weighed many tons, and which, by the gradual melting away of the glacier will, probably, by the lapse of several centuries, find itself deposited in the valley beneath. There are thousands of tons of rock frozen into the glacier, which have become detached from the Alps by the softening influences of the spring and summer. You see hundreds of rivulets on the glacier, and frequently we could hear the roar of one far beneath our feet,

which must have been a furious torrent. I got several hard falls but was glad to escape any serious bodily injury, but I felt the effects of the toilsome ascent for several days, the next day which was Sunday, being so stiff that I could hardly walk at all, and I felt as though every bone in my body had been hammered with a big club, but I would not have missed my experience on the glacier for any thing, hardly.

We finally left the glacier, and ascended some very high cliffs on our left, along which ran a path which led us down to the valley beneath, but we still had several miles before us, having already walked upon the glacier probably for the distance of six or eight miles. We ascended about 75 steps in order to reach the mountain side on our left, and the view of the glacier below us was indeed a fine one. While we were ascending the steep mountain side in order to descend, finally, into the valley beneath, we heard an awful sound as of several thunder storms all rolled in one, and we looked around amazed and bewildered, and lo and behold! it was an avalanche on the mountain side only a few hundred yards away, and we had passed very near the foot of the mountain where the avalanche occurred only a few minutes before. It left the mountain side completely bare, and exposed the naked rock for acres in extent, and then the awful silence which followed the crash of the avalanche seemed to add tenfold to the solitude and sublimity of the Alps. But let Byron describe it in Manfred: —

"Ye toppling crags of ice,
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountains o'er whelming; come and crush us.
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crush with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young, flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.
The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me; white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell."

We stopped at a mountain *chalet*, on our way down, which is very much on the style of our Western log huts, and loaded down on the roof with stones to save it from the Alpine blasts, to refresh ourselves, and then we had a man to fire an anvil again, and the effect was grander than ever, and seemed to ring in our ears for several minutes. We picked our way slowly and carefully down the mountain path, and finally, late in the afternoon, we reached the valley beneath, where we found our horses waiting for us, which, however, we mounted with much less alacrity and a great deal more stiffness and awkwardness than we did on starting out, and finally reached the inn once more, where we resumed our places in our *diligences*, and drove back to the beautiful valley we had left in the morning, and not long after we arrived at our hotel, the balance of our party, whom we had left in London drove up, and then ensued a lively scene, all shaking hands, exchanging reminiscences, etc., until the late dinner hour arrived, to which we all were able to do ample

justice, especially those of us who had taken the weary tramp upon the glacier.

That evening, which was Saturday, the most of our party repaired to the Casino, spoken of above, and amused themselves in various ways. The next day was Sunday, and a beautiful day it was, too, and I strolled down the beautiful avenue called the "Hoheweg, or Highway," which is lined with fine walnut trees, and is the favorite resort of visitors to this lovely spot, and took a view of the famous "Jungfrau" (a "maiden" no longer, however, since it has been profaned long since by the footsteps of man), through a very powerful telescope, for which I paid the man, I believe, a few centimes. This famous peak, which is 13,671 feet in height, and whose top and irregular and uneven sides are always covered with the eternal snow, is flanked on the right by the Silberhorn, which is 12,156 feet in height, and on the left by the Schneehorn, which is 11,204 feet in height, and these lofty mountain peaks are, indeed, awe-inspiring to the ordinary observer.

The foot of man first scaled the awful peak of the "Jungfrau" in 1811, when it was ascended by two brothers by the name of Meyers, and from that time until the year 1856 the ascent was only accomplished five times, but though extremely fatiguing and quite expensive, still if you have good and reliable guides, and have had some experience, previously, in climbing mountain fastnesses by the aid of Alpen-stocks, it is now said to be almost free from

peril, but I thought, as I looked at its awful heights, after my experience of the day before on the Gründenwald glacier, that I would hardly like to attempt its ascent under any consideration, and more especially as a number of heartrending catastrophes have occurred, and quite a number of lives of adventurous tourists have been lost in making the terrible and dangerous ascent.

As I had not yet experienced the sensation of attending religious services in a foreign land, I then wended my way toward the ancient monastery and nunnery, which was hard by our hotel, and which was founded in 1130, and suppressed in 1528, which is surrounded by fine walnut trees, many of them of ancient growth. The monastery has been devoted to various purposes, and contains within its various buildings a hospital, a prison, an English chapel, a French-Protestant and a Scottish-Presbyterian congregation, and a Roman Catholic place of worship, and you may judge from this of the size of the structure. I attended, of course, the English chapel, where I witnessed the regular service of the Church of England, and I suppose that nine-tenths of the congregation were tourists, like myself. The rector is paid, mainly, by contributions from tourists, and what is lacking, I understood, was made up by assistance from the mother church in England.

On that Sunday, I noticed that the plates were liberally filled by the congregation. One of the hymns, which the congregation all joined in singing, seemed

to be especially applicable to tourists, for I remember that it spoke of a "rest when traveling days were o'er," and it seemed especially selected for those who were that day, the most of them at any rate, engaged in the worship of God in a foreign land. A great many nice excursions may be made from this point, but, of course, we had no time to make any others than the one we have spoken of. The shops are full of the finest wood carvings which are to be found any where in Switzerland, and are much resorted to by tourists, when they have seen the sights of the place and its neighborhood.

I saw two clocks in one large store there, one representing Atlas, with a clock instead of the world on his back, worth 1,500 francs, or $300, and another representing a huntsman, almost life size, robbing an eagle's nest, and defending himself from the attacks of the mother-bird, with the face of the clock below, which was priced at 2,500 francs, or $500. The next day we bade good-by to our friends who had joined us on the Saturday before, who were to make the same excursion to Gründenwald on Monday, which we had made the Saturday before, and getting into the buses we drove to the railway station, and took the train for the lake of Brienz, a mile or two above Interlaken, and then went aboard the steamer Oberland for a sail on the pretty little lake of Brienz, on our way to Lucerne which is situated on the lake of the Four Cantons, and which figures so prominently in the history of William Tell, and of Switzerland herself.

This pretty little lake is about nine miles long, and a mile and a half wide, and is enclosed by lofty wooded rocks and mountains. The most noted sight on this lake are the Giessbach Falls, which consist of seven cascades falling from rock to rock from an entire height of 1,148 feet, but from the steamer you only see the lower portion of the falls. There is a fine hotel and cable tramway here, and when the falls are illuminated, the sight can not fail to be a pleasing one. This is done every evening from the first of June until the last of September, but as we passed the falls in day time, of course, we missed the illumination which, from what I saw of the illumination of the fountain in the Casino at Interlaken, must be well worth the seeing.

At Brienz on the opposite side of the lake from Giessbach Falls, we disembarked from our neat little steamer, and after luncheon at a little hotel near the lake, and from which we got a fine view of the Giessbach Falls on the other side, which was much finer than the one we obtained when at the landing near them, we seated ourselves in the *diligences* for the romantic ride over the famous Brünig Pass down to the lake of Alpnach, on the other side of the Alps. I had a seat in the *coupé*, which is the front part of the *diligence*, with a glass front, and is considered the best place from which to obtain a good view. My companion was a gentleman of intelligence who, as I afterwards found out, was a native of Norway, although he possessed a very fair knowledge of the English lan-

guage, and during the ride, which lasted about six hours, I found his company very agreeable.

This famous pass of the Brünig was a mere bridle path forty years ago, and then afforded nothing of striking interest, except the sublime view of the valley of Meyringen, which then, as now, no doubt, presented from its summit a perfect picture. Now, however, the road over the pass is superbly engineered, with hardly a loose pebble upon it, and at least twenty feet wide, with ample room for any number of vehicles to pass, and in the summer season this road is thronged with them, as the Swiss subsist mainly upon tourists who come to see their mountain country, and the scenery is romantic and beautiful.

The view, as we gradually ascend to the top of the pass, is one never to be forgotten, commanding as it does, a fine view of the lake and town of Brienz, which we had just quitted, the Giessbach falls, and the beautiful falls of the Reichenbach, falling from perpendicular cliffs directly opposite us, 1,150 feet high, which presented a spectacle I have never seen equaled, the river Aare winding like a silver thread through the valley beneath; and as we wound around and around (I think going over the road below us not less than four or five times in reaching the summit), I kept watching the beautiful cataract on our right, and wondering whether we would ever rise above it, and finally we did sure enough.

We stopped under a huge rock which overhung the splendid road to rest our weary horses, as it was a

warm August day, and, while we were there, a little girl sold us some of the nicest strawberries I ever tasted; and just at the time we were about opposite to the top of the fall of the Reichenbach, I looked back and thought that the scene was surely the finest my eyes had ever gazed upon. Before leaving Brienz I should have stated that it is noted for the exquisite wood-carving which is made there, the business employing 600 persons, and I suspect it is here that Interlaken obtains her finest specimens.

After reaching the summit, we soon leave the Alpine scenery behind us, and pass respectively the lake of Lungern and the Sarner-See, which are both picturesque and romantic, the latter being a beautiful sheet of water four miles long, and one and a half wide, and which is said to be well stocked with fish. At Sarnen we changed the horses of our *diligences*, and those of us who chose to do so obtained a luncheon at the inn

Sarnen is not, especially, a place of note, but figures occasionally in Schiller's drama of "William Tell," as it is the capital of the Canton Unterwalden, which was one of the "Four Forest Cities," which formed the Confederacy, from which the Lake of Lucerne, called in French, the "Lake of the Four Cantons," took its name. Lake Lucerne is situated in a basin at the foot of the Brünig Pass, and in 1836, the greater portion of this lake was drained into the Sarner-See, in order to reclaim the land which it covered for the purposes of cultivation. It has been lowered at least twenty feet below its former height, and its banks, now quite

steep, look like some old ruined wall. There was once a natural dam between the lake and the Sarner-See, perhaps twenty feet high, and called the Kaiser-Stuhl, or "Emperor's footstool." A tunnel, 1,300 feet long, was bored, through this, with only a thin partition of rock to hold back the flood, and this tunnel employed 500 men for some time working on it. The tunnel was exploded by the aid of 1,000 pounds of powder, and the water came through, but the land reclaimed is hardly worth the tilling.

We soon reached the little lake of Alpnach, which is connected with the lake of Lucerne by a strait so small that a very short draw bridge crosses over it, which is opened to let the steamer, which, in this case, by another coincidence, was called the "William Tell," pass and we were right upon the scene of out into the lake of Lucerne, his many noted exploits, we having traveled on the lake of Geneva, on the steamer "Winkelried," another of the heroes of Switzerland, which we have already alluded to. Just after passing through the draw-bridge, we landed at Stanstad, where we noticed a hotel named in honor of Arnold Winkelried, and we saw a square pinnacled tower which was erected by the Swiss, in 1308, in order to help them vindicate their recently acquired independence, which is called *Schnitz-Sturm*, and then we were fairly launched upon the lake of Lucerne, by far the most famous and beautiful of all the many lovely lakes of Switzerland, and of which we had already seen almost a half a dozen, and traveled upon at least three of them.

The church at Alpnach, which is a very pretty one, with a neat spire, was erected with the proceeds of the sale of timber from the forests of Pilatus, and which was brought down the famous glide eight miles long, which was erected on the mountains, during the time of Bonaparte, for the purpose of bringing timber for ship building from the mountains, but which is now destroyed. We passed near the foot of Mount Pilatus on the steamer, and this mountain takes its name from the tradition that, after Pontius Pilate surrendered up the Savior to die on the cross, his remorse of conscience became so great that he left his native country, and wandered to the top of this mountain in Switzerland, and there drowned himself in a small lake, whence the mountain gets the name of Mount Pilatus. This slide I have spoken of was eight miles long, and four or five feet wide, and was made of hollowed out logs which formed one continuous trough. It passed over all manner of gorges, and some times through tunnels, and a rivulet of water ran down to lessen the friction, and prevent the logs from taking fire. It is said that a tree one hundred feet long and four feet in diameter would pass over the space of eight miles, at a speed of at least a mile a minute.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE AND WILLIAM TELL.

THE scenery of the lake of Lucerne is said to be unsurpassed, even by the whole of Europe, which is saying a great deal, but it is truly superb, aside from its historical associations in the struggle of Switzerland for freedom against the tyranny of Austria; and surrounded as it is on every side by the most varied and most beautiful of Alpine scenery, it can hardly fail to inspire the beholder, who sees it for the first time, with a feeling of awe and reverence. The view of the city of Lucerne, as you approach it from the lake, with its picturesque Schweizerhof quay, with its beautiful avenue of chestnut trees, and the long frontage of the elegant Schweizerhof and Luzernerhof hotels, with the ancient walls and the towers of the city in the background, erected in 1385, and which are still in a fine state of preservation, with Rigi-Kulm on one side rising to the lofty elevation of 6,000 feet, and Mt. Pilatus on the other, and behind you, Uri and Engelberg — all this can not soon be forgotten.

I soon found myself in a nice room in the Luzerner hof, which had been selected for me beforehand by our accomplished and courteous courier, Mr. Mills, which

commanded a fine view of the grand old cathedral of Lucerne, but I was sorry that my room, as at Geneva, did not command a prospect of the beautiful lake, whose attractive and varied scenery we had lately so reluctantly quitted. This was the farthest point east which our route of travel contemplated, and henceforth, after leaving Lucerne, I was pleased to think that our steps would be "towards the setting sun," for, although Europe may do very well to travel in, I decidedly prefer to keep my abode in the land of my birth.

The lake itself is almost in the shape of a cross, and at Brünnen, near the upper end of the lake, and not far from the spot where Tell leaped ashore during the storm, when Gessler had caused his chains to be removed in order that he might steer the boat, and save Gessler and his soldiers from the just wrath of heaven, in December, 1315, the three Swiss cantons of Schwtyz, Unterwalden, and Uri formed a league offensive and defensive, and in 1332, Lucerne joined the league, forming an alliance and a republic which was to last for centuries; and since then this beautiful lake has been known as the "*Lac des Quatre Cantons*," or "Lake of the Four Cantons," or as Schiller terms it, in his magnificent drama of William Tell, "*Die Vierwaldstettersee*," or the lake of the four forest cities in allusion, to the four cities which nestled on its lovely shores and which formed the noted Confederation. But the greatest sight of Lucerne is, after all, the "Lion of Lucerne," which is literally the "Lion of

the Place," and is a truly wonderful sight and to see which Dr. Lorimer of our party said he was taking this present trip to Europe, mainly. This is a celebrated Lion, sculptured out of the natural rock, which is here probably seventy-five high, by the celebrated Danish sculptor, Thorwalsden, in 1821, to the memory of twenty-six officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss guards who, mercenaries though they were, sealed their allegiance to King Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette with their blood, dying like heroes in the defense of the Tuileries on August 10th, 1792.

In Schiller's "William Tell," one of the task masters placed over the for-the-time-being subjugated Swiss, says, "What? are you muttering?" but 'tis like you all; a base, ungrateful people, fit for nothing but to milk cows, and saunter around the mountains," but he saw only with the eye of a suspicious tyrant, for a braver race of people than the Swiss (mercenary though they be) has never lived, and their country is well adapted for defense against a foreign foe, for in many a defile and mountain path of Switzerland, "A hundred men could hold the post, with hardihood against the host" and they have always held it or died in the attempt.

The dying Lion, which is much larger than life, being the immense length of twenty-eight feet, and reclining in a grotto, is seen transfixed with a broken lance, and sheltering the French shield and *fleur-de-lis* with his paws, and is truly a magnificent testimonial to the bravery of the Swiss guards. Di-

rectly in front of the rock is a pretty sheet of water, in a handsome grotto, which is formed by springs that trickle from the rock itself from which the grand figure is carved. The inscription which is carved beneath the beautiful Lion in the Latin language is as follows: "To the faith and valor of the Helvetii" (Helvetia being the Latin name for Switzerland). "On the day of the 10th of August, and the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, these are the names of those who fell fighting most valiantly that they might not falsify their solemn oath — twenty-six officers — sixteen officers survived the slaughter by the ingenious care of friends," and the names are inscribed below. A chapel near by, with the inscription *Pax invictis* contains the coats of arms of the dead officers who fell in their brave, though vain attempt to repress the blind fury of the *sans culottes* of Paris.

I was sorry to hear it said that the rock was gradually disintegrating and scaling off, and that this grand monument of man's genius, and which has been consecrated to man's bravery and fidelity, was in danger of being permanently injured, if not finally destroyed, by the action of the elements. Near the Lion is the celebrated Glacier Garden, which was discovered in 1872, and gives the visitor a very good idea of the action of the ice period, containing about thirty holes formed by whirlpools, and of different sizes, being twenty-six feet wide, and thirty feet deep, and all connected by steps and bridges, and this is considered one of the most curious sights of Lucerne. The Rathhaus, or

state house, is well worth a visit, and contains an interesting collection of quaint armor, which is well worth seeing. A fresco on the tower represents the death of the magistrate Gundolfuigen at the battle of Sempach, where Winkelried also died. The Hofkirche, or old cathedral, is well worth a visit, which was restored in the seventeenth century, but two slender towers of the original edifice which were erected in 1506, are still to be seen. It contains a famous organ, but as the performance always takes place on week days from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., we could not get to hear it, much to our regret.

Next, a few of us went aboard of one of the little steamers, which leave Lucerne four or five times a day for various points on the lake, in order to go to Küssnacht, which is the nearest point to Tell's chapel, which marks the spot where Tell shot Gessler, after having escaped from the boat in the storm, on the lake of Lucerne. I had previously purchased a copy of Schiller's William Tell, with which I had become familiar when a student, and was thus considerably refreshed as to the history of the country which I was then traveling through, and which, of course, heightened my enjoyment of the lake, with its historical associations, very much. Just after leaving the pier at Lucerne, a very hard rain storm set in, which continued almost the entire afternoon, but, nevertheless, we went on to Küssnacht, and there hired a hack to take four of us up through the Hohlegasse, or "narrow way," where Tell concealed himself while

lying in wait for the tyrant's approach, and finally we reach the little chapel, which covers the very spot where Gessler fell at the hands of the gallant Tell.

The road first winds around the base of the *Rigi*, and to the right, not far from Küssnacht, on a wooded hill, are still to be seen the scanty remains of Gessler's Castle, which is said to have been destroyed in 1308. The "narrow way" is shaded by lofty beeches, and at the end of it is Tell's Chapel, which was first built in 1584 (afterwards rebuilt in 1834), to mark the spot where Tell shot Gessler, and this must not be confounded with the spot on the upper end of the Lake of Lucerne, also called Tell's Chapel, which marks the spot where he jumped ashore from Gessler's boat during the storm, in which he was being taken a prisoner to Küssnacht. Over the door is a painting of the event, with an inscription, and on the walls inside are paintings representing various other famous events in the life of Tell, notably one representing Gessler's cap on a pole at Altorf, before which the Swiss were ordered to prostrate themselves on pain of death, and another representing Tell shooting the apple from his son Albert's head, because he would not bow the knee before the cap of Gessler.

A book is kept here in which you can register your name; and a man sells photographs and various souvenirs of the place. On the way to Küssnacht, you see on the left hand, the picturesque modern chateau of New Hapsburg, behind, which rises the ancient tower of the castle of that name, (once occupied by Rudolph,

Count of Hapsburg, and who was afterwards Emperor of Germany), which was destroyed by the Lucerners in 1352, in their new born freedom, and intense hatred of the strongholds of tyranny. To an American, Switzerland must always be a land viewed with deep emotion, and while I was standing in the little chapel, I thought often of my native land, and of her struggles for liberty against the tyrannical oppression of the mother country, and compared her with Switzerland, struggling against the tyranny of Austria, and I thought that Tell was perfectly justifiable in lying in wait for Gessler, and in sending home the shaft to the tyrant's bosom, which helped so much to knock off the manacles from Switzerland.

Gessler's own wicked conscience well told him who had fired the fatal shot. Immediately after the shot was fired which soon resounded around the world, "*Das war Tell's Schoss*," the tyrant exclaimed, to which Tell, appearing on the rocks above, replies: —

> "Thou knowest the shooter, look not for another,
> Our homes are free, and innocence secure;
> Thou wilst inflict no further wrongs upon us."

And with Tell to lead them on, not long did it take the hardy Swiss to carve with their swords, their way to freedom. I regretted very much that time prevented my taking an excursion to Fluelen, at the upper end of the lake, so that I might have gone to Altorf, a few miles from there, and seen the place where Tell made his famous shot at the apple on Albert's head; but we

had not the time to make both excursions. Brünnen, on the lake, is noted as the place where the league of the Swiss Cantons was entered into, and not far from there is to be seen the large rock bearing the inscription, signifying that it is to "Frederick Schiller, the Bard of Tell." A singular fact in connection with this remarkable drama is that Schiller, its famous author, himself, never saw the scene of this unequaled production, but the idea was suggested to him by his friend Goethe, who, after a tour through the Forest Cantons in 1797, had intended to make it the groundwork of an epic poem himself.

"One valuable idea which he seems to have communicated to him is this: His own conception of the character of Tell. With the exception of Schiller, all dramatists, who have attempted the theme, paint him too much as a sentimental reformer. But Goethe saw that the true dramatic capability of the character lay in his simplicity, both of feel ing and expression! In representing him, as he was, a rude dweller among the mountains, leading a life of labor, and never thinking of political freedom or slavery, until oppression penetrated to his own fireside, and even then, only anxious at first to escape the evil as best he might, till step by step, he is led on to the death of Gessler, as the only means of preserving his own existence and that of his family." Not far from the inscription to Schiller is the famous meadow of Rütli, where the founders of Swiss

liberty met, and bound themselves by solemn oath, to free their country from the ruthless invader.

> "I see the rock and little cross upon it.
> Here is our place of meeting! This is Rütli."

On the night of November 17, 1307, Werner Stauffacher, of Schwytz, Walter Fürst, of Uri, whose daughter Tell had married, and Arnold Anderhalden, (commonly called Melchtal, of Unterwalden), repaired to the meadow of Rütli, each bringing with him ten determined men of his own canton. Men to whom the freedom of their fatherland was everything, and their own lives in comparison with it nothing. Here with beating hearts, and united by the perils of the time, in strictest league, these thirty-three brave men gave each their brotherly hands and swore a solemn oath, engaging "to live and die for the rights of an innocent and oppressed people! to undertake and execute everything in concert; to defend their own franchises, without trespassing on the rights of others; to respect the property, and not to shed — except in self-defense — the blood even of their most cruel oppressors; but to put down all tyranny and unjust power, and to preserve unimpaired to posterity the liberties which they had themselves received from their forefathers."

Tell, however, took no part in these deliberations, though earnestly asked to do so by Stauffacher, being, as he said himself, a "man of deeds, and not of words;" but history nevertheless has assigned him

a fitting place in the list of immortal heroes, who have fought for human liberty in all ages: —

"Tell draws the lost lamb from the precipice!
And think'st thou he'd abandon his dear friends?
Yet still — whate'er ye do — omit me from
Your councils; I'm no man of words, I deal not
In long deliberation and debate —
But when you have resolved on your straight course
And stand *prepared for action* — call on Tell —
And Tell will not be wanting in his duty."

Tell was born at Bürglen, not far from Altorf, and a chapel erected in 1522, marks the spot where his house previously stood.

In the year 1388 — only thirty-four years after Tell's death — a chapel was erected by the *Landsgemeinde* of Uri, on the spot where he leaped on shore —

"I bade the rowers ply their arms with vigor
Until they came before the Rocky Plat —
'There,' said I, 'all the roughest will be past' —
And now, by briskly rowing, we had reached it;
When suddenly — first having seized my crossbow
And breathing all the while a prayer to Heaven,
I sprang myself upon the Plat above,
High — springing with a bound, and sending back
The staggered boat into the whirl of waters —
There — with God's will — may she drift on at leisure.
Thus I am here, escaped the storm's dread power,
And, dreader still, the power of evil men."

The chapel has been, from time to time, kept up and renewed ever since, and once a year mass is said and a sermon preached in it, at which the inhabitants of the Forest Cantons attend, repairing thither in

boats, and forming a grand procession on the lake. Speaking of the scene here and at Rütli, Sir James McIntosh says: "The combination of what is grandest in Nature, with whatever is pure and sublime in human conduct, affected me more thoroughly than in any place which I had ever seen. Perhaps, neither Greece nor Rome would have had such power over me. They are dead. The present inhabitants are a race who regard, with little or no feeling, the memorials of former ages. This is, perhaps, the only place on our globe where deeds of pure virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people and continue to command interest and reverence.

No local superstition, so beautiful and so moral, any where exists. The inhabitants of Thermopylæ, or Marathon, know no more of those famous spots, than that they are so many square feet of earth. England is too extensive to make Runnymede an object of natural affection. In countries of industry and wealth the stream of events sweeps away these old remembrances. The solitude of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue. Rütli, and Tell's Chapel, are as much reverenced by the Alpine peasants as is Mecca by a devout Mussulman."

A great many people, however, have been inclined to look upon the story of Tell as a myth, and yet I am so loth to give up my belief in Switzerland's famous hero, and more especially, after having visited some of the very spots made almost sacred to a lover of human liberty by his historic footsteps, that at the risk of be-

coming tedious I propose to produce a few internal evidences that Tell "lived and moved, and had his being," from an authority which is, to me, at least, sufficiently convincing, but which it is hardly necessary to name at this time. "The story of Tell, however, must finally rest for credence or reflection on the strength or weakness of its own evidences which may be thus briefly summed up: 1. The uninterrupted tradition and belief of the Swiss, from father to son, for more than five hundred years. 2. The many old German songs and romances in which he is celebrated, and which (as Coxe has very justly observed), are so remarkable for their ancient dialect and simplicity, as to leave little doubt, either of their own authenticity, or of the truth of the deeds which they commemorate. 3. The chronicles and narratives of Klingenberg, Egloff, Etterlin, Melchior, Russ, Tschudi, Simer, and other historians, from the fourteenth century down to the present day. 4. The erection of three chapels (one of them — that at the Tell's Plat — in 1388, only thirty-four years after Tell's death, and when there were present *one hundred and fourteen persons* in the Landsgemeinde of Uri, who *had personally known him*) — and the religious solemnities with which, *for the last four hundred and fifty years*, his countrymen *have never failed annually* to commemorate his deeds, and to thank God for the prowess and triumph of his arm."

Upon our return to Lucerne, I visited a panorama of the famous Rigi-Kulm and the surrounding mountains, which gave me a very good idea of them, especially as

I had not time to ascend the Rigi-Kulm, which is about 6,000 feet high, and see the view which is said to be one of the most glorious in all Europe. Many tourists go up by the inclined plane to see the sun set, and then stay all night for the sun rise in the morning, which is said to well repay the traveler, if the weather should be favorable, which is not, however, always the case among the Alps, by a good deal. Rigi, however, is said to enjoy more fair weather than Mt. Pilatus. Of Mt. Pilatus they have a rhyme, which runs as follows: —

"If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day;
If his collar he puts on, you may venture on the way;
But if his sword he wields, at home you'd better stay.'

Besides what has been already mentioned, about all that is now left to be seen of interest in Lucerne are two of the bridges across the river Reuss, which issues from the lake with great swiftness, with its clear emerald-green water. Two bridges which cross it are of wood, quite old, and very curious to the pedestrian who strolls leisurely through them, because of what he sees overhead. The one next to the fine iron bridge is called the Kapell-Brücke, and runs across the river in a kind of a zig-zag, and is covered with a wooden roof, which is painted with 154 scenes from the lives of St. Leodegar and St. Mauritius, the patron saints of Lucerne, and with scenes from Swiss history, mostly battles and sieges. Near the bridge, and in the middle of the river, and from which there is a door leading to the old tower is the *Wasser Thurm*, or water tower, which is quite

venerable, having, no doubt, been one of the ancient defenses of the city, where are kept the archives of the city, and which was once used as a light-house, or *lucerna* in the days of the Romans, and whence the city probably derives its name. A fourth bridge, called the Mühlen-Brücke, somewhat lower down, and much shorter than the one above described, has a series of quaint and striking pictures called the "Dance of Death," the principal figures being skeletons, embracing in their horrible grasp, creatures of flesh and blood, etc. On the hills back of Lucerne, a fine view of the old city walls, of the lake and city below, and the beautiful Alpine peaks in the distance, is to be obtained, which will well repay the pedestrian who will take the pains to climb the steep ascent.

The next morning, which was Wednesday, August 8th, we took the train for Strasbourg, and on the way, about thirteen miles from Lucerne, we approach the lake of Sempach, which is a very pretty sheet of water, about five miles long, and a mile and a half wide, and which abounds in fish. The railway skirts the lake for the greater part of the distance, and we see the famous field of Sempach, where Arnold Winkelried immortalized himself. It was here that Duke Leopold, of Austria, was signally defeated on the 9th of July, 1386, by the Swiss Confederates, being himself slain with 263 of his bravest knights, and more than 2,000 common soldiers, while the Swiss loss was only about 200; greatest of all being the noble martyr, Arnold Winkelried. The Swiss had made several charges upon the

serried lances of the Austrian phalanx, without being able to make any impression on them, when Arnold Winkelried spoke up, and said that if Switzerland would care for his wife and children, he would throw himself on the lances of the Austrians, receiving as many of their lances as he possibly could in his body, and his comrades should then take advantage of this temporary break in the Austrian phalanx, and charge and break the Austrian front. He gave up his life, a martyr to his country, and by his noble act of self-sacrifice, the Swiss won a glorious victory, and it is no wonder that Winkelried ranks with Tell in the hearts of the Swiss.

The Swiss railway carriages are built on the American plan, and were the first we had seen in Europe, which were anything like what we had been accustomed to. The carriages do not hold so many persons as ours do, but as our party numbered then about twenty-two, we all managed, I believe, to be seated in one carriage, which made us all feel more sociable than before, when we were broken up into little parties of six or eight. They have something novel in Europe in the way of steel railway ties, instead of wood, which are in use in that country altogether. We saw great piles of them at many of the stations in various parts of the countries through which we passed, and we were told that, though they cost more than wooden ties at the outset, yet they are much lighter to handle, and wore so much longer and better, that they were much cheaper in the end.

There is not much to be seen of interest between Lucerne and Basle, at which point we arrived about 11 a. m., and stopped there for luncheon, and to see the sights of the city, and we remained there until about 4 p. m., when we took our seats in the train for the famous old Cathedral, City of Strasbourg, which is one of the most strongly fortified cities in Europe, the Germans, I suppose, never intending the French to reclaim it as their own, they having once held it, from the days of Louis XIV., for about 200 years. The Swiss Railway Terminus, at Bâel, which unites the Alsace Railway with the Swiss Central Railway, is a magnificent structure, perhaps one of the very finest buildings of the kind to be seen in Europe. Bâle, or Basle, is famous in connection with the Reformation, for here the learned Erasmus is is said to have "laid the egg that Luther hatched," and here, in the Cathedral, on the banks of the famous Rhine, which we here behold for the first time, he lies buried, and his many virtues are commemorated by a lengthy Latin inscription. The swiftly-flowing Rhine here divides the city into two parts, the larger portion being on the left bank, and three bridges connect the two portions. One of these bridges is more than 1,000 feet long, and has a peculiarity which I once noticed, though not to such a great extent, in the bridge which connects Nashville, Tennessee, with Edgefield, and that is that one end of this bridge over the Rhine, at Bâle, is sixty feet higher than the other.

Basle is on the frontier of Switzerland, and is

situated in a large plain between the mountain ranges of the Jura, the Black Forest and the Vosges, and borders on Germany and Alsace. Out of its 62,000 inhabitants, 42,000 are Protestants, which shows that the influence of the great and learned Erasmus is still felt among her people. The finest streets, parks, gardens, etc., are those which lead to and from the railway stations. There is one very handsome monument which we visited, which was not far from our hotel. The monument was erected in 1872, to the memory of 1,300 Swiss and Confederates, who fell at the battle of St. Jacob, against the French, August 26th, 1444. The monument is surmounted by a female figure of heroic size, impersonating Helvetia, and has a figure at each corner of the base, all warriors, in battle array. The inscription is in German to this effect: —

"Our souls to God, our bodies to the enemy. Here died on the 26th August, 1444, fighting against Austria and France, 1,300 Swiss and Confederates, unconquered, but tried by victory."

But by far the most interesting place in Basle is the ancient Minster, built from 1010-1019. The interior has been lately restored, and provided with a new organ, and offers the admirer of art and antiquity, a glorious harvest of architectural beauties and monuments, and which contains what is of greater interest by far than all the rest, the Tomb of the Great Erasmus, of Rotterdam, and of the three Reformers of Basle, Meier, Œcolompadius and Grynæus, and the

Tomb of the Empress Anna of Austria, consort of Rudolph, of Hapsburg. But the great Erasmus is, of course, the chief glory of Basle, for here it was that he raged bitter war with the Church of Rome, and here may yet be seen his famous old arm-chair in the vestry of the Cathedral. During my stay in Europe, I saw the chairs of Knox, Calvin, and Erasmus, and passed through the city of Worms, where Luther stood his trial, and where he said he would go "if every tile on the house tops were a devil," and hence I saw many things of interest connected with the wonderful Reformation; and perhaps a few remarks at this point in regard to Erasmus and Luther, may not be entirely out of place.

The German poet, Goethe, says of Luther, and, as I think, very unjustly, and very untruely as well, "that he threw back the intellectual progress of mankind for centuries, by calling in the passions of the multitude to decide on subjects which ought to have been left to the learned;" and in saying this, the narrator says "that Goethe especially alluded to Erasmus, and men like him," of whom there were, indeed, few at that time in Europe. If Erasmus, with all his learning, had had the moral courage of Luther, the Reformation might and would have set in much sooner. Erasmus once wrote: "As to me, I have no inclination to risk my life for truth. We have not all strength for martyrdom; and if trouble come, I shall imitate St. Peter. Popes and Emperors must settle

the creeds. If they settle them well, so much the better; if ill, I shall keep on the safe side."

Luther, however, felt that thousands thought as he himself thought, that it was time for him to speak out, and, being a stranger to fear, speak out he did, while Erasmus, who could write Latin as polished as Cicero's, temporized and held back. Luther had only said what Erasmus fully believed, but had not the courage to avow, and Luther looked to Erasmus to take his stand by his side, and had he only done so, then the Reformation would have advanced with gigantic strides. "The prodigious reputation of Erasmus would have given the reformers influence with the upper and educated classes, which, by Luther's gigantic efforts, they had already won with the masses, and the Pope would have been left without an ally to the north of the Alps." But Erasmus, instead of throwing himself into the breach like a man, preached moderation, both to Luther and the multitude. He settled at last at Basle, where the storm of the Reformation had not yet penetrated, and gave himself up to his books, but he did not find much rest or peace of mind here. The Catholics declared that he was as much to blame for the Reformation as Luther was, and the Protestants murmured against him, and not without reason, and said that if he had like, Luther, possessed the courage of his convictions, that the whole Catholic world must have accepted the Reformation, and no doubt they were right, as fully appears in the light of subsequent events.

Erasmus was a great wit, and well was he acquainted with the wickedness practiced in the monasteries, and when Luther married an escaped nun, the Catholics exclaimed, that Antichrist would be born of such an incestuous connection. "Nay," said Erasmus, "if monk and nun produce Antichrist, there must have been legions of Antichrists these many years." And yet a high authority says that without Erasmus, Luther would have been impossible. Still, Luther himself said of him that "he took Erasmus to be the worst enemy that Christ had had for years."

From Basle, we proceeded to Strasbourg, the capital of Alsace, where we spent the night at a hotel not far from the railway station — the Hotel de l'Europe, I believe — and early the next morning we started to see the famous Cathedral, with its wonderful clock, which, together with the double line of the city's fortifications, are about all that is to be seen of interest there. I might add, that Basle is the last town in Switzerland standing on the Rhine at the head of navigation. It was once as strict in its sumptuary laws as Geneva was, under the iron rule of John Calvin. Every person on the Sabbath, who went to church, was compelled to dress in black; no carriages could enter the town after ten o'clock at night, and footmen were entirely forbidden. A set of officers, called Unzichterherren, decided the number of dishes and the wines to be used at a dinner party, and also the cut and quality of all the clothes worn.

Until about the beginning of the present century,

the time-pieces of the town were kept about an hour in advance of all others in Europe. The legend which accounts for this is, that the city was once delivered from a band of conspirators by the city clock striking one, instead of twelve and thus disconcerting the conspirators, and causing them to give up their plot. There used to be a curious head attached to the clock, standing on the bridge, which was called the "Lallen-König," and the movement of the pendulum caused the eyes to protrude, and the tongue to loll out, and it was said to be making faces at Little Basle, on the opposite side of the Rhine. This curious head may now be seen among the "Mediæval Collection," in a building near the Cathedral. Here, at Basle, I saw a stork, the first I had seen in Europe, where they are held in great reverence, roosting high up on an old church, which was no longer used for the worship of God, but was actually used for an old second-hand furniture store.

About 4 p. m., on Wednesday, August 8th, we took the train for the celebrated fortified city of Strasbourg, the capital of the province of Alsace, with its famed Cathedral and clock, and which, after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71, the French gave up with so much reluctance to the German Empire, after having held it with uncontrolled sway for 200 years, that is to say since the days of Louis XIV.; and with it they also had to give up the whole of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, two of the garden spots of France, and with these they had to pay, besides, an immense war

indemnity. We arrived there at about 9 p. m., and as it was too late to do anything that night, we must, perforce, wait until the next day to see the wondrous old Cathedral, which had, only ten or twelve years before, withstood the terrible fire of the German artillery, which several times set the building on fire; but it was soon put out luckily, and the wonderful astronomical clock was not even touched, although the various parts of the Cathedral still show the ravages of the ruinous firing on what was once a part of their own beloved fatherland.

After having seen two or three of the great cathedrals of Europe, you have seen enough to form a tolerable idea of them all, with the exception of Strasbourg and Cologne, which are the most notable ecclesiastical structures in Europe, and, therefore, I shall devote more attention to these two than any others, for that reason; and to Master Masons, the Cathedral of Strasbourg should be especially interesting, for reasons which I shall give a little further along. This edifice, which stands there in all its magnificence, and proudly rears its head heavenwards, a grand, though silent, testimonial to the living God, dates back to the days of old King Clovis, who founded it originally in the year 510, and who preceded the great Charlemagne, the famous Emperor of the West (whom Bonaparte most aspired to imitate), only a few centuries.

Above the portals, the carvings are truly magnificent; among them being equestrian statues of Clovis, Dagobert, and others all done in the high-

est style of art known to those olden days, and in comparison with which most of our modern sculptures seem to be but feeble relics of the "lost arts," indeed. The tall needle-like shrine was, for many years, the tallest in Christendom, if not in the entire world, presumptively; but since the magnificent Cathedral of Cologne has reached its completion, after so many years of waiting and fruition, and has attained the dizzy height of 504 feet, or 100 feet higher than St. Paul's in London, truly must Strasbourg now "pale her ineffectual fires." The front of the wondrous and awe-inspiring structure, with its two great square towers, reminds one somewhat of York Minster, or Westminster Abbey, though Strasbourg is far more imposing (as I believe I have before remarked, that the first view of Westminster Abbey is disappointing), but the huge rosewood door between the towers, and the Gothic spire with all the beautiful carvings and tracery which cover the vast front in the greatest profusion "from turret to foundation stone," all present a sight which, once seen can never be forgotten, but to which only the brush of a Raphael, or the pen of a Milton, could do justice, and it is not, perchance, too much to say, that the task would then be, perhaps, inadequately accomplished.

You must bear in mind, that a small fee is always charged for entering the great European cathedrals, and after this is done, there is very little more to be expended unless you choose to do so yourself. We went

up more than 300 steps, being assisted somewhat by a rope which runs generally up the steep and narrow stairways of these cathedrals, which are often worn down several inches by the ceaseless tread of countless thousands; and often you will notice that the stones have been replaced with new ones, showing what a tide of humanity must have gone up and down those steps, and at last when completely exhausted, and we have about come to the conclusion to retrace our steps, and never try such a "fool" project again, we find ourselves on a platform 230 feet above the ground. Here are found several rooms, in which lives the custodian of the tower, who sells you photographs, stereoscopic views, etc., and also shows you some distinguished autographs which, carved in the dingy old walls, if you had been left to yourself, you would not have been apt to discover.

Among others, he showed me the names of two shining lights who are dear to every German heart, and whose fame has reached the uttermost ends of the earth — Goethe and Schiller. There were hundreds of others carved there, but these, of course, were the most famous of them all, and the rest were as mere dross in my sight, and I did not try to burden my memory or my note-book with them — as for the two great geniuses spoken of above I needed no written tablet to recollect them. Of course, you obtain a grand panoramic view from this "coign of vantage," of the beautiful country for miles around; of the German Rhine, which is two miles from Strasbourg, and which flows 600 miles

through the heart of Europe; and of the magnificent fortifications of Strasbourg, which encircle the city with a double row of intrenchments, and which makes it the strongest city in Europe, not much inferior to Ehrenbreitstein or Gibraltar in strategic importance — besides many other novel and interesting sights.

From this point on up, which is really dangerous, and apt to produce dizziness, because the masonry is of open work, with apertures nearly large enough for the body to pass through, the ascent is very trying; but as I had already ascended York Minster, St. Paul, and the Berne Cathedral, I did not intend to be balked by this, and I went on and on until my legs ached, my head swam around, and everything below me looked like pigmies; but finally I reached the utmost height allowed to any climber, and well did I feel repaid for the toilsome ascent that I had made, for I was now higher by several feet than I had ever been in my life, although you are not allowed to go up to the highest part of the spire by the authorities. From this altitude, I could see the silvery Rhine wending its winding way for many miles, the famous Black Forest of Germany, the province of Baden, and the range of the Jura Mountains in the distance, and I also noticed a company of German cavalry going through their evolutions in their barracks-yard below me, and from my stupendous height, they seemed not so very much larger than the toy soldiers of my boyhood.

It is said by those who are conversant with architecture, of whom, I regret to say, I am not, "that this grand

old structure seems to bring together all the orders of architecture of the Middle Ages, from the Byzantine to the Gothic." As in the case of most Protestant Cathedrals, the carvings for the most part represent the most prominent scenes in the life of the Savior of mankind, and the apostles, interspersed with statues of saints and warriors. The interior with its "dim religious light," is at once grand and impressive, the Gothic roof being supported by fourteen enormous pillars, which are nearly 100 feet in height, and the vast distance overhead reminds me more of York Minster, I believe, than any other cathedral which I have visited, and the beautiful stained glass windows, all representing some Scriptural subject, make the scene deeply impressive and beautiful. The pulpit, built in the year, 1486, is covered with little statues, beautifully carved, and is the finest thing of the kind I saw in Europe, except that magnificent one in the cathedral at Antwerp, which I shall speak of when we arrive at that point in the course of our travels.

To give you some idea of these wondrous structures of the Middle Ages, and the gigantic labor which must have been required to build them, and the enormous number of men required to do the work, and the amount of material required in their construction, I will state that this noble structure, which is one of the proudest monuments of the Christian religion to be found in the civilized world, is 525 feet long, and 195 feet wide, and its beautiful spire, which shows many marks of the cruel shells of the Germans during the last siege,

rears its beautiful, needle-like, proportions in the air to the height of 468 feet; but I shall tell you of one presently that surpasses that almost forty feet in height.

In a building near the cathedral are to be seen a great many curious relics, portions of the statuary which was knocked from the cathedral during the siege by the shot and shells of the Germans, which have been replaced by new statuary, etc., by the cunning master-masons of the cathedral, who form a guild peculiar to themselves, and of whom I shall speak presently. All over the cathedral upon the outside, you can see marks of shot and shell, and see where new stone work has taken the place of that which was destroyed by the rain of shot and shell poured upon the devoted city, by those to whose ancestors the place had once been doubly dear. The famous astronomical clock itself, for a wonder, received no injury, it being located on the ground floor of the cathedral, and on the side most remote from the location of the principal German batteries.

I omitted to state that in the same building, where the relics of the siege are to be seen, are also to be found some portions of the clock which was in the Cathedral before the present famous one was made, and they have a tradition in Strasbourg, that for fear that some rival city might in some way obtain the services of the two men who made the first Strasbourg clock also to make one for them, they put the poor men's eyes out, and the consequence was, that when soon after this cruel

deed, for some reason or other, the clock stopped, no one was found able to fix it for the space of 70 years.

I was told in Strasbourg, by the custodian of the tower, that the reason why the Cathedral was assailed so severely was, that the French army used the steeple of the Cathedral as an outlook upon the location and movements of the German army, or it would not probably have been so savagely assaulted by the German artillery.

I did not get to see the famous clock perform at 12 m., which is the best time to see all its wondrous mechanism, as our party had to leave for Heidelberg at 1 p. m., but I had seen a marvelous *facsimile* of this clock in Maysville, Ky., only a few years before, and so had a pretty good idea of its performances. It is about twenty-five or thirty feet high, and fifteen or twenty at the base, and tells the time of day, the changes of the seasons, the movements of the planets, the eclipses of the sun and moon, besides having various processions of figures etc. "It is a time-keeper, astronomer, almanac, mathematician, and musician," all in one. The most wonderful feature of this clock is, that it is calculated to regulate itself and adapt itself to the revolutions of the seasons, for an almost unlimited number of years.

The Master Masons of this Cathedral, down to this day, form a very exclusive society, which originated in the days of the great master-mason and architect of this wondrous building, Erwin of Steinbach, who rebuilt the nave in 1275, and had general charge of its

construction until his death in 1318, when, it is said, his daughter, Sabina, who had been thoroughly taught in architecture by her illustrious father, succeeded him in the construction of the building. The Masons of this Cathedral held themselves aloof from other operative Masons, and had a code of signs known only to themselves. They held their lodge meeting in the crypts of this Cathedral, as the Masons also did in York Minster, and from these meetings emanated several Masonic Lodges in Germany, and from this nucleus, Freemasonry, which is strong in Germany, as in fact it is *in all enlightened nations*, no doubt took its start; and a general meeting of the Masters of the various lodges was held at Ratisbon in 1459, at which they were all united under one jurisdiction, and the Grand Masters then chosen, were the architects of the Cathedral at Strasbourg, and the Grand Lodge was established at that city.

Who, then, shall say that Religion and Freemasonry do not go hand in hand, when Freemasonry in England owes its rise to the building of York Minster, and Freemasonry in Germany was coeval with the building of the Cathedral of Strasbourg? The Emperor Maximilian I. confirmed these Masonic arrangements October 3rd, 1498, and Strasbourg remained the headquarters of the Grand Lodge of Germany, until the early part of the eighteenth century, when it was removed to Mayence, on the Rhine.

While gazing upon this wonderful structure, and its still more wonderful clock, I wondered why it was that

the name of the man by whose wondrous genius that marvel of ingenuity and skill which is almost worthy to be classed as the eighth wonder of the world, has never been told, that humanity might pay at least a passing tribute to his memory and his surpassing ingenuity, but, like many another genius of the world, he has unfortunately died "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Passing out from the great Cathedral, on the right hand side of the structure, you are shown a very curious and venerable-looking building, which is said to be the oldest building in the city of Strasbourg, next to the venerable Cathedral itself, and tradition says, that the immortal Goethe lived there 100 years ago, when a student at the university in Strasbourg, in company with Herder and Stilling, themselves afterwards reaching no mean distinction in their native land. This house was said to be something like 300 years old, and really it looked it, and reminded me, by its aged appearance and look, of the little church, not more than twenty feet square, which I saw at Küssnacht, Switzerland, and which bore over the door a "*skull and cross-bones*," and the year carved on it was 1307, only 577 years ago.

Strasbourg was founded by the Romans under the name *Argentoratun*, and as early as the Middle Ages, became one of the most prosperous and powerful of the free cities of the German Empire. This city has, for centuries, been regarded as one of the most important strategic points in Europe, and its stupendous fortifications which consist of a double row of circum-

vallation, with no less than fourteen strong outworks, are the marvel of the beholder. I rode around a portion of them in a carriage, and was struck with amazement at their immense strength and massiveness, and then I understood, for the first time, why the monument in the *Place de la Concorde*, in Paris, which represented Strasbourg, was so heavily draped in mourning by the French. The Fifteenth German Army Corps constantly occupy the city, and the French, it may be safely assumed, will never again put their foot as victors inside this famous stronghold, for —

> "A hundred men could hold the post,
> With hardihood, against a host."

The city itself, although under French rule for nearly 200 years, or since the famous Thirty Years' War, remains in many respects pre-eminently German, both in its social customs and manners, and the general structure of its buildings, the people having very little of the French vivacity of life and manners, although I heard it said that most of them would prefer to be once more under the domination of the French. Strasbourg, however, is famous for one invention, which has revolutionized the world, and has done as much for it from an intellectual and literary standpoint, as the Reformation did for it from a religious standpoint, and, in fact, was an invaluable aider and abettor to the latter.

I allude to the invention of the art of printing, the "art preservative of arts," whose great inventor,

Gutenberg, made his first experiment in this city, about the year 1436. There is a fine statue of Gutenberg to be seen here, which is covered with bass-reliefs, emblematic of the blessings this wonderful invention has conferred upon the human race, and comprises statuary representing many eminent men of Germany. The church of St. Thomas contains a very fine monument to the memory of the famous Marshal Saxe, erected by a grateful monarch, King Louis XV., in honor of his valiant marshal's achievements, and which is very elaborate and massive, the work requiring twenty years' labor at the hands of the artist who devised and finished it, and which will compare favorably, the writer thinks, with anything *to be seen in Westminster Abbey.*

CHAPTER XI.

HEIDELBERG TO THE RHINE.

NEXT we start for the famous old city of Heidelberg, which is not more than two or three hours' ride from Strasbourg, where is to be seen the grand old Castle, perhaps the most magnificent and grandest ruin in all Europe; and although the afternoon was rainy and inclement, still, as we had to leave for May-

ence on the morning train in order to take the boat for our trip down the "vine clad Rhine," we had not much more than registered our names, and had our quarters assigned us in the Hotel de l'Europe, before we took conveyances, and soon found ourselves climbing the steep height of more than 300 feet above the valley of the Neckar, before we reached the grand old ruin which is the pride of Germany, and which has passed through at least a score of sieges and brutal ravages at the hands of her various enemies, and yet stands, a proud, though decayed, monument of what she must have been in her better days.

We drove to the Castle first, because there is little in Heidelberg, except the Castle and its romantic surroundings, to interest the tourist or lover of nature. I had, of course, expected to see a number of the famous Heidelberg students sauntering around, with their jaunty little yellow caps, and their faces all scarred up from their famous and oft-repeated dueling, of which I had heard and read so much, but I had forgotten that it was during the vacation of the great university, when its 1,000 students, who come there intent on — beer and meerschaum pipes, I am afraid, mainly — instead of other and better things, were scattered abroad to the four winds of heaven; and the only students I saw in all Heidelberg, as far as I know, were at the depot when we arrived, and their faces were entirely free from hideous and disfiguring scars, but perhaps they had not yet been "out," and each of them looked to me "as mild a-mannered man as ever scuttled a ship,

or cut a throat." This much for my experience with the far-famed Heidelberg students.

My first idea of the vast extent of this noble ruin had been obtained, more than ten years before I visited Heidelberg, from a series of steel engravings which were the property of a former citizen of Heidelberg, who, then, lived in my native place, and when I saw the castle for myself, I soon realized that neither its wonderful extent nor its incomparable beauty had been exaggerated. Few towns can vie with Heidelberg in the beauty of its environs, and its historical interest. The town itself lies just at the opening of the Neckar Valley, which commences at Heilbronn, some thirty-six miles higher up the river.

By the way, speaking of these students showing no signs of having even engaged in the barbarous practice of dueling, reminds one of what the great pulpit orator, Talmage, said in a recent lecture about the University of Heidelberg. He said of this celebrated institution of learning (where, if the truth were known, I suspect that the majority of the students who go there, "thirsting for knowledge," are really often more thirsty *for beer and gore*, and that they don't really do much except smoke, drink beer, and fight duels), that there "was not an institution of learning on earth, *founded or supported by infidels save Heidelberg, where murder is taught as a fine art*," and this reminds us of De Quincey's famous essay on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts."

The famous castle, the "Alhambra of Germany,"

is situated on a hill at the foot of the Königstuhl, or "King's foot-stool," at a height of 613 German feet above the sea, and 313 feet above the valley of the river Neckar, which lies spread out beautifully far below it, and it would seem as though the castle, from its natural position, should have been well nigh impregnable against aught but treachery from within. It is built upon granite rocks, and was begun by the Elector Rupert I., in 1308, after the destruction of the ancient castle above, and from that time continued, without interruption, to be the residence of the Electors Palatine. During the progress of the centuries since, it has been fortified, enlarged, and adorned according to the taste, the requirements, or the purses of its royal occupants, or rather, more correctly speaking, of their tax-oppressed subjects. In 1622, when the castle was taken by the great Tilly, it escaped almost uninjured.

During the famous Thirty Years' War, however, it was several times besieged, and in consequence suffered very materially, but under the Elector Charles Ludwig, it was completely restored to its former strength and beauty. After the death of Ludwig, in 1685, who was the last Protestant Elector, the grand monarch, Louis XIV., preferred a wholly unjust and unfounded claim to the Palatinate of Heidelberg, and began the cruel and destructive war which involved not only this castle, but so many others in one common ruin. This cruel king who called himself the "grand monarch," but who was, in reality, one of the wickedest, most sensual and cowardly, perhaps, of all the kings of France, and who

never or, rarely, at all events, risked his precious person upon the field of battle, or amid the dangers of the camp or siege, captured the castle in October, 1688, by his general, Count Melac, who wintered there.

On the approach of the German armies, however, to the relief of Heidelberg, this barbarous general of an equally barbarous king, caused, in the following spring, the whole of the fortifications to be blown up, the palace to be burned down, and part of the town itself to be burned; and four years later another French army laid waste all that had escaped their rapacious arms on the previous occasion. The palace was subsequently partially repaired, but after the departure of the Elector Charles Philip, who transferred his residence to Mannheim, where was then one of the finest palaces in Germany, the castle of Heidelberg, was no longer the residence of the rulers of the Palatinate. The Elector Charles Theodore intended, however, to reside in the castle, and had already issued the necessary orders for its renovation and restoration, when in 1764, a portion of it near the *Otto Heinrichs Bau* was struck by lightning, which set fire to the interior as well as to the adjacent buildings, which did such immense damage that the work of restoration incontinently ceased, and from that day to this has never been renewed.

The statuary and sculpture remaining, of any value and importance, were transferred to the Royal Palace, at Mannheim, and the glory of Heidelberg Castle forever departed, save as an interesting relic of the Middle Ages, and of the history of the most important epoch in the

political life of Germany. Before entering the castle, you cross a draw-bridge over a deep moat, now dry, however, which reminds you of all the descriptions of castles which you have ever read in novels, etc., and I was forcibly reminded of the fiery interview between Marmion and Douglass, when Douglass' anger becomes uncontrollable, and he bursts forth: —

> "And dars't thou then
> To beard the lion in his den,
> The Douglass in his hall?
> No; by St. Bryde of Bothwell, no!
> Up, draw-bridge, groom, what, warder, ho!
> Let the portcullis fall."

And I thought in the centuries that were past and gone, how many thousand mailed knights and ladies fair had crossed that self-same moat, and then I, at last, realized that I really was in the land of the chivalry and romance of the Middle Ages.

Near the entrance to the court-yard is the castle well, sixty feet deep, and which is noted for its canopy, supported by four pillars; said to have been taken from Charlemagne's palace at Rome.

Immediately upon entering the court-yard you see directly in front of you the *Friedrich's Bau*, or left-hand wing of the castle, which is four stories in height, and covered with the statues of the various electors of Germany and with one of Charlemagne, and is of the Doric, Tuscan, Ionic, and Corinthian orders of architecture, thus embracing all the orders of architecture but the Composite, and is, consequently, correspondingly

beautiful. This, however, is far surpassed by the right wing of the castle, which is known as the *Otto Heinrich's Bau*, and is said to have been designed by the great Michael Angelo himself, and, as an example of the Renaissance architecture, is said to be the finest in Germany, as it may well be, considering who designed it; and while it embraces only the Corinthian and Ionic orders, seems to be far finer and more imposing than the other. The facade of this building, like the other, is covered with symbolical and allegorical figures, various gods and goddesses, eminent men of antiquity, etc.

Of course, besides these are other portions of this stupendous castle, which we have neither the time nor space to describe. Adjoining the Friedrich's Bau is a grand stone parapet, seventy or eighty feet long, and thirty or forty wide, directly overlooking the river, and giving you a lovely view of the Neckar, which runs at your very feet, more than 300 feet below, and which falls into the Rhine, only a few miles from Heidelberg. Of course, the Great Tun in the vaults of the castle must not be overlooked, and we pay a hasty visit to it, and we are gradually prepared for its truly amazing proportions by being shown a pretty good sized hogshead which, we were told, held 200 barrels of wine, and this made us all the more anxious to see the Great Tun.

This famous tun is said to be thirty-two feet long and twenty-six feet high, and will contain 236,000 bottles of wine, or about 800 hogsheads. Of course you

have to ascend to the top of it by means of steps, and when you get up there it looks large enough for several cotillions to dance upon the platform at the same time very easily.

One might spend a week in viewing the remnants of the departed glories of this far-famed old castle, but time and tide, and railroad trains, wait for no man, and as night was coming on apace, our visit must soon be brought to a close; but we did not like to leave it without visiting the grand terrace, in order to get a last view of the valley of the Neckar, just below us, and the beautiful plain of the Rhine in the distance. On our way there we pass out of the court-yard, and as we walk slowly along, looking at the stupendous proportions of this once regal fortress, we come to the famous blown up tower, which was built by Frederick, the Victorious, in 1455. The tower was originally eighty-two feet in diameter, and the walls are said to be twenty feet in thickness, and the observer who notes the vast section of the wall which lies, all covered with ivy where it fell into the moat 195 years ago, has no reason to doubt this statement, and it gives him an ocular demonstration of the immense strength of this fortress prior to the invention of artillery.

In the year 1689, the French General Melac, when about to evacuate the castle, ordered his sappers and miners to blow up this massive tower with gunpowder. His orders were obeyed, but the shock, instead of blowing the whole corner of the fortress to atoms, as was expected, only split the tower (which was, as said above,

twenty feet in thickness) in twain, leaving about half of the mass almost intact, while the other half fell out in one solid piece, and fell down into the moat, where it remains to this day, an object of admiration and astonishment to every beholder. Beyond this is the magnificent terrace, from which, besides the view alluded to above, you obtain some conception of the size of the castle and the immense area it covers. But enough of this! We must hasten down, and get a glimpse of the famous university before night falls.

The present University buildings, which are very mean looking indeed, considering the great fame of the University, which dates back to the year 1386, and after the universities of Prague and Vienna, is the oldest in Germany, being founded in that year by the Elector Rupert I., are situated in the square called Ludwigsplatz, and were erected after the great fire of 1693, when that "*most Christian king*," Louis XIV., laid waste the Palatinate with fire and sword. The university started out with one rector and three professors, but they were shortly after reinforced by two more, and the University was modeled after the one at Paris which, at that time, had obtained great fame in Europe. The students of the university lived together in separate colleges, each under the supervision of his particular professor. The first year the students numbered 500.

This university soon became the nucleus of learning and science in South Germany, and prospered greatly in the latter half of the sixteenth, and the be-

ginning of the seventeenth century under the three benign Electors Otho Henry, Frederic III., and Frederick IV., and under their kindly ministrations the university became the chief reformed seat of learning in Germany. Of course, during the Thirty Years' War, and the consequent barbarous devastation of the Palatinate by the French, the university survived with difficulty, its revenues being largely depleted, and the numbers of its students vastly diminished. Its development at the beginning of the present century, during which it has become the most famous university of Europe, Oxford and Cambridge, perhaps, excepted, is largely owing to Charles Frederick of Baden, who, in 1802, added largely to its field of usefulness by the accession of eminent professors, and large and valuable scientific collections.

The library is one of the largest, as well as most rare and valuable in Europe, containing, as it does, 300,000 volumes, 70,000 pamphlets, 3,000 MSS., and 1,000 diplomas. These figures we obtain from the guide-book, as the hours of admission (from ten to twelve) did not suit our plans, and, if the hours had been all right, the library was not, as it is mainly food for antiquarians and scientists to which I did not belong by a large majority; so that I did not inspect this wonderful museum of literary curiosities at all — and, besides, one would need to be somewhat of a linguist to decipher almost any one of the countless thousands of MSS., etc., which are to be found stored in that vast literary treasure house.

The next morning, at six a. m. we were up and at breakfast, in order to take an early train for Mayence on the Rhine, whence we were to set sail down that river so famed in song and story, in order to reach Cologne that night, which was on Friday, August 18th, 1883. Between Heidelberg and Mayence there is little of interest to engage the attention of the passing traveler, except the famous old city of Worms, which is, and will forever be, immortal because of Martin Luther and the part it played in the grandest epoch known to humanity, next to the birth of the Savior of mankind — the wondrous Reformation of the sixteenth century.

To me the place was impregnated with the wonderful work of the man Luther, the tomb of whose learned coadjutor and ally, Erasmus, I had so recently seen at Basle, and I could but think that these two wonderful men had more nearly moved the world than ever Archimides could have done, had he even found the fulcrum for his boasted lever. I am strongly tempted here to quote a few sentences from an eloquent writer on this subject, Headley, the historian. He says of Worms: —

"It is now half desolate, but I looked upon it with the profoundest emotions. Luther rose before me with that determined brow and strange, awful eye of his, before which the boldest glance went down. I seemed to behold him as he approached the thronged city. Every step tells on the fate of a world, and on the single will of that single man rests the whole

Reformation. But he is firm as truth itself, and in the regular beatings of that mighty heart, and the unfaltering step of that fearless form, the nations read their destiny. The Rhine is lined with battle-fields, and mighty chieftains lie along its banks; but there never was the march of an army on its shores, not even when Bonaparte trod there with his strong legions, so sublime and awful as the approach of that single man to Worms. The fate of a *nation* hung on the tread of one, that of the *world* on the other. Crowns and thrones were carried by the former, the freedom of mankind by the latter."

There is to be seen here a magnificent statue of the great Reformer, who was but the son of an humble miner, which occupied about nine years in the making, and which cost $85,000. The statue of Luther is eleven feet in height, holding in one hand the Bible, and on his face emblazoned his doctrine of "Justification by Faith," for which he risked his life constantly for years, and which is surrounded by various eminent Reformers, who had contributed in some way to further the aims of the great Reformer, notably John Huss, who fell, a martyr to his faith, one hundred years prior to Luther, in spite of his safe conduct.

As this man Luther has played such a magnificent part in the drama of Christianity, perhaps a few passing remarks upon his life and character, based upon a study of the man as portrayed at the hands of one of our historians (Froude), may not be entirely out of place at this point. Luther's first open and undis-

guised opposition to the Church of Rome was based upon his honest indignation against Pope Leo X., who actually proposed, by the sale of indulgences at the hands of the infamous Dominican monk, Tetzel, to complete that grand temple to the living God, which had been designed by Michael Angelo, St. Peter's, at Rome. Luther appealed to the archbishop of Mayence against Tetzel's infamous practices, but as the archbishop was to share in the spoils, of course Luther's appeal came to naught. His strong common sense showed him that he must then appeal to the hearts and consciences of the sturdy German people, whom he felt to be with him, and he nailed his famous protest against Tetzel on the church door at Wittenburg; and in his ninety-five propositions, he challenged the Catholic Church to defend successfully the practice of indulgences.

Finally, as Luther firmly stood his ground, although his life was continually in danger, he was formally excommunicated, and the Elector Frederick, of Saxony, was ordered to surrender up the criminal; but the Elector, though at great risk to himself and the country of which he was ruler, very much to his credit, refused to give him up. Just about this time, Charles V., who was an unblushing creature of the Pope, became Emperor of Germany, and although Luther had the press on his side, he was in very great danger, About this time, too, the Pope issued a second bull, condemning Luther and his works, but the plucky little monk only made answer by contemptu-

ously burning the bull in the great square at Wittenberg.

At last came the awful summons in April, 1521. The Diet of the Empire assembled at Worms, and Luther was put upon his defense before his implacable enemy, Charles V. Luther knew that he was in perhaps the greatest danger he had ever been in his life, and friends advised him not to go, but he was bold as a lion, and then it was he made his famous declaration that he "would go to Worms, if there were as many devils there, as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses." The historian says: "No more notable spectacle had been witnessed in this planet for many a century — not, perhaps, since a greater than Luther stood before the Roman Procurator. There, on the raised dais, sat the sovereign of half the world. There on either side of him stood the archbishops, the ministers of state, the princes of the empire, gathered together to hear and judge the son of a miner who had made the world ring with his name." Before that august assemblage, he made his famous defense of his objectionable doctrines, refusing to retract his alleged heresy, and ended with the notable words: "Here I stand, I can not act otherwise; God help me, Amen."

Now, as to the great and remarkable contrast afforded between the lives of Luther and the learned Erasmus; although Luther often sneered and jeered at him, and never did him justice for his part in the great work which he accomplished by his wonderful learning and writ-

ings, yet Erasmus more than once, by his kindly interposition, released Luther from the most imminent and deadly peril, and each was the counterpart and complement of the other, and, although they knew it not at the time, each was essentially necessary, and essentially useful to the other. The great difference was in the way the two men were reared, and in the way they consequently looked at these things; Erasmus, a man of the world, of letters, and polite literature, while Luther was just the reverse, the son of a miner, brought up in poverty and obscurity, hence, Erasmus could easily gloss over an unpleasant thing by a little untruth if necessary, while Luther hated anything savoring of untruth as the devil is said to hate holy water. And yet Luther was possessed of one of the greatest minds the world has ever seen, and with it a courage which knew not fear, and an indomitable will and untiring energy, or else the Reformation had never been an accomplished fact, or, at any rate, retarded, perhaps, for centuries.

Froude, the historian, says of Luther that, "he was less subtle, less learned than Erasmus, but in mother wit, in elasticity, in force, and in imaginative power, he was as able a man as ever lived, and he created the German language as an instrument of literature." He further says that "in Luther, the belief in God was a certainty, while in Erasmus, it was only a high probability:" and this statement is enough in itself to account for the wonderful industry and earnestness of Luther, as compared with the apparent luke-

warmness and timidity of Erasmus, which kept him from attempting to turn waters out of their old channels, and institute a social revolution, a task for which he himself frankly confessed that he was not fitted, either by nature or inclination.

The great trouble with these two amongst the greatest of the mighty geniuses, who have left their impressions upon the world's history for all time, was that they misunderstood and misconstrued each other, and each other's motives; and I am fully persuaded that Erasmus came much nearer to understanding Luther, and respecting him accordingly, and doing him more ample justice, than Luther did towards understanding and appreciating Erasmus, for nowhere in the writings of Erasmus, do we find such bitter things said about Luther, as we find profusely strewn through Luther's writings against the ally, whose able controversial pamphlets, perhaps the strongest ever written, were spread all over Europe, and without the aid of which, it is not too much to say, that Luther's progress would have been materially impeded, if not entirely brought to an end; but Luther does not seem to have had the magnaminity to give Erasmus credit for his immense assistance in the labors of the Reformation in this way.

Luther's wonderful success in the Reformation, which made him, perhaps, forget that he was but one spoke in the wheel, albeit the leading and strongest one, must have turned his head, surely, else he had never said what follows against his great coadjutor and

ally, in the grand work of the Reformation — for his language certainly has anything but the sound of Christian forbearance, and humility. He goes on thus: "All you who *honor Christ*, I pray you *hate Erasmus*. He is a scoffer and a mocker. He speaks in riddles, and jests at popery and Gospel, and Christ and God, with his uncertain speeches. He might have served the Gospel, if he would, but, like Judas, he has betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss. He is not with us and he is not with our foes; and I say with Joshua, 'Choose whom ye will serve.' He thinks we should trim to the times, and hang our cloaks to the wind. He is himself his own first object; and as he lived, he died. I take Erasmus to be the worst enemy that Christ has had for a thousand years. Intellect does not understand religion, and when it comes to the things of God it laughs at them. He scoffs at Lucian, and by and by he will say: —

"'Behold, how are these among the saints whose life we counted for folly!'

"I bid you, therefore, take heed of Erasmus. He treats theology as a fool's jest, and the Gospel as a fable good for the ignorant to believe."

I will not pursue the matter any further, but will simply call my reader's attention to the fact that this bitter attack was made upon Erasmus while he was in his grave, and whence no response could well be made, showing that Luther forgot, for the time at any rate, not only his Christian character, but that good old adage, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, as well; but as Em-

met, the Irish patriot, said that, as for himself, he would "let posterity write his epitaph," so will we do the same by Erasmus, resting fully assured that "when the Lord cometh to make up his jewels," Erasmus will shine with no less diminished luster than will Martin Luther.

From Worms, the railway to Mayence winds along the bank of the Rhine most of the way, but it is here a dull uninteresting stream, in fact, anything but the most beautiful river in Europe, and you have a feeling of disappointment at the sight, but you find out afterwards that *the scenery* of the Rhine is between Mayence and Cologne.

You feel more than consoled for your previous disappointment by the undoubted grandeur of the scenes which meet your eye from the deck of the steamer, which here, for once at least, moves all too fast for the usually impatient tourist. The Rhine has such a swift current, as we found out afterwards, that there is a difference of about five hours in making the trip up and down between Mayence and Cologne, a distance of less than 120 miles, and we envied the other portion of our party who ascended the Rhine, instead of descending it, and who were permitted to gaze upon its beauties for several hours longer than we, who, less favored, were forced to go the other way; but we must say a few words of Mayence yet, before we are fairly embarked upon this, perhaps, most famous river of the world.

Here, again, we come across Gutenberg (called

also Gensfleisch), whose acquaintance we first made at Strasbourg, which gave him a monument because he made his first experiments there, with his wonderful invention of movable types, which have probably done more for humanity than any other invention that the world has ever known, or perhaps ever will know. He was a native of this place, and it is said that the first printing office which he occupied there, between the years 1443 and 1450, was still to be seen a few years since. His wonderful invention preceded the Reformation about eighty years, and there *is more than a mere coincidence* in the fact that the Reformation was only accomplished nearly a century after this incomparable invention; and who shall say that it could have been accomplished as early as the sixteenth century at all without the invaluable aid of this tremendous engine of civilization, whose powers are well nigh incalculable in the assistance it has furnished in the progress of the human race onward and upward.

The learned Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was a keen observer of mankind, used to say, and with very much truth, the examples of Greece and Rome, to the contrary notwithstanding, "that there could have been no civilization before the invention of printing."

Another well known writer says on this subject that "the first printed leaf that Gensfleisch" (or Gutenberg, as he is better known in these modern days), "held in his hand, was a richer token to the despairing world than the olive leaf which the dove bore back

to the ark from the subsiding deluge. Men, as they roam by the Rhine, talk of old Schomberg, and Blücher, and Ney, and heroes of martial renown, but John Gensfleisch and Martin Luther are the two mightiest men that lie along its shores." And yet he, too, forgets Erasmus, who by the aid of this mighty engine, scattered his printed broadsides over Europe, for which even to this day Martin Luther gets all the credit.

Most tourists through this part of Europe usually either embark or disembark at Mayence, because the fine scenery of the river begins here and extends for seventy-five to one hundred miles toward Cologne, and its banks are lined with the ruins of robber castles, convents, and beautiful cities and villages, all rich in historical and legendary associations, equal fully to anything which Rome, "that Niobe of nations," can proudly boast. Here I saw the first bridge of boats upon the Rhine, although we saw others between Mayence and Cologne, and it interested me greatly. This bridge, I should judge, was more than a quarter of a mile long, and is made of boats all anchored with their bows up stream, and then a solid flooring is laid down upon them like any ordinary bridge. I saw them swing out a section several times to let steamers and other vessels pass through, and I believe the steamer we took our passage on was anchored above this bridge, so that we had to pass through this bridge of boats, also, when we set sail from Mayence.

There is an old cathedral here, built in the tenth cen-

tury, which we visited, but as we have, perhaps, written *ad nauseam* on that subject, we will save ourselves for the most famous one of Europe, which we have yet to see at Cologne, and recruit our exhausted powers for *one tremendous final effort* in writing up that.

Mayence is famous as having taken the first effectual steps towards breaking up the robbers who infested the Rhine, building and inhabiting most of those castles, during the Middle Ages, which we view to-day with such vivid interest, and who made every passing traveler pay tribute to their infamous demands. During the Middle Ages it is said that there were no less than thirty-two of these robber strongholds on the Rhine between Mayence and Cologne, and after passing down the Rhine, as I think I must have seen something like fifty castles of all kinds and sizes, and in all conditions of decay, it seems to me that he must have been a bold sailor, indeed, who essayed to travel in those days in this now by far most famous portion of this justly and widely celebrated stream.

Here it was that the famous Hanseatic league was formed by the Hanse towns, and which resulted in freeing the commerce of the Rhine from the heavy and unjust tolls and restrictions at the hands of these bold brigands of the river, which was indeed a good and noble work; and yet when we look at the matter from *an æsthetic standpoint*, the robbers who reared these once proud and haughty castles have done us a good turn, for without them, would not the Rhine lose all its glory and its æstheticism, and be like any other com-

monplace river of Europe? Here, I hope, I shall be pardoned for quoting a few of Lord Byron's beautiful verses concerning these robber chieftains, whom he invests with a halo of romance, trying, as only he can, to make you forget, if possible, that these were, as a rule, villains and cut-throats of the vilest type, and, indeed, with the wondrous witchery of his verse, he all but succeeds: —

——— "True wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation or in thine,
Maternal nature! for who teems like thee?
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties, streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain vine,
And *chiefless castles breathing stern farewells*
From grey but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.

"And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud;
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high and battles passed below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

"Beneath those battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber-chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaw conquerors should have
But history's purchased page to call them great, —
A wider space, an ornamental grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

"But thou, exulting and abounding river,
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure forever
Could man but leave thy bright creations so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe, — then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters were to know
Earth proved like heaven; and to seem such to me
Even now what wants thy stream that it should *Lethe* be?

"A *thousand battles* have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday!
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glossed with its dancing light the sunny ray
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem."

I confess that I approach with no little trepidation this portion of my self-allotted task — that of attempting to give a faint idea of the glories of this beautiful stream, which runs for six hundred miles through the heart of Europe, and for the possession of whose banks, and adjacent territory, the Rhine itself has almost been crimsoned with the blood of slaughtered thousands, and with whose every castle, and almost, you might say, with every foot of whose banks either some legend or historical fact is somehow indissolubly blended, which invests it with a still greater interest to the passing stranger, — but like one who hesitates to jump into a cold bath, but feels better as soon as the ice is broken, we will enter upon our task at once without any further preliminary remarks.

Our steamer was a small, stuffy, uncomfortable affair, which, as compared with one of the beautiful floating palaces of our own Hudson River, was hardly to be mentioned in the same breath, but at that particular time I cared very little for that, and would have been perfectly contented to be allowed to float slowly down the beautiful river on one of our Western flatboats, or, better still, on one of those immense rafts of lumber, which, at certain seasons of the year, are floated down this lovely stream, and which would have given me something like ample time to survey the wondrous scene. However, there are two or three steamers, out of the one hundred which plough this historic stream, which are much finer and larger than the one on which we took passage, one of which we met coming up the Rhine, being called the "Kaiser Wilhelm," in honor of the present aged Emperor of Germany, which was a "double-decker," and looked quite respectable and something like a steamer, but still quite far inferior to our own luxurious and large passenger vessels. To give you some idea of the immense travel on the Rhine, it is stated that the number of passengers carried on these vessels, large and small, has, for a number of years past, exceeded a million annually.

For a few miles below Mayence you see nothing of special interest, as the banks of the river here are rather flat and uninteresting, and the islands which here rather thickly line the river bed, do not vary the prospect much, but this is, perhaps, the widest part

of the stream, which is nowhere, as a rule, more than 2,000 feet wide, but though narrow generally, is usually very deep.

About the first place that attracts our attention now, is the famous Schloss-Johannisberg, which is especially noted for its fine wines, we now being in the heart of the wine districts of the Rhine, the Johannisberg being considered *par excellence*, the best.

This magnificent château is situated on a beautiful eminence 340 feet out above the river, and the banks all along at this point are teeming with the vine. This château was erected more than one hundred years ago, on the site of an old monastery of the Benedictine Order, which dated back to the year 1106.

In 1802, this noble castle became the property of the Prince of Orangé, and in 1807, Napoleon having taken possession of all this portion of Germany with his victorious legions, after thoroughly humbling Austria, Prussia, and Russia, in a series of brief, though brilliant campaigns, which have no equal in history, presented this noble castle to Marshal Kellerman, the famous commander of the French *cuirassiers;* and in 1816, the Emperor of Austria, "coming to his own again," after the fall of Napoleon the Great, bestowed it on Prince Clemens, of Metternich, and his son, Prince Richard Metternich, is the present owner.

The famous vineyards of this castle, although they only amount to about forty acres in extent, yet produce such excellent wine that the income from this source alone, is about $40,000 per annum, or the as-

tonishing sum of $1,000 per acre, so rare is the vintage. At Johannisberg, a good bottle of the Schloss "cabinet" wine can not be purchased under twenty marks ($5), but you can get a bottle of inferior vintage, also labelled Johannisberg, for one-fifth that price. But the assertion of the wine merchants that the flower of the vineyards of Prince Metternich, gets into the hands of the trade is perfectly absurd, as the best brands are, of course, almost invariably retained for certain imperial and royal cellars, and for a few favored customers.

Not far from the château Johannisberg we reach the Niederwald, a wooded hill, nearly a thousand feet high, its southern slopes crowned with vineyards, and not far from this, and no great distance from "Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine," on a high point on the right bank of the Rhine, is to be seen one of the grandest monuments to be found in all Germany, which was erected to commemorate the restoration and unity of the German Empire, and also as a memento to the German dead, who fell in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71, when the French Empire became among the things that were. The grand old Emperor William laid the corner-stone of this imposing battle monument in 1877, and some idea of the size of the grand and massive structure may be obtained from the fact that the base of the monument is seventy-eight feet high, then above this, of course, comes all the ornamentation of figures conspicuous in the civic and military life of Germany, then the battle scenes, etc., and then to

crown all, the colossal statue of Germania is thirty-three feet in height. This grand monument to the glories of the German Empire, which never shone more resplendent than at the present time, cost $300,000, and was inaugurated last September (1883), with the most imposing ceremonies, in the presence of countless thousands, among them, some of the most eminent functionaries and crowned heads of Europe. I apprehend that the only monument in the world at all approaching this in grandeur, will be Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which will soon shine resplendent on Bedloe's Island, in our own beautiful harbor of New York.

Next, we came to the pretty city of Bingen, which has been immortalized in the beautiful verses, with which every student is more or less familiar, written by the late Lady Sterling-Maxwell, then the Hon. Caroline Norton, of the French soldier born at "Bingen dear Bingen on the Rhine," but whose life blood was ebbing fast away, under the hot sun of Algeria, beginning thus: —

> "A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
> There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
> of woman's tears" —

but, who as he lies in the last agonies of the grim destroyer, entreats his pitying comrade to carry back his "token and his sign," saying: —

> "I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine,
> On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine."

And this beautiful poem has, no doubt, much to do with the great interest which always attaches to "Bingen on the Rhine."

Near Bingen, is the famous Mouse Tower of the wicked Bishop Hattlo, in the midst of the waves where he could stop all passing vessels, and like the robber chieftains, although an archbishop, he played the robber, too, and near him stood the castles of Shrenfels and Rheinstein. About the time he became the archbishop of Mayence, a great famine fell upon his bishopric, and he being a very wicked and avaricious man, bought up all the corn of the country, and sold it to his starving parishoners, at the most exorbitant prices. One day, a vast crowd of hungry people came to this wicked man of God, (?) who dwelt in a magnificent palace, and asked in Heaven's name, for just a little of his precious corn, and the cunning bishop told them to go to one of his granaries and wait there, and he would find them food. They did so, and the cruel man shut up the doors upon them, and burned them all up alive, and then rejoiced at the awful sufferings he had caused. But wait: —

> "The mills of the gods grind slowly,
> But they grind exceeding fine."

The fire drove from the barn thousands of rats, which immediately made their way to the bishop's palace, destroying every thing they came across, for they were hungry, too, and although they were killed by thousands, yet the wicked bishop, now seeing that he had

indeed called down the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head, fled to his strong tower in the midst of the Rhine, which he hoped would saved him from a horrible death. But all in vain; the mice swam the river in countless hordes, dug under the walls, and entered the very stronghold itself, and as Southey says: —

> "Whetted their teeth against the stones,
> And then they picked the bishop's bones."

Right near here is the noted old castle of Ehrenfels, built in 1210, and formerly a stronghold of the bishops of Mayence, and at this point begins the famous "Rhine Gorge," where the cliffs become more steep and precipitous, and the gloomy old ruins come upon you so fast that you have not time to hastily read the story of one grand old ivy-covered ruin before another one presents itself to your bewildered gaze, and there is really an "embarrassment of riches," and the castle market is decidedly glutted. Next you see the astonishingly beautiful castle Rheinstein, which is perched two hundred and fifty feet above the river, and has been entirely restored to all its ancient glory of pinnacles and turrets, and is used as a residence for Prince Frederick of Prussia. As we passed swiftly by, we saw a company of brilliantly uniformed Prussian soldiers near the battlements, and some handsomely dressed ladies waved their handkerchiefs to us from the turret of the beautiful fortress, and heard the garrison band discoursing the gayest melodies.

Next we pass in quick succession, Sooneck and Furs-

tenberg, both once robber strongholds, and then we arrived at the castle of Stahleck, once the chief residence of the Counts Palatine. Next we pass the little stone fortress in the midst of the stream known as the Pfalz.

From Bingen, all the way to Bacharach, is, without exaggeration, one almost uninterupted succession of ruined castles and fortresses, most of them being those ancient robber-strongholds of which so much has been said. No wonder that this river is known in poetry and song as the "castellated Rhine."

Soon we see Bacharach, which is in the midst of a very fine wine district, as the name implies, which is derived from two Latin words, *Bacchi ara* (altar of Bacchus), which is, of course, a very appropriate name. On the hill high above the town are to be seen the ruins of a fine specimen of Gothic architecture called Werner's Church, and still higher up than this the castle of Stahleck. High upon the cliffs above Pfalz is to be seen the still beautiful castle of Gutenfels. The town, Caub, above which the castle stands, is noted as the place where Blucher crossed the Rhine on a pontoon boat on the 1st of January, 1814, in hot pursuit of the demoralized French army in its awful retreat from Russia.

Near Caub, is the ruined Schonberg, or Schomberg Castle. which was the birthplace of the illustrious family of that name, and of which stock came the famous Marshal Schomberg, the favorite general of King William III., who came over to England as the Prince

of Orange (his wife was the Princess Mary the daughter of King James II.), from Holland, in 1688, and drove the wicked popish King James II. from the throne, which he had so disgraced. Marshal Schomberg was killed at the battle of the Boyne, in July, 1690, by a cannon ball, while fighting against King James in Ireland. Near this fortress are seven rocks in the stream called the Seven Sisters, and allude to seven lovely sisters of the house of Schomberg, who were great flirts, and, while running away from their importunate suitors, with whom they had been playing fast and loose, in a boat on the Rhine, were drowned in a storm, and soon after, as the legend says, those seven rocks presented themselves above the surface, as a direful warning to all prudes and flirts against trifling with the honest affections of mankind.

We must not forget all this time that besides the many steamers and vessels that we meet on our way down, a railway runs along either bank of the river, and we hear the shriek of the locomotive, and see a train flit by us every now and then, either going up or down this haunted stream, and we are transported with a sudden shock, as it were, from our day dreams about the Middle Ages, with whose associations we are on every hand surrounded, all at once into the stir and bustle of the nineteenth century. Such are the strange and sudden transitions that this wonderful stream affords, that it is no wonder that the traveler almost imagines himself, for the moment, the victim of some weird tale of

enchantment. And the strange variations of the kaleidoscope are not more marvelous.

But why particularize so much, when the genius of one man has, with a master hand, combined, as it were, in a single verse, all the most striking features of this river, for whose beauties it seems as though no epithet could really be too extravagant.

"The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall."

Not far from the Seven Sisters spoken of above, which will pass very well for the Scylla and Charybdis of Virgil, the river narrows very considerably, and there is quite a whirlpool which, however, does not materially affect the motion of our steamer, and we see the famous *Lorelei*, a black and precipitous rock, which here rises to the height of 433 feet above the Rhine; and to a traveler descending the river it is said that the profile of the rocks present something very similar to that of Napoleon I., as the Salisbury crags at Edinboro' are said to make the profile of the Duke of Wellington, but, unfortunately, I did not hear this rumor soon enough to verify it myself. This is the rock where the beautiful Circe dwelt, whom the German

poet, Heine, has made immortal in his beautiful poem, and who, by her charms and blandishments, enticed susceptible and unwary fishermen and sailors to their distruction in the rapids beneath, and the legend of the Siren Lorelei is one of the most beautiful of all connected with the Rhine.

Just as we landed at the little town opposite, a railway train ran shrieking into a tunnel directly under the huge rock, and again fact and fancy came into strange opposition to each other.

There is said to be a grotto or cavern in this rock which will repeat an echo fifteen times, and here the river is narrowest and deepest, being at this point about seventy-five feet in depth.

Now we come to the magnificent ruin of Rheinfels, 377 feet above the Rhine, and by far the largest and most imposing ruin on the river, reminding me more of Heidelberg, both by its situation and immense proportions, than any other castle of Europe.

This castle was founded in 1245, and was, by far, the strongest and most important of all the robber-castles, and about ten years afterward the Hanseatic League, made up of twenty-six Rhine towns and cities, laid siege to it with a large army for more than a year, but all to no purpose. Again, in the seventeenth century, it was defended successfully against a French army of 24,000 men, but in 1794 the French revolutionary army captured it, and afterwards blew it up, and now it is truly a picturesque ruin, of vast extent, as it lies outlined against the sky. To give you some

idea of what a castle on the Rhine would bring in the market: it is said that this vastest of them all only brought $500 when sold about half a century ago.

Not far below here, we see the famous twin castles of Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, called the "Brothers," from a very pretty love story connected with them, which I have a mind to give for the benefit of such of my readers as have a vein of romance in their compositions: —

Two brothers, Conrad and Heinrich, were desperately in love with their foster sister, Hildegarde, who, of course, was as beautiful as a dream. Heinrich, unwilling to contend with his only brother for the prize, tore himself away, and went off to the Crusades. The kind old father, Von Boppard, built the castle of Sterrenberg for the nuptials of Conrad and Hildegarde, but died before the marriage had taken place. Soon, like most men, not caring for what they can obtain by simply reaching forth their hands, Conrad grows cold, and finally goes off to the Crusades to "participate" in the warlike achievements of his brother Heinrich leaving behind him the peerless Hildegarde to pine away and die.

Suddenly Conrad returned to the castle of Liebenstein with a Grecian bride, which outraged the wretched Hildegarde all the more, and she pined away in solitude. One day Heinrich, the absent brother, hearing of his brother's base treatment of Hildegarde, comes home and challenges him to single combat. Hildegarde comes between them just as they cross their

swords, and are about to imbue their hands in fraternal blood, and begs them to be reconciled, which they reluctantly consent to; and then the broken-hearted Hildegarde, instead of marrying the noble Heinrich, as she should have done, woman-like retired to the convent of Bornhofen, at the foot of the rock on which the castles stood. Soon Conrad's wife proved faithless to him, as, in the eternal fitness of things, she should have done, and Conrad repairs to his noble brother, Heinrich, for consolation, and henceforth they live together in unity, as brethren should, in their paternal castle of Liebenstein, while poor Hildegarde spent the rest of her lonely life as a nun.

Many of the cities and towns lying along the Rhine still preserve their old walls more or less intact, and especially is this the case with Boppard, where a portion of the wall, 1,050 feet long on one side, and 490 feet in another direction, is still to be seen, which is supposed to date from the reign of the Roman Emperor Valentinian I., in the fourth century, and which originally was twenty-six feet high and ten feet thick, and studded with towers. Back of the town is the castle of Boppard, which, like St. Goar and Bacharach above, once boasted of Commanderies of Knights Templars, and it is said that the Knights Templars of Boppard are mentioned as having been among the ranks of the Crusaders at the siege of Ptolemais, in the latter part of the twelfth century.

Next, we came in sight of the imposing old castle of Marksburg, originally called the Braubacher Schloss,

almost 500 feet above the river, and the only one of the ancient Rhine fortresses which has escaped destruction.

In the year 1437, Count Philip, of Katzenellenbogen (Heavens, what a name), founded a chapel in the castle, and dedicated it to St. Mark, and from that time the grand old *Schloss* has been known as Marksburg. From 1650 to 1800 this castle belonged to Hesse-Darmstadt, and was then used by the government of Nassau for a state's prison until recent years.

Next to attract the attention, which by this time has become a little wearied by the sight of so many constantly recurring evidences of feudal times, comes the picturesque castle of Lahneck, rising on a rocky eminence behind the ancient walled town of Oberlahnstein, and whose walls and towers are still in a tolerable state of preservation; and which castle was once the property of our old friends, the Knights Templars, traces of whom we have found many times during our present sojourn in Europe, and as our party was mainly made up of members of this noble Order, which is as ancient as the Crusades, I think we all noticed these Templar reminiscences with particular interest.

Now, we have but one more castle to pass, until our eyes shall rest upon the grand old fortress of Ehrenbreitstein (or the broad stone of honor), the Gibraltar of the Rhine, but before reaching that point, we see the picturesque castle of Stolzenfels, which is situated on a rock 310 feet high, directly overhanging the Rhine, from which it is said the finest view

upon the whole river can be obtained, which is certainly saying a great deal. The castle is surmounted by a beautiful pentagonal tower 110 feet high, and dates at least as far back as 1250, and was frequently a residence of the high ecclesiastical functionaries of those days, who lived in a style of splendor and magnificence which, thanks to the Reformation and the Protestant religion, their successors have never been able to equal.

This fortress was destroyed by the French in 1689, and lay in ruins until about sixty years ago when the city of Coblentz having offered it for sale repeatedly at the price of—how much do you think—well, about $50.00, and finally finding no buyers even at that price, the city *generously* presented it to Frederick William IV., then the Crown Prince of Prussia, who restored it at a cost of $250,000; but now the castle belongs to the grand old Emperor of Germany, who, at the age of eighty-seven years, is still in the full discharge of all the functions of government. Now, glorious old Ehrenbreitstein sweeps in sight, and in a few minutes after passing through the bridge of boats, we are at the pier at Coblentz, and are anchored almost under the guns of Ehrenbreitstein, which looks grimly down upon us from a precipitous rock on the opposite shore, almost 400 feet above the river, and at last our eyes have rested on one of the greatest military strongholds of the world.

We have only passed over a distance of something

like sixty miles from Mayence to Coblentz, and yet what a panorama has passed before us, not of old castles and ruined fortresses alone, but beautiful cities and towns, rich fields teeming with grain of every kind, convents, and monasteries, here and there, beautiful landscapes, and, in short, such a varied scene of enchantment as I am persuaded can nowhere be seen but on this river, which does not sweep broadly on like our own majestic Hudson, but in its narrow, winding course, presents new beauties of scenery at every turn, long enough before you have become surfeited with the last.

Coblentz is most beautifully situated at the junction of the Rhine and the "Blue Moselle," and is one of the most strongly-fortified cities of the Rhine, and, in fact, of all Europe. Its population, including Ehrenbreitstein, amounts to about 35,000.

Coblentz is especially rich in historical associations; even prior to the campaigns of Julius Cæsar, and up to the present time, this city has played its part in the annals of Europe, in other words, from barbarous times to the civilization of the present day. Among other momentous events, the meetings of the grandsons of Charlemagne, the Great Emperor of the West, to divide the immense territory of that monarch, into France, Italy, and Germany, took place here. The city is triangular in shape, and is said to be able to include within its walls, if necessary, 100,000 men with arms, provisions, and munitions of war sufficient to laugh any siege to scorn.

It is said that the fortress is itself capable of containing within its walls 14,000 men, while its magazines will provision almost 10,000 men for ten years. It is inaccessible on three sides, and has only three times succumbed to an enemy; once from treachery, and twice from hunger. It is said that so ancient is the city of Coblentz, that the castle of Ehrenbreitstein was well known as early as 636 A. D., and from that day to this, a period of 1,200 years, has gradually reached its present strength. It first surrendered in 1631, and again, in 1637, but was besieged unsuccessfully four times during the war of the French Revolution, but in 1799, resistance was found no longer possible, because of starvation. After the peace of Lunéville, the fortifications were demolished, but since then have been restored at an expense of $6,000,000, of which France contributed about half the amount, in accordance with the Second Peace of Paris. Once more, we call upon the magic name of Byron to tell the story of this wondrous fortress: —

"Here *Ehrenbreitstein* with her shattered wall
Black with the miners' blasts upon her height,
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light;
A tower of victory from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain;
But *Peace* destroyed what *War* could never blight
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain —
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain."

In Coblentz, the large church of St. Castor, with four towers, presents a fine appearance from the Rhine,

being near the junction of the Rhine and Moselle, and dates back to 836. On the Platz in front of this church, rises the monumental fountain which was erected by the French to commemorate, in advance, the expected success (?) of *the awful Russian campaign* of Bonaparte, which cost France the lives of 400,000 men.

Only a few months later saw the straggling remnants of the grand army, under the leadership of the valiant Ney and the gallant Prince Eugene, recross the Rhine with the Russian army intoxicated by success in mad pursuit, but the Russian commandant, St. Priest, when passing through Coblentz, on his victorious march to Paris, instead of destroying the monument with its vain-glorious inscription, with grim humor, had carved below it the words "Seen and approved by the Russian commander of the city of Coblentz, January 1st, 1814." After leaving Coblentz, most of the interesting scenery of the Rhine is left behind us, and there are only a few more points of interest to be mentioned before we bid a reluctant adieu to the Rhine at Cologne, in all likelihood forever; but it needs not a second visit to this classic river to rivet indelibly upon the mind of the intelligent observer, scenes of grandeur such as he can behold there, and there alone. Truly, is the Rhine "A thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

Below the city of Coblentz, you soon come to the fantastic looking old castles long known as the *Crane*, over 300 years old, and the *Watch-tower*, of much

older date, and soon you reach the ancient Roman town of Andernach, where Drusus pitched his camp and called the place *Antonacum*. It has a fine old Roman gate, the ruins of an Episcopal palace, an ancient church, and a curious looking watch tower. The ancient walls still stand in a good state of preservation, and as viewed from the deck of the steamer, are quite interesting to the ordinary observer, and of course, much more so to the antiquarian. Then comes the tower of Roland, 350 feet above the river with its single ivy-covered arch remaining, and then you soon find confronting you the Drachenfels or Dragon's rock, which is one of the *Siebengebirge*, or seven mountains, each crowned with an ancient castle, the former seats of the archbishops of Cologne.

Drachenfels is 1,056 feet high, and is often resorted to by passing tourists in order to obtain a view of the grand scenery which here confronts the observer on every hand. With the *Siebengebirge*, or seven mountains, the grand scenery of the Rhine is ended, as the banks from this on, gradually flatten out and become dull and uninteresting, and nothing is left from that point of consequence before reaching Cologne, except the city of Bonn, which is mainly noted for its university, which, however, is of comparatively modern date. Of these seven hills, one the Lorrenberg, is 1,414 feet in height, the Wolkenberg 1,067, the Oelberg, 1,473, the Neiderstromberg, 1,066; and the Stromberg, 1,053 feet in height, are all grand and imposing, but as they mostly

loom up at some distance from the river, do not inspire you with the same emotion as does Drachenfels, which towers right over you from its dizzy height of over 1,000 feet, and here, even at the risk of the imputation of quoting too much, I propose to end my feeble tribute to the Rhine, *by just one more verse* from Byron: —

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

CHAPTER XII.

FROM COLOGNE TO WATERLOO.

OUR steamer landed at the pier at Cologne about nine p. m., and by the time we had gotten ourselves comfortably settled in our hotel, and taken a little refreshment, it was time to retire for the night, as our trip had extended that day from Heidelberg to Cologne, and we all retired to rest, too completely

worn out with sightseeing, to even to dream of the glories of that never-to-be forgotten day. The next morning, we were all astir betimes in order to make the most of our time, as we were to leave, at one p. m., for Brussels, and I, for one, found my way to the grand Cathedral and gazed upon its wondrous proportions with awe for a few minutes, before I returned to the *tempting repast*, consisting of bread, honey, and coffee, which European hotels always set before their guests, under the *high-toned* name of *dejeuner*. I, for *one*, never presumed to question the propriety and authenticity of this term, for I never once thought of profaning the grand old English word, "breakfast," in such a connection as this.

Cologne, as everybody knows, is not particularly noted for the sweetness of its *smells*, although it may be for the agreeableness of its *perfumes*, in fact, it has been characterized many years ago as having "seventy distinct and separate smells," by somebody, who, I presume, had more time to give them a careful analysis than I did, but I had not gotten many sniffs of the delightful "sea breeze from the gutters," until I came to the conclusion that the genius who invented the celebrated perfumery of that name must have been forced to do so, as a *dernier ressort* in self defense, and I thought that he had entitled himself to a vote of thanks on the part of thousands of tourists, past, present, and to come. The poet Coleridge, writes of this famous old city, beginning thus: "In Cöln, that town of monks and bones." And when I visited the

church of Saint Ursula, containing the *alleged* remains of the famous eleven thousand virgins, who were massacred here by the cruel Huns in the fifth century, I thought to myself that he had hit it off pretty well.

On our way to the Cathedral, which is, of course, the first place sought out by the tourist who visits this ancient city, we pass a magnificent monument, erected to the memory of Frederick William III., of Prussia (the successor of Frederick II., who is known in history as "Frederick the Great"), which was erected in the *Heumarkt* or "Haymarket," in the year 1878. The monument is surmounted by a large equestrian statue of Frederick William III., and is ornamented as usual with scenes from the military and civic history of the German Empire, and is surrounded with life-size statues of men who have been famous in Germany, in various walks of life. Among the number may be seen, Blucher, the two Humboldts, and others of more or less note in the history of Germany.

The city of Cologne is the largest and most important on the Rhine, and contains 140,000 inhabitants. Here is another very large bridge of boats across the Rhine to Deutz, which is, like Cologne, also strongly fortified.

Cologne is the residence of an Archbishop, the largest city in the Rhenish Province of Prussia, is one of the most important commercial places in Germany, and is a fortified city of the first class, having at all times, a garrison of 7,000 men. The streets of the town are

mostly narrow, crooked, gloomy, and badly drained, which, of course, accounts for the name it has all through Europe for want of cleanliness.

Cologne was founded by the *Ubii* when they were compelled by Agrippa to remove from the right to the left bank of the Rhine. In A. D. 51, Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus, and mother of the wicked and infamous Nero, founded here a colony of Roman veterans, and the colony was named from its founder, *Colonia Agrippinensis.*

Since 1815, when it became German again, after having been in French possession for about twenty years, the city of Cologne has made rapid strides, and it has easily taken rank among the most considerable commercial cities of Germany. Without any doubt whatever, the Cathedral is the finest old Gothic structure in the world, and it is very doubtful if any of the boasted works of antiquity could have justly been compared with it. Its situation is commanding, being nearly in the center of the city, and on an eminence of considerable height. The present Cathedral was begun in 1248, under the auspices of Conrad of Hochstaden, then Archbishop of Cologne, who contributed largely towards the object by his own liberal contributions. Gerhard, of Rile, is considered to have drawn the first plan of this world-famed specimen of Gothic architecture. The work, however, proceeded so slowly that it was not until 1322 that the new choir was consecrated.

This magnificent structure has been more than 600

years in reaching its present sublime proportions, and has only been finally completed and consecrated, since 1880. The two towers, the loftiest in the world with the exception now, I believe, of the Washington monument, reach the stupenduous height of 512 feet. The structure is in the usual form of the Latin cross, and its dimensions are truly astounding.

The entire length is 444 feet, the breadth 201 feet, and at the transept 292 feet, the walls are 150 feet in height, the roof is 201 feet high, and the central tower, which crowns the transept is 357 feet in height.

The cathedral is so truly grand and sublime, that I shall not try to describe it, but only to make a few remarks concerning it, such as most readily occur to me.

The south tower remained in an unfinished state for 400 years, and a huge crane remained suspended there for the whole time, just as it was left by the workmen who had last made use of it, and for centuries it was a land-mark visible for many miles from Cologne in any direction. This huge crane was not taken down until 1868, and now a slab with an appropriate inscription commemorates the spot where it hung suspended for four centuries.

There is a tradition that once during this time it was taken down by the authorities, but Cologne was soon after visited by an awful storm, which the inhabitants, in their superstition, believed was sent them because by taking down the crane they meant to advertise the fact that they never intended to keep their vows to

God and finish the cathedral, so they hastily hoisted the huge machine with its arm nearly fifty feet long right back to its usual place.

In 1842 the work of attempting to finish this noble structure received a fresh impetus, and from that time until its completion in 1880, nearly $6,000,000 were expended upon it. No picture or description by even the most gifted of writers could do justice to the wonderful beauty of this structure, so of course I shall not attempt it. I shall only mention one wonderful collection of relics in this Minster which the custodians of the cathedral claim to be genuine, but when you have heard the story, you may receive it *cum grano salis* or not, just as you choose.

This is a small chapel just behind the main altar, and they actually claim that it contains the "bones of the three Magi, or wise men of the east," who came to lay their offerings at the feet of the new born Savior of mankind. According to the veracious (?) chronicle, which is so ancient, that, of course, it will be hard to dispute it successfully, the names of these famous men were Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthaser, and that there might be no mistake about the matter, and to prevent their identity being lost, their names are actually written in rubies on their own skulls. This shrine is, of course, decorated in the greatest profusion with precious stones, and although it was bereft of some of the most valuable gems during the anarchy and misrule of the French Revolution, it is still valued at something like a million dollars.

It is said that the legend of St. Ursula whose church we next visited, and her eleven thousand virgins, arose out of the misreading of the abbreviations in an ancient MS., which spoke of St. Ursula and *Undecimillia* V. M. (St. Ursula and *Undecimillia*, Virgin Martyrs).

This a *wise* transcriber read and copied thus: *Ursula* (*et*) *Undecim Millia Martyrum Virginum*, and *thus made two names into 11,000.*

We next wended our way to the Church of Saint Ursula and her companions, to which we have just alluded, but of which we will put down a few more particulars. Of course, in the first place, the whole story is very absurd, but there is no doubt that this church contains the alleged bones of some of the famous eleven thousand virgins, although a great many thousands of these relics have been distributed among the faithful of Europe.

Most of the numerous relics now to be seen in the Church of St. Ursula were dug out of the ground of the church itself, and of the surrounding parts, where the convent was standing. Only a small part come from the general disinterment of the year 1155. Some of these relics are enclosed in numerous stone coffins, put up on the south and west side of the church, some are enclosed in the walls of the chancel, some again, are enclosed in the walls of the church, and of the golden chamber for public veneration. One scoffing M. D. of our party remarked that some bones which he examined belonged to the *anatomy of a horse*, but as he was nothing probably if not a Protestant, of

course *every son of the true church* would reject his statement with the greatest indignation.(?) In the golden chamber the number of these grinning skulls is about 1,700, among them, of course, their leader, St. Ursula, many of them beautifully decorated with various gold and silver ornaments, fine bead work, etc.

This golden chamber is finely decorated, and contains three articles which are as astounding as the skulls of the three wise men in the Cathedral. One of them is a veritable *piece of the whip* (*?*) with which Christ was scourged, a second, *some particles of the crown of thorns*(?) of our Savior, and the third relic, is one of the six water pots which were used at the wedding, at Cana in Galilee, where the Savior turned the water into wine. The shape of this pot corresponds to the water pots used in olden times in the East. It is made of alabaster, and it is said to correspond with the Scriptural accounts that these pots contained two or three Jewish measures apiece. This alabaster pot is, in the opinion of competent judges, an ancient one, and was, according to documents in the archives of the city, in the fourteenth century, brought from the Holy Land by a Cologne Knight, and presented to the city. By the chief magistrate of the city, however, it was given to the church of the patron saint of the city, St. Ursula, in the year 1378. At the mouth of this pot, a piece is broken off, and also one of the two handles. It is said that the piece which is missing from the mouth of the pot, was formerly kept amongst the sacred relics of the church of Notre Dame, at Paris.

Next, we went to see a fine panorama of the battle of Gravelotte, which was on exhibition at Cologne, which was quite interesting, but did not compare with one of the battle of Waterloo, which I saw at Antwerp, a few days later; but this was partly, no doubt, because I had visited only the day before, that greatest and most far-reaching in its results, of all the battlefields of Europe. The Prussian officer in charge of the panorama, I soon found out, spoke very good English, and in the course of a brief conversation I had with him, told me that he participated in this sanguinary engagement between the French and the Prussians as an officer of artillery, and then he resigned his position in the army. He went to New York, lived there several years, married there, and after losing his wife and child, the Germane *Himweh*, or home longing, overcame him, and he returned to his native land, and re-entered the Prussian army.

By the way, while I was standing near the great Cathedral, a regiment of Prussian soldiers, with banners flying, and a full military band playing the national anthems of Germany, marched by, with the precision and exactness of an automaton, and when I compared them with the young French conscripts, whom I had heard chant the Marseillaise hymn at the gates of Saint Cloud, I thought to myself that France was now hardly any better prepared to encounter the trained phalanxes of Germany than she was in 1870, when the "nephew of his uncle" was hurled headlong from the throne of France by these serried

German legions. As we still had a half an hour or so to spend before our luncheon, after which we were to leave for Brussels and Waterloo, "that first and last of fields, King-making victory," I hastened back to the great Cathedral, and ascended as far as I was allowed, in order to obtain a view of the "wide and winding Rhine," the seven mountains and all the surrounding country, which the vast Cathedral, of course, commands for miles and miles on every hand.

Up to that time, in all Europe, I had seen nothing finer, and, in fact, the tall and graceful spires of Cologne Cathedral were visible for miles and miles after we had left the city on our way to Brussels. Here I took my farewell look at the Rhine, and, once more, instead of my own, I shall use the eye of genius, to describe this "last, long, lingering look behind."

"Adieu, to thee, fair Rhine; how long, delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way,
Thine is a scene alike, where souls united,
On lonely contemplation, thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here
Where nature, nor too somber, nor too gay,
Wild, but not too rude, awful, yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth, as Autumn to the year."

"Adieu, to thee again; a vain adieu,
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colored by thy every hue;
And if, reluctantly, the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine.
'Tis with the thankful glance of lasting praise;
More mighty spots may rise — more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft; — the glories of old days."

On the road to Brussels, the first place of any considerable importance, is the city of Aix-la-Chapelle, which is forty-three miles from Cologne, and which has played a very considerable part in the history of Europe, from the earliest times. It has about 85,000 inhabitants, and lies in a fertile basin surrounded by gently sloping hills. It owes most of its fame to its having been the favorite residence of the Great Emperor Charlemagne, who elevated it to the rank of the second city in his Empire, and the capital of his dominions north of the Alps, the chief capital being, of course, the city of Rome.

The great Emperor died here in 814, and we noticed from the railway station the dome of the cathedral erected by Charlemagne between 796 and 804, which contains the remains of the Great Emperor of the West, which reposed on the imperial throne composed of marble slabs for 186 years, when they were found by the Emperor Otho III., who opened the tomb in the year 1000. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa again opened the tomb in 1165, and removed the remains to an ancient sarcophagus, while the throne was afterwards used for the coronation of the Emperors. From the death of Charlemagne to the accession of Ferdinand I., in 1531, Aix witnessed the coronation of all the German Emperors, more than seven centuries having elapsed, during which thirty-seven Emperors were here crowned.

All the insignia of the Empire were preserved here until the year 1793, when they were transferred to the imperial treasury at Vienna.

At Landen, thirty-eight miles from Brussels, was born Pepin, of Landen (ancestor of Pepin the "Little," and of Charlemagne), who died here in 640. With him began what is known as the Carlovingian line.

Between Landen and Esemail, the railway intersects the plain of Neer-Winden, the scene of two great battles. In the first battle of Neer-Winden, William III. of England, in command of the allies, of whom Macaulay says that he "recovered quicker from defeat than almost any General of history, who was as brave but as unfortunate in the art of winning victories as he was," was defeated in the Spanish War of Succession by the French under Marshal Luxembourg, July 29th, 1693. The second battle on this field was fought by the French under Gen. Dumouriez and Louis Philippe, afterwards Louis XVIII., of France, who were defeated by the Austrians under the Duke of Coburg, March 18th, 1793.

About thirty miles from Brussels, the train traverses a lofty embankment from which, in clear weather, to the left the Belgian Lion and the Prussian Monument may be seen on "the grave of France, the deadly Waterloo." Brussels is soon reached, and we are within ten miles of the spot where the star of Bonaparte went down in the darkness of eternal night. I was so anxious to see this fatal field, that I could hardly wait for the next day to arrive, so that I might stand upon "that place of skulls," and have pointed out to me many spots of interest which could yet be identified upon such historic ground.

Our plan was to see what we could of Brussels that evening and the next morning, and then visit Waterloo in the afternoon, and the next day was Sunday, by the way, the same day of the week on which this greatest, and most wonderful in its consequences, of all the battles of Napoleon was fought, and in which he was beaten by a succession of unfortunate coincidences and miscalculations, such as had never before befallen him, or will be likely ever again to happen to any General of the future, and in which the "man of destiny" at last found destiny too much for him, and he had to succumb to the inevitable.

His plans for winning that battle were, perhaps, as near perfection as the ingenuity of that mighty genius, and he alone, could conceive, and yet he was utterly routed, only showing another instance of the old saying that, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Brussels has been called the "miniature Paris," and while it is more like Paris, certainly, than any other city of Europe, yet I regretted that I had not seen it before seeing Paris, as the remaining portion of our original party did, as, after Paris, it was a good deal like reversing an opera glass, and looking at things through the other end, where you see everything on a much diminished scale; but, nevertheless, there is much to be seen there to instruct and amuse, and I think we made good use of the time at our disposal.

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, and the residence the King Leopold III., contains in all about 400,000 people, or about one-fifth the population of Paris, two-

thirds of whom speak Flemish, and the remainder French. Like Paris, it has its parks, boulevards, *cafés-chantants*, and many other attractions, but most people who go there do so, I think, more for the purpose of making a trip to Waterloo than anything else. If you desire it, they will still show you the house where the Duchess of Richmond was giving her famous ball on the night of Thursday, June 15th, 1815, when the opening cannonading of Quatre-Bras and Ligny, which were preliminary to the great drama of Waterloo, was heard, in both of which Bonaparte was victorious, Marshal Ney having beaten the Prince of Orange, and the Duke of Brunswick, who fell in the engagement at Quatre-Bras, and Grouchy also beating the Prussians at Ligny on Friday, the 16th of June, two days before the final catastrophe at Waterloo.

The Duke of Wellington intended originally to meet Blücher at Quatre-Bras, before fighting Napoleon at all, but the latter, with his wonted energy and boundless genius, was using his usual tactics of crushing the enemy, by whipping him in detail, whilst Wellington, with Generals Picton and Ponsonby, the Duke of Brunswick and the Prince of Orange, with other lesser lights, were disporting themselves among "fair women and brave men," at the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

Who has not read Byron's wonderful pen picture of the stirring scenes of that eventful night?—

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago

Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated; who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise."

That evening I strolled around the city to see what I could of it by gaslight, and the scenes presented on the boulevards and in the gay cafès irresistibly took me back to Paris. One of the famous sights of Brussels is the *Galerie de la Reine*, or Queen's Arcade, which extends straight through two blocks, and is the most fashionable promenade in the city of Brussels. This magnificent arcade is near the Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, and is 700 feet long, 60 feet high, and about 80 wide, and is lined with some of the finest and attractive stores in the city, and is constantly thronged by vast crowds, among them, many pre-eminently rich and fashionable.

The *Grande Place*, at Brussels, is probably one of the finest and most imposing specimens of the rich architecture of the Middle Ages to be seen in Europe; and the grand old Hotel de Ville, with its beautiful spire tapering to the heavens, and its front carved with beautiful arches and grinning faces of every design in the world, which it seems that human ingenuity can devise, is truly a noble spectacle. It was in this square that was held the chief rendezvous of the British troops in Brussels, on the night that the news was received of Bonaparte's advance on Brussels by way of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, as up to that

time, the Duke of Wellington had been entirely in the dark as to where Bonaparte would strike. The Hotel de Ville is pre-eminently "*the sight*" of Brussels, and the spire, which is 360 in height, is crowned with a gilded metal figure of the Archangel Michael, which is 16 feet high, and which, unlike most statuary of that kind, is movable, and serves the purpose of a weathercock. Near here is a curious little fountain called the "Mannikin," and which is much admired by the good Belgian folk, who on *fête* days attire him in fancy costume, and who disport themselves much at his comicality. When I saw him I was much amused, and instantly thought of the boyish figure which surmounts the beautiful fountain in Fountain Square, Cincinnati, and of the verse which appeared in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, when the fountain was dedicated some twelve or thirteen years ago.

"Der small boy, he stands on der fountain
Und he don't got on any clothes,
And de girls, dey all blush and say
Vot he means by such conduct as dose?"

In the Grande Place, there formerly stood a monument to the Counts Egmont and Horne, who sealed their patriotism with their blood at the hands of the infamous and cruel Duke of Alva, at the time when he desolated the Low Countries with fire and sword, and whom Goethe has handed down to posterity in his famous Egmont.

The King's Palace is a grand affair, of course, but can only be visited when King Leopold is absent, which

is shown by the absence of a flag which floats from the palace when the king is in Brussels. As we drove by on that beautiful Sabbath morning we noticed the flag proudly floating from the flag-staff, so we did not stay our progress.

The city is divided into the upper and lower town, in the former of which dwell the aristocracy. In strolling around the city after we returned from Waterloo, we passed through several streets occupied by the lower classes, nearly all of them wearing *sabots*, or wooden shoes — and you can imagine the contrast they presented to the elegantly dressed people whom we had seen leisurely strolling through the Queen's Arcade only the evening before.

When we were in Brussels we saw the new *Palais de Justice*, or Palace of Justice, built entirely of white marble, and which is certainly one of the finest public buildings to be seen in Europe. Here are held all the courts of Brussels, and the sittings of the Legislative Assembly. The palace has stamped upon it, at frequent intervals the letters "S. P. Q. B." for the Latin "Senatus Populusque Belgarum," ("the Senate and People of the Belgians") in imitation of the "S. P. Q. R.," or "Senatus Populus-que Romanus," of the ancient Romans. There is also a handsome monument surrounded by lions, like the famous Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, London, called the column of Congress, in commemoration of the Congress which assembled here in 1831, for the adoption of the present constitution of Belgium.

Of course, Brussels has its usual grand old cathedral, Saint Gudule, which is somewhat centrally situated on the slope up to the new part of the town. This cathedral, though founded in the twelfth century, is not especially noted for its architecture, but derives its chief fame on account of its beautiful interior, and for its large and superb stained glass windows, which are esteemed as second to none in the world, and certainly, in the cathedrals of Europe, which I had visited, all of which, without exception, were more pretentious than St. Gudule, I had seen nothing to compare with them. The pulpit in this church is also superior to anything of the kind we had seen in Europe, and must have been the work of some carver like the famous Grindling Gibbons. One group represents Adam and Eve driven from Paradise, while the pulpit itself is supported by the tree of knowledge of good and evil, while surmounting the canopy of the pulpit is represented the Virgin Mary, holding the infant Savior, who is attempting to bruise with the cross the serpent's head.

I must not omit to mention something of interest to every Knight Templar — the superb equestrian statue in bronze, of that grand old Templar and Crusader, Godfrey de Bouillon which was erected in 1848, in the Place Royale.

Near the church of Saint Gudule, we visited one of the lace manufactories, though it was Sunday, and saw the work of making this beautiful fabric, in actual progress, and saw some of the most expensive and

beautiful specimens of that manufacture, which it was ever my lot to look upon. However, although we had at least one millionaire among us, I do not think that our party made any very extensive or expensive purchases.

After all this there was not much left to see except the picture galleries of Brussels, of which there are two: one called the Museum or "Musée de Peinture," which is divided into two galleries, one called the "Old Masters," consisting of Flemish, Italian, and Spanish productions; and the other, that of the modern Belgian masters, which includes also statuary, and which is considered superior to the famous Antwerp collection — but I was not interested here as I was in the famous Wiertz museum, which is certainly one of the quaintest, and most unique collections to be found in the world, the artist, Wiertz, having gained a great reputation for eccentricity, but certainly it is the eccentricity of genius.

This gallery is justly regarded as one of the chief attractions of Brussels. The building is filled with the productions of the one artist alone.

The ceiling and a portion of the walls are covered with immense frescoes, some representing battle scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, which gave me a tremendous conception of the warriors and giants of antiquity. One picture represented the vast arms and lower limbs of the giant Polyphemus, having in his relentless grasp the followers of the crafty Ulysses, they, of course, in

comparison being mere pigmies, and I thought at once of the famous line of Virgil, which portrays so vigorously this horrid monster: —

"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*"

Another picture is especially notable, and represents, I suppose, the personal and national antipathy of the artist, who was of German extraction, to the famous subject. I allude to the picture entitled "Napoleon in Hell," in which his lower limbs are enveloped in flames, and around and in front of him are seen hovering the demoniacal faces of malignant furies, which are, I suppose, intended to represent the menaces of widows and orphans which he had made in his numerous and sanguinary wars. The artist, however, in spite of himself, could not refrain from doing justice to the mighty and undaunted soul of this extraordinary man, for he depicts him as though perfectly unmoved by the terror of his surroundings: —

"With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene, alike, in peace and danger."

Some of his conceptions are absolutely startling in their intense truthfulness to life. Among these, one represents the corpse of some person who had died with the cholera, being taken from his chamber for interment, and his poor wife and children clinging to the coffin and the persons who carry it, as though they would fain detain their beloved but a little longer, and weeping as though their hearts would break.

Another represents a poor mother who, in her madness, has killed her only child, and has cut it up, and is actually cooking it in one of her kettles for her repast.

Still another is that of a young girl rather lightly clad, who appears gazing at the spectator from a half open door, and as though she would fain avoid the licentious eye of the stranger.

Another one, still more curious, and which you do not "see through" at once, represents the habiliments of a person clad as though for the Arctic regions, but there is something curious and incongruous about the face which does not seem to correspond with the rest of the body. You look again, and, apparently, the face is that of some living person, but, of course, that can not be! You look once more, and at last recognize your own face as the one which you have seen ingeniously reflected in some looking-glass. I was startled not a little when I made this discovery, and I watched with much interest, several others look at the same picture, and they all, like myself, seemed at first puzzled and then surprised.

Now comes the most interesting part of our visit to to Brussels, or at least it seemed so to me — the trip to Waterloo — for, from my earliest boyhood, I had devoured with avidity every thing I could put my hands on concerning this mighty warrior, and here I was actually only ten miles away from the fatal spot where he "fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again," and the train seemed to me to move all too slowly. If you

go by rail, you start from the Station du Midi in Brussels, and leave the train at Braine l'Alleud, not at Waterloo Station, which you reach first, but is somewhat further from the field of battle than Braine l'Alleud, which is about one mile away. However, if you alight at Waterloo, you will find something worth seeing there, in the little church, in which are tablets inscribed with the names of British officers and men who fell in the engagement, and a bust of the Duke of Wellington, and hard by, is the house where he wrote his dispatches to Lord Bathurst, the English Secretary for War, on the night of the victory. It was this circumstance which, no doubt, gave the name of Waterloo to this famous battle, for the village is some two miles from the fatal field, and had no immediate connection with the battle whatever.

To understand the plan of this battle, let me quote Victor Hugo's account from *Les Miserables*, whose masterly pen picture of the engagement will probably never be equaled by mortal man.[1] Of course, I shall easily be pardoned for quoting so much from him, who, himself, though a Frenchman, has written a singularly

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[1] Since the above was written, the author of "A Knight Templar Abroad" has completed a translation (which will be published at an early day,) of M. Erckmann-Chatrian's Historical novel, "Waterloo," which gives an elaborate and graphic account of the battles, both of Ligny and Waterloo, which has gone through twenty-nine editions in Europe, and for whose kindly reception by the reading public the translator asks only as flattering a greeting as he is happy to say that "A Knight Templar Abroad" has met with, despite its many shortcomings and imperfections.

impartial narrative, in which he does ample justice to the English, though his country's ancient enemy. He says in this wonderful sketch: —

"Those who wish to form a distinct idea of the battle of Waterloo need only imagine a capital A laid on the ground. The left leg of the A is the Nivelles road, the right one, the Genappe road, while the string of the A is the hollow way running from Braine l'Alleud to Ohain. The top of the A is Mont St. Jean, where Wellington is; the left lower point is Hougomont, where Reille is with Jerome Bonaparte; the right lower point is La Belle Alliance, where Napoleon is. A little below the point where the string of the A meets and cuts the right leg, is La Haye Sainte, and in the center of this string is the exact spot where the battle was concluded. It is here that the 'Lion' is placed, the involuntary symbol of the heroism of the Old Guard. The triangle comprised at the top of the A, between the two legs and the string, is the plateau of Mont St. Jean; the dispute for this plateau was the whole battle. The wings of the two armies extend to the right and left of the Genappe and Nivelles roads, d'Erlon facing Picton, Reille facing Hill. Behind the point of the A, behind the plateau St. Jean, is the forest of Soignes. As for the plain itself, imagine a vast undulating ground; each ascent commands the next ascent, and all the undulations ascend to Mont St. Jean, where they form the forest."

Of course, visitors to the ground at the present day or for that matter, for many years past, find the

scene of the battle so changed that it is nothing like its former self; in fact, the Duke of Wellington, visiting the field only a few years after his famous victory, said, "My battle-field has been altered."

However, much of this change may be accounted for by the rearing of the stupenduous mound of earth, on which the Belgian Lion is located, which is two hundred feet high and nearly half a mile around, and the earth for which was obtained by cutting down the field of battle.

The English had, unquestionably, far the advantage in position, as Wellington had, fortunately for himself, visited the field several years before, and, accordingly, when his forces fell back from Qatre-Bras and Ligny before the victorious legions of Napoleon, instead of halting his forces on the lower heights, which the French subsequently occupied, as that was then "Hobson's choice," he very wisely fell further back to the plateau at Mont St. Jean, where he knew of the "Sunken Road," which would in the former event have been in his rear in case of retreat, and which would now make his position much stronger against the French advance.

Hugo says, that "at the time of the battle the *Sunken Road* (which is scarcely now discernible) was at least twelve feet deep, and although it ran along the crest of the plateau of Mont St. Jean, was not visible to an observer who was below the crest at all."

This hollow way was on the left wing of the British

army, and as the result proved, was their salvation, and the prime factor in the defeat of the French.

The Emperor Napoleon was, essentially, an artillery fighter; in fact, he made his first reputation when but a Lieutenant at the siege of Toulon by the way he handled his guns there, and at Waterloo he outnumbered the enemy in guns very materially, having two hundred and forty pieces to confront the one hundred and fifty-nine of Wellington, but the superior position of Wellington more than made up for the difference, as the result proved.

The fate of Europe turned on several apparent trifles which played an all-important part in this battle.

First of all, was the heavy rain of the night before, which made the plain of Waterloo almost impassable for artillery until half-past eleven o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June. Then came the fatal mistake in regard to the stone wall of Hougomont, which was thought to be *only a hedge;* then the ignorance or treachery of Lacoste, the peasant (though it matters not much, which, now, as the result is the same in either case), who failed to give Bonaparte the information which would have been simply invaluable to him (and which might, in spite of everything, still have changed the issue of the battle), concerning the existence of the "Sunken Road;" then the peasant boy, consulted by Blücher, who did know the shortest *route* to Waterloo, instead of the longest, there being two routes to reach the battle ground, the latter of which, had Blücher taken it, would inevitably have detained

him too long to come up to the assistance of Wellington before it was too late to succor him, and thus win the day as they did; and last of all, the cowardice or treachery of Marshal Grouchy, who, instead of sacrificing his whole army if need were to save Napoleon (just as in olden times, according to the legend, the chivalrous and gallant Quintus Cartius leapt into the yawning gulf in the Roman Forum to save Rome, and the chasm which threatened the safety of the Eternal City immediately closed over his devoted head), let Blucher flank him, and yet stood irresolute, within the sound of Napoleon's cannon, instead of hastening to the rescue, and that, too, despite the importunities of his own Generals who earnestly begged to be led to Waterloo to the succor of their beloved Emperor.

All this extraordinary, and totally unforeseen and unexpected concatenation of circumstances threw their weight into the scales and Napoleon was lost. By the way, while speaking of Grouchy's wholly inexplicable conduct on that eventful day and of his ignominious share in the dread result at Waterloo, (and concerning which, *en passant*, Headley, the historian, says, and as I think most justly, "that he charges the crime and suffering of Waterloo, on European despots, rather than to Bonaparte)," it here occurs to me as, to say the least, a little remarkable, that no writer (save Grouchy himself), with whom I am acquainted, not even Hugo, in his singularly dispassionate narrative of Waterloo, has accounted for

the "masterly state of inactivity," of which Grouchy was seemingly guilty on that fatal day, or has even attempted to explain why, after having won the battle of Ligny on Friday, he assisted so largely by his singular conduct (to call it by no worse name), in losing Waterloo on Sunday.

Grouchy, afterwards, in his *Fragments Historiques*, published at Paris, in 1840, tried to vindicate his conduct on that occasion by saying that the Emperor had ordered him to hold his post at all hazards (but those orders, of course, meant that he should prevent Blücher from effecting a junction with Wellington, so that Napoleon might repeat his favorite tactics of getting an army separated into fragments and then falling upon these fragments and beating them in detail), and that he had but obeyed orders (possibly in the letter, but most assuredly not in the spirit); but the fallacy of his position consists in this, that there was no longer any occasion for that after Blücher had already flanked him and moved on Waterloo, to the relief of Wellington, but he should immediately have fallen upon Blücher's rear guard with his whole army and pursued him to Waterloo, and thus at least, have effected a diversion in Napoleon's favor, if no more.

The French people, however, always distrusted him, and his labored explanation carried no weight with it; and Grouchy must accept one horn of the dilemma, and must, in the pages of history, rest forever under the imputation of either cowardice (which his previous

reputation as a gallant officer wholly belies), or treason to Napoleon, which is the more probable theory, and the one more generally accepted.

Of course, I shall not presume to try to give even a faint description of this momentous struggle between Napoleon alone and unaided on the one hand, and the greatest allied powers of Europe on the other, but I hope I may be pardoned for my presumption in hazarding a few remarks based upon the careful study of this historic field, as described by several writers of note.

At half past eleven o'clock in the morning, Jerome Napoleon led the charge on the château of Hougomont (or Goumont), with a serried column of 6,000 men, expecting easily to capture the château, and thus turn the right wing of the allies; but, instead, the French found it to be a "tower of a strength," and a stronghold which really turned out afterwards to be a "coign of vantage," and the key of Wellington's position, and the factor which virtually decided the battle, for, although the French performed prodigies of valor, and Kellerman's cannon balls dashed like rain against the solid wall of Hougomont with its 38 loop-holes, still seven companies of the Coldstream Guards held the château for seven hours against all the oft-repeated and fiery attacks of the French.

In the garden of Hougomont, 1,500 men fell in less than an hour, and in the orchard, both of which were taken by the French, after a most stubborn resistance; although the château, though in flames, resisted to the

last their most persistent endeavors, a battalion of Nassau, 700 strong, were cut to pieces in an hour.

Hugo says that "around Hougomont, twenty French battalions, of the forty composing Reille's corps, were decimated, and 3,000 men were sabred, gashed, butchered, shot, and burnt."

La Haye Sainte, on the left wing of the Allied forces, also made a most stubborn resistance, so much so that the French lost 1,800 men in less than an hour in the vain assault upon it, but about three p. m. after giving and receiving immense slaughter, as they had to ascend a bank so steep that, even the gunners, from their intrenchments could not see the valley below, as Hugo says, this stronghold was taken, and the French seemed about to snatch the victory from the almost, at this juncture, nerveless grasp of the allies.

About four p. m. the Duke of Wellington withdrew his forces from the edge of the plateau, and Napoleon thought this maneuvre was the beginning of the retreat. Now comes the beginning of the end, the famous charge of the heavy dragoons and cuirassiers, with Marshal Ney at their head, and the fatal episode of the sunken road, which was next to the mistake in regard to Hougomont and the failure to take it, and thus turn the right flank of the allies, the most awful blunder of that seemingly day of blunders, on the part of Bonaparte.

This magnificent column of 6,000 of the best cavalry of Europe, was formed in two divisions, Wathier in in command on the right, and Delord on the left, with

the superb Ney at their head, and trotted forward in "battle's magnificently stern array," up the steep and muddy slope of Mt. St. Jean, in order to take the plateau under a plunging fire of grape and canister. They knew neither of the sunken road, nor the masked battery of sixty guns supported by twenty-six English squadrons, formed in thirteen solid squares, with seven men in the first line and six in the second, who could not yet see the French advance, but could hear them shake the very earth with the impetuosity of their charge.

They reached the crest, the English masked battery reserving their fire, and then they discovered the awful ditch between them and the enemy, which with the impetus of their advance must be filled with men and horses, "all in one red burial blent," before the awful gap could be bridged over, and then the awful carnage commenced with more fiery intensity than ever.

Since those days, nothing has been seen to compare with this impetuous charge "into the jaws of death, into the gates of hell," unless it be the charge of the 600 at Balaklava.

Wathier's column which was on the right wing of the charge, suffered almost exclusively by this horrible blunder, as Delord, who was on the left, by good fortune escaped the catastrophe almost entirely, but tradition says that 1 500 men and 2,000 horses filled this awful ditch.

Then burst forth upon the devoted heads of the French the masked battery of sixty guns, of which they knew as little as they did concerning the sunken

road, but nevertheless these heroes, who survived that awful catastrophe held that plateau for two long hours, without any support from infantry, and almost succeeded in penetrating the English center, although surrounded on every side by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, including cavalry, solid English squares and artillery, and had Napoleon moved up the Old Guard at this time, to their support why would he not have swept everything before him with resistless violence? As it was, they annihilated seven out of the thirteen solid squares, captured or spiked the entire battery of sixty guns, and captured six English regimental flags, and still held a portion of the plateau.

No wonder even Wellington, the "Iron Duke," was awed, and at this awful moment he ejaculated, "O! for night, or Blücher!"

Now, comes the crisis; the gleam of distant bayonets is seen, and on both sides the question is asked over and over again, with the anguish born of such an awful moment, when the political destiny of Europe and the fate of a great empire hung vibrating in the balances, with none to foretell the end with any certainty, "Is it Blücher or is it Grouchy?" History has recorded the answer, and Bonaparte, attacked in front and rear, is indeed, in dire distress.

It is now about 7 o'clock in the evening, and the Emperor, almost beside himself with anxiety, like Wellington, calls for the Old Guard, makes to them a last frenzied appeal, for on them hang all his

hopes of Empire, which is now, indeed, all but shattered, hastily forms these heroes of a hundred battles, and almost as many victories, into two divisions, one under Reille, and the other under Ney (who has been, as usual, in the thickest of the fight, having had five horses shot under him, and without as yet receiving hardly so much as a scratch), who are to meet at the British center. The column under Reille, under the terrible hailstorm of grape and canister soon dissolves like frost before the morning sun, while Ney's column, as if endowed with the same matchless valor, and disregard of human life as was their gallant leader, forces the plateau of Mt. St. Jean, and marches resistlessly on over everything in their course, and pushed their advance almost to the very spot where Wellington himself sat on his horse, surrounded by his Guard.

At this crisis, the Allies seem lost, indeed, when Wellington, who has concealed behind a low ridge of earth, a body of infantry as yet unseen by the French, cries out suddenly above the din of battle, 'Up Guards, and at 'em;' and the Guards, suddenly springing to their feet, fire volley after volley into the ranks of the Old Guard, who, thrown into confusion, by this sudden attack and resistance from an unexpected source, when they had been hitherto sweeping everything resistlessly before them like an avalanche, at first falter, then break, the rout is commenced, the British and Allies order a general advance all along the lines, the cry of *Sauve qui peut*, is heard on every side from the flying French, and soon all is over.

Napoleon disdains to fly, but Marshal Soult, who had never left the Emperor's side during the entire day, with others of his staff, puts him on a horse, and literally forces him from the field.

Sixty thousand men lie dead and wounded on this awful field, and Wellington, after meeting Blücher, near La Belle Alliance, the farm-house which had been Napoleon's headquarters during the engagement, rides back by moonlight over the scene of carnage, unequaled since Cannae, while the cruel Blücher pursues the fugitives for thirty miles through the long summer night, giving no quarter.

It is said that even Wellington, callous soldier as he was, wept at the awful scene of carnage.

The last act in the drama was over, and in the glowing words of Hugo, "At nightfall, Bernard and Bertrand seized by the skirt of his coat, in a field near Genappe, a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, carried so far by the current of the rout, had just dismounted, passed the bridle over his arm, and was now, with wandering eye, returning alone to Waterloo. It was Napoleon, the immense somnambulist of the shattered dream, still striving to advance."

It is not a little curious, that Napoleon at the time of the battle, made light of Wellington's capacity as a General, and Wellington since, on many occasions, has decried in a rough, blunt way (which, certainly reflects no credit upon either his head or his heart), the character of Napoleon, and his talent as a general.

Hugo, however, says, that "Waterloo was a battle

won by a General of the second class over a General of the first," and such it seems to us, must be the impartial verdict of history.

Upon the day of our visit to Waterloo, our guide who told us in his broken English, that his father had helped to carry the wounded to the hospitals, and bury the dead after the battle, recounted to us in the most dramatic manner (and to me it was intensely interesting), the story of the battle, whilst we were seated around the Belgian Lion, at the top of the battle mound of Waterloo, which of course gave us an admirable view of the salient features of the field, as our guide told us the story in his excitable and intensely Frenchy manner, despite his amusing attempts to conquer the "Queen's English."

I remember, especially, one statement which he made while telling us the story of Waterloo, which occupied him perhaps a half hour in his broken, disjointed way, but interesting, nevertheless, which was this: —

He said that prior to the battle, the Emperor was speaking rather disparagingly to Marshal Soult, regarding Wellington's military talents, when Soult interposed, and said,

"Oh, no, my Emperor; you do not know him. *I* have fought with him on the Peninsula."

Now, we come to the personal opinion of the Duke of Wellington in regard to Bonaparte.

Among the many interesting features of the "Correspondence and Diaries of John Wilson Croker," just published in New York, are Croker's notes of Conver-

sations with the Duke of Wellington," taken down as they occurred.

The following extracts relate mainly to Napoleon and Waterloo, and for that reason, we reproduce them here, believing that they will be found both valuable and interesting.

Speaking of Bonaparte, the Duke said: —

"I never was a believer in him, and I always thought that in the long run, we should overturn him. He never seemed at his ease, and, even in the boldest things he did, there was always a mixture of apprehension and meanness. I used to call him Jonathan Wild, the Great, and at each new *coup* he made, I used to cry out, 'Well done, Jonathan,' to the great scandal of some of my hearers."

"But the truth was, he had no more care about what was right or wrong, just or unjust, honorable or dishonorable than Jonathan, though his great abilities, and the great stakes he played for, threw the knavery into the shade."

"Posterity will hardly believe the success and extent of that system of darkness which Bonaparte spread over France, but it is so complete that even I, who had been for so many years in contact with his armies, and was now for months on his frontier, was glad to glean from any precarious and humble sources, some knowledge of the real state of the interior."

"The best of all the publications (about Bonaparte), is that of Baron Fain. All the dictations to Montholon, Gourgaud, and Las Casas, are of little real

authority. They are what Bonaparte, after consideration, thought it expedient to represent things to have been, and not what they were. Any accurate reader will find them to be made-up stories, full of contradictions, but we who know the affairs of our time, know that they are full of falsehoods."

NAPOLEON'S WATCH.

"Bonaparte's mind was, in its details, low and ungentlemanlike. I suppose the narrowness of his early prospects and habits stuck to him; what we understand by gentlemanlike feelings, he knew nothing at all about; I'll give you a curious instance."

"I have a beautiful little watch, made by Breguet, at Paris, with a map of Spain most admirably enameled on the case. Sir Edward Paget bought it at Paris, and gave it to me. What do you think the history of this watch was — at least the history that Breguet told Paget, and Paget told me?"

"Bonaparte had ordered it as a present to his brother, the King of Spain, but when he heard of the battle of Vittoria — he was then at Dresden, in the midst of all the preparations and negotiations of the armistice, and we would think sufficiently busy with other battles — when he heard of the battle of Vittoria, I say, he remembered the watch he had ordered for one whom he saw would be king of Spain, and with whom he was angry for the loss of the battle, and he wrote from Dresden to countermand the watch, and if it should be ready, to forbid its being sent.

The best apology that one can make for this strange littleness is, that he was offended with Joseph; but, even in that case, a gentleman would not have taken the moment, when the poor devil had lost his *châteaux en Espagne* to take away his watch also.

"All those codicils to his will, in which he bequeathed millions to the right and left, and, among others, left a legacy to the fellow who was accused of attempting to assassinate me; the property he really had he had already made his disposition of for the payment of all those other high-sounding legacies, there was not the shadow of a fund. He might as well have drawn bills for ten millions on that pump at Aldgate. (We had on our way driven past it.) While he was writing all these magnificent donations he knew that they were all in the air, all a falsehood. For my part, I can see no magnanimity in a lie, and I confess, that I think one who could play such tricks but a shabby fellow."

BITS OF WATERLOO.

We talked of Lamartine's description of Bonaparte's weakness, and even cowardice, toward the close of Waterloo. He said: —

"Of course I could see nothing about it, but I can hardly believe it. I think that, even with ordinary men a great interest would overcome personal fear."

Croker. Perhaps it is as true as your having had eight horses knocked down, or killed under you. Copenhagen must have been a very old horse, when

I saw him last at Strathfieldsaye, if you rode him at Copenhagen.

Duke. Oh, no. He was not named from my having ridden him at Copenhagen; his dam was a blooded mare which Tom Grosvenor had in the expedition to Copenhagen, and he called her foal by that name, so that he must have been foaled after 1806. Grosvenor sold him to Charles Stewart, now Londonderry, of whom, when he left the peninsula, I bought him, and mounted no other horse at Waterloo.

WELLINGTON ON THE ART OF WAR.

In coming to see me (as he had done the day but one before September 2nd) he (the Duke) had chosen to walk from the station to our house, and without even a guide. He said he had found it a rough walk, and the ground intersected in a way he had not expected, so I said to him: —

"It seems you forgot to guess what was at the other side of the hill."

This was in allusion to a circumstance which had occurred between him and me, some thirty years before. When traveling on the North road we amused ourselves by guessing what sort of a country we should find on the other side of the hills we drove up, and when I expressed surprise at some extraordinary good guesses he had made, he said: —

"Why, I have spent all my life in trying to guess what was at the other side of the hill."

I had reminded him of this, just as we were driv-

ing across the ravine that had impeded him, and he turned around to Mrs. Croker to explain it to her, adding: —

"All the business of war, and, indeed, all the business of life, is to endeavor to find out what you don't know by what you do; that's what I call 'guessing what was at the other side of the hill!'"

He said the perfection of practical war was, to move troops as steadily and coolly, on a field of battle, as on a parade. "Soult's fault was that, though a great strategist, he never seemed to know how to handle the troops after the battle had begun."

I then told him what Guizot told me of Lannes having said that "the greatest general was he whom the cannonade only served to make him hear all the better, and the smoke to make him see so much the more clearly." ("*Le plus grand General etait celui qui la cannonade faisait mieux entendre, et que la fumée faisait voir plus clair*)."

Duke. "Humph!" (A pause.) "That's only a cleverer phrase for what I have been just saying — *sang froid* — presence of mind! but that is not enough! The mind, besides being cool, must have the art of knowing what is to be done, and how to do it."

In this connection it may not be amiss to say that it was Wellington's opinion that "Massèna was the only one of Napoleon's Marshals who had any pretensions to a comparison with him, and that Bonaparte himself was, with his prestige, worth 40,000 men."

"UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM."

"I certainly did not draw my sword. I may have ordered, and I dare say, I did order, the charge of the cavalry, and pointed out its direction; but I did not charge as a common trooper.

"I have at all times been in the habit of covering, as much as possible, the troops exposed to the fire of the cannon. I place them behind the top of rising ground, and make them sit and lie down, the better to cover them from the fire.

"After the fire of the enemy's cannon the enemy's troops may have advanced, or a favorable opportunity of attacking might have arrived. What I must have said, and possibly did say, was: 'Stand up, guards,' and then gave the commanding officers the order to attack. My common practice in defensive position was to attack the enemy at the very moment at which he was about to attack our troops."

NOW, "LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND THEN ON THIS.

Says a recent issue of the *Commercial-Gazette*, of Cincinnati: —

"About six years ago, the late Mr. Adelbert J. Doisy de Villargeunes, of Cincinnati's suburb, College Hill, wrote some recollections of his long and eventful life, and they have just been published in a neat book, edited by Miss Louise J. Doisy, daughter of the autobiographer. It seems strange that a Cincinnatian, who passed away recently, should have fought against

Wellington in Spain, and have been personally acquainted in manhood with Sir Walter Scott, before the great novelist was known to the world.

"Lieut. Doisy says truly, 'that the mass of soldiers in a great battle see but a small part of the evolutions, and often do not understand the bearing of their own movements executed by order.' 'Speaking for myself,' he remarks, 'I declare that after an engagement worth the appellation of a battle, I have invariably learned the particulars of it two or three days later from the bulletins of headquarters.'

Lieut. Doisy, speaking of having been the guest of Sir Walter Scott, on two or three occasions, at Melrose Abbey, says: —

"The general tenor of the conversation is fixed immutably in my remembrance. Our leading topic was not general politics, but minute details connected with the French army, and, above all, traits and anecdotes respecting Napoleon, seemed to have an absorbing interest for our host, who, we remarked, incessantly contrived to lead back the conversation to the subject, if it happened to have diverged from it. As may be imagined, we took care to say nothing unfavorable to the character and honor of our beloved Emperor. Little did we suspect that our host was then preparing a work, published ten years later, under the title of 'A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.'"

"In this unfair production, which is a stain on the name of its otherwise illustrious author, Sir Walter Scott, relates anecdotes and circumstances connected

with the Emperor, many of which were communicated to him by us, *but taking care to accompany each recital* with sarcastic innuendoes and self-invented motives of action, derogatory to the honor of Napoleon."

Lieutenant Doisy preserved throughout life a warm affection for Napoleon Bonaparte. "It often happened," he writes, "that sudden acclamations of '*Vive l'Empereur*' stirred the humors of our bivouac fires. This often occurred from the enthusiasm of the soldiers at the recital of some trait in the life of their idolized chief. The *strict sense of justice*, the *generosity of Napoleon* toward those who had served well, or toward the families of those who had fallen; *his severe surveillance over the conduct of contractors* for the supply of the troops, *the commanding influence* which he unaffectedly exerted *over his most distinguished generals;* all these aroused the enthusiasm of our soldiers at the *mere recital* of some *agreeable trait* in the acts of *their idol.*"

I do not know that I can conclude this imperfect sketch of Waterloo, in any better manner than by letting Wellington assume the character of *Brutus*, and Napoleon that of *Cassius*, in their famous quarrel in the play of "Julius Cæsar:" —

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me; I'll not endure it. You forget yourself to hedge me in; I am a soldier, I; older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.

Brutus. Go to; You're not, Cassius.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say, you are a better soldier. Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, and it shall please me well; for mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way. You wrong me, Brutus; I said an *elder* soldier, not a *better*. Did I say, *better?*

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANTWERP TO LONDON.

The next morning, August 13th, we took the train for Antwerp, which is only distant about an hour an a half by rail from Brussels, where we spent the day in "doing" the picture galleries, etc., and went on board the steamer Avilon at five p. m., for our voyage across the North Sea on our return to England, and then we had seen the last of the continent of Europe, most of us, no doubt, forever.

There is not much to be seen in the city of Antwerp to amuse and instruct the tourist in comparison with many other of the cities of the Continent, which we had visited; but, nevertheless, there are several things to be seen here worth noting, which I shall

proceed to do, in order that I may not omit some mention, at least, of any place which we have visited, and as Rubens, the prince of Flemish painters, lived here, and his masterpiece, the "Descent from the Cross," is to be seen here in a rather fine old cathedral, we will give the city a passing notice at any rate.

The city of Antwerp has about 180,000 inhabitants, and was founded as early as the seventh century. It is the principal seaport of Belgium, and has an extensive traffic with Great Britain and Germany. It is situated on the river Scheldt, about sixty miles from the North Sea, which is here about twelve miles wide, and at high tide is thirty feet deep, thus allowing ships of the largest tonnage to come up to the magnificent docks of the city, which, though, of course, much less in extent than those of Liverpool, will compare favorably with them.

Its highest period of prosperity was in the sixteenth century, when it is said that the city contained 125,000 inhabitants, and when thousands of vessels lay in the Scheldt at one time, and a hundred or more would arrive and depart daily.

About the close of the fifteenth century, under the celebrated Emperor, Charles V., Antwerp was, perhaps the most prosperous and wealthy city on the Continent, surpassing even Venice itself, "the Queen of the Adriatic."

Great fairs were held here which attracted merchants from all parts of the civilized world. At this time

more than a thousand commercial firms had established themselves in this ancient Flemish city.

However, the Spanish Inquisition in the sixteenth century, and the cruelties of the infamous Duke of Alva had a woful effect on the city of Antwerp, which, during the wars of the Low Countries, drove many thousands of her best citizens to seek refuge in England, where they established silk factories, and proved an invaluable addition to English commerce.

In 1576 the city was pillaged by the cruel and licentious Spanish soldiery and lost 7,000 of its inhabitants by fire and sword.

It afterwards suffered severely during a siege of fourteen months, followed by its capture by Duke Alexander of Parma in 1585, when the population was reduced to 85,000, and in 1589 the population had dwindled away to 55,000.

In August, 1794, the French obtained possession of Antwerp, re-opened the navigation of the Scheldt, and dismantled the forts erected by the Dutch at the mouth of the river, which they had erected to further injure the Flemish by preventing their vessels from navigating the Scheldt.

Napoleon caused a harbor and new quays to be constructed between the years 1804–13, at a cost of $3,000,000 in consequence of a decree which constituted Antwerp the principal naval station of the northwest coast of France.

This, however, was not the only reason for this step. His mighty genius had conceived the vast and hazard-

ous design of invading England, and as Boulogne had not harbor room sufficient to hold the fleet which would be necessary for that gigantic project, he cast about him for another convenient harbor, and finding Antwerp both convenient to England, and suited by its natural advantages for a base of operations, he chose this city for that purpose.

After the bombardment of the citadel in 1830, and after the memorable siege of 1832, the unfortunate city presented a scene of frightful desolation, and it was many years before she began to recover from these calamities.

In 1832 the city was occupied by the Dutch General Chassé, at the head of 5,000 men, and was besieged by a French army of 55,000 men, commanded by Marshal Gerard, who endeavored to compel the Dutch to evacuate Belgium entirely, in accordance with the Treaty of London of November 15, 1831.

The siege was directed by Gen. Haxo, who was the same artillery officer who was sent out by Napoleon, on the fatal morning of Waterloo, to reconnoitre the enemy's front, but who, by some fatality, was unable to discover the enemy's masked battery of sixty guns directly in their center, and which blunder had so much to do with the issue of that celebrated battle.

Chassé held out for nearly a month, and only capitulated when the fort was almost reduced to a heap of ruins.

Antwerp is the principal arsenal of the kingdom of Belgium, and one of the strongest fortresses in Europe.

Since 1859 a number of advanced works have been constructed on modern principles, and the city and river are defended by broad and massive ramparts upwards of twelve miles in length, and at about this distance from the city are two strong fortresses, one on either bank of the river, which effectually command the passage. It is calculated that it would require an army of 170,000 men to besiege it effectually, and part of the environs can be laid under water, which has, from time immemorial, been one of the methods adopted in the Low Countries of driving out an invading army, by cutting the dikes and flooding the country.

It is said that the Antwerp school of painting held a subordinate rank during the earlier period of Flemish art, and was greatly surpassed by those of Bruges and Ghent. But as these cities gradually lost their artistic, as well as their commercial importance, the prosperity of Antwerp increased rapidly, and when she at length attained the enviable distinction of being one of the wealthiest cities in the world, she also, in the opinion of competent critics, became a cradle of art second, perhaps, to none but Florence.

During this Golden Age of Antwerp, flourished Rubens *facile princeps*, then Van Dyck, Teniers, Quentin, Matsys, Jordaens, De Craeyer, Sighers, Snyders, and numerous other artists of less note and distinction.

Antwerp, having a population almost exclusively Flemish, resembles a Dutch or German city in many characteristics, affording as complete a contrast to

Brussels, the capital, only fifty or sixty miles away, the latter being French to the core, apparently, as can well be imagined.

The numerous masterpieces of painting which it possesses afford, it is said, one of the best evidences of its mediæval prosperity.

The fascinating influence of Rubens, of which we had already seen many beautiful specimens in the Louvre at Paris, can not be properly appreciated without a visit to Antwerp, where his finest works are preserved.

Rubens, the first of Flemish painters, who was ennobled by Philip IV. of Spain, and knighted by Charles I. of England, lived at Antwerp in a style of great magnificence, and possessed an extensive, and very valuable collection of works of art. A portion of this collection, sold after his death, is said to have realized $100,000.

Van Dyck, who, perhaps, ranks next to Rubens, was born in 1599, and was a pupil of Rubens, about 1615. In 1623, he studied in Italy, and finally reached great eminence as a portrait painter, but his famous career was cut short by an untimely death at the age of forty-two. He also was knighted by Charles I.

David Teniers, "the younger," so-called, because more famous than his father, also a painter, ranks probably as third in this glorious galaxy of artists, and was appointed court painter, by the Arch-Duke Leopold William, Stadtholder of the Netherlands, and he also enjoyed a high reputation in other cities of

Europe. After an industrious and highly successful career, he died at the advanced age of eighty-four, outliving Rubens twenty years, and living twice as long as Teniers.

In our own times, Antwerp has made a vigorous effort to retain the artistic pre-eminence which it so proudly maintained during the seventeenth century; and it is said, by those conversant with the subject, that the revival of art which took place towards the end of the first quarter of the present century (which might perhaps be termed, with perfect propriety, the "second Renaissance," so to speak), took its rise in Antwerp.

The most noted of the painters, who showed great zeal in the return to the early Flemish school of art, was Hendrik Leys, who lived from 1815 to 1869, and is known as the founder of the "Archaic school."

It is said, of this artist, that he not only gave the preference to the subjects used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but that he also designed, painted, and grouped in precisely the same style as the painters of that epoch. The resemblance of these pictures to the canvases of the Middle Ages is said to be striking.

The Dutch painter, Alma Tadema, who is now settled in London, where he is reaping both fame and fortune, was a pupil of Leys, and is perhaps the most famous living exponent of the "Archaic style," which is finding many admirers.

The day our party spent at Antwerp was a *fête* day

in honor of Henry Flamande, a Flemish poet of some note, and the principal streets were thronged with thousands of people, the buildings were gaily decorated, and there was quite a fine and lengthy procession, with numerous bands of music, which passed directly by the hotel at which our party were stopping. Of course, we directed our steps at once to the cathedral, near which is a public square, called the *Place Verte*, which is adorned by a statue of Rubens in bronze. It was erected in 1840, the figure being thirteen feet in height, and the pedestal about twenty feet. The statue has, at its feet, scrolls and books, also the brush, palette and hat, which are said to be allusions to the various pursuits of the artist, as a diplomatist and statesman, as well as a painter.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, is the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in the Low Countries, and is like most others we had seen in Europe, in the favorite form of the Latin cross, with triple aisles, and dates back to 1352. The nave of the church is about 400 feet in length, its width (except at the transept), is about 175 feet, and at the transept about 225 feet, and the height about 130 feet. The vaulting is supported by 125 pillars, which makes the interior view quite imposing. Its area is about 70,000 square feet, while that of Cologne Cathedral is 87,000 square feet, St. Paul's in London, 109,000, and that of St. Peter's at Rome, 212,000 square feet. The view from the tower, which is 402 feet high, is said to be very fine; but as we were pressed for time, I believe that none

of our party made the ascent. It is said that 514 steps lead to the first gallery, and 108 more to the second and highest.

The spire at the top of the tower dates from 1592. The chimes found in this tower are among the finest in Belgium, consisting of ninety bells, the smallest of which is said to be only fifteen inches in circumference, while the largest, which was cast in 1507, weighs eight tons.

The south tower has only reached 113 feet of its projected height. They say that Charles V., before whom Luther underwent his terrific ordeal at Worms, used to say that this elegant specimen of Gothic architecture ought to be preserved in a case, and Napoleon is said to have compared it to a piece of Mechlin lace.

Of course, as soon as you enter the south transept, which is nearest the Place Verte, or public square, above referred to, you hasten to feast your eyes upon Rubens' masterpiece, the "Descent from the Cross," which depicts so graphically, and yet so piteously, the features of the dead Savior of mankind, and which, if I may be pardoned for using a kind of Hibernianism on the subject, "depicts death to the very life," so to speak. This picture, like many you see in Europe has wings or companion pictures, which fold over the central picture, and thus serve as a covering for it. On the inside of the wings, are the Salutation and the Presentation in the Temple, and on the outside St. Christopher carrying the infant Savior, and a Hermit. The Virgin Mary in a blue robe, and the figure with a

basket in the wings, are portraits of the master's first wife and daughter respectively, and by some it is understood that Rubens himself is one of the principal figures in this remarkable picture.

A competent and judicious critic says of this masterpiece that "the arrangement of the whole is most masterly and judicious, the figures not too ponderous and the coloring rich and harmonious, while a degree of sentiment is not wanting, so that this picture is well calculated to exhibit Rubens' wonderful genius in the most favorable light."

"The Elevation of the Cross," which is regarded by the critics as inferior is, nevertheless, a magnificent work. The scene represented is much fuller of life and animation than the other, but in its general effect and execution falls short of the "Descent from the Cross."

There is another picture by Rubens, called the Assumption, which ranks next to those two famous ones, but is far behind them, either in design or execution. The Virgin, singularly enough, represented by Rubens' wife in this case, is depicted among the clouds, surrounded by an angelic choir, below whom figure the twelve Apostles and others.

Some humorous critic, but whom I know not, has an amusing, though, perhaps, a trifle irreverent criticism, of this picture, which I will give below, and here end my account of the Cathedral, which contains many other pictures of note, but which I have neither time nor space to speak of any further.

"Fat Mrs. Rubens," says the rather good-natured critic, "is planted as firmly and comfortably among the clouds, as if in an easy chair, gazing with phlegmatic composure on the wondrous scene, which she witnesses in her aerial flight, and betraying not the faintest symptom of ecstacy or emotion. Ought she not to be ashamed to sit there in her flimsy attire, and represent a goddess — and a Virgin too?"

You must not fail to see, near the door of the tower the old well, protected by a wonderful canopy of iron hammered out by the famous hand of Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith-painter of Antwerp. There is a little romance connected with Quentin Matsys, which says that to win the daughter of an Antwerp artist he renounced his skillful hammer, and took up the brush and palette, whereby he became famous, as well as won the choice of his heart.

The next and chief remaining place of interest, in Antwerp, is the Museum, which is an exclusive picture gallery established in the church of the old Franciscan monastery, the rooms of which are now occupied by the "Academy of the Fine Arts," and which is open all the year round, admission free. Just before you enter the garden, in which the old monastery, now the museum, is situated, is a fine bronze statue of Van Dyck. There are said to be about 650 pictures here, collected from the suppressed monasteries, and churches of Antwerp, which are well classified and arranged in accordance with the different schools of Flemish art. Rubens has twenty-two pictures in one collection.

Soon after you pass into the entrance hall, you notice several busts of former members of the Academy. The most striking piece of statuary to be seen here is a colossal marble bust of Rubens erected in 1877, on a lofty bronze base, on the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great artist. A remarkable scene bursts upon the eye as soon as you have entered the entrance hall, when you behold the magnificent frescoes by the artist Keyser, who took his subjects from the history of the city of Antwerp, but of which you obtain the best view from the top of the staircase, which conducts the spectator to the grand salon, where are to be found the masterpieces of Flemish art.

The principal painting over the entrance, and the large scenes on the right and left wall, contain the whole of the Antwerp artists, fifty-two in the first fresco, and forty-two in each of the last two, making the total number of Flemish artists, 136, which will give some idea of the vast extent and variety of Flemish art, from the number of artists engaged in painting the pictures of that school.

I shall not say much in regard to this famous collection, as this sketch of Antwerp has gone far beyond the limits I at first intended, and has required the consultation of numerous authorities, but I shall speak of one picture, the Crucifixion, by Rubens, but which is considered by many his masterpiece, instead of the "Descent from the Cross," and, therefore, I mention this famous picture more at length. This picture is said to be remarkable for dramatic effect, and is not want-

ing in sentiment. Longinus, the Roman officer, is seen mounted on a grey horse, piercing the side of the Savior with a lance. The penitent thief is seen, invoking the Savior, for the last time, who says to him, "this night shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Around the foot of the Cross are grouped various figures, all painted with remarkable power and fidelity, and it is no great wonder that many should compare this great picture favorably with the "Descent from the Cross."

This finished up our visit to Antwerp, with the exception of the visit to the panorama of Waterloo, which fixed more indelibly in our minds the salient features of the bloody scene, whose historic ground we had trodden only the day before. We saw Bonaparte sitting calmly on his white horse, surveying the scene of carnage through his field-glass, near him, the perfidious Lacoste, who caused the disaster of the sunken road; the gallant Ney, bareheaded, and waving his sword proudly aloft while leading the charge which met such a terrible mishap in the hollow way; Wellington, sitting on his horse, cool and imperturbable, amongst the solid squares of his devoted English Guards, Hougomont and La Haye afire in the distance, the ground strewn with the dead, among them many Scotch Highlanders in their picturesque uniforms, the redness of their scarlet plaids seeming to vie with the bloody scenes around them; the French cavalry, attempting to pierce the solid squares of the Allies, or riding around them in hot defiance; all this presented a spectacle

never to be forgotten. I was so much wrapped up in my surroundings, that I was the last one of our party to leave the place.

About 4 p. m. we left the hotel for the steamer, which was to take us back to England. We found our vessel small and uncomfortable, but the sea was as smooth as a mill pond, and we had none of the trouble which the party, who crossed from London direct, met with, they having given us, at Interlaken, graphic descriptions of what they suffered in the passage of the North Sea, which is said to be noted for its roughness. They predicted dreadful things for us the Sunday we parted with them at Interlaken; but, luckily, all their dreadful predictions came to naught. I arose early the next morning, and had the pleasure of seeing the sun rise out of the North Sea, a sight which was most beautiful, and which I shall not soon forget.

We landed at Harwich about seven o'clock a. m., and right glad was I to get back to old England, where I could hear on every hand the vernacular of my native land, instead of the barbarous and unknown jargon, to which we had been subjected for the past few weeks. After a short delay, taken up in inspecting our baggage, we found ourselves on the way up to London, where we arrived about noon, and I soon found myself once more comfortably installed at the Midland Grand Hotel, where I expected to stay for the next few days, before starting down to Scotland.

During these latter days I saw a great many things, which I had neither time nor opportunity to see on my

first visit to the great metropolis a few weeks earlier, among which were trips to Hampton Court and Windsor Castle, visits to the British Museum, and also the smaller one in Kensington, which is, I think, much more interesting to the ordinary observer than the British Museum, the Museum of Sir John Soane, which, though small, is well worthy of a visit; the Albert Memorial, the National Fisheries Exposition, which was then in full blast, rides on the underground railways, trips on the fussy little steamboats, on the Thames, with a last visit to Westminster Abbey and the old Tower. All these things, and more, kept me busily engaged during my stay there, of which I shall now speak more in detail.

The British Museum was the first place I visited after I had gotten fairly installed, for the second time, at the Midland Grand Hotel, and certainly there is enough there to interest the antiquarian and the scientist for weeks and months; but, as I said above, aside from the collection of famous autographs, and historical and literary curiosities, which is to be found there, one must have a spice of the antiquarian and scientist combined, and perhaps a little more, to begin to do justice to that vast and costly collection of antique and mediæval curiosities.

The buildings which contain this vast collection cover over seven acres of ground, and cost more than $5,000,000, and their contents are, of course, simply invaluable, and totally incalculable from any financial standpoint. You may obtain some idea of the varied

contents of this, the most famous *thesaurus*, or treasure house, of this kind in the world, from the fact that it embraces eleven different departments: mineralogy, palæontology, zoology, prints and drawings, botany, coins and medals, British mediæval antiquities, Greek and Roman antiquities, Oriental antiquities, and printed books and manuscripts.

The library contains the enormous number of 1,300,000 volumes, acquired partly by copyright, partly by purchase, and partly by donation or bequest, and is being increased at the rate of 20,000 volumes a year, as there is a law in force in England dating from 1814, which requires that a copy of every book which is printed in the United Kingdom shall be deposited in the British Museum. In this library are said to be 1,700 different editions of the Bible, and an edition of the Koran, or Bible of Mahomet, written in gold, and said to be about nine centuries old. They have a very fine and large reading-room, which has ample accommodations for several hundred readers, which, however ordinarily can only be made use of by some person eighteen years of age, upon the recommendation of some person of standing or note in the city of London. However, I stepped up to the door-keeper and informed him that I was an American, and would like to see the reading-room, whereupon he politely opened the door and told me to pass in, which I did, and looked around for some little time. No noise of any kind is allowed within these sacred recesses, and it seemed, indeed, well calculated as a retreat for the philosopher and the

student, although I noticed people apparently of all ages and all classes making use of the advantages afforded by this noble collection.

In the rooms which contain the Grenville and the King's libraries, fourteen table cases are arranged for the exhibition of some of the most interesting objects in the library. First you are attracted by the "Block Books," or books printed on wooden blocks, which immediately preceded the invention of printing with movable metal types, and which, in all probability, led to the latter invention. They have there the first printed book — the great Bible, printed at Mentz, by Gutenberg and Faust, and believed to have been finished in the year 1455, though perhaps begun at an earlier date. There are also to be seen productions of the printing press in Italy, France, the Low Countries, and England, many of these having cuts beautifully illuminated and colored by hand. The wood-cuts in many of these books are exceedingly beautiful. These cases give you some idea of the history of the "art preservative of arts," from its swaddling infancy to the full and glorious fruition of the nineteenth century, and enable you more and more to appreciate this invention, which has in truth revolutionized the world.

The first case of autographs in the Grenville Library contains letters sealed with the sign manual of four men of remarkable prominence in the religious world, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon and Erasmus, of which Luther's is the most remarkable, as it touches upon various texts quoted in favor of purgatory, and as as-

serting that a disbelief in this favorite doctrine of the Catholic Church is no proof of heresy. The second frame contains, among others, letters with the signature of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was burned at the stake by bloody Mary, Cardinal Wolsey, John Knox, Sir Philip Sidney, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and others of less note. The next one contains the autograph of the infamous Lord Bacon, "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," of Prince Rupert, the fiery chieftain of the Cavaliers, and nephew of King Charles I., "the blessed martyr;" William Penn, Sir Christopher Wren, the grand old Freemason and architect of St. Paul's Cathedral; Sir Isaac Newton, and the celebrated General John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

The next case contains autographs of the painters, Michael Angelo, Albert Durer, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck.

Next we see the autograph of Corneille, the great French dramatist, who was the grandfather of the heroic martyr, Charlotte Corday, who stabbed the infamous and brutal Marat in his bath, that the Revolution might cease to deluge France in torrents of human blood, Boileau, Voltaire, Jonathan Swift, the author of Gulliver's Travels; Addison, the famous essayist and author of the *Spectator;* Dryden, the poet, and Hogarth the artist.

Among modern autographs, are those of William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Edmund Burke, our own Washington and Dr. Franklin, Lord Byron, the

Duke of Wellington, who caused Napoleon to "pale his ineffectual fires" forever at Waterloo, and Lord Nelson, the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar, who did not forget to write to Lady Hamilton on the eve of that glorious victory, which forever dispelled Bonaparte's hopes of the invasion of England, but which letter the gallant Nelson was destined never to finish.

Near this unfinished letter of Lord Nelson is a small box made from a splinter of the Victory, Nelson's flag ship, which was knocked off by a shot in the battle of Trafalgar, and containing a portion of Nelson's hair.

Among the autographs of English and foreign sovereigns, are those of Katherine of Aragon, and Anne Boleyn, the innocent victims of the cruel Henry VIII.; Lady Jane Grey, the rival of Bloody Mary by whom she and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, were beheaded; of Queen Elizabeth; two letters of Mary Queen of Scots, one of them praying for mercy on the part of Queen Elizabeth during the weary nineteen years of Queen Mary's imprisonment, ending with her death on the scaffold at Fotheringay Castle; of James I., Charles I., and his cruel Judge, Oliver Cromwell, and of Charles II., "the merry monarch"

There are many other autographs of great historic interest, but these must suffice, with the exception of two letters written by Napoleon the Great, one, when he was only an humble officer of artillery, the other in 1805, when he was at the height of his glory, as the Emperor of the French, and almost the conqueror of the world.

Among the miscellaneous curiosities, I beheld with the greatest interest, the photograph of the original mortgage deed by which "William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon, Gentleman," leased to Henry Walker, citizen of London, a dwelling house, of the date of March 11, 1613, three years before the poet's death.

Here, also, is a portion of the manuscript of Grey's Church-yard Elegy, and the original agreement for the sale of Milton's Paradise Lost, to Samuel Lymans, printer, which was $25 down, and $25 when 1,300 copies of the first edition should have been sold, and so on for successive editions. The first edition was not exhausted for seven years, and in 1690, Milton's widow sold all her interest in this grand poem for $40.

Talent, certainly, in those days, did not meet with such sudden recognition as it seems to in modern times, and well it is for the guild of modern authors that such is not now the case, for certainly, as a precedent, the financial success of Milton even with all his splendid and mighty genius, is not calculated to enthuse the literary tyro of the nineteenth century.

Among other interesting souvenirs here, are a pen sketch of the battle of the Nile, drawn by Lord Nelson with his left hand, his only one; a list, in the handwriting of Lord Wellington, of the cavalry under his command just before Waterloo; the very prayer-book used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold; the original will,

in French, of Mary Queen of Scots; a memorandum-book of James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, and Lucy Walters, who was beheaded by his uncle, King James II., on account of the Monmouth Rebellion; a volume written by Frederick the Great of Prussia, among its contents a paper entitled "Reflections on the Military Talents of Charles XII., King of Sweden;" a volume of the original draft of Pope's translations of the Iliad and Odyssey; an autobiography of Robert Burns; manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's novel of Kenilworth, and the autograph draft of the last chapter of Lord Macaulay's incomparable and eloquent history of England.

These are only a few of the many hundreds of noted autographs and curiosities to be seen in this department.

The exhibition of prints and drawings occupy fifty-four screens, twenty of which are political cartoons in the Kings' Library and are well worth seeing, but like many of the jokes in *Punch*, the political cartoons are hardly fully understood and appreciated by an American, with his usual limited knowledge of English politics.

The cartoons were drawn by John Doyle, a noted English caricaturist, who was, to that country, what Thomas Nast is to America to-day, and number in all about 600 sketches, many of which are very laughable and amusing, but others, as I said above, are entirely thrown away on the average American, for reasons which I have suggested.

You, however, only see about 300 of these cartoons, as they are drawn on both sides. The remaining thirty screens contain various maps, plans, and views of the city of London.

The Egyptian Gallery, with its wealth of antiquities from that ancient and historic land; the Assyrian Galleries with their precious curiosities, brought from ancient Nineveh, the Roman and Grecian Galleries where ancient sculptures reign supreme, the names of the artists being hidden in remote antiquity; the Elgin marbles, taken from the Parthenon at Athens; the Vase rooms, the Bronze room, in short, the thousand and one attractions of this wondrous collection are absolutely beyond my pen, and so I leave them untouched, and the reader, if any I have, must content himself with only the faint suggestion of their glories, as I propose to stop this brief and defective sketch here, for the subject is undoubtedly too deep for me to pursue it any farther.

A pleasant trip to Hampton Court, on the river Thames, twenty miles above London, comes next in order, and afforded an agreeable contrast to the dry-as-dust galleries of the British Museum filled with their thousandfold relics of antiquity.

I had at first thought of going by boat on the Thames, but a gentleman, with whom I met, advised me not to risk the uncertainties of the river, and when I arrived there by rail, and saw how small the river was at that point, I was very glad, indeed, that I had taken his kindly advice, for it presented a most wonderful con-

trast to the stream which you see at London, which is constantly crowded with all manner of craft.

This magnificent old palace, which was built by Cardinal Wolsey and presented by him, though it is said very much against his will, to King Henry VIII., is a most delightful resort, only twenty miles from London, and is visited by hundreds of thousands of people every year. One day last August, 1883, which is known as "Bank Holiday," I saw it stated in the London papers that it was estimated that 50,000 people visited Hampton Court that day.

There is no admission charged, and the beautiful palace and grounds are open to the public all the year round.

It is not now used as a royal residence, but is occupied by decrepit pensioners of the British Government, who here find in their old age a beautiful retreat provided for them by the generosity of the English Government.

The palace, which covers about eight acres of ground, became King Henry's in 1526, and you see all over the magnificent pile of buildings the royal monogram of this uxorious and cruel old king.

This palace was the favorite residence of King William the III. (the Prince of Orange), and he had its beautiful lawns and flower gardens laid out in the Dutch fashion, which they retain to this day, and near here, it was that he was killed by a fall from his horse.

Many of the sovereigns of England have lived here,

among whom may be mentioned Charles II., James II., and George II., Charles II., spending his time here with his court during the awful plague of 1666, when one hundred thousand people died in the city of London, although that most veracious chronicler, Daniel Defoe, who wrote the immortal "Robinson Crusoe," says that during that awful time the court gaily disported themselves at Oxford. Oliver Cromwell had one daughter to die here, and one to marry here, and here it was that Henry VIII., listened for the boom of the cannon which was to announce the death of Queen Anne Boleyn, and here it was that he took to wife Catherine Parr, making his sixth marriage.

Here King Edward VI., was born, and here it was he lived during a portion of his reign, and here Bloody Mary spent her honeymoon, for even she, wicked as she was, tasted of the sweets of married life. So Hampton Court is indissolubly blended with the history of England's kings.

After passing through a fine old gateway, and crossing a court-yard, you enter the picture galleries, which are, of course, the crowning glory of Hampton Court, by way of the King's Grand Staircase, as it is called, and the scene is truly dazzling.

These grand frescoes were painted in the French style by Verrio, a painter, who was brought from France by Charles II., the "merry monarch," and the famous Horace Walpole says of the whole effect that "it is painted so ill that it seems as if Verrio had spoiled it on

principle;" but to me, who was however no *connoisseur* of such things, it seemed to be one of the most attractive pieces of frescoing I had yet anywhere witnessed.

It represents a fine conglomeration of gods, goddesses, kings, emperors, and triumvirs, among them Apollo and the Nine Muses giving a concert, Jupiter and Juno, Pluto, Proserpine, Diana, Romulus, Hercules, Æneas *et id genus omne.*

Next, we are conducted to the guard chamber, which contains arms enough for a regiment of one thousand men, arranged in all manner of curious and beautiful designs, reminding you very much of the armory of the Tower of London, although, of course, on a much smaller scale.

In fact, the arrangement of both armories was designed by a Mr. Harris, a common gunsmith of the city of London, who, for his ingenuity, received a small pension.

The palace is built in the form of a hollow square, and you pass from room to room all around the four sides, and you obtain magnificent views of the grounds every once in a while as you pass from room to room.

I omitted to state that the grand staircase was by Sir Christopher Wren, of whom we have made mention several times before, and the inimitable wood carving of the various rooms by the incomparable Grinling Gibbons, who has never been equaled by any artist in that line in the world.

There are more than one thousand pictures to be seen here, and, of course, I can only mention a few of the most noted, but there are two collections of especial interest, one which is called the Hampton Court Beauties and the other the Beauties of the Court of Charles II., formerly known as the "Windsor Beauties," because they formerly hung in the Queen's bedchamber at Windsor Castle, whence they were removed to Hampton Court early in the present century.

The famous Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the former collection, and Sir Peter Lely, the latter.

The "Court Beauties" are to be seen in the grand presence chamber of William III., and the "Windsor Beauties" in the state bed room of William III.

Among the Hampton Court beauties, who are painted in all their thrilling sensuousness as though about to step right down out of the canvas, are to be seen the Countess of Essex, the Countess of Peterborough, the Countess of Ranelagh, the Duchess of Grafton, and Margaret Lemon, the beautiful, though far from being the only, mistress of the famous artist Vandyck who was almost as noted for his licentiousness as he was for his skill as a painter.

Among the Windsor Beauties, painted with all the skill of Sir Peter Lely, and all the sensuality of the times of Charles II., almost amounting to grossness, the most noted are the Princess Mary as Diana; Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, and who became the Queen of England after the death of William III., who survived his wife, Queen Mary, who was the sister of Anne

Hyde, the Duchess of Richmond, whom it is said that Charles II. was anxious to marry, and who was by far the greatest beauty of the court; the Countess of Rochester, the Duchess of Portsmouth, a courtesan of the French court, who was sent over to the court of Charles II. for reasons of state; the noted Duchess of Cleveland, whom she supplanted in the affections of the inconstant Charles, and besides many others of note, the famous Nell Gwynne, who to the last retained such a hold upon the affections of the "merry monarch," that almost his last words were "not to let poor Nelly starve."

I had almost forgotten to mention the portrait of Miss Hamilton, the Countess of Grammont, which is regarded by some as the finest and most interesting of the collection. It is stated that this lady was pursued with great ardor, and was wooed and won by the Chevalier de Grammont, who, however, having sated his passion, would have thrown away his conquest, as a spoiled child does his toys. He took French leave, and started to the Continent, but the injured lady's two big brothers, "hard behind him rode," and caught him in an inn at Dover, and asked him "if he had not forgotten something at London," to which he made answer: "Pardon me, gentlemen," I have forgotten to marry your sister," whereupon, no doubt thinking discretion to be the better part of valor, he returned to London and married the lady.

The Queen's Gallery, which is about 175 feet long, contains exquisite tapestry hangings, depicting notable

events in the life of Alexander the Great, and among other celebrated pictures, a portrait of Raphael, painted by his own hand, and from the windows of this handsome gallery, you obtain a fine view of an artificial river or canal, nearly a mile long, which is lined on both sides with double and treble rows of grand old lime trees, which are perhaps centuries old. In the drawing-room of Queen Anne are hung many pictures by Sir Benjamin West, the Quaker artist from Philadelphia, who was much admired by King George III., and who was to him a most liberal patron, but judges of art say, that Sir Benjamin West is below mediocrity, even as an artist. The two most noted pictures in this room are the death of the Chevalier Bayard, and the death of General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. It is said, that West took his first lessons in painting from a tribe of Cherokee Indians, and yet ascended to the proud height of President of the Royal Academy. Well I am proud of him as an American anyhow, even though he be "damned with faint praise," by the critics.

Apropos of Sir Benjamin West, "Gath," in a recent letter, says that "at the time he lived the classical taste prevailed, and you could not make a picture of a hod-carrier unless you clothed him in a Roman *toga*, so as to have his legs well portrayed, and that it was an American, by the way, who broke up that system of painting, old Benjamin West. When he made the tableau of the "Death of Gen. Wolfe" at Quebec, he put on everybody the clothes he wore at the time.

Some people thought it was a terrible piece of irreverence, but one shrewd old man broke into the presence of the painting, looked at it carefully and finally remarked: "After this, there will be no more Romans," and there never have been any since.

In the private dining room are still to be seen the royal couches of William III. and Queen Mary, and also that of George II., and, with their aged and moth-eaten trappings, impress one all the more with the truth of the old saying, that "death is no respecter of persons," or as the poet Horace more elegantly expresses: —

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede tabernas pauperum regumque turres.

This straggling and necessarily imperfect account of Hampton Court might be extended many pages further; in fact, to do justice to this ancient pile would "tire the talkative Fabius;" but I will only note two or three more items before I close.

There is a remarkable astronomical clock here, which was made for King Henry VIII. in 1540, when he was making love to Catherine Howard, whom he afterwards beheaded, and which has quite a curious history.

It is said that on the night of March 2d, 1619, when Anne of Denmark died, who was the wife of James I., of England, and VI. of Scotland, the clock, which was striking four at the moment of her death, stopped, and that it has done so ever since when any one who has long lived at the palace dies; but, of

course, the intelligent reader will believe as much or as little of this story as he chooses.

Another curiosity is the "maze," which consists of a number of walks, made of hedges, about seven feet high, altogether a half mile in length, although the maze itself covers only a quarter of an acre, which are so curiously laid out that a stranger, once fairly within the meshes, can with difficulty, unless assisted by a guide, find his way out, it being a regular "Cretan Labyrinth," and requiring the thread of Theseus to enable you to extricate your bewildered footsteps.

Last of all I shall mention the famous grape vine of Hampton Court, which is the largest in England, if not in the world. It has a house built especially for it, and was planted in 1768. Its greatest girth is about three feet, larger than many trees, and its longest branch is more than one hundred feet.

The variety is what is known as the Black Hamburg, and bears every year more than 1,000 bunches, which weigh a pound each. Forty years ago it is said that it sometimes bore as many as 25,000 bunches.

The next trip of importance which I took was a visit to Windsor Castle, which is by far the grandest and most extensive residence of English royalty, to which Buckingham Palace, the home of the Queen when in London, and Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, bear only a faint comparison. This glorious old castle is reached by rail from Waterloo or from Paddington Station, in about forty minutes, about the same distance as Hampton Court (twenty

miles), and as the train darts gracefully around a curve and the castle flashes on the sight, the noble old stronghold impresses the beholder with reverence nearly akin to awe.

The Thames, in the neighborhood of Windsor Castle, is very picturesque and winding, and from the latter peculiarity, this proud and ancient castle, which is one of the largest and most magnificent royal residences in the world, derives its name.

The name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon Windleshore, which has been corrupted by usage to the present euphonious Windsor.

The present magnificent pile, which is the second upon the same site, was erected by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who was noted for his love of the fine arts.

This palace was built in the reign of Edward III., but, of course, has grown to its present immense proportions during the reigns of successive monarchs, at an immense expenditure of time and money. King George IV. began the restoration of the Castle, and it reached its present glorious appearance in the reign of Queen Victoria, at an outlay of nearly $5,000,000 of money, which statement may give some idea of its vastness and magnificence.

The castle consists of two courts called the Upper and Lower Courts, which are surrounded by buildings, and between these rises the Round Tower, from the top of which can be seen one of the most exquisite panoramas in the world, and from which it is said

a partial view of eleven English counties can be obtained.

The visitor enters the Lower Court by way of the castle hill by the grand gateway known as the gateway of King Henry VIII. The first thing which attracts the visitor's attention after passing through the elegant gateway is St. George's Chapel, or Chapel of the Knights of the Order of the Garter, on your left, which was begun in 1474, in the late Gothic style, by Edward IV., and completed by Henry VIII. In this chapel lie buried the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, and the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of King George IV., and wife of Leopold I., King of Belgium.

Here, also, is to be seen the famous monument of Edward III., whose warlike son was known in history as the "Black Prince," which, as a type of the chivalrous and warlike temper of King Edward, who died in 1377, a year after his son, the "Black Prince," consists of an iron gate between two battlemented towers, and which is said to have been hammered out by the famous blacksmith-painter of the city of Antwerp, Quentin Matsys.

King Charles I., the victim of Oliver Cromwell, and the bloody Henry VIII., with one of his six wives, Jane Seymour, also lie here entombed.

Here, also, lie the remains of the Prince Imperial of France, who fell in Zululand in June, 1879, while fighting bravely as a volunteer in the British army, having joined the army in order to show his appreciation of

the kindness and civilities which the exiled Napoleon III. and his family had received during their melancholy stay in England. He is represented as reposing in white marble on the sarcophagus with his sword in hand, and on the side of his tomb is an inscription in French, taken from his will, which expresses his kindly feelings towards the English nation, etc.; and as I stood and gazed upon the mausoleum, I could but think of the sad fate of the Napoleonic dynasty, and of the astounding coincidence in the end of all of them — Napoleon I., Napoleon III., and the Prince Imperial all having died exiles from their native land, and in circumstances how sadly altered from their former greatness?

The finest chapel, however, of all is the Albert Chapel, so called in honor of the noble Prince Albert, and which may be numbered as among one of the finest structures of that character in the world.

The Round Tower, or Keep, which was used as a prison down to 1660, rises on the east side of the Lower Court, and stands on an eminence about forty feet high, and there is a deep moat surrounding it on three sides.

From the summit of this tower may be seen, ten miles away, the walls of the noted Eton College, which is one of the most famous of English schools, preparatory to entering the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The other two, I believe, are Rugby and Harrow — Rugby, notably. What school boy has not read "Tom Brown at Rugby," and

"Tom Brown at Oxford," and I had the pleasure of passing through that noted English town while proceeding from London down to Scotland, while on my way back to my native land. This famous school dates back to 1440, and to King Henry VI., and the students, usually numbering some nine hundred, are among the most wealthy and aristocratic of the youth of England.

In the neighborhood of Windsor Castle is to be seen the churchyard where Grey penned his noble elegy, and in which, as it should be, lie entombed his remains. And not far from this locality lie buried the remains of England's foremost orator and rhetorician, Edmund Burke, and of Lord Beaconsfield (Disraeli), one of England's greatest Prime Ministers.

Not much now remains to be seen of the Castle, save what are known as the State Apartments, and these can be seen only in the absence of the Queen and the Court, and her private apartments are, of course, held sacred from the public eye at all times, I suppose in consequence of the saying that, "Divinity doth hedge about a king." However, I knew that the Queen had gone to her Scotch Castle, Balmoral, or I should not have visited Windsor at all.

These State Chambers are well worth a visit, as they are ten in number, and, of course, are all decorated with royal luxury and profusion. They are known respectively as The Queen's Audience Chamber, The Queen's Presence Chamber, The Guard Chamber, St. George's Hall, The Grand Reception Room, The Wa-

terloo Chamber, The Grand Vestibule, The State Ante-Room, The Zuccarelli Room, and The Vandyck Room, which is exclusively devoted to pictures by that artist, and this order of inspection, or exactly the reverse, is usually the order pursued.

On the stair-case, leading to the Queen's Audience Chamber, I saw a large Dutch picture representing the "Massacre of the Huguenots," in which I was greatly interested, as a near and dear relative of mine, of whom, I believe I have before spoken, and who was herself descended from those noble martyrs, had written a notable and successful historical novel called "The Hugunot Exiles," in which her ancestor was delineated as the chief actor in the drama; but I was not long allowed to look upon the picture, as our guide led us rapidly from room to room. The ceiling was frescoed in the most beautiful manner by Verrio, the court painter of Charles II.

The most noted picture in the room is a full length portrait of the beautiful and unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, and in the background a representation of her execution by her relentless kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth, at Fotheringay Castle in 1587, after nineteen years of cruel and hopeless imprisonment.

This chamber, and the Queen's Presence Chamber, are both decorated with tapestry work representing portions of the history of Esther and Mordecai. The next room, the Guard Chamber, is the most interesting of the three yet visited, and the arrangement of the arms and armor was quite ingenious. In this room is

to be seen a suit of armor worn by the fiery Prince Rupert, the nephew of King Charles I., and the chief commander of his Cavaliers during the Parliamentary wars with the Roundheads of Oliver, including the fatal defeats of Edge Hill, Naseby, and Marston Moor. Another relic equally interesting is a portion of the foremast of the Victory, Lord Nelson's flagship at the glorious battle of Trafalgar, where he lost his life during the engagement, the mast being completely perforated by a French or Spanish cannon ball — also an anchor and two cannons, supposed to have been sunken in the sea from some vessel of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, which was miraculously destroyed by a terrible storm, which saved England from, probably, the greatest peril she ever had confronted, until Napoleon commenced his preparations for the invasion of England, from the camp at Boulogne. There is also to be seen here a chair made from an elm tree, under which Wellington spent some time on the eventful day of Waterloo, and which some patriotic Englishman, with more money than brains, bought and had it dug up and transported to England. Next you enter St. George's Hall, which is a grand apartment 200 feet long and more than thirty feet high, and as many wide.

Here are emblazoned on the walls, the arms and insignia of each Knight of the Order of the Garter, since 1350, and which dates back to the time of King Edward III.

Next comes the Grand Reception Room, which is beautifully embellished in the style of the period of

Louis XIV. The walls represent, in tapestry, portions of the story of Jason, while in quest of the Golden Fleece. In this room is the magnificent Malachite vase three or four feet in height, which was presented to the Queen by the Czar Nicholas of Russia.

Next comes the Waterloo Chamber or Grand Dining Room, ninety-eight feet long and forty-seven wide, which is in the Elizabethan style, and this magnificent room, profusely and richly decorated, contains portraits by the noted Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted for King George IV., of many of the reigning sovereigns of Europe, as well as some of the eminent statesmen and warriors who took part in politics and in the field in the stirring events of the years 1814 and 1815, which resulted in the downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, — events pregnant with the fate of Europe.

It is called the Waterloo Chamber because a number of portraits of distinguished officers, who served or fell at Waterloo, hang upon the walls, which contain, as above said, many of the most noted people of Europe. First and foremost, our attention is called to the full length portrait of Wellington, the noted conqueror of Waterloo; then the fierce and bloody Blücher, who, as every body knows, saved Wellington by coming up when everything seemed lost for the Allies; Gen. Sir James Kempt, who commanded the fifth division at Waterloo after the death of Sir Thomas Picton; Charles, Count Alten, the commander of the third division; the Marquis of Anglesea, who commanded all

the cavalry, and who left a leg upon the field that bloody day; the Duke of Brunswick, killed at Quatre Bras on the Friday before Waterloo; Viscount General Hill, who also commanded a division on that day, and Sir Thomas Picton, who fell, shot through the head, while leading his men to the charge.

For some reason, General Ponsonby, who also fell at Waterloo, does not appear in the gallery. Next you are introduced into the grand vestibule, which is a lofty apartment, and lighted from above by an octagonal lantern of magnificent design, and here, you also see some military trophies and suits of antique armor. At one end is a fine statue of Queen Victoria, with her favorite dog, "Sharp," a beautiful Italian greyhound, reclining at her feet, and looking up at Her Royal Highness, with eyes as tender and as full of affection as a woman's. Here, also, you see a fine full length portrait of George IV., by Chantrey, the eminent sculptor. Next you enter the State ante-room, the ceiling of which is frescoed by the famous court painter, Verrio, and which represents a Banquet of the Gods.

This room contains, perhaps, the finest wood-carving in the world, done by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons, of whom it was said: "That he gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with the free disorder natural to each species." Here, also, is to be seen the famous stained glass portrait of King George III., in his coronation robes, above the fireplace, and

from the glowing brush of the great Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Visitors next enter what is known as the Zuccarelli Room, so-called, because it contains nine pictures by that artist, all of Scriptural character; the most noted being the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca at the well, and the next one of interest, is the picture called the "Finding of Moses," the artist having received a special commission from King George III. to paint this picture, and, what is still more rare on such occasions, the king allowed the artist to choose his own subject. There are also seven landscapes, one, representing Jacob tending the flocks of Laban, — these paintings all having been purchased by the English Consul, at Venice, for King George III. This room also contains a few other portraits, mostly of minor importance, except those of the first three Georges, and of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Now you are conducted to the crowning glory of all, the Van Dyck Room, which contains about forty portraits by that celebrated painter, including one of himself, a few of the most notable of which I shall mention. First, in interest, you notice the martyred King Charles I., accompanied by his equerry, who is on foot, and bears the King's helmet. Next, the children of the unhappy monarch, who are three in number: Charles, afterwards brought back by General Monk, at the Restoration, in 1660, and of whom it was said, while he was King Charles II., that "he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one;" Mary, Princess of

Orange, and James, who afterwards became the bigoted and bloody Papist King, James II. Then comes Sir Kenelm Digby (the son of Sir Everard Digby), and who was executed on account of his participation in the Popish plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and which has made the 5th of November (Guy Fawkes' Day), ever memorable in England's history. Another picture represents five figures of the royal family, all full height: Prince Charles, caressing his favorite spaniel; the Princess Mary, James, Duke of York, and the Princesses Elizabeth and Anne. There is still another single portrait of King Charles I., and still one more representing King Charles, his Queen, Henrietta Maria, and the Prince Charles, and the Princess Mary, all these being life-size.

The royal stables, which cost $350,000, are accessible at certain hours to those who have the time and the inclination for such things, but as I had neither the one nor the other, I amused myself by driving past Prince Albert's "model farm," still known as "Frogmore," along what is known as the Long Walk, which has a fine carriage drive, and on each side, a noble row of ancient elm trees, which extend for three miles, the drive ending with a fine statue of King George III., by the artist, Westmacott; and taking a hasty glance at the great park, which is said to contain 1,800 acres, I, with great regret, took my seat in a railway carriage, in order to return to London, and as our train dashed swiftly around the curve, I looked back, with deep regret, on grand old Windsor Castle, no doubt for the last time this side the grave.

CHAPTER XIV.

LONDON CONTINUED, AND EDINBORO.

THAT evening, through the courtesy of the London divine, of whom I have before spoken, and who owed his admission to the fact, that one of the policemen of the House of Commons attended his church, it was my great privilege, as well as pleasure, to attend a meeting of the House of Commons; but to my intense regret, the Lords had held a very short session, and adjourned before my friend and myself had even reached the entrance, which is known as Westminster Hall. I am not sure, however, that we could have gotten admission to the House of Lords, even had they been sitting, as usually, you must obtain the signature of some member of that august body in order to pass the gauntlet of doorkeepers, policemen, etc., who guard this sacred (?) entrance, as the hundred-headed dragon of mythology was wont to guard the golden apples of the Hesperides.

How different all that flummery and snobbery is from our own American House of Representatives and Senators, who seem generally only too willing to show their constituents around when they visit the Capital, if for no other reason, than to try to "make their calling and (re)election sure."

We saw many people in the lobbies, waiting anxiously to come across some one who could give them the coveted *entrée*, and while my clerical friend, the Rev. William C. Beardmore, 5 Argyle Square, King's Cross, London, and whose church is Wesleyan Church, Liverpool Street, King's Cross, was looking anxiously through the crowd to find his much-wanted policeman, I had the pleasure, through him, of being introduced to Sir William McArthur, an ex-Lord Mayor of London, and member of the House of Commons at that time, and to Mr. Waddy, the member for Edinboro, who was also Queen's Counsel, which, in England, seems to be a prerequisite to being a judge. It seemed to me a curious coincidence, when I picked up an Edinboro paper a day or two after the introduction alluded to, which contained a severe editorial against Mr. Waddy, charging him with neglecting the interests of his constituents, for those of his clients.

I will here state for the benefit of my lawyer friends, that an English barrister can not sue for and recover his fees, and this accounts for the fact that when an English solicitor hands a brief, as it is called, to a barrister, his fee or retainer usually accompanies it, and thus he gets his fee in advance, or else generally not at all. The solicitor prepares the case, and prepares the brief for the use of the barrister, who alone is authorized to appear and argue the cause.

On Saturday, when the Houses do not sit, you can obtain tickets to see them, from the Lord Chamberlain. The Houses generally convene in February, and

their regular time for sitting is about 4 p. m., and this accounts for their frequent all-night sessions.

A member of Parliament, that is to say of the House of Commons, is elected for six years, draws no salary, and often pays from $50,000 to $100,000 for his seat, owing to what is known as the "rotten-borough system," and hence, as a general thing, none but a rich man is elected to the House, and thus the House of Commons, which was originally intended to be a check on the House of Lords, and a staunch ally of the people, really has become, after all, the hot-bed of the aristocracy.

Finally, having discovered our policeman, we obtained entrance to the Stranger's Gallery of the Commons, and listened to the debates for an hour or two, but it seemed to be an "off-night," the benches being very lightly filled, and not much doing.

The Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, First Lord of the Treasury, Prime Minister of England, and leader of the House of Commons, was absent, but the speaker, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brand, who gets $30,000 a year, was at his post; and I heard a spirited debate on the famous *quæstio vexata*, or Irish question of "Home Rule," conducted on the one side mainly by the Hon. Mr. G. Otto Trevelyan, who was the under secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and virtually the ruler of that country, who wrote the splendid biography of his uncle, Lord Macaulay (the finest by far in the whole range of English literature of that style of composition), Boswell's much-vaunted life of Dr. Sam-

uel Johnson, the critics to the contrary notwithstanding, not being excepted by any means, which to a reader of delicate perceptions and sensibility, is simply designating by its fulsome adulation of an idol, which was made of very common clay indeed; and who, himself, with all his ponderous learning, was extremely egotistical, ill-mannered, rude and overbearing, supremely selfish; and so morbidly sensitive and thin-skinned in regard to supposed intended slights, when none was even thought of by any one but himself, that he was habitually and often to an extent which bordered on brutality, insulting in his bearing towards others.

The debate, upon the other side, was led by the far-famed "Irish Agitator" (as the British press delight in calling him), Charles Parnell, the National Irish leader in the House of Commons, and who, true to his descent from one of the Roundheads of the great Iconoclast Oliver Cromwell, is ever to be found sternly battling against "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," seconded by Mr. Gibson, who is said to be one of the most eloquent speakers of the House of Commons; but their style of speaking differs wonderfully from ours, and, I think, we may safely assume, that the fluency of the *average orator* of the "Wild Western Hemisphere," has hardly been equaled, (?) perhaps for a century, by any member of the House of Commons (unless, perhaps, by that famous and unrivaled triumvirate, Burke, Pitt, and Fox); though in oratory of a very *different style and caliber*, it must be

conceded at the same time, and, in fact, oratory (?) as practiced among us, may be said to be one of the lost arts as far as the House of Commons, or for that matter, too, the average English orator is concerned.

It may be, indeed, that Americans are so fluent because this glorious country of ours is, pre-eminently, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and no less an authority than Ralph Waldo Emerson, has lately declared that "*eloquence is eminently the art which flourishes only in free countries;*" and he also maintains the doctrine that "if there ever was a country where eloquence is a power, it is the United States, because here is room for every degree of it, on every one of its ascending stages — that of useful speech in our commercial, manufacturing, railroad and educational conventions; that of political advice on the grandest theater, reaching, as all good men trust, into a vast future, and so compelling the best thought and noblest administrative ability that the citizen can offer.

While traveling, a day or two later, from London down to Edinboro, I talked with a gentleman in our compartment, who told me that Trevelyan had also written the best biography of Chas. James Fox, the great rival of William Pitt, that had ever appeared. Before my informant left our train, I found him a highly educated and cultivated gentleman, a graduate of Oxford, and by the way, a nephew of Lord Zetland, who was, a few years ago, the Grand Master of English Freemasons, the Prince of Wales now holding that exalted position.

I was much amused, soon after entering the gallery

of the House of Commons, upon having my attention called to the ladies' gallery, directly opposite us, and I noticed at once, that they were shut up behind a fine wire screen, and I was reminded of the menagerie business at once. I thought the matter over, and concluded that this precaution must have been taken in order to prevent female lobbyists from communicating with various members of the Commons, and thus interrupting debate, and interfering with the progress of legislation, as only a "Becky Sharp" kind of a lobbyist can.

As a rule, permission to be present at the debates of the Lower House can be obtained only from a member of Parliament; but I have no doubt, that my friend, if he had had longer time to make the necessary arrangements, could easily have obtained permission from some of his *high-toned* friends, had not my only chance to make the visit been that night.

The Commons is lighted from above and without by gas reflected through soft mellow glass, and while the immense chamber is beautifully lighted, you see no lights, and, consequently do not suffer either from the glare or from heat.

The present Houses of Parliament, date from 1840, are of the Tudor style of architecture, and as Carlyle so aptly expressed it, "of the modern style of confectionery," and cover an area of eight acres. They are built directly on the Thames embankment, and present a grand and imposing river front of almost 1,000 feet. They are said to contain eleven courts, 100 staircases,

and 1,100 apartments, and have cost about $15,000,000, which is, I believe, about the cost of the capitol, at Washington. Of course, the various rooms are adorned with frescoes, paintings, and statuary, in almost exhaustless profusion, but time and space both forbid that I should dwell longer on this topic, when there is so much yet to see and speak of, in that vast metropolis.

While riding on a London 'bus, one day (which, by the way, was the place where I first met my friend, the divine, and with whom I had the pleasure of breakfasting, at his own home, on the following day), along that street which, in London, is known as the "City Road," I noticed a quaint old graveyard, which juts so closely on the street, that I obtained a good view of many of the curious old tombs within it. This cemetery is known as "Bunhill Fields," and contains all that is mortal of two names of renown in the Christian world, and one especially notable. I mean John Bunyan, the poor tinker, who wrote the grandest and most perfect allegory that the genius of man has ever produced, and of which every one knows the name, at least, The Pilgrim's Progress. I quote here some curious verses of the day concerning Bunyan: —

'John Bunyan was a tinker bold;
His name we all delight in,
All day, he tinkered pots and pans
All night he stuck to writin'.

In Bedford Streets, bold Johnny toiled,
An ordinary tinker;
In Bedford jail, bold Johnny wrote,
Old England's wisest thinker.

"About the Pilgrims Johnny wrote,
Who made the emigration;
And the Pilgrim Fathers they became
Of the glorious Yankee nation."

The other is Dr. Watts, who was neither a great man nor a wonderful poet, but he wrote hymns endowed with such grand and sublime Christian faith and hope, that his name, too, will be handed down the ages.

It is a little remarkable, that directly opposite this field, containing the Christian heroes, to whom we have just alluded, should be seen the chapel and house in which John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached and lived, and in the yard his remains lie buried.

One of the most interesting monuments, however, to be seen in London, is the fire monument, which commemorates the great fire of London, which occurred in 1666, also the year of the great plague, which carried off 100,000 human beings; and to commemorate these two awful catastrophes, which befell the great metropolis the self-same year, the great poet, Dryden, wrote his noted poem called *Annus Mirabilis*, or the "Wonderful Year." The column stands near the spot where the fire originated, as nearly as could be ascertained. It stands on Fish Street Hill, near the city side of the London Bridge, and being 202 feet high, is considered to afford perhaps the finest view of the city of London, St. Paul's being hardly excepted.

The top is surrounded by an urn forty-two feet in height, ingeniously covered with gilt, and sculptured in

such a way as to represent the fiery waves of a great conflagration, as they ascend towards the heavens.

This column was designed by our old Masonic friend, Sir Christopher Wren, who also designed glorious old Saint Paul's, and was erected about ten years after the great fire, which raged for five days and destroyed 460 streets, 89 churches, and 13,200 houses, the loss being estimated at $40,000,000.

Near here is the London Bridge, (not the old London Bridge, which, until a century ago, was the only one across the Thames, of which historians and novelists have so often written, but the new bridge, which is 100 feet higher up the river than the old bridge,) which was begun in 1825, and completed in seven years, at a cost of $10,000,000. The famous old bridge was used until 1831, and then removed. The present bridge has five arches, the center having a span of 152 feet, and the bridge is 928 feet long and 54 feet wide.

I crossed this bridge several times, both on foot and on a 'bus, and the traffic is something prodigious, as it is estimated that 20,000 vehicles, and 100,000 foot passengers cross it daily. It is a sight, indeed, well, worth witnessing. Below this bridge is the port of London, where all the largest steamers and sailing-ships lie at anchor, as there is as yet no bridge below London Bridge, nor is there likely to be very soon, for the population of London is increasing rapidly, and her commerce, of course, in the same proportion,

and they will, as commerce increases in future, need more dock room than ever.

I must not omit to tell my lawyer friends that I rode through "Chancery Lane," which, as its name implies, leads through the quarter chiefly occupied by barristers and solicitors, several times; and by the way, in Fleet Street, directly opposite Chancery Lane, I saw a house about three stories in height, which had evidently been a residence of some consequence in former days, part of which is now used as *a barber shop*, but on its front it bore the following inscription:—

"This house was once the palace of King Henry VIII."

"O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there." What a transition! from having been the residence of a monarch to a place where they cut men's hair, and shave them for a sixpence.

I was considerably interested in the Temple, which is on the south side of Fleet Street, because this is now one of the four great Inns of Court, as they are called, which are colleges for the study of law, and possess the privilege of *calling* to the Bar, and also no less because of its intimate connection with the *Templars* some six centuries since. It was formerly a lodge of Knights Templars, which was in those days of chivalry, a religious and military order founded at Jerusalem, in the twelfth century, under Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, to protect the Holy Sepulchre, and pil-

grims resorting thither, and called "Templars," from their original designation, as "poor soldiers of the Temple of Solomon."

The Order in England dissolved in 1313, and the Temple then became crown property. Afterwards, the Temple came into possession of the Knights of St. John, who, in 1346, leased it to the students of common law. From that time to the present, the building, or rather group of buildings, which extends to the Thames, has continued to be a school of law.

The Temple Church is also an object of interest to all Knights Templars, as it dates back to 1188. It is divided into sections, known as the Round Church and the Choir which was added in 1240. The Round Church is the portion, however, of greatest interest to the Masonic fraternity, as it contains no less than nine monuments of Templars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, consisting of recumbent figures of dark marble in full Templar armor. Two of these Templars are especially famous, one, the Earl of Pembroke, noted as the brother-in-law of King John, from whom the bold barons wrested the grand charter of England's liberties at Runnymede, and the other, Baron Robert de Ross, who took a prominent part among the eighteen barons in obtaining the Magna Charta, and whose statues are in the House of Lords, in recognition of their inestimable services to their country.

Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote the touching and pathetic "Vicar of Wakefield," lies buried in the

churchyard, not far distant from these "valiant and magnanimous" Knights Templars.

At this point, I can not refrain from making another copious quotation from the elegant address of Sir and Bro. S. W. Young, to whom I am already so much beholden for the valuable materials which I have incorporated, with others, in the sketch of "York and its relations to Freemasonry," in the second chapter of this work, and I feel sure that I will be readily pardoned by my readers when they peruse Sir Young's truly eloquent and learned remarks, in connection with the Temple Church, which we have been feebly attempting to describe, though never so imperfectly, I am afraid.

"When I was a resident of the world's great metropolis, one of my favorite haunts was the Temple Garden, a quaint sweet nook, lying on the borders of, and yet seemingly remote from, the rushing, roaring and throbbing life, that surged through the great arterial highway close by. There I loved to sit, looking out on the bosom of Father Thames, soothed into meditation by the splash of the fountain, the scent of the flowers, the prattle and laughter of playing children, and the shy endearments of trysting lovers; and the scene called up countless memories of the history of our Order — for here was their earliest and greatest European home.

"There is the Round Church, to consecrate which the patriarch of Jerusalem came across the sea, during a truce with Saladin in 1184.

"Within lie cross-legged (as all good Sir Knights should lie), the effigies of the old Knights who died in fighting against the infidels on those blessed acres erst trodden by the humble feet of the Son of Man.

The church is still called the Church of the Temple; its rector is still called the Master of the Temple, and where the Prelate of the Order once said mass, the white-robed Master still prays the old prayers, and preaches to, perhaps, the most learned and critical congregation in the world, and the choristers sing their anthems and hymns, which the old Knights would have delighted to listen to, though they would, no doubt, have been sorely puzzled by the learned expressions and expositions of the preacher, and would have looked contemptuously enough on the great lawyers who occupy their stalls, and who in their turn, gaze, with careless eyes, on the recumbent forms of those whose life-work, so passionately wrought out, one of these same lawyers has sneered at, as the extremity of human folly.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I have sat in that old church of theirs, and heard the choir boys sing: —

> "Soldiers of Christ, arise
> And put your armor on,
> Strong in the strength that God supplies
> Through His Eternal Sons."

"And it seemed like an invocation to the stalwart dead to rise and carry on their work, needed to-day as much as eight hundred years ago. And I thanked God

that Knight Templarism still lives, spiritualized indeed, in the alchemy of Freemasonry, but in spirit and purposes, yet unchanged.

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"And I went out, and sitting in the quiet garden, recalled without effort the glorious past.

"Me thought, I felt my heart burn within me, as the news came home that Jerusalem had been captured by the Caliph Omar, and accompanied in spirit the pious pilgrims, who, during the succeeding centuries, knelt at the sepulchre of the Lord.

"And then, when the cruel Turks got possession of the city and heavily oppressed the Christians, I felt the pathos of the patriarch's appeal to western Christendom, and listened to the homely eloquence of Peter, the Hermit, as he told of insulting infidels, demolished churches, and murdered pilgrims; and in the open space before the church, at Clermont, my heart was stirred by the impassioned rhetoric of Pope Urban, and with all my soul, I joined the great cry which went up from the heart of the listening crowd, *Deus le volt*—God willeth it.

"Again, I followed Godfrey, and Raymond, and Adhemar, and Bohemond, in the first Crusade, and witnessed the siege and capture of Nicea, the misery and final triumph of Antioch, the capture of Jerusalem, and the bloody slaughter of the Moslems.

"With what joy we hailed the noble Godfrey de Bouillon, Christian King of Jerusalem, and heard him, with noble humility, declare that he would only be

called the Baron and Defender of the Sepulchre of Christ, and that he would never wear the diadem of royalty in that city, where the Savior of mankind had worn, with bleeding brow, the crown of thorns.

"Jerusalem once more a Christian city, the crowds of pilgrims from Europe, swarmed again to the hallowed shrine. But the warlike infidels, who had all but conquered France, and even now, were lords of Spain, were little likely to leave, without a struggle, in Christian hands spots almost equally sacred in their own eyes.

"Each Easter tide, the pilgrim caravan went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, to bathe in the Jordan, and they, too, like the man in the parable, very often fell among thieves. That bloody road had, indeed, a bad name for now a thousand years, and it was to succor and defend the harassed pilgrims that Hugo de Payane and his eight valiant companions founded the Order of Knights Templars, which we perpetuate to-day.

"Time would fail us, and it needs not to recount to their successors, their noble history, their pure lives, and their exceeding valor. The fame of the Templars and Hospitalers will never die.

"On many a bloody field they fought the infidel, and for long years, they alone upheld the failing banner of the Cross.

"Ah! How they charged by the side of the lion-hearted Richard, worthy comrade and fearless Knight, how undauntedly they persevered, until on that fatal

day, July 5, 1187, on the tableland of Hatten, surrounded by the countless hordes of Saladin, their star went down in blood, after days of *derring-do* unique in the history of battles.

"Need I tell their subsequent fortunes, their cruel sufferings, their forcible suppression? Need I trace the subsequent history of their brother Order of St. John, who for centuries kept up the war in the East, and ruled over Cyprus, Rhodes, and Malta, and whose historical succession has never been broken?

"The glorious story of the Crusades is a part of the heritage of the world. Call the Crusades the acme of folly, if you will, but to them, remember, that *we owe the whole modern history of Europe and America.* But for them the crescent, not the cross, might have surmounted the spires of Notre Dame and Westminster! But for them America might still have been a forest; and these, our beloved and glorious United States, still the dark and bloody fighting-ground of nomad Indians.

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"Sir Knights, it is our duty so to live, and work and combat as to make the land in which we live a "Holy Land;" and, as in Palestine, there was not only Jerusalem but Jericho, and a dark and dangerous road between the two, even so we shall find it here. Many souls are ever wending their way through the defiles on their pilgrimage to Jordan, and in the ravines lurk the thieves ready to pounce upon them and rob them, and leave them naked and half-dead! Yea, and we

are bound by our vows, to seek out and to succor them.

"Methinks the great Master, Christ, first suggested our Order, and the Good Samaritan was the first Sir Knight. Who are the Templar's neighbors? He seeks no further than the first poor wretch who needs his help.

"Valiant and magnanimous, are you called, Sir Knights; valiant to face every foe who assails you from without; valiant to suppress every evil suggestion which rises within you!

"Aye, and magnanimous — great souled — lifted far above petty spite, and envy or jealousy — too full of your grand life-purpose to have time to quarrel or to hate.

"Magnanimous — great of heart! Yea, so working, that all you can do for Christ seemeth so poor and little, that you will blush to hear the Grand Master's praise in the day of the great and final review of His Knights, and with the humility and modesty of a true chivalry, will ask Him: Lord, where, and when, and how? and He will say 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*.'

"Sir Knights and brethren, I need not apologize to a religious Order of chivalry *for this serious tone*."

"Our glory is not in pomp and trappings and parade, but in duty well done.

"Surely it is a lesson to the community at large, to see everywhere displayed the Holy Cross, with the

motto of our Order: '*In hoc signo vinces*,'—'In this sign thou shalt conquer.'

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While we are upon this topic, it may possibly be of interest to the Order of Knights Templars, to know that the Waldenses, when persecuted for His sake, seven hundred years ago, used as their secret symbol, when meeting at the peril of their lives to worship God in their secret retreats, the sign of the Maltese Cross and their pass-words were "In His Name," and "For the Love of Christ."

Of course, there are hundreds of other places of interest which might be mentioned, but we do not propose to weary ourselves and our readers with such an onerous task, in comparison with which the fabled twelve labors of Hercules would be almost as nothing, so we shall, of necessity, conclude our cursory remarks concerning this great city in a few brief sentences.

However, before leaving London, I should like to say a few words about the great London dailies, and the impression they made on me in comparison with the great leading journals of America.

To quote the words of a recent writer on this subject, "if there is one thing aggravating to the American tourist on his first trip to England, it is the supreme indifference of the English press to American affairs," and after a thorough reading and examination of the English papers, extending through quite a length of time, I am inclined to agree most fully in the statement.

Having been accustomed for many years to the unlimited enterprise and energy of the press of my own country, and having been, truth to tell, engaged for some time in my earlier life, in the dissemination of leading Western dailies, among the reading classes of a country where everybody reads, from the blacksmith at the anvil to the President of our greatest universities — where they read in the street, in the street car, in the railway train, in fact, every where — I was surprised to see what trouble I had in getting a paper, even the "Thunderer," in the great metropolis; and although I was stopping in London at a magnificent hotel, with a rooming capacity of, perhaps, a thousand guests, I could not get a copy of the *Times* even, unless I had ordered it in advance.

Our leading journals, as every body knows, with a prodigality of expenditure unknown to any class of journalists but the wide awake and go-ahead fellows, who "drive the quill" in our newspaper offices, stop at neither pains or expense, when an "item" worth having is to be had; and our newspaper bills for dispatches from the Associated Press, for cablegrams, etc., would drive the average London editor stark, staring mad to say, nothing about the amounts paid for special correspondence, etc.

However, the vaunted London *Times*, which for fifty years past has been held up for the admiration of newspaper men of America, especially, is no more to be compared with one of our great metropolitan dailies than the Boston *News-Letter*, the first paper

published in America, could vie with a late issue of the great New York *Herald*, or the New York *Sun*, or *Tribune*.

Items concerning the Royal Family and the Nobility take up more space in the London papers than their dispatches, either by cable or otherwise, and one day, when I was looking over the cablegrams from America, which did not really take up more space of the paper than a finger length, about the only thing I noticed was about two lines regarding the death of Captain Webb, by drowning, at the Whirlpool Rapids, of Niagara, and had he not been an Englishman, I thought it more than likely that it would not have been cabled at all.

The personal (with the exception noted above), and local features, which are such a prominent part of American journalism, are almost utterly unknown to English journalism, as a London newspaper, of any prominence, seldom takes notice of any local events, unless in some way it is related to the general interests of the community, or to the larger interests of the nation, or the world at large. And it is an extremely rare occurrence for a London, or even a provincial, journal to refer to individuals, no matter what their social prominence, unless they are in some wise in public life. The personal, domestic, and business affairs of the individual are only in exceptional cases, traversed or discussed in the English press in all their unfortunate or scandalous details, as is, unfortunately, too often the case in our American journals (even in those of

prominence and standing), which is, I think, a great improvement on our style of journalism. Even the alleged "society journals" of England make reference to individuals only when they are either distinguished or notorious, which is, I think, decidedly preferable to our "mixed" style of journalism, which chronicles alike the doings, the sayings, and movements of the high and mighty, as well as of the "tagrag and bobtail," and not alone, as in England, of the "distinguished and notorious."

As for the newsboy, who is so indigenous to the soil of America, where he seems to flourish "like the green bay tree," — for him there is not much territory, apparently, even in the world's greatest metropolis; and should, by any unlucky chance, one of our American *gamins* of this ilk suddenly find himself set down high and dry in London, methinks he would soon find himself like Othello, — his "occupation gone."

This article, regarding the London journals might be extended to a much greater length, but such is not our province nor our intention, and we propose to bring these rambling suggestions to a close by citing some figures which show the circulation of the London papers to be far inferior to those of our leading American dailies; when we take into consideration the fact that New York City, for example, has only one-fourth of the population of the city of London, and yet the New York *Tribune* has recently come to the front with a sworn statement which shows that, during the week of the late Presidential election, their circulation reached

the enormous, and hitherto wholly "unprecedented number of 1,023,300 copies, or a daily average, for seven days, of 146,185;" the day after the election reaching the astounding number of 188,600 copies; and on Saturday of the same week, the number of 172,000, while their weekly circulation reached 145,910 copies, and the semi-weekly 38,300, making the total number of *Tribunes* printed and sold in one week, 1,207,510, and they claim that ninety-four tons of paper was actually used in this mammoth week's work.

Now, when you take these figures, and compare them with what I shall now give, you will see very conclusively that in comparison with us English journalism must take a back seat, and that Charles Dickens' "Jefferson Brick," the "American war correspondent," while he may not have the "culchah," of "Bull-Run Russell," Archibald Forbes or George Augustus Sala, yet he is a "hustler" all the same.

To begin with, the far-famed "Thunderer" (the *Times*), has only a circulation of 100,000 copies, which is far outstripped by the *Telegraph*, with 250,000 circulation, which is more after the style of a newsy American daily, and yet, not the same by a considerable; then the morning and evening *Standard* together, with 242,000; the *Daily News*, 160.000; the *Chronicle*, 120,000, and the *Advertiser* 25,000.

Of the popular weeklies, the best known and the most largely circulated, some of them the world over, are the *Illustrated London News*, with a circulation of

100,000 copies; the *Graphic*, 100,000; the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, 20,000; *Punch*, 25,000 (the most of whose political jokes, however, require a diagram for the ordinary American to get them through his *cranium*); the *Police News*, 300,000; *Funny Folks*, 80,000; *Judy*, 50,000; *Fun*, 10,000; the *Saturday Review*, 20,000, and *The World*, 200,000, while *Lloyd's Weekly*, which has probably a larger circulation than any other paper in the world, sells, week in week out, an average of 612,902 copies.

Now, as my time is limited, and my MS. has already gone at least a hundred pages beyond what I had thought, in my most sanguine moments I should be able to jot down, I shall, accordingly, say nothing of the Albert Memorial which, taken as a whole, is, perhaps, the finest monumental structure in the United Kingdom; nothing of the National Fisheries Exposition, which contained interesting and valuable exhibits from all parts of the world; nothing of the South Kensington Museum, which is far more interesting to the ordinary observer than the mammoth British Museum; nothing of Lord Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, which the British nation erected in their gratitude to one whom they deemed their temporal savior, because at Trafalgar he destroyed the navy which was to cover the crossing of the magnificent army which Napoleon had gathered at Boulogne for the invasion of England, which was only twenty-four miles away, across the narrow channel, and which, in his contempt for the whole British nation, he had

proudly termed the "Army of England;" the National Gallery, the Zoological Gardens, Sir John Soane's Museum, where I saw a sarcophagus, costing $10,000, and Hogarth's famous pictures, representing, with what sad fidelity, alas, "The Rake's Progress" — all these things of interest, I say, and more, can hardly be alluded to, much less described.

Of course, it is needless to say that I left the great city and turned my footsteps towards the Scottish border with much regret; but I tried to console myself with the thought that I had, at any rate, gotten a tolerable conception of its immensity, and its manifold attractions, and that I might some day again take up the thread of this truly "Cretan Labyrinth," and view a few more of the many wonderful sights which are to be found here by a stay of a month or two, but which I could not, at that time, find opportunity to hunt up.

On an extremely beautiful morning in August — that is, I mean a beautiful morning for London — I took my seat in the Edinboro express, in which I spent from ten to eleven hours before reaching Edinboro, at nine in the evening, as the distance is about 400 miles, and it takes the fastest English-and-Scotch express trains almost an entire day or night to make the trip.

When I arrived at my journey's end I was so tired and hungry that I only glanced at the lights which beamed down upon the city below, from the grand old Castle Rock of Edinboro, which is almost directly under the castle's guns, and upon my hotel on Prince's

Street, which is the finest street in Edinboro, as well as one of the most beautiful in Europe, before I refreshed the inner man, and then immediately gave my weary body to the arms of Morpheus, reserving the sights "within a mile of Edinboro town," for the next day, when we will proceed to take them up in their proper order.

Before I bade my London friend good-by, preparatory to leaving for the North, he said to me that I should find Edinboro much more beautifully and picturesquely situated than any city of Europe I had visited, or, for that matter, than any city of Europe which he himself had seen; and when, after repeated strolls, and views from various commanding points, I had begun to grasp, as it were, a few of its manifold beauties and attractions, I could most readily agree with him.

The immortal "Wizard of the North" (of course, it goes without saying, that I mean that wonderful genius, Sir Walter Scott), in his novel, "The Heart of Midlothian," so well and so beautifully describes the view from Salisbury Crags, which overlook the new part of the city, from a height of some 400 feet, that I am sure I shall not offend or tire the reader by quoting him.

I will say, however, that the view from Arthur's Seat, which is 802 feet above the level of the sea, far transcends the view which is obtained from Salisbury Crags, which are only about half the height of the former.

The commanding form of Arthur's Seat is, by far, the noblest and most imposing object in any, even the

most cursory, views of the city of Edinboro and its surroundings. It is, at the same time, the most attractive spot of all the pleasure grounds of Edinboro.

It is said that nowhere in the wide world (and so, indeed, it seemed to me at the time) is there a city of anything like its size, from which, in the short space of a quarter of an hour, you may pass from the abodes of wealth, and the active turmoil of a great and busy city, almost at a step, upon a scene reminding the spectator of the times of the fathers in Israel, who, in wild, secluded pastures, tended their cattle upon a thousand hills.

This glorious observatory is called after the British Prince Arthur, who is said to have gained a victory over the Saxons in this neighborhood in the ninth century, the scene of which they claim to show you from this spot.

And now for Sir Walter's fascinating description of the view from Salisbury Crags. Says he: —

"Were I to choose a spot from which the rising or the setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path, winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks, called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinboro. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form, which to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon's, now, a noble arm of the sea, with its

rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland Mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied, — so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime, — is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment.

"This path used to be my favorite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favorite author or a new study, and this fascinating path was to me the scene of much delicious musing, when life was young and promised to be happy."

The same scene, substantially, presents itself to the spectator to-day, as it was sixty years ago, and to me, who saw it by those "evening tints," to which the famous author alludes above, the view was vastly enhanced by a melancholy interest to which he does not refer, but which, with a certain feeling of melancholy, I shall take the liberty of mentioning, and this interest was caused by the prospect of the venerable Holyrood Palace, which nestles at the foot of these rugged

Crags, and which has been made forever famous by its beautiful, but alas! unhappy occupant, Mary, Queen of Scots.

Here is where the beautiful young widow of the Dauphin of France first rested her weary limbs and tried to dispel the gloom from her clouded young life upon her return to her native land from the land of her adoption; here was the scene of her marriage with the ill-fated Lord Darnley; here her Italian secretary and alleged lover, Riccio, (though historians after a dispassionate review of the evidence in the case *pro* and *con*, are inclined to believe her innocent of that infamous charge, which, with all the confident assurance of injured innocence, she always indignantly repelled) was murdered in her private banquet room, and, after being stabbed with fifty-six wounds, and being dragged through the Royal apartments, breathed his last; here, to the disgust and grief of her friends, and amid the derision and contempt of her enemies, she married Bothwell, and here, too, the prisoner of those who should have been her loyal subjects and protectors, she passed the last night before she became a prisoner in the Castle of Lochleven.

Within these historic walls, at many a regal entertainment, she enchanted all who beheld her by the unparalleled beauty of her person (but when, alas! has ever beauty been to woman aught but a deadly curse?) by the grace of her bearing and manners, and, better still, by the solid attractions of a polished and cultivated mind.

Here, too, she had to contend with the fiery and uncompromising John Knox, and other leaders of less renown connected with the Scottish Reformation, and who, in the presence of this beautiful Queen, seemed to forget that she, and not they, was the Sovereign, and dared (yet in the name of God, we should remember), in her own sacred apartments to take to task their own Sovereign and her maids of honor, for their religion.

A describer of Holyrood describes Mary Stuart as that "lovely, suffering, intensely-interesting Queen," whose personal charms, and tragical death at the hands of her merciless kinswoman, the masculine Elizabeth, upon a wholly unproven charge of conspiracy against her life and crown, (but who, herself being very far from handsome, naturally hated Queen Mary for her marvelous beauty and manifold attractions) have elicited the most eloquent periods from our greatest historians, and whose beautiful face has given inspiration to so many of the world's grandest poets, among them Schiller in Germany, and Alfieri in Italy.

This beautiful city is, undoubtedly, the only one in the world (except the famous original), which has a well-defined right to be termed the "modern Athens," and it is said that Mr. Stewart, the author of the "Antiquities of Athens," was the first to depict the resemblance of Edinboro' to Athens.

Mr. H. W. Williams, however, so widely known in

literary and scholastic circles, as "Grecian Williams," traced the likeness minutely in every feature of the respective landscapes, the only defect he observed being that the National Monument ought to have been on the Castle Rock, that being the elevation corresponding to the Acropolis at Athens, on which the Parthenon stands.

We have already seen what Sir Walter Scott thought of its natural features, and it is through these, as well as the magnificence of its modern Grecian buildings, that it proudly maintains the claim of being among the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, of all European capitals.

Of course, the first place of historic interest, because the most conspicuous, (and hence, naturally, the first thing that the tourist usually turns his attention to) which meets his inquiring gaze, is the grand old Castle Rock of Edinboro', which historians tell us, was occupied by the aboriginal tribes long before the conquest of Brittany by the Romans under Julius Cæsar.

Its situation must have rendered it impregnable, previous to the invention of artillery, and pointed it out as an advantageous stronghold, and hence there is no reason to doubt the antiquity claimed for this imposing old fortress; but now it is of little importance, although covering eleven acres, as an enemy or even the citizens of Edinboro' in a state of insurrection, could easily seize Arthur's seat, and soon bring to terms this old relic of feudal times.

Burns beautifully describes the Castle Rock in the following glorious lines: —

> "There, watching high the least alarms,
> Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar,
> Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
> And marked with many a seamy scar;
> The pondrous wall and massy bar,
> Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
> Have oft withstood assailing war,
> And oft repelled the invader's shock."

The castle is said once to have had seven gates, but at the present time you enter by one only, and the moat, which once guarded the south side of the castle, which is alone accessible, has been dry for many years.

There are persons in waiting, who for a small gratuity, show you through such parts of the castle as are usually shown to visitors, and give you a historical sketch, more or less graphic and reliable (generally less), of the sights and curiosities contained there.

In order, however, to better grasp the situation, you must bear in mind that Edinboro' is divided into two portions, called the "old" and "new" town, the Castle Rock, of course, belonging to the old town naturally, these being separated by a deep ravine extending for quite a distance, which is now mainly a grand park and flower-garden, and through which several railways pass, on one of which, the Caledonian Railway, I afterwards departed for the Scotch lakes, passing the very base of the Castle Rock.

Of course, the old town must needs be the historic portion of Edinboro', and to this we propose, accordingly, to give our attention in the main, although we shall mention, we trust, some things of interest connected with the new town.

CHAPTER XV.

EDINBORO' CONTINUED.

EDINBORO' Castle, perched on the summit of the rock at the west end of the central ridge of the city, is 443 feet above the level of the sea, and, of course, forms the most striking feature in all views of the metropolis.

The Rock, it is supposed, was a stronghold from the time of the Picts, and long before the records of Scottish history.

The present buildings, however, date only from about the fifteenth century (with the exception of St. Margaret's Chapel, which is 800 years old), and are about 700 yards in circumference. The whole of the circular front to the east was destroyed by Earl Morton's siege, in the time of Queen Mary, and rebuilt by him after Mary's defender — Kirkaldy of Grange — had yielded.

After passing the drawbridge and guard house, we pass beneath the portcullis gate, over which is the old State Prison where the Marquis of Argyle, Lord Balcarras, and many other illustrious prisoners have been confined, and whence many of them were led forth to an ignominious death.

A little further up to the right, is the Argyle Battery, and at the foot of the roadway in front, is the Armory, which has a capacity of 30,000 stands of arms. Passing up the steep causeway, we see on the right, the Governor's house, and further up on the same side are the new barracks, a lofty and imposing pile of buildings.

Turning to the left, and passing through an old arched gateway, the citadel is now reached, from which we obtain various views, which fill with enthusiasm and delight, the most fastidious and hypercritical of beholders. From the citadel, turning in a southeast direction, we pass along the half-moon battery, constructed by the Regent Morton, in 1574, and here the Time Gun is fired daily at 1 p. m., by electricity from the observatory on the Caton Hill, where a ball is dropped at the same time.

Turning to the right, we pass into the square, the south and east sides of which constituted for centuries the Royal Palace and stronghold of the kings and queens of Scotland. The royal apartments were on the east side, where a long line of sovereigns were born, lived and died, and here we enter Queen Mary's room. A few paces south from the crown-room, on

the ground floor, is the room in which, on June 19, 1566, Queen Mary gave birth to a son, who, afterwards, became King James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England. A stone tablet over the arch of the old doorway, with the initials H. and M. inwrought for Henry (Lord Darnley) and Mary, and the date 1566, commemorates this event. The room itself, which is surprisingly small, its greatest length being little more than eight feet, like the banquet-room in Holywood Palace, where Riccio was assassinated, is singularly irregular in form, but has undergone very little change from that day to this.

Some of the original wainscot paneling having been injured or removed, it has been replaced in a rather inelegant fashion. The original ceiling, however, is still preserved, wrought in ornamental wooden panels, with the initials I. R. and M. R., surmounted with the royal crown, in alternate compartments. On the wall are the royal arms, and beneath them a long verse, which with its antique and curious lettering, I could not conveniently decipher, so I gave up the attempt. Above the fireplace, and on the wall opposite is the date of the birth of Mary's son, "19 Jvnii, 1566."

In the room still stands an old oak chair, which was there when King James was born. The interested visitor will also notice a block of thorn tree, which was planted by the fair hands of Queen Mary herself at Lochleven Castle, while there a prisoner, and which was cut down in 1849, and presented by Sir G. Montgomery.

Looking from the window of this historic chamber, an amazingly picturesque sight meets the eye. Some hundreds of feet below is the Grass Market, a name which is indelibly imprinted in the memory of all true Scotsmen, by the scenes it witnessed in the times of the Covenanters, and of the "Bloody Kirke" (whom afterwards, in 1686, the New England colonies greatly dreaded would be sent out to them as their Governor by King James II., but much to their relief the less redoubtable Sir Edmund Andros came), and Claverhouse, where so many of the "Scots worthies" suffered death at the hands of their despotic and prelatic persecutors.

By the way, a pretty good *repartee* was gotten off in response to Sir Edmund, when he visited Hartford, by the witty Dr. Hooker, to whom he remarked one morning: "Well, Doctor, I suppose all the good people of Hartford are fasting and praying on my account." The worthy Doctor, who at once saw his opportunity, made answer, with a roguish twinkle of his eye: "Yes, of course, for you know that we read this kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer."

The youthful James Renwick was the last of the martyrs who sealed their faith with their blood in the Grass Market. The place of execution was at the east end of the square, opposite No. 100. The gibbet was an exceedingly familiar object here between the years 1680 and 1788, and the place where it stood so long, is

yet marked by a circle enclosing a cross on the highway.

Nearly opposite, on the same side, stood, till demolished in the "city improvements" of 1874, the tenement in front of which Captain Porteous was hanged to a dyer's pole, which is fully described in the "Heart of Midlothian."

One or two of the old tenements on the opposite side of the street belonged to those "Templar Lands," once so numerous at the foot of the Bow and Grass Market. It was only in 1746 that the independent jurisdiction of the Knights Templars was conclusively abolished.

Still further beyond, in the distance, tower the grand old pinnacles of Heriot's Hospital and Arthur's Seat, and rising far in the background to the right are the ruined towers of royal Craigmillar Castle — once the residence of the hapless Mary.

It has been asserted by some authorities that the young Prince, when but a few days old, was, for the purpose of being baptised in the Roman Catholic faith, let down by stealth, at night, in a basket from the window of Queen Mary's room, which has but one, I believe, and carried to Stirling Castle. There can remain no doubt that Mary's room is one of the oldest and best preserved parts of the ancient palace of the kings and queens of Scotland.

A curious conversation, reported in Lord Herries' "Memoirs," which took place between Queen Mary

and Lord Darnley on the day of the birth of the young Prince, renders this quaint little chamber altogether a place of interest: —

"The young prince," says Herries, "was ushered into the world between nine and ten in the morning. Darnley came at two in the afternoon to see his royal spouse and his child.

"'My lord,' said Mary, "God has given us a son,' and partially uncovering the infant's face, she added a protest that it was his, and no other man's son.

"Then turning to an English gentleman present, she said: 'This is the son who, I hope, shall first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England.'

"Sir William Stanley then inquired, 'Why, madam, shall he succeed before your majesty and his father?'

"'Alas!' answered Mary, 'his father has broken to me,' alluding to his having joined the murderous conspiracy against Riccio (or Rizzio).

"'Sweet madam,' said Darnley, 'is this the promise that you made: that you would forget and forgive all?'

"'I have forgiven all,' said the Queen, 'but will never forget. What if Hawdonside's (one of the conspirators) pistol had shot? (She had felt the cold steel on her bosom). What would have become of him (meaning her unborn son) and me both?'

"'Madam,' said Darnley, 'these things are past.'

"'Then,' said the Queen, 'let them go,' and thus ended this extraordinary conversation."

In the large outer room or ante-chamber adjoining Queen Mary's room are several portraits of interest to which we will make barely a passing allusion: —

The most notable is one of Queen Mary herself when Dauphiness of France, painted by Sir John Watson Gordon, from the original by Furino, the Italian artist, and presented by him for exhibition — the original being now in Dunrobin Castle.

This superb portrait, which yet bears the trace of Sir John's masterly style, is said to be the only reliable likeness of Marie Stuart extant.

As she married Francis, the Dauphin, when she was only about sixteen years of age, the likeness may be safely ascribed to a short period after that time.

Another painting of interest is one by the artist, Sheriff, done when he was a mere youth, which represents the escape of Queen Mary from her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, under Lady Douglas, which she managed very adroitly by bringing to bear her personal charms and seductive wiles upon George Douglas, her keeper's brother, a youth of eighteen years — in whom she found a champion and rescuer — who was aided by William, or the "little Douglas."

After supper, on May 2d, 1568, the keys of the castle were stolen from the elder Douglas, the Queen and her maid put into a boat, the castle gate relocked, the keys flung into the lake, and Mary was free once more.

It was not long, however, before the adherents who had rallied around her standard were defeated; and

then, conscious of the innocence of her intentions towards the Queen of England, she, unfortunately, fled to Elizabeth for protection, who gave her just such protection as the wolf gives the lamb, none other.

The large building on the left, as we issue from Queen Mary's room, was formerly the great hall of the palace. It is a magnificent apartment, eighty feet in length, by thirty-three in width, and twenty-seven feet to the ceiling, which is of open timber, each joint springing from a corbel stone.

This room was the ancient Parliament House of the kingdom of Scotland, and was, during those times, used frequently for banquets of state, one of the last which was given in this hall having been given in honor of the visit of Charles I. to Scotland, in 1633.

A few paces to the right, as we make our exit beneath the old clock tower, we next reach the room where the royal regalia of Scotland are preserved, and which is known as the Crown Room.

These insignia of the ancient monarchs of Scotland, consisting of a crown, a scepter, a sword of state and a silver rod of office (supposed, commonly, to be that of the Lord Treasurer), were long believed to be lost; but, after lying in an old oak chest, from the date of the union of England and Scotland, and the abolition of the Scottish Parliament, as a natural consequence thereof, in the early part of the eighteenth century, they were, chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir Walter Scott, restored to the light in 1818, after hav-

ing been hidden away from the eye of man for more than 110 years.

The Prince Regent (afterwards Geo. IV.) granted a commission to allow the Crown Room to be searched, and, to the great joy of the whole Scottish nation, they were found intact in the very state in which they had been placed in the old oaken chest in 1701, the chest having been forced open by blacksmith's tools, as the keys had been lost for more than a century

Scotsmen are justly proud of these symbols of their unconquered independence, which are hoary with antiquity, and are the relics of a long line of monarchs, beginning with King Robert the Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn. A part of the crown, at least, has been worn by Robert Bruce, and, besides other sovereigns, it has encircled the brow of the beautiful and unhappy Queen Mary herself; her son, James VI., and her grandson, Charles I. The sword was a gift from Pope Julius II. to James IV. The form of the crown is remarkably elegant, and the lower portion consists of two circles, both of the finest gold, the upper circle being ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*, and with pinnacles of gold, topped with pearls of immense size, while the under circle is adorned with twenty-two precious stones, with a magnificent pearl set between each stone, these being made of topazes, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, and jacinths, while there is a still smaller circle set with diamonds and sapphires alternately. The crown is twenty-seven inches in circumference, about

nine inches in diameter, and about six and a half inches in height from the bottom of the lower circle to the top of the cross, and considering the remote age in which it was designed, and that it dates back to Robert Bruce (nearly six centuries ago), it does not compare unfavorably with the royal tiara of Queen Victoria in the Jewel Room in the Tower of London.

On the glorious field of Bannockburn, Bruce is historically represented as wearing an open crown or circlet of gold over his helmet, which made him a bright and shining mark for the attack of the English, and the King, being easily singled out by his glittering crown, this fact, no doubt, lured the fiery Sir Henry de Bohun on to his death, before the action had fairly begun, at the hands of the valiant Scottish chief, who, despite his helmet, cleft de Bohun to the chin with one stroke of his heavy battle-ax. In the stirring words of the poet: —

> "The monarch rode along the van,
> The foe's approaching force to scan,"

and Sir Henry de Bohun, extremely desirous, no doubt, of having the honor of engaging the Scottish king in single combat, —

> "He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
> And darted on the Bruce at once."

But he had "reckoned without his host" and truly did he find in the doughty Bruce, "a foeman worthy of his steel," for —

> "While on the King, like flash of flame,
> Spurred to full speed, the war horse came!

But swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned his spear.

"High in his stirrups, stood the King,
And gave his battle-ax the swing;
Such strength upon the blow was put,
His helmet cracked like hazel-nut."

By the way, I may state here, that on the way from Edinboro' to Loch Katrine, not far from Stirling and Stirling Castle, I passed the field of Bannockburn, and saw a banner proudly waving from a flag-staff on the field of battle, which took place in 1314, and was one of the most signal defeats that the English ever received, although King Edward I. had 100,000 troops of the flower of England, to contend with the 30,000 Highlanders of Bruce, and the result of which glorious victory was to raise Bruce from the dignity of a hunted rebel, with a price set upon his head, to the rank of an independent and undisputed sovereign, and successful warrior.

To this day, the stone in which the Scottish standard was flung to the breeze on that glorious day, is to be seen on the field, and it is called the "Bore Stone," and is clamped all over with iron bars, I presume, to prevent the relic-hunter from breaking up and carrying away every vestige of its remnants.

The sword of state is about five feet long, the handle and pommel being more than a foot in length, and are formed of silver, gilded, and highly carved and ornamented, and the cross of the sword is represented by two dolphins, with their heads joined at the handles.

The scepter is a slender silver rod in the form of a hexagon, and surrounded by an antique capital of embossed leaves, and which supports three small figures representing the Virgin Mary, Saint Andrew and Saint James.

When King Charles I. succeeded King James VI. on the united thrones of England and Scotland, he desired the royal regalia to be sent up to London to be used at his coronation, but the canny Scots looked upon that as an infringement upon the sovereignty of Scotland, and in deference to the wishes of his Scottish subjects, King Charles found it incumbent upon him to visit Edinboro' in person, where he was crowned with the royal tiara, and invested with the sword, etc., according to the ancient custom, and this ceremony took place at Holyrood Palace, amidst the most magnificent and imposing pageantry that Scotland had ever witnessed up to that time, or, perhaps, ever has since.

Another poet has spoken of the old castle, and its invaluable treasures and souvenirs of the ancient glory of Scotland and her kings, as follows: —

> "The steep and iron-bedded rock,
> Where trusted lies the monarchy's last gems,
> The scepter, sword and crown that graced the brows,
> Since Father Fergus, of an hundred kings."

Queen Margaret's chapel stands on the highest platform of the Castle Rock, and is undoubtedly the oldest and smallest chapel in Scotland, being but sixteen feet six inches long by ten feet six inches in width.

Queen Margaret was the pious Queen of Malcolm III. (called also Canmore), and this chapel was probably built by her, and used as a place of worship during her residence at the Castle, and up to the period of her death in 1093. It is yet in an excellent state of preservation.

I stepped inside of the little chapel to take a survey of it, when I found there, lying in wait for the unsuspecting sight-seer, an old Scotch woman, who besought me, with great earnestness and intense loquacity, to buy some of her photographs, views, etc., and she wanted especially to sell me the pictures of Robert Burns and his "Highland Mary," but I finally escaped from her by buying a few views, and also a photograph of a "Scotch Washing," which was both novel and interesting to me, as it gave me an insight into, at least, one more of the curious customs of that country.

The picture (which was highly colored) represented a bonny Scotch lassie, with stout brawny limbs, bare to the knees, and standing in a tub filled with clothes and washing water, which she was, so to speak, *kneading* briskly with her feet in order to extract the dirt from them, and it occurred to me that the clothes would need considerable trampling before they would pass muster sufficiently well to be called clean.

Hard by the chapel of Queen Margaret is the noted cannon "Mons Meg," on the Bomb Battery, which affords the finest view to be had from the Castle Rock of the new town of Edinboro'; the public gardens, which

nestle at the very foot of the rugged old Castle Rock, and of the magnificent Princes Street, one of the finest urban promenades in Europe, which is not excelled in natural beauties, probably, by any thoroughfare in the world, and which has for one of its chief ornaments and attractions the fine monument to the "Wizard of the North."

Mons Meg is commonly believed to have been made at the City of Mons, in France, in 1476; but Sir Walter Scott claims for it a native pedigree.

It is constructed much on the same principle as the modern Armstrong guns which had done so much (prior to the invention of the Gatling gun), to revolutionize warfare during the present century; that is, it is made in coils or sections overlapping each other. It is thirteen feet, and seven inches in circumference, and has a caliber of twenty inches, and weighs more than five tons.

Of course, by the side of the monster guns of modern times, especially the Krupp guns, or even some made in this country, this gun is a small affair, but when we consider it as the product of the eighteenth century, the gun is really a marvelous production.

A pile of massive stone balls which lie beside it are said to have been fired from Mons Meg, and afterwards gathered up on Wardie Moor, three miles distant. The cannon was really forged at Castle Douglas for James II., by McKim, a blacksmith of the place, in order to aid in the siege of the castle of Thrieve.

McKim named the cannon "Mollance Meg," jointly in honor of the estate which James II. gave him for his services in making the monster cannon (for it was the largest that had ever been seen in England, or perhaps in the world up to that time), and "Meg" being in honor of his wife.

The cannon has a rent in it of considerable extent near the breech, which was made by an overcharge of powder, when firing a salute in honor of the visit of the Duke of York to the city in the year 1682.

The gun also took part in the siege of Norham Castle in 1497, and in 1754, it was removed to the Tower of London, where it remained until 1829, when Sir Walter Scott obtained from King George IV. its triumphant restitution to the castle.

The armory of the castle is now about all that is left for the curious to visit, and we conclude our sketch of the castle with a brief allusion to some things of interest which are to be seen there.

Among them, about fifteen thousand stands of arms, a coat of mail of one of the Douglases, ancient helmets, breast-plates, shields, Lochaber battle-axes, and a dagger worn by Rob Roy.

Among the greatest curiosities, however, to be found there is an exceedingly ingenious steel shield, with a pistol barrel fixed in the center, and fired from behind through a small aperture in the shield, which must have been quite astonishing to the enemy when the pistol was suddenly and unexpectedly fired from behind into his face, and thus almost literally turning the shield

into a sword. There is also a fine collection of steel pistols used by the Highlanders of Prince Charles at the battle of Culloden in 1745, which formed the subject of Campbell's beautiful poem beginning: —

> "Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
> When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array
> For a field of blood rushes red on my sight,
> And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

There are also some swords which were taken from the French; cuirasses stripped from Napoleon's heavy dragoons at Waterloo, and also specimens of the the weapons used in the Peninsular War, where Sir Arthur Wellesley made the reputation which afterwards made him the Duke of Wellington.

The armory is thought to be built on the site of the secret postern through which the corpse of Queen Margaret was secretly removed to Dunfermline for the rites of sepulture, at the very time the castle was being stoutly besieged by Donald Bane, the usurper.

We now leave the castle, and first passing the esplanade, which was in ancient times a favorite promenade of the old town of Edinboro', where, in the days of Bloody Mary, executions often took place "for His sake," and where are to be seen several monuments to officers and soldiers of the British army, we soon reach the spacious thoroughfare (though not as fashionable a resort as its more aristocratic, though less historic neighbor, Princes Street in the new town), which intersects the old town between the castle and Holyrood, which is about a mile long.

This ancient and historic street, takes successively the names of Castle Hill, Townmarket, High Street, Netherbow, and Canongate.

The oldest thoroughfare of Edinboro', however, is probably the West Bow, and it was through this ancient street which made three bows or turns between the Grass market (which, we have said above, was directly beneath the castle rock), that the earl of Bothwell led Queen Mary, in pretended captivity to the castle, and when James VI., her son, brought home to Edinboro' his consort, Anne of Denmark, he entered the city in triumph by this *route*, and King Charles I., Charles II., Oliver Cromwell, and James II. while the Duke of York, also made their triumphal entry at various times.

If you will step aside a few paces into the Cowgate which debouches into the Grass Market, you will notice an interesting chapel with a fine tower and spire, and which has the only painted glass windows in the city of Edinboro', which date back to a period prior to the Reformation.

This church is mainly notable, however, because of its connection with the last sad rites of the martyred Marquis of Argyle who, at the same time that the Duke of Monmouth invaded England, and was defeated at Sedgmoor in 1685, came back from Holland, and with his clan 5,000 strong, with their glittering claymores and their tartan plaids, who would have gone to the end of the world for MacCallum More, raised an insurrection against King James II. in the Highlands,

which, however, was soon put down, and Argyle paid the usual penalty with his life, although he was the most powerful subject in the British dominions, his body having been carried hither, and lay in the chapel for some days, until it was removed by his friends to the family sepulchre at Kilmun, while his head was affixed to the north gable of the Tolbooth of Edinboro'.

He had several years previously been convicted of treason, at the instigation of the wicked and unscrupulous Duke of York, on the flimsiest grounds, upon grounds so untenable that even Halifax (one of the most notorious "trimmers," and sycophants of the age), dared to say to King Charles, "I know nothing of Scotch law, but I do know that we should not hang a dog here, on the grounds on which my Lord Argyle has been sentenced."

Argyle, however, made his escape to the Continent, and thus saved his life for the time being.

His mainstay in this insurrection was Colonel Richard Rumbold, who had been one of Oliver's Roundheads, who had held a commission in Cromwell's own regiment, had fought at Dunbar and Worcester, and had even guarded the scaffold before the Banqueting House on the day when the head of King Charles I. rolled into the basket, and at whose house, what is known in history as the Rye House Plot was conceived, and near which it was attempted to be carried into execution, but which failed at the last moment by reason of unforeseen circumstances.

Colonel Rumbold was only in favor of making pris-

oners of King Charles II., and his brother, the Duke of York, and thus wring from the king certain concessions which it was thought the good of the country required, but he had never been in favor of the king's assassination, as many were who were participants in the plot; this was revolting to the conscience of the brave old soldier, but of course, if the king had happened to be killed in the attack upon the royal coach while surrounded by his guards, this would only have been the fortune of war, and he would have had no qualms of conscience afterwards. However, base informers revealed the plot, and Rumbold, more fortunate than the virtuous Lord Russell, Sidney, Essex and others, made his escape to the Continent, and there in exile they pined for their native land, until they saw, as they thought, in Monmouth's rebellion, a chance to return to their native land, and the disastrous issue of which cost both of them their lives.

Rumbold was brought to Edinboro' mortally wounded, but nevertheless, the inhuman James had him executed, fearing I suppose, as Charles II. remarked to his heartless courtiers on his death-bed, that he would "take an unconscionable time in dying," and his head was already on the west port of Edinboro', when my Lord Argyle was led to the scaffold, where he died as became a Christian and a patriot. Argyle's last words were, "Poor Rumbold was a great support to me, and a brave man, and died Christianly."

The most shameful feature of Argyle's death, was, that he was not tried for his latest offenses, but he was

actually beheaded on the sentence which had been so unjustly pronounced against him several years before.

I speak thus at length of Argyle and Rumbold, because the noted writer, Geo. W. M. Reynolds, who so lashed the iniquities of various members of the useless royal family of England, that he was often fined and imprisoned, though it made no difference in regard to putting a stop to the productions of his pen, says in his book call the "Mysteries of the Court of Charles II., or the Rye House Plot," in which he paints the corruption and licentiousness of that court, perhaps the most vicious and the most corrupt that the world has ever seen (the court of Louis XIV., or of Catherine II. of Russia, not excepted), that Argyle and Rumbold were saved at the eleventh hour by pardons signed in blank which were surreptitiously obtained by some powerful courtier from James II. he not even suspecting that Argyle's name would be inserted therein, for he hated him with a deadly hate. He also says that the Governor of the castle suspected that the pardons had been irregularly obtained, because he well knew the feeling which King James had previously entertained towards Argyle in particular, but he dared not disregard the king's sign-manual, not knowing, of course, that the names of Argyle and Rumbold had been inserted without the king's knowledge, afterwards, so he let the prisoners go upon condition of their instantly leaving the country for America, but it was generally believed that they were executed.

Reynolds says that Argyle and Rumbold undoubtedly escaped the block, and that history has been falsified on this point, and he showed he believed this the more readily because he always painted the royal family in its various generations in as black colors as he could, and, indeed, in the same book, he asserts that Essex, who was said to have committed suicide in the tower, was assassinated in cold blood by the Duke of York, in order to obtain from him some paper which would seriously have compromised the latter.

At the corner of the West Bow and the Cowgate is the house where Lord Brougham was born. The West Port at the west end of the Grass Market has an unenviable reputation in connection with the miscreants Burke and Hare in 1827–28, who killed people simply for the few dollars that their bodies would bring at the medical colleges for the purposes of dissection; and, from which terrible atrocities, the phrase "Burking," has become a portion of the vocabulary of our language. But a great many people in Scotland (and particularly of the lower classes, although it is not confined to them as the sequel will show), of course, know more about this Burke, than they do about the wonderful orator who impeached Warren Hastings, the viceroy of India, in Westminster Hall, "of high crimes and misdemeanors."

In proof of this fact, if any were needed, the story is told of a west country magistrate, of good social position, that he once had the honor of dining with Louis Philippe; and on being asked what his country-

men generally thought of Burke, the worthy provost, who it would seem never heard of the Burke who wrote the "Reflections on the French Revolution," replied—"'Deed, your Majestic, I wush ye wad say nae mair aboot him! it gars me grue (it makes me sick), when I hear the name of the scoondrel! though atween you and me, I believe Hare was the warst o' the two."

The West Bow was still a fashionable place a century ago, when Oliver Goldsmith was a rollicking young medical student in Edinboro', and in his writings we find the following pen-picture of a fashionable ball of the period given in the Assembly Rooms, which, I presume, would hardly be a fit caricature of the lively, not to say forward manners of the present day, and is chiefly interesting as showing the difference between "our grandfather's days" and the present:—

"When a stranger enters the dancing-room he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves. On the other end stand their passive partners that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes than between two countries at war. The ladies, indeed, may ogle and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid upon any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet which they perform with a formality approaching to despondence. After five or six couples have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country

dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady-directress. So they dance much and say nothing, and this concludes our Assembly."

In James' Court, which leads out of the Corn Market, is the house of Boswell, the "bear-leader" (or toady and general *factotum*) and biographer of Dr. Johnson, before they set out together on their tour to the Hebrides, 1773. Boswell's flat was on the ground floor, in the west end of the north side of the court, but the house was destroyed by fire in 1857. Hume, the historian, was also a tenant of James' Court at one time. His house was the second flat above Boswell's, and Boswell succeeded Hume in that house, but afterwards removed to the one below. Hume also lived in Riddle's Close, and began his "History of England" there, and finishing it in Jack's Land in the Canongate.

We shall now have occasion to use the term "Close" at intervals, so that we may as well explain at this point what the term means. The old houses of the old town of Edinboro' were mainly built with their gable ends to the street, and in solid blocks, with a view to make them more easily defensible from the occasional forays of plundering clans of Highlanders (which not infrequently occurred in those rude and troublous times), and the only entrance to those houses was by a narrow hall-way called a "Close," which could be easily barricaded against the invaders, and thus the houses made pretty good barracks, and could be much more readily defended from attack.

Each "Close" has its name inscribed over it in raised letters, and I noticed three of them with such curious names that I made a note of them.

These three bore the names of "Big Jack's Close," "Little Jack's Close," and most curious of all, "World's End's Close."

Now we come to the place which is worthy of note as being the first lodging in Edinboro' occupied by Burns, "The Ayrshire Ploughman" (Baxter's Close, No. 469), in 1786, before he had reached the zenith of his fame. He staid with John Richmond, a law student and clerk, from Mauchline, who himself was a lodger with a Mrs. Carfrae. Her house was the first floor up, on the first stair to the left.

On his visit to Edinboro', the next year, Burns staid in the top-flat of the southeast corner of St. James' Square (No. 30), in the new town, with his friend William Cruickshank, who was a teacher in the High School.

We now reach the chief remaining ornament of the High Street of Edinboro', which is the Cathedral of St. Giles, with its handsome tower and spire.

In 1829, however, the old church underwent a restoration, which left very little of the ancient structure, except the tower, with its magnificent spire or lantern, and the massive pillars which still support the magnificent edifice. The exact date of the original erection of the Cathedral here is unknown, although Maitland, in his "History of Edinburgh," assigns it to the year 854, and with whom Arnot coincides, but the first men-

tion to be found of the church is in a charter of David II., in 1359.

The chief interest, however, which attaches to St. Giles must ever be because it was here that John Knox made those fiery and soul-stirring appeals to the piety and patriotism of the Scotch metropolis, which perhaps did more than anything to establish the Reformation in Scotland, this being the parish church of Edinboro' at the time.

West St. Giles was formerly made up of two old churches, the Tolbooth and Haddo's Hall — the latter so-called because Sir John Gordon, of Haddo, was imprisoned in a neighboring apartment, prior to his execution in 1664. It was in the Tolbooth that, according to tradition, John Knox preached his last sermon, and made his last exhortation to sinners to "flee from the wrath to come," Saint Giles being tempora rily shut up.

The old Tolbooth, or "Heart of Midlothian," is marked at the northwest corner by the figure of a large heart, which is probably five feet in length, and three feet in width, marked on the pavement.

The Tolbooth was originally used as a Parliament House before the Union, and then as a prison, until in 1817, when it was removed, a new jail having been erected that year. James Melville, in his diary, gives the following graphic description of Knox's preaching in his last days: —

"In the opening of his text, he was moderat the space of an halff-houre; but when he enter it to appli-

cation, he made me sa to grew and tremble that I culd nocht hald a pen to wryt. Mr. Knox wuld sumtyme come in and repose him in our college yard, and call us scholars to him, and bless us and exhort us to know God and his wark in our country, and to stand by the guid caus. I saw him every day of his doctrine (preaching) go holie and fear (cautiously) with a string of martriks about his neck, a staff in the ane hand, and guid godlie Richart Ballenden, his servand, haldin up the other oxtar, from the abbey to the paroche Kirk, and by the said Richart and another servand, lifted up to the pulpit, where he behovit to lean at his first entrie, but or he had done with his sermon, he was sa active and vigorous that he was like to ding (beat) that pulpit in blads, and flee out of it."

About five years ago, the Murray Window, a memorial of the Regent Murray, or Moray (Queen Mary's illegitimate brother), who was assassinated at Linlithgorr, was placed in Saint Giles, containing six pictures, all bearing upon the Regent's assassination, one of them representing the death of the Regent, and another, John Knox, with his long, brown beard, preaching his funeral sermon, — the "Good Regent!" as the people called him, being one of the staunchest reformers among the Scotch nobles, and a great friend and admirer of John Knox. Some idea of the boldness and fearlessness of this man, of whom Regent Morton said after his death, "there lies he who never feared the face of man," may be obtained from the fact that soon after Lord Darnley was married to Queen Mary, and after

her proclamation which styled him king, but, nevertheless, not associating him with her in the government of Scotland, on the 19th of August, 1565, he attended St. Giles' Church, where Knox, highly edified him by a strong and vigorous sermon, *against the government of boys and women* (meaning, of course, him and the Queen), and Knox, no doubt, selected this text on the spur of the moment, upon seeing Darnley in the congregation.

The "Ald Kirk" of St. Giles, at the south end of the transept, was the scene of the righteous indignation of Jenny Geddes, on that memorable day in 1637, when the obnoxious liturgy of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, (who, Macaulay says, "of all the prelates of the Anglican Church had departed farthest from the principles of the Reformation, and had drawn nearest to Rome"), was to be introduced into Scotland by authority. In no portion of Europe, says Macaulay further, had the Calvinistic doctrine and discipline, which Knox had been disseminating with fiery energy broadcast throughout the land, taken so strong a hold upon the public mind. The effect of all this was that the Church of Rome was regarded, he says, by the great body of the people, with a hatred which might justly be called ferocious, and the Church of England, which seemed to be every day becoming more like the Church of Rome, was an object of scarcely less aversion, to the "unco guid," and (as Burns says,) "Orthodox, orthodox; wha believed in John Knox." And, moreover, the promulgation of this liturgy,

which aped the church of Rome entirely too much to suit the turbulent Scots, finally cost Laud his head, at the hands of Rump Parliament, and among other causes cost King Charles his kingdom and his head as well.

As it happened, Jenny had taken her stool to church that day, and when the Bishop of Edinboro' had just asked the Dean to read "the Collect for the day," Jenny burst out: "*Colic!* said ye! the De'il colic the *wame* (belly) o' ye! Wud ye say *mass* at my lug (ear)!" And with that she lifted her stool, and sent it flying at the Dean's head. The stool is yet to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum, and as Dr. McCrie says, in his biography of John Knox, "it was well for the Dean that he had learned to "jouk," or the consequences might have been serious."

There was formerly, also, a monument to the Earl of Murray, the "Good Regent," in the Old Kirk, but in the alterations spoken of above it was destroyed; but it was restored in *fac-simile*, by the present Earl of Moray. The memorial window has already been alluded to.

Near the "Good Regent" (a misnomer, as it would seem, to the more refined notions of the nineteenth century, since he had participated in the conspiracy to assassinate Riccio, and afterwards Darnley as well, but in those rude times the shedding of human blood seemed rather, than otherwise, to recommend a man to the favorable notice of his fellows, and who, it is worthy of note, finally himself died by violence),

in the crypts is the tomb of the Marquis of Montrose, which I paid a warder a shilling to show me. The father of the Earl of Argyle, of whose death on the block we have already spoken, was at the head of the faction which put Montrose to death, and he was brought into Edinboro' on a cart in charge of the common hangman, on Sunday, May 18th, 1650, and a fine picture illustrative of the scene by James Drummond, the Scotch historical painter, is to be seen in the National Gallery in Edinboro'. The cart on which he was placed in manacles was stopped for some time in front of Moray House, from which Argyle, Lorn, Loudon, and others of his enemies gloated over the downfall and degradation of their illustrious rival, and it is even said that the Countess of Haddington so far forgot her sex, her high position, and her dignity of character, as actually to spit upon him. Nailed to the cart are the sword, garter, cross of St. George, and starred cloak of the distinguished victim, together with the history of Scotland, during his guardianship, which was afterwards tied round his neck at his execution. This picture is about six feet by four, and is finely executed.

His sentence, which is eminently characteristic of the savage cruelty of the age, was that "he should be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, his head fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinboro', and his body dismembered, and his limbs placed over the gates of the four chief towns of Scotland, — Perth, Stirling, Glasgow, and Aberdeen" — and he was executed May 21st, 1650.

It was said of him that he was "the noblest of all the Cavaliers," having fought valiantly for King Charles, and prior to that, having been the great leader of the Covenanters, and his epitaph, written by himself, breathes the most earnest Christian faith and hope in every line. It is as follows, taken from his tomb in the gloomy crypts of Saint Giles: —

> "Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
> Then open all my veins that I may swim
> To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake,
> Then place my parboiled head upon a stake
> Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air,
> Lord, since thou knowest where all these atoms are
> I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
> And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

The ancient cemetery once attached to Saint Giles on the south, is now covered by the pavement and buildings of Parliament Square.

John Knox was buried in this old cemetery, and in his case, as in Calvin's, there is some doubt as to the exact spot where he is buried; but it is believed by the best authorities that the distinguished Reformer is buried near the equestrian statue of Charles II. The spot is marked by a square stone set in the ground with only the initials, "J. K." marked upon it, and, to the shame of Edinboro' be it said, this is the only mark that she can show to designate the last resting place of her greatest and most renowned citizen and benefactor. "Peace hath her victims no less renowned than war," and this, almost the greatest of the followers of the Prince of Peace, has no monument in the

city of Edinboro' save in the hearts of her people, and his house is to them, as well as to wandering pilgrims, what Mecca is to the pious Mussulman.

Glasgow, however, has outstripped Edinboro' in this regard, and the most conspicuous monument in her beautiful Necropolis is that erected to the memory of the great leader who, together with Calvin, Luther, and Erasmus, shares the glory of the Reformation, which was mainly accomplished through their untiring and gigantic efforts.

The sittings of the Parliament and the College of Justice were transferred from the old Tolbooth of Saint Giles to the Parliament House in 1639. In the middle of the square there is an equestrian statue, in lead, of Charles II., erected by the city corporation in 1685. It is believed to have been sculptured in Holland, but the name of the artist is unknown.

It is a curious circumstance, and one which shows the fickleness of the human mind, and its tendency to worship him whose star is in the ascendant, and to forget all past obligations and memories as soon as possible, that the site was originally destined for a statue of the Protector, Cromwell, during the Commonwealth, and the model of the great Roundhead leader was actually in existence when the Restoration took place, and the magistrates of Edinboro', quick

> "To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning,"

at once relegated Oliver to obscurity, and gave orders for a statue of the "Merrye Monarch," which was afterwards erected on the identical spot.

The fulsome and preposterously overdrawn inscription in Latin on the pedestal was discovered among a lot of old lumber below the Parliament House, when the statue was erected, after the great fire in the old town in 1824.

I translated a portion of it which I give below, and I no longer wondered that the magistrates did not wish to stultify their manhood and their honesty, by certifying to the character of, perhaps, the most corrupt and worthless of the many bad monarchs of England, and that they left to their successors, one hundred and fifty years later, the humiliating task of having placed in its present position, this testimonial to their own disgrace.

The inscription is several feet in length, and its opening sentence is entirely in keeping with its conclusion.

It begins thus: —

> "To the most august and magnificent Charles II.
> King of Britain, Gaul, and Ireland,
> The most invincible monarch," etc., *ad nauseam.*

From the Parliament House, you enter the Advocate's Library, which like the British Museum, has the privilege of receiving a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom.

It contains already 150,000 volumes, and many hundreds of valuable MSS., among which are several copies of the solemn League and Covenant, with the original subscriptions, some of which are even written with the very blood of the subscribers.

Passing on down the High Street, for we are now getting impatient (as, perhaps, our readers as well) to reach John Knox's house, and Holyrood Palace, we pass Dunbar's Close which was the headquarters of Cromwell's "Ironsides," after the battle of Dunbar enabled him to gain possession of the castle and city of Edinboro', and Cromwell himself occupied an old house near the guard-room, the latter having been recently removed.

Tradition says that Cromwell was in the habit of promenading on the flat stone roof of his lodging here, and whence he would give an occasional glance towards the Firth of Forth in order to reassure himself that his fleet was still secure.

Now we come to a house made forever famous by its association with Robert Burns, and other intellectual luminaries of Scotland (the Anchor Close, No. 243), where formerly stood the printing office of William Smellie, who here corrected the proofs of the Edinboro' edition of his poems, and it was here, also, were printed the first editions of many of the works of Dr. Blair, Robertson the historian, Adam Ferguson, Hume, and Adam Smith, whose valuable book, "The Wealth of Nations," laid the cornerstone of the Science of Political Economy. "The Crochallan Fencibles," of whom Burns was a boon companion, met in a tavern in Anchor Close.

On we go down the High Street, and next we see an antique looking church, which sits back from the street some distance called the Trone Church, from the

"Trone," or weighing beam, which once stood near, and to which in olden times, false witnesses were nailed by the ear, as a warning to perjurers, and, methinks, from the average results which we see every day of the proceedings of *our* courts of justice, that we might copy, with advantage, the custom of the "Trone," barbarous though it be, for the benefit of our malefactors of this class, whose name is legion.

Directly opposite the Trone Church is the underground shop (No. 177 High Street), where tradition says that the articles of Union between Scotland and England were finally subscribed, early in the last century. Some of the commissioners had already signed the articles in the Parliament House, but those who had not done so, had met for the purpose in a summer house, behind Moray House, Canongate, but the mob not approving of the Union, forced them to withdraw before completing their signatures, which they finally did in secret at No. 177.

Carrubbers' Close (No. 135) is notable in the history of Protestantism as the meeting place to which the Episcopalians were reduced, on the downfall of the prelatic establishment, which twenty-seven years of bloody persecution by "Kirke's Lambs," Graham of Claverhouse, and others, (and which resulted in the death of thousands of martyrs) failed to force upon Presbyterian Scotland.

Still farther down the High Street, and on the same side, Strichen's Close (No. 104), has the unenviable distinction of having been the residence of Sir George

Mackenzie, King's Advocate during the reign of Charles II., and well known in Scottish Martyrology as "The Bluidy Mackenzie," and whose cruelty and oppression in Scotland were hardly surpassed in infamy by Jeffeys of "The Bloody Assizes," in England, after the defeat of Monmouth in 1685, at Sedgmoor.

At last we reach John Knox's house, and we have at this point come up, with the fourth member of the great Quadrivirate (if I may make so bold as to coin a word), who accomplished the work of the Reformation, having already visited Geneva the home of Calvin, Basle where Erasmus is buried, and Worms, where Luther stood his great trial for heresy, and came forth triumphant, as did of old Meshach, Shadrach, and Abednego from the fiery furnace.

The house (No. 47), projects into the street at the Netherbow, and is in a fairly good state of preservation, as the original oak panelling of the walls has been replaced by wood taken from other old Edinboro' houses of the same period. Over the door is the inscription, no doubt placed there at the instance of Knox himself, "Lufe God abufe al, and yi nychtbour as yiself." There is a projection on the south front, which was added to the house for its increased accommodation, and which was Knox's favorite resort, and which he called the "warm study of daillis" (that is made of planks or boards).

Knox lived in that house from 1560 to 1572. Many a grave consultation, pregnant with great national issues, has been held in this famous old building, and

many a cheerful supper the great Reformer had here with his friends. Though the care of all the churches of Scotland, and even the nation itself, pressed heavily on his spirits more or less at all times, yet he never utterly despaired, and always believed in the ultimate success of the good cause.

He was a man of a very different temperament from the narrow-minded and dogmatic Calvin, and was by no means the sullen and morose fanatic that he has been represented, by critics unfriendly to the cause and the grand results of the Reformation.

No man enjoyed social intercourse more than he, when he had a fair opportunity for it. Only a few days before his death, he desired his servant to broach a a cask of wine which had been presented to him, that he might share it with some friends who were paying him a visit, as he remarked that he was "not like to tarry till it be finished."

He died in the sixty-seven year of his age, November 24th, 1572, just exactly three months after the horrible butchery of the Protestants of France, and, doubtless, the sorrow and agony that Knox must have felt at this terrible catastrophe, which, like lightning from a clear sky, had so unexpectedly befallen the Huguenots, hastened the end of this great champion of Christendom.

Knox had been married twice, having two sons by his first wife, and three daughters by his second wife. His widow afterwards married a gentleman of landed

estate, and consequently removed to the country, and took the furniture of the household with her to her new home, which probably accounts for the fact that there is nothing of the original furniture now to be seen in the house, with the exception of a large arm-chair.

This chair was restored to the house of John Knox by a son of Doctor McCrie, who was the pastor of McCrie Free Church, in Richmond Street, Edinboro, and about two hundred years after Knox's death wrote his biography.

As I had already seated myself in Calvin's chair at Geneva, I thought I might as well do the same by Knox in Edinboro, so I seated myself in this chair, and for a few minutes amused myself by leisurely turning over the leaves of Knox's "History of the Reformation," and scanning a curious passage here and there, and while so doing I came upon one extract, which so well explains his attitude towards the Stuarts and the increasing power of Rome in Scotland, that I transcribe it here, at the risk of being a little tedious, and then leave the subject to abler pens than mine.

Mary of Guise, the mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, after the death of her husband, James V., who died when the future Queen of Scots was but a week old, was, of course, the Queen Regent of Scotland until her death, and the accession of Queen Mary, and to her Knox alludes in the following passage: —

"We are compelled unwillingly to answer the

grievous accusations laid to our charges by the Queen Regent, and her perverse counsell, who cease not by all craft and malice to make us odious to our dearest brethren, naturall Scottish men, as that we pretended no other thing, but the subversion and overthrow of all just authoritie, when God knoweth we fought nothing but that such authoritie as God approveth by His word be established, honoured and obeyed amongst us. True it is, that we have complained (and continually must complaine, till God send redresse), that our common countrey is oppreffed with strangers, that this inbringing of soldiers with their wives and children, and planting of men of war in our free towns, appeareth to us a ready way to conquest.

"And we most earnestly require all indifferent persons to be judge betwixt us and the Queen Regent in this cause, to wit, whether our complaint be just or not? For what other purpofe should she thus multiply ftrangers upon us, out only in respect of conquest, which is a thing of late devised by her, and her avaritious houfe."

Knox's History of the Reformation, Book Second, p. 186, printed in London 1644, and in another place, he calls the Queen Regent's troops, "new throat cutters."

CHAPTER XVI.

EDINBORO' CONTINUED—THE SCOTCH LAKES—GLASGOW, AND HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY this time, our anxiety to reach Holyrood Palace becomes intense, and we can hardly give due attention to what we see around us, but as the Canongate is the last portion of the High Street between the Castle and Palace (the High Street bearing the same relation to these historic hills that Pennsylvania Avenue does to the Capitol and the White House at Washington, the President being familiarly known as "the man at the other end of the Avenue"), and there are several things of interest to be seen here, we will stop a few minutes as we pass by, at any rate. The Canongate was begun in the early part of the twelfth century, (and its antique and time-stained buildings, indeed, look much older than that) by the Augustine Canons of Holyrood, who ruled as a burgh of regality, under a charter from King David I., and many of the houses yet retain the venerable appearance of the ancient court end of the city.

These Closes are now, however, inhabitated by the very tag-rag and bobtail of the city of Edinboro', and at some places on the High Street it was all that I could do to get through the crowds of rough looking men and slatternly and dirty-looking women, and the still

dirtier and half-naked children who were congregated here and there at the entrance of these Closes; but no longer ago than the latter part of the last century, this portion of the High Street in particular, was inhabited by many persons of social distinction, and by the high and mighty in every walk of life.

The Playhouse Close (No. 200) is noted as the site of the first theater erected in Edinboro' in 1746. James VI., of Scotland, and his grandson, the Duke of York, afterwards James II. of England, encouraged the the Drama by liberal subsidies, but the "cannie Scots" still felt the influence of John Knox, and did not take much interest in the Play-house.

In the succeeding generation, however, public opinion had become more liberal, and had changed so greatly that when the divine Mrs. Siddons, with all her beauty and talent, made her *début* in Edinboro', according to Dr. Carlyle, she electrified the whole city to that degree, "that when she first appeared in Edinburgh during the sitting of the General Assembly, that Court was obliged to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members of the *clergy*, as well as the laity, took their stations in the theater on those days by three in the afternoon."

The theater in which Mrs. Siddons performed was erected in 1769, and for many years the Edinboro' company was reckoned equal to the best London players, but it has since been removed to make room for the new post office, while the old play-house was

demolished many years ago, to make room for dwelling houses.

In St. John Street, which enters from the Canongate through an archway a few steps further on, was the residence of Tobias Smollett, who wrote a history of England, besides continuing Hume's great history, after the death of the latter, who translated Voltaire and Don Quixote, and who, "as an author, distinguished himself as an historian, a novelist, a journalist of travels, a dramatist, and a poet; and who must be acknowledged to have made a considerable addition to the stock of elegant and useful literature," and, nevertheless, while he and Fielding both stood acknowledged *facile principes*, and as at the head of English writers of fiction, yet both died in comparative obscurity and neglect. The next building, on the same side, was the headquarters of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, where Robert Burns was exalted to the most sublime degree of a Royal Arch Mason, and dubbed Poet Laureate of the Lodge. Burns was an enthusiastic and earnest Freemason, as any one will easily see by an examination of his beautiful verses. For the edification of my Masonic brethren, I will here quote a portion of the poem entitled "Invitation to a Medical Gentleman to attend a Masonic Anniversary Meeting," on St. John's Day, the 24th of June: —

"Friday First's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession;

To get a blade o' Johnny's morals,
And taste a swatch (sample) o' Mausin's barrel.
I' the way of our profession,
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you;
For me, I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies with you."

The poet was also a frequent and an honored guest, at No. 13, the residence of Lord Monboddo, and his beautiful daughter, Miss Burnet, who was one of the greatest beauties of her time, but who died at the age of twenty-three, of consumption, and to whom he addressed his touching elegy, beginning thus: —

"Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumphed in a blow
As that which laid th' accomplished Burnet low."

She must have been surpassingly lovely, for the enraptured poet speaks of her as "the heavenly Miss Burnet, in a letter to his friend, William Chalmers, and says: "There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." Her father, Lord Monboddo, by the way, propounded the theory that the human family is descended from the monkey tribe, long before this theory was broached by the modern school of scientists of which Darwin is the chief exponent, and of course he was sneered at, and made the butt of many a jest by his contemporaries, who called him "eccentric," but it was, no doubt, the eccentric-

ity of genius. It is said that he was frequently beset with the jocular request, "show us your tail, Monboddo?"

No. 10 St. John St. was the residence of James Ballantine, the printer of the original editions of the "Waverly," novels, when all the world was agog to know who was the great author of the wonderful series of romances which startled the literary world especially with conjectures as to the identity of the brilliant star which had just shot athwart the horizon of letters, and whose failure involved Sir Walter Scott as a partner in liabilities to the enormous amount of £125,000 or $625,000, which Sir Walter paid by the most untiring energy and unremitting labor, coupled with the immense popularity of everything which fell from his pen — but it cost him his life.

Ballantine always gave a dinner to the prominent *Literati* of the Scottish capital upon the occasion of the publication of one of Sir Walter Scott's producductions, and these *symposia* were among the most notable gatherings which ever took place in the British Isles, as Edinboro' at that time was the nucleus of much of the talent of the United Kingdom.

The Canongate Tolbooth and court-house, with its clock projecting over the street, like the houses of the period of Queen Anne in various parts of England and Scotland, is a fine specimen of the Scottish architecture of the time of James VI. High up on the building is the inscription *Patriae et Posteris* and the date 1591. Singularly enough, the inscription over the

entrance is *Sic itur ad astra*, the entrance to a prison house and place of justice being hardly a proper introduction to the "strait and narrow way," unless the prisoners could be brought to believe, like Uriah Heep, that "it would be better for every body, if they got took up and was brought here."

In front of the building, at the east end, there is yet an old stone pillar, to which certain offenders, particularly scolds and slanderers, were fastened by jougs or iron collars, and the iron staple to which the jougs were fastened may still be seen upon the pillar.

We are in the habit very often of speaking of our ancestors as having been old-fogy, and all that sort of thing, but they had *some customs* which might have been handed down to our day with great advantage; and these ancient modes of punishment for slanderers, scolds, and perjurers, would no doubt have a salutary effect upon modern evil-doers, could they only be re-introduced by some daring innovator.

Next door to the Tolbooth is the old Canongate Church, which was erected in the year 1688 — the notable year in which the Papist King James II. ignobly forsook his kingdom and his crown upon the arrival from Holland of William and Mary, the Prince and Princess of Orange, who, upon their accession to the throne which James had filled so unworthily, made England once more a Protestant country; and from that day none but those who held the faith of the Church of England have been allowed to sit upon the throne of

that majestic empire, whose proud boast it is that "upon her dominions the sun never sets."

The churchyard, however, demands a visit, for here are entombed some of the brightest *Literateurs* of Scotland.

First and foremost, we shall mention one who lies there because the self-same all-important topics upon which he was the first to write learnedly and philosophically, is at the very moment while I write distracting this great country of ours from center to circumference, and which, in fact, is the main distinguishing feature of and essential difference between, the two great political parties of this country; I mean, of course, the doctrine of Free Trade, and I allude to its first great apostle and luminous exponent, Adam Smith, the author of the book which has, next to the Bible and Shakespeare, perhaps produced more controversy than any other production with which we are acquainted — because as everybody knows, the government of no country can be successfully carried on unless its finances, which are, of course, the keystone of the whole structure, are administered upon sound and economic principles.

Other distinguished dead are here, chief among them, Dugald Stewart, another noted professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow; Dr. Adam Ferguson, the historian of the Roman Republic; David Allen, the artist; and the poet Robert Ferguson, who like Chatterton, the youthful forger of Black Letter

Literature, who confounded and deceived for a long time the best literary talent of Europe as to the genuineness of his wonderfully clever productions, and who, like him, also died under the most lamentable circumstances. Robert Burns so much revered the memory of Ferguson, whom he called his "elder brother in the Muses," that poor and needy as he was, out of the very first installment of the money which he received from the Edinboro' edition of his poems, he devoted so much as was necessary to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the talented and lamented Ferguson, with an inscription written by his own hand.

By this time we are almost under the very walls of ancient Holyrood, and have reached the Abbey Sanctuary, which (like the sanctuary of olden times, when even the murderer was safe from pursuers could he but reach the altar, even of some heathen god) yet in conjunction with Arthur's seat, Salisbury Crags, and the Queen's Park, constitutes the only remaining sanctuary in Scotland.

This portion of my, I fear, uninteresting description of Edinboro' is, by the way, for the benefit of my friends of the legal profession who, I trust, will relish it as a matter of interest in the history of the Scottish law, if for no other reason.

Protection is here afforded only to debtors, and fraudulent bankrupts are excluded, of course, so that the privilege is probably not greatly abused.

These "protections" are issued at the Abbey

Court House, where the "Bailie of the Abbey," tries such offenses as may come within his jurisdiction. The Abbey Bailie is appointed by the Duke of Hamilton, who is the hereditary keeper of the palace.

Many amusing and curious anecdotes are related, even to this day, of the many hair-breadth escapes of the "Abbey Lairds" (as these poor fugitives were called in the olden times) from their unfortunate creditors, and the bailiffs who were always on the lookout to pounce upon them unawares.

Sunday was a day especially welcome to the Abbey Lairds, because on that day, by the law of Scotland, they were at liberty to go where they chose, but woe to any unlucky wight if he transgressed the hour, for then he was generally in for a long chase at the hands of the bumbailiffs, who were always on their trail; but, (like the witches who pursued Tam O'Shanter, "who could not cross a running stream," and had to content themselves with a portion of the tail of his old grey mare, Meg) they dared not cross the sacred strand of the Canongate, and hence they always "made the best time they could" before their victims could reach the sanctuary.

It is said that upon one occasion, a fugitive who was hotly pursued by the bailiffs as usual, fell just as he reached the strand. His body fell over the "dead line," but his legs were seized upon before he could regain his feet. He was thereupon taken into court, and there then ensued much debating and citation of authorities *pro* and *con* by the learned barristers, and

then by the big wigs in the Parliament House, as a like case had never before come up for judgment, and the precedent which they were about to fix would, of course, be an important one, as to whether the fugitive was legally in custody, as only his legs had been captured at the original taking.

Finally, however, after long deliberation it was decided that as the bailiff could do nothing with the man's legs, unless he had the body they belonged to, and as the man's body was clearly proven to be over the sanctuary, the debtor must be allowed, in contemplation of law, to be where his head and body were, and hence he must be discharged from custody, on the principle, I suppose, of the homely adage that "the tail goes with the hide;" but this is not always the case, but as the grammars say "the exception proves the rule," and I read only the other day an amusing story which shows that "the tail does not always go with the hide," but in the case I speak of, the tail went with the other cow. It seems that in New Jersey, not long ago, a mischievous boy tied the tail of a cow which his father owned, to the tail of a neighbor's cow. The cows, however, naturally soon desired to go each her own way, which, of course, produced a kicking tournament, and the result was that the cow belonging to the boy's father ran away with her own tail, and the tail of the other cow as well, and the result of the joke was that a jury assessed the value of the abstracted caudal appendage at $10, which the father of the hopeful youth had to pay.

Of course, you pay something as usual to see Holyrood, but it is only a sixpence, and you procure you a ticket, and hasten on to see particularly the scene of Queen Mary's high disputes with John Knox, and the little banquet room where Riccio was assassinated before the very eyes of the Queen.

The first house which was erected on the site of the present Palace of Holyrood, was the Abbey, founded by David I., and named Holyrood Abbey, because, according to an ancient monkish legend, a cross of wood like the "holy rude" (or Holy Cross) was miraculously placed in his hands, and frightened off a large stag which he had brought to bay near the castle rock, and which was about to thrust him with his antlers. It is said that there was an old abbey at the foot of the castle rock prior to the foundation of Holyrood Abbey, and it is probable that the monks were removed from this Abbey to Holyrood.

The palace is a large quadrangular building, with a court yard about 100 feet square, and when I visited the palace a member of the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders, was on guard, and was parading majestically up and down before the palace, with his picturesque uniform, which is, I think, the handsomest in the world, with his plaid kilt, and scarlet jacket, his tartan scarf over his shoulder and his knees bare to the calf of his leg, with a dagger in his fancy colored stocking, his white gaiters, and his plorran hanging down in front, and his big shako, all made a striking picture; and the Highland costume for a boy is very handsome, indeed,

and in the cities of England and Scotland it is affected by a great many.

These Scotch Highlanders wear the same costume winter and summer, and when I first saw them, I was at once reminded of a story which I had heard a legal friend of mine who is a first-rate *raconteur* (Judge A — is his name, by the way), tell about a certain man who was once being examined in a court of justice in regard to a certain transaction.

The man stammered habitually, and when the question was asked him as to how he was dressed upon a certain occasion, he after some hesitation, stutteringly replied, that he "was dressed coo-coo-coo-l," and it occurred to me that the Scotch Highlanders looked very picturesque for summer, but for winter, they too, were dressed rather "cool."

But this is a digression, and we must hurry on to more important matters.

The only portion of the palace which is of much antiquity is the northwest tower, in which are Queen Mary's apartments, and which is the portion of the palace which visitors are especially anxious to see, because here everything is permeated by the surroundings of the beautiful and unhappy Queen. Upon reaching Queen Mary's rooms, the first, and with the exception of the little banqueting chamber, in many respects the most interesting apartment is the audience chamber, which, like the other rooms, is decorated with tapestry, and a very handsome oak-paneled ceiling. This room has been made forever famous by

the controversies which took place here between the Queen and her much-hated opponent, John Knox. Upon one occasion Knox presented himself at Holyrood, carrying with him, as was his wont, a well-thumbed copy of the Scriptures, and Queen Mary suggested to him that he should more nearly follow the precepts of the Gospel which he preached, and the example of the "meek and lowly Jesus," whom he had taken for his exemplar, and accordingly "use more meekness in his sermons," but the fiery Knox blazed forth at her so fiercely in reply, and "knocked so hastily upon her heart, that he made Queen Mary weep." Amid her tears of anguish and indignation, she said to Knox: "My subjects, it would appear, must obey you, and not me; I must be subject to them, not they to me." After some further altercation, Knox was dismissed from royal presence, and he left Holyrood, fully of the conviction that Queen Mary's soul was lost forever, and that her conversion from Romanism was hopeless, because she would persist "in her massing, and despised and quickly mocked all exhortations."

Here, too, it was that Mary demanded of the Reformer, "think you that subjects having the power, may resist their princes?" and received the bold reply, "If princes exceed their bounds, Madam, no doubt they may be resisted even by power." Here, too, it was, when the Queen turned her back in anger on her faithful monitor (who might, perhaps, have changed the current of her life, and eventually have altered her sad

fate, had she but listened to his advice in the same kindly spirit in which it had been tendered), that Knox who never missed an opportunity of speaking a word in season, addressed himself to her maids of honor, the four Marys: Mary Fleming, Mary Bethune, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Seton, and others of her court whom he thus solemnly admonished: —

"O fair ladies, how pleasing were this lyfe of yours if it would always abyde, and then, in the end that ye pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon the Knave Death, that will come whether we will or not, and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with his flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble, that it can carry with it gold, garnishing, targatting, pearl, nor precious stones."

At the entrance to the audience chamber is the spot to which Riccio (Rizzio, as they spell it in Scotland), was dragged from the banquet-room through Queen Mary's bed-room and the audience-room, after he had been repeatedly stabbed by the conspirators, and as it is said that blood will remain for centuries in wood, it may be that it is really the blood of the unfortunate Spanish secretary, but at any rate, whether it be the blood of Rizzio or not, at any rate the flooring is curiously discolored.

Queen Mary's bed-room contains Queen Mary's bed, her work box, and portraits of Henry VIII., and her cousin, Queen Elizabeth; in the audience chamber

is to be seen a grate, which is said to be the first one which was ever used in Scotland. The bed-room communicates with the small supper room at which, at the time of Riccio's assassination, were seated six persons beside herself, although it is so very small that when I went into the room I wondered where they found room for the table at all.

The conspirators were admitted to the palace by Lord Darnley, and came through his apartments up a private stair-case which opens into Queen Mary's bed-room and directly adjoining her supper-room.

Darnley threw his arms around the Queen and held her, while Ruthven, George Douglas, and others of the conspirators attacked Rizzio. They rushed in so violent that they upset the supper table upon the floor, and Riccio seeing that they sought his life, sprang behind the Queen, exhorting her to save him, but nevertheless, Douglas stabbed him over the Queen's shoulder with the King's dagger which he had snatched from its sheath and left it sticking in the wound. Mary begged earnestly for his life, but all to no purpose; but when she learned that he was dead, she dried her tears, and said, "I will now study revenge," and afterwards when Ruthven, still dripping with Rizzio's blood, had the presumption to return to the presence of the Queen and ask for a glass of wine, she said to him, "It shall be dear blude to some of you." These declarations, for which allowance should be made, because uttered under very exciting circumstances, and while undergo-

ing a very trying ordeal, (and it should be remembered, also, that the Queen was in delicate health at the time, her son, afterwards King James I. of England, having been born but a short time subsequent to this tragedy), coupled with the subsequent death of Darnley by violence, and her marriage to Bothwell, his undoubted murderer, were afterwards remembered to her disadvantage, and have largely contributed to involve her memory in the obloquy from which she has ever suffered in the opinion of many, but as many authorities think, most unjustly.

One of the most notable pictures in the National Gallery in Edinboro', represents the death of Rizzio, and is by the artist Johnstone, of the Royal Scotch Academy.

I shall conclude this sketch of Queen Mary with a few reasons for the belief which is strong within me, that the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots was never untrue to Lord Darnley in word or deed, and they are these: —

In the first place, Darnley was young and good looking, and as Queen Mary herself said of him, "he was the properest and best proportioned long man that ever she had seen," while Riccio, her alleged paramour, is described by some contemporary writers as being a man advanced in years, of unpleasant features, and somewhat deformed in person, and is it at all likely that Queen Mary would have engaged in a low vulgar intrigue with a person like that, and so far inferior in rank and position to herself at that?

Moreover, Queen Mary, had she been disposed, could have found a lover in the person of Chastelard, who came in her *suite* from France, who was a grand-nephew of the illustrious Chevalier Bayard himself, and who was said also to resemble him, and who was of the middle height, very handsome, of a spare figure, and was clever, having a talent both for music and poetry.

Queen Mary often conversed with this handsome young man, because he was possessed of a fine address and genteel manners, and, best of all, could talk to her of France, the country of her adoption, and which she loved so well, and of which she had been for a time the youthful queen.

This young man, in an evil hour, fancied from the Queen's condescension that she entertained a guilty passion for him, and concealed himself in the Queen's bed-chamber, but he was fortunately discovered by the Queen's attendants before Mary had retired.

Upon being informed of his extraordinary conduct, the Queen at once ordered him from her presence and from the palace forever, but presuming upon her former forbearance, Chastelard afterwards repeated the offense while the Queen was making a progress from Holyrood to Fife, which cost the infatuated young man his life.

Now, who shall say that Queen Mary ignored and rejected the passion of this well born youth, to submit to the licentious embrace of a low born Italian menial?

I will never believe it, and shall always be of the opinion that Queen Mary has been most foully and unjustly aspersed, and that, at length after a weary imprisonment of more than eighteen years at the hands of Queen Elizabeth, she fell an innocent victim on the block to jealous and wholly unfounded suspicions, by the cruel and unjustifiable mandate of that

——— "false woman,
Her sister and *her* fae."

* * * * * * * * * *

Holyrood Chapel is all that remains of the old Abbey, and of the ancient structure nothing remains but the walls, the roof having fallen in many years since, and never having been restored; but much of the architecture of the remaining portion of the venerable and historic ruin, is said by competent critics to belong to the architecture of a period much later.

For example, the arcade on the western wall of the abbey affords a beautiful illustration of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic arch; and the grand western front is, in the main, a fine specimen of the early English style. The great East window is also very fine, but it is thought to be of comparatively modern erection, the transept and choir having extended a good way beyond this point.

This venerable chapel has been the scene of very many historical events. Here King Charles I. was crowned King of Scotland; James II. and James III.

were married here, and here, too, the ill-matched and alike ill-fated pair, Lord Darnley and Queen Mary, knelt before the sacred altar beneath the great east window, and plighted their troth for weal or woe; and here, also, it was that the Papal Legate presented to King James IV., from Pope Julius II., the sword of state which has already been described and alluded to as among the royal regalia in the Castle of Edinboro'.

It would seem that some of these illustrious dead must have been good Freemasons and Sir Knights of the "Valiant and magnanimous Order of Knights Templars," in whom you may be sure that "A Knight Templar Abroad" took more than a merely passing interest, for upon the tombs of some we saw incribed the perfect ashler, setting-maul, and square and compass, while upon others we noticed the rude-cut figures of reclining knights, panoplied in full armor, "with crossed feet and upraised hands." *Verbum sapienti sat.*

The last time the chapel was used for worship was in the reign of James II., who celebrated mass there, and which so excited the Protestant populace that they partially destroyed it at the Revolution of 1688, and the accession of the Prince of Orange-Nassau.

Several of the kings of Scotland had been interred within the old church of the Holyrood Monastery, but their coffins were pillaged, and the remains were desecrated by the mob in 1688; and for this reason it is said to be extremely doubtful whether the bones of

David II., James VI., and Lord Henry Darnley, are yet in the royal vaults, though, of course, originally interred there, according to the usual custom.

Riccio, the murdered secretary, was at first interred there by the rather indiscreet command of Queen Mary, but upon wiser counsels prevailing, his remains were afterwards removed to the part of the chapel nearest the palace.

But little now remains to be said of the city of Edinboro' which would be likely to interest our readers, so we shall hasten to conclude our rambling remarks which have already gone far beyond our expectations or intention when we first set out to chronicle the travels of "A Knight Templar Abroad;" and we are fully aware that we have failed to keep our promise as to its being an "abstract and brief chronicle," but we here undertake to say, in the best of faith, that those of our kind and *unhypercritical* readers who have had the patience to follow us thus far, in spite of our dullness and many palpable shortcomings, shall soon reach the end of our "Pilgrimage."

The University of Edinboro' is well worth a visit, but I shall not stop to describe it here, but will only say that the library contains more than 130,000 volumes and several hundred valuable MSS. The number of students of late years has averaged as many as 3,000, (about as half as many as Cambridge), and it is perhaps worthy of mention that the southeast corner of the college is believed the site of the old house of Kirk-o-Field, where Darnley was blown up while he was con-

valescing from an attack of small-pox early on the morning of the 10th of February, 1557, by the "Gunpowder Plot" of Bothwell, *of complicity, in which* by the way, *he solemnly declared before his death that the Queen was innocent.* The force of the explosion was so terrible that the horribly mutilated bodies of Darnley and his page were blown into the adjoining garden, and of the house of Kirk-o-Field "ther remainit not ane stone upon ane other undestroyit."

Now, a few remarks in regard to the New Town of Edinboro, and we shall take our departure for the beauties of the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond.

We shall first speak of the Scott Monument, the chief ornament of Princes Street, and which is somewhat similar in design to the Albert Memorial in South Kensington, London, (though less pretentious and expensive, and not having the typical groups at the four corners of the large plateau on which it is situated these subsidiary groups of the Albert Memorial, in London, being probably fifty or sixty feet away from the monument which stands in the center, and in which these groups represent, the four grand divisions of the globe.)

It was erected in 1844, at an expense of about $80,000, from designs furnished by George Meikle Kemp, who was a young self-taught artist, whose designs triumphed over many of the leading architects of the United Kingdom, but who, unfortunately, did not live to see completed this noble monument, which none the

less commemorated his own genius, while at the same time doing honor to the incomparable talents of the Wizard of the North.

The monument is in the form of an open Gothic cross or tower, 200 feet high, which with its groined arch forms a canopy for the colossal statue of Sir Walter, with his favorite greyhound, Prince, at his feet, which was sculptured by Mr. John Stull (afterwards Sir John Stull,) who was knighted by the Queen at the inauguration of the Albert Memorial in Edinboro', in August, 1876, as a slight testimonial of her appreciation of the artist's work. Many of the niches in the monument are occupied by statues of the most familiar characters in Scott's novels and poems, and as I stood and looked with critical eye at the various beauties of the monument, and its many beautifully carved figures, my mind reverted quickly to many characters and incidents in his immortal works, which, for the nonce had entirely escaped my memory, and this splendid monument is an enduring reminder both of the great author and his *chefs' d'œuvre* in the field of literature of which he will ever remain a "bright and shining light."

Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, has also a monument not far from Sir Walter Scott's, but it is too near the more imposing structure to attract much notice.

The house where Sir Walter was born is unfortunately no longer to be seen, as together with a number of others, it was torn down in order to open up the

present Chambers Street. However, the house in Castle Street (No. 39), where he resided for many years is still to be seen, and a witty Frenchman remarked upon one occasion that "thirty-nine was the right number exactly for Sir Walter, as it was fitting that the Three Graces and the Nine Muses should take their station there."

The Scott monument fronts on St. David Street, and the house on the right-hand corner fronting St. Andrew Square, is the one in which Hume, the historian, died, and it is believed that the rigid and orthodox Presbyterians of Edinboro' gave the street that name as a kind of biting irony on Hume's well known sceptical sentiments, and it seems not a little strange that Hume and Gibbon, the historians of the world's two greatest empires, perhaps, should both have tried, in the terse words of Byron, to "sap a solemn creed with solemn sneer."

Lord Byron's mother, by the way, resided in a house on the east side of the same square, and Lord Brougham was born in the house (No. 21) directly opposite Hume's.

It is said when the historian's house was almost the only one in the newly-opened street, that Dr. Webster, one of the ministers of Edinboro', chalked upon the front of Hume's house, the words *Saint* David Street.

When the historian was told of the liberty which had been taken with his premises and his name as well, he replied, "Weel, weel, Janet, never mind.

I'm not the first man of sense that has been made a saint of." Hume and Burns both are buried not far from the foot of the Calton Hill. In Princes Street there is also a fine equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, this, too, by Sir John Stull, Her Majesty's sculptor for Scotland.

The only other monuments of interest in Edinboro', besides the Albert Memorial are the statues of William Pitt and George IV., in George Street, by Chantrey, where also stands Saint Andrew's Church, which is noted as the scene of the disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843.

The Albert Memorial, at the foot of George Street, is a very fine equestrian statue of Prince Albert, and occupies the center of Charlotte Square. The statue is of bronze, and more than thirty feet high, and has subsidiary groups of the same material at the four corners of the pedestal, and scenes from the life of this truly good and noble Prince (who was essentially great without any pretensions to greatness) in *alto-relievo* tablets on each side of the pedestal. Now, we shall allude briefly to the glories of the National Gallery, and then take the Caledonian Railway for Callender and the Trossachs.

About the only remaining place of interest in the Scottish capital left undescribed is the National Gallery, and with that we are compelled, though much against our will, to take our departure from this truly beautiful, and from an historic standpoint, intensely interesting city.

The National Gallery is on Princes Street, directly beneath the shattered guns of the frowning old castle of Edinboro', and was founded in 1850, by the universally beloved and lamented Prince Albert, than whom we readily concede that there have been greater statesmen and warriors among England's rulers, but who, if not among the greatest of the princes of England (and who, like the Prince of Orange with the Princess Mary was well worthy of sharing the throne with Queen Victoria, although unlike him, he did not), was certainly among the best and most virtuous of them all; and who was more interested in all social and domestic reforms, and in the progress of literature, and the fine arts, than any of his predecessors belonging to that perhaps somewhat useless and certainly expensive royal family, and a portion of whose extraordinarily felicitous and admirable address upon that occasion, is quoted here as well worthy of reproduction, and as well calculated to show the refining influences of the fine arts upon an appreciative and a cultivated people.

His Royal Highness said in that address among other things, when he laid the corner stone of the proposed institution (which was completed in 1854, and is a fine example of the Ionic order of architecture): "The building, of which we have just begun the foundation, is a temple to be erected to the fine arts—the fine arts which have so important an influence upon the development of the mind and feeling of a people, and which are so generally taken as the *type* of the degree and character of that develop-

ment, that it is on the fragments of the works of art come down to us from bygone generations, that we are wont to form our estimate of the state of their *civilization, manners, customs, and religion.* Let us hope that the impulse given to the culture of the fine arts in this country, and the daily increasing attention bestowed on it by the people at large, will not only tend to refine and elevate the national taste to a higher and more correct standard, but will also lead to the production of works, which, if left behind us as memorials of our age, will give to after generations an adequate idea of our advanced state of civilization. It must be an additional source of gratification to one to find that part of the funds rendered available for the support of this undertaking should be the ancient grant, which, at the Union of the two kingdoms, was secured towards the encouragement of the fisheries and manufactures of Scotland, as it affords a most pleasing proof that these important branches of industry have arrived at that stage of manhood and prosperity that they no longer require the aid of a fostering government but can maintain themselves independently, relying upon their own vigor and activity, and can now, in their turn, lend assistance and support to their younger and weaker sisters — the fine arts. Gentlemen, the history of this grant exhibits to us the picture of a more healthy national progress; the ruder arts connected with the necessaries of life first gaining strength, then education and science supervening and directing further exertions, and lastly, the *Arts, which only adorn life,*

becoming longed for by a prosperous and educated people."

Let us hope that these eminently just and eloquent remarks of this truly virtuous German prince, who would have adorned the throne of England by his "victories of peace," with a lustre that her greatest warrior king could not surpass by his glorious achievements on the sanguinary field of battle, may have their salutary effect upon this day and generation, and infuse into it, too, a love for the refining and softening influences of the Fine Arts, which the illustrious orator so truly says "only adorn life."

The collection is very varied and valuable, and consists of about 550 pictures (many of them by the old masters, and, of course, extremely valuable) by the best Continental, British, and Scotch artists, and about forty pieces of statuary.

The galleries entering from the last portico, are assigned to the Royal Scottish Academy's annual exhibition of the works of *living artists*, but as they are to be seen only from February until May, and as my visit to Edinboro' was made in the month of August, 1883, of course I did not see this collection. But the West Gallery is open all the year round, and this, of course, is the portion of the gallery best worth a visit, as it contains the permanent collection of the Academy, which includes the pictures presented by the Academicians on receiving their diplomas; and here, of course, are some of the works of the old masters, and this collection is large and valuable, including many notable

productions, from the brushes of both domestic and Continental artists.

I shall, however, mention only a few of the many pictures and portraits before which I lingered in rapt admiration, and which had I but possessed the purse of Fortunatas, I would have liked to import to America, and form a nucleus for the Renaissance of American Art, so to speak. While I think of it I wish to speak of the portrait of the cruel Claverhouse, which represented him as overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and with long clustering ringlets hanging down on his shoulders, looking little enough like the brutal companion of the "Bloody Kirke," who, with their fierce dragoons, persecuted and hounded to the death the martyred Covenanters whom they relentlessly butchered in cold blood by thousands.

I took special interest, of course, in the portraits of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott, and of Hume, the historian, in whose historic footsteps I had been so lately treading, and in the picture of Jeanie Deans and the robbers, which told the wondrous story of her arduous trip, mostly on foot, from Edinboro' up to London, a distance of 400 miles, beset with dangers and hardships of every kind, to beg the life of her unfortunate sister, Effie, at the hands of Queen Caroline. And never should the remarkable words be forgotten which Jeanie Deans addressed to Queen Caroline upon that momentous occasion, when the life of her young sister Effie, who, truth to tell, had been more

sinned against than sinning, hung trembling in the balance: —

"When the hour of trouble comes to the mind, or to the body, and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, oh, my leddy, then it is na what we hae dune for oursells, but *what we hae dune for others*, that we think on maist pleasantly."

Still another interesting picture is that representing the great Reformer, John Knox, dispensing the sacrament, at Calder House, to his orthodox Scotch brethren.

Another intensely thrilling picture which vividly recalled what it cost the earlier Christians to obtain freedom to worship God is called "The Covenanters' Communion;" and then the bloody butchery of Glencoe, in 1692, and the battle of Waterloo, next attracted my attention.

Next an interesting picture, by Drummond, details almost the last vicissitude in the checkered career of Mary Queen of Scots, prior to her injudicious appeal to the generosity of Queen Elizabeth, when she surrendered herself to her kinswoman, which is called "The Return of Mary Queen of Scots to Edinboro', after her Surrender to the Confederate Lords at Carberry Hill, 1567." Then comes the "Porteous mob," by the same artist, and the ever-famous "Battle of Bannockburn," and then the "Marriage in Cana," after Paul Veronese.

Van Dyck, who was the pupil of Rubens, and who

died at the early age of forty-two, and who, in spite of his licentious life, it is said painted the almost incredible number of 950 pictures, has three masterpieces side by side, one of them representing the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian.

"Venus attired by the Graces," is another picture of the sensuous school, by Guido Reni; and then we come to a fine picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," by Titian, and of "Christ, and the Money Changers in the Temple," a large picture of the "Transfiguration," thirteen feet by nine, after Raphael, by Urquhart, and the "Dead Christ in the Arms of the Father," which is a very striking and realistic picture.

There is also a very fine portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyck, "Venus and Adonis," by Paul Veronese, and a very fine "Ecce Homo," or "Christ Crowned with Thorns," by Guido Reni; "Mars and Venus," by Paul Veronese; "The Last Supper," by Bonifacio; "Bacchus and Ariadne," and many other exquisite paintings, which we have not time or space to mention, and we will close the imperfect list by an allusion to the magnificent painting of the "Judgment of Paris," and the rival "Goddesses, Venus, Juno and Minerva," in all their sensuous beauty, to whom the gifted poet, Thomson, alludes in his beautiful poem, "Summer:" —

> "Not Paris, on the piny top of Ida
> Panted stronger,
> When aside the rival Goddesses,
> The veil divine, cast unconfined,
> And gave him all their charms."

and on account of which *spretae injuria formae*, as Virgil says, mythology tells us that the haughty and indignant Juno sided with the Greeks in the Trojan war, which was the result of Venus' having previously *bribed the court* (Paris) by the extraordinary inducement of giving him Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, who, we are told, was the most beautiful woman of her time.

There are several very fine pieces of statuary judiciously interspersed here and there through the rooms, of which we will name only the most interesting: A lovely Psyche, marble busts of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, Lord Brougham, and the Duke of Wellington, bust of a Scotch lassie, statue of Hebe, a model in bronze of the Parthenon, presented by "Grecian Williams;" and last, but not least, by any means, three models in wax by the great Michael Angelo Buonaroti; two members of the famous (or rather, perhaps, more strictly speaking, the infamous) family of the Medici; and a perfectly exquisite model of the Madonna and the infant Jesus.

The next morning we took the train for Loch Katrine, and sixteen miles west of Edinboro', on the Caledonian Railway, we reach Linlithgow, which is a place of great antiquity, and associated with many interesting events in the history of Scotland and her kings; and here it was that Queen Mary was born to the royal purple, on December 8, 1542, just seven days before the death of her father, King James V., leaving her his only child, and heir to the throne of Scotland; and at whose birth

he made this sinister prediction: "The crown came with a lass, and will go with a lass; many miseries await this poor kingdom. Henry (of England) will make it his own, either by force of arms or by marriage."

A part of this sinister prediction came true, but he then little foresaw that the son of the unfortunate and unhappy Mary, would unite and rule over the two kingdoms with undisputed sway, and with the most beneficent results.

As early as the twelfth century, King David I. had here a castle and a church, and the old Scottish knights of St. John of Jerusalem, had a priory of the Order near Linlithgow. The old palace is clearly visible from the railway, and with its row of windows near the roof, and solid walls below, shows at once that it dates back to the forays of feudal times. It stands on the same site as King David's castle, and covers an acre of ground. Although mainly in ruins, it is the finest palace of which Scotland could ever boast, and fully justifies what Scott says of it in his Marmion, —

> "Of all the palaces so fair,
> Built for the royal dwelling
> In Scotland, far beyond compare
> Linlithgow is excelling."

Like almost all these palaces of feudal times, which were added-to piecemeal as it were in different reigns, the palace of Linlithgow shows, in the construction of its various portions, the different styles in architecture which prevailed at various periods, but the larger and

more ornate portion of the building bears the mark of the prevailing style of the earlier half of the sixteenth century. King James III. added to it largely, including the Tyler's Tower; James IV. erected the east side of the palace, and James V., the southern part, and the handsome outer gate, for the reception of his bride, the Princess Magdalen of France, and the ancient Parliament Hall of Scotland was above this entrance, where James VI., who erected the north side of the palace, held a Parliament in 1585 in the Hall. In the center of the court or quadrangle, formerly stood an ornate fountain which was erected by James V. Like Windsor Castle for the English monarchs, and Fontainebleau and Versailles to the kings of France, so Linlithgow was for the Scottish monarchs a favorite residence and resort, being but sixteen miles from the Scotch capital.

Here James III. lived during his minority; here Henry VI. took refuge when dethroned by Edward IV.; and here King James V. and Queen Mary were born. Near Linlithgow, the river Avon is spanned by a magnificent railway viaduct of some twenty-five arches nearly 100 feet high, which reminded me very much of one or two viaducts on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway in Virginia. Not far from Linlithgow is Falkirk, noted as the scene of two battles, one in 1298, between Sir William Wallace and King Edward I. of England, and the other between the Pretender and the Royal forces, in the year 1746. About four miles east from Linlithgow, on the north side of the

railway, may yet be seen the ruins of Niddry Castle, which is noted as being the first resting place of Queen Mary after her escape from Loch Leven Castle on the 2d of May, 1568.

Thirty-six miles north west from Edinboro brings us to Stirling with its ancient castle, and to which we must devote a few passing remarks at any rate, for it, too, has figured very considerably in Scottish history. Stirling stands on the right bank of the river Forth, and forms the junction of several railways, and is about thirty miles northeast of Glasgow. It commands a point of the Forth, which was long the main passage from the Lowlands to the Highlands, and because of its great strategic importance, was probably an important military station, even in ancient Caledonian times, during the Roman occupation, and during the later conflicts between the Scots and the Picts, and has figured more or less as the capital of Scotland, from the time of Malcolm Canmore till that of King James VI., and has participated so largely in the turmoil of national strife, both martial and political, as late as the two rebellions of the eighteenth century, that if we estimate it by its importance and prominence in Scotch history, it can be regarded with an interest secondary to Edinboro', with which, in fact, it has many features in common, being, like that city, partly ancient and partly modern, having modern villas, and wide streets intercepted with antique dwellings and narrow and ill conditioned thoroughfares.

The castle stands on the precipitous brow of the

hill, and presents a highly romantic and picturesque spectacle. Like the castle of Edinboro', an *esplanade* separates the castle from the town, and two walls and fosses serve as outer defenses. Queen Anne's battery is within the second gateway, and commands a view almost unsurpassed for beauty and extent, extending all along the basin of the river Forth, and including Edinboro' Castle and Arthur's Seat in its scope, and all the surrounding mountain peaks of the Highland, many in number.

To the right of the railway, near Stirling, on a rocky eminence nearly 400 feet high, which was the head-quarters of Sir William Wallace's army, prior to the battle of Stirling in 1297, is a fine monument to Wallace, erected in 1861–69, costing $80,000.

It is said that from the castle no less than twelve of the battle-fields of Scotland can be seen, among them Bannockburn and Falkirk. The outer walls of the castle were built in Queen Anne's time, but the portion known as the palace, was built by James V., the Parliament Hall by James III., and the Chapel Royal by James VI. There is a little room in the castle known as the "Douglas room," from the circumstance that King James II., who was born in Stirling, had given the "Black Douglas" safe conduct, but whom the king stabbed nevertheless, and threw his body out of the window, into the garden beneath, in a sudden fit of ungovernable passion. Queen Victoria, while in this vicinity, paid the castle a visit in 1842, and was so enchanted with the view of the surrounding scenery, so

beautifully variegated by mountain and by valley, that the place from which she "viewed the prospect o'er," has been christened the "Victoria Lookout."

Roderic Dhu has summed up in one glowing verse the many beauties of the scene from the battlements of Stirling Castle, which are at least 300 feet above the valley, in his reply to Snowdoun's Knight, the chivalrous and gallant James Fitz-James.

Before giving this quotation, however, we will here apprise our readers that, as on the Rhine, we derived our poetical inspiration from Byron, so here, when we find ourselves in the magic realm of the enchanting Wizard of the North, we shall take the liberty of quoting occasionally from the beautiful lines of Scott, without as much as saying "by your leave."

In the "Lady of the Lake" says Roderick Dhu:

> "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
> I marked thee send delighted eye
> Far to the South and East, where lay,
> Extended in succession gay,
> Deep waving fields and pastures green,
> With gentle slopes and groves between;
> Whose fertile fields, that softened vale,
> Were once the birthright of the Gael."

Rob Roy is said to have once been a prisoner here, and it is a tradition that Sir William Wallace once carried the breach by storm.

I may say here, *en passant*, that while I was engaged in "doing" the sights of Edinboro', where I was surrounded on every hand with so much to distract my time and attention in the few days which remained to me

before the steamer Anchoria was to sail from Glasgow in which I was booked for the passage back to my native land, I regretted extremely that I could not find time to visit Abbotsford, the home of Scott, Melrose Abbey, which is said to be very beautiful, so much so, that the Scott monument in Edinboro', is said to be "a recollection of the architectural beauties of Melrose Abbey;" Dryburg Abbey, where the great poet and author of the incomparable Waverley Novels is buried, and particularly to see Rosslyn or Roslin Chapel, which is seven miles from Edinboro', on account of its founder's connection with the Order of Freemasons, that noble body of men, who, in spite of the "Anti-Masonic Party," have steadily increased in numbers and in prestige, until they now number in the United States alone 1,000,000 stanch and loyal adherents.

In spite of the *anathema maranatha* of bigoted Popes and narrow-minded laymen, the Order which is coeval almost with the universe itself, and certainly with the founding of King Solomon's Temple, is every day taking a higher rank among thinking and sober-minded people; chiefly because, as the Prince of Wales, the present Grand Master of England, lately wrote to the French Grand Master, "English Masons" (and we take the liberty here of saying Masons of all countries as well), "always held the belief that *God is the first and great landmark of genuine Freemasons.* Without such belief, nobody can rightly claim to inherit the traditions of true Freemasonry."

These remarks, though apparently a digression, were

suggested by the fact that Rosslyn Chapel was founded by William III., Earl of Orkney, in 1446, who had conferred on him by King James II., the office of Grand Master of the Scottish Freemasons, which continued hereditary in the family of his descendants, until 1736, when it was resigned into the hands of the Scottish lodges. The whole building is a remarkable Gothic structure, but the pillars are especially pointed out to the visitor as its chief wonder, and particularly so to the Masonic visitor, as many of them yet bear the Mark Master Mason's "mark." But the marvel of the whole is the Apprentice's Pillar and thereby hangs a tale. The *usual version* of the *encounter* between the Master Mason and Entered Apprentice which *every Master Mason* is familiar with, but the *usual procedure was reversed in this case*, as the Master Mason had originally left the pillar unfinished while he went to Rome to study how to perfect it, and while he was gone, one of his Entered Apprentices had the temerity to finish it according to his own designs, whereat the Master, upon his return was so indignant that he killed him on the spot by a blow on the head with a setting-maul. This pillar is a clustered column, surrounded by an exquisitely wrought wreath of flowers running from base to capital, the very poetry of carving. Above the pillar is the following inscription in Old English letters: "*Forte est Vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas.*" Which being interpreted meaneth — "Wine is strong,

the king is stronger, women are yet stronger; but above all things, *Truth* is the victor."

When, not long since, unawares I came upon this description of this interesting old chapel, which is directly connected with the Craft, it occurred to me that the old knights of Rosslyn, who, it is said, as late as the times of James VI., were buried uncoffined, but in complete armor, yet as Byron says, perhaps not altogether "unknelled and unknown," although "uncoffined," most surely have been Knights Templars, and Knights of the Red Cross as well, else how happens it that the motto on the Apprentice's Pillar of Rossyln should be so eminently suggestive of a certain portion of the ceremonies of the Red Cross degree; or is it merely one of those curious coincidences which sometimes occur, for which no satisfactory explanation can be given?

At the little low lying town of Callander, sixteen miles northwest of Stirling, we leave our comfortable railway carriage, and climb into a large, roomy open sort of wagonette, which holds twenty or twenty-five passengers, and, having obtained a good seat, with the driver, and seated by our side a plump London girl, who, however, much to our regret, was flanked on the other side by her big brother, we took an exhilarating drive of twenty miles or more through the far-famed scenery of the Tossachs, which lie between Callander and Lady Ellen's Isle; but after the grand and sublime mountain peaks of Switzerland, which al-

most seem to kiss the heavens with their tops glistening with eternal snow, the Tossachs rather pall upon one, and I shall not detain you long with an account of this portion of our pilgrimage, but shall only put down a few items of interest here and there.

Not far from Callander, our expert and talkative "whip" called our attention to Goilantogle Ford, which was the scene of the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Rhu, and near here Ben-Ledi towers upward to the height of 2,500 feet, its name signifying "Hill of God," from having been anciently a place of heathen worship, then crossing the Brig of Turk, which figures in Fitz-James' stag hunt, then our Jehu drew up for a few minutes in front of the Tossachs' Hotel, a handsome structure, with a fine tower at each wing, where we obtained a nice luncheon. Ben An and Ben Venue look proudly down upon the scene, and Loch Achray lies spread out before the hotel, a beautiful expanse of water, all glistening in the sunshine.

Not far from the hotel, we enter the formidable (?) pass of the Tossachs, and are soon in the enchanted region of the "Lady of the Lake." Scott, speaking of a hunter pursuing a stag in this wild sequestered glade, says: —

> "Then dashing down a darksome glen
> Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
> In the deep Tossachs wildest nook
> His solitary refuge took."

Now we reach the pier, and embark upon the diminutive steamer Rob Roy, which our party of three or

four coaches-full crowded rather uncomfortably, and sailing past Lady Ellen's Isle, soon found ourselves at the pier at Stronachlachar, where we debarked, and again took our places in a second wagonette to cross to Inversnaid on Loch Lomond.

On the way to Loch Lomond we have pointed out to us a little hut, where it is said that Helen McGregor, the wife of Rob Roy, was born, and then descending to Inversnaid through a dull, unromantic, and sterile looking country, which almost made one wonder why the Scotch were so much attached to their bleak and uninteresting heather, their native heath though it be, we soon reach Inversnaid, where we rested a few minutes while waiting for the steamer on Loch Lomond, which was a boat considerably larger and more comfortable than the stuffy miniature little Rob Roy on Loch Katrine, which was a very small propeller. However, while we are waiting for the boat at Inversnaid, I will give you Sir Walter Scott's reasons for the "Cannie Scot's" intense fondness for Bonnie Scotland, as he had rather better facilities for knowing his own countrymen than the average "pilgrim," no matter how much time he might spend in the country, or how great might be his powers of observation.

He says in the "Heart of Midlothian" that, "perhaps one ought actually to be a Scotsman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, they feel their mutual connection with each other as natives of the same country.

"There are, I believe, more associations common to

the inhabitants of a rude and wild, than of a well cultivated and fertile country; their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate; the high and the low are more interested in each other's welfare; the feelings of kindred are more widely extended, and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honorable, even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on one's feelings and actions."

Inversnaid, by the way is the scene of Wordsworth's poem the "Highland Girl," and has a very neat hotel and pier, and hard by the hotel is a cascade which falls by abrupt descents of thirty to forty feet at a leap, a distance of several hundred feet. Loch Lomond is three or four times as long as Loch Katrine, and is studded with picturesque islands at the lower end of the lake, some of them quite large, probably thirty or forty in number, so that occasionally the steamer would almost touch the shore, or brush by a rock so closely that you could almost have leaped ashore, if you had wished to, and is surrounded on every hand by mountain peaks varying from 978 feet, the height of Killeter Hill, to grand old Ben Lomond, pointing heavenward more than 3,000 feet.

Rob Roy's Cave, where he used to hold his councils with his clan, is on the east side of Loch Lomond, and near Tarbet, on the western shore, was a favorite residence of Jeffreys of the "Bloody Assizes."

Buchanan House, on the east side of the lake is

clearly visible from the steamer's deck, which has extensive grounds, as it is the seat of the Duke of Montrose who owns the eastern shore of the Loch almost for its entire length, and for some miles in the interior, and who is a lineal descendant of Montrose, of whose cruel death and Christian resignation we have spoken above. The most interesting associations, however, which are connected with Loch Lomond, are those associated with the home, or "castle," as the Scotch call it, of the famous author, Tobias Smollett, and who fondly cherish his name and fame as a native of Dumbarton County, because for many years prior to his birth, his family were people of prominence and distinction in the County of Dumbarton, and he was reared here. His antecedents were quite historic; as his grandfather, Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, who was a successful barrister, represented the borough of Dumbarton in the Scotch Parliament, and was one of the commissioners appointed to draw up the Act of Union between England and Scotland. He married Jane, the daughter of Sir Aulay Macaulay of Ardincaple who was probably a connection of the celebrated Lord Macaulay, the great Whig historian.

The author's father was Archibald Smollett, who was educated at the University of Leyden, and who followed no profession. He married without consulting his father, but his wife was "an excellent woman, of distinguished understanding, taste, and elegance," so that it is not strange that the son should have had

more or less talent. It is said that it is always the mother who forms the character of the child for good or evil, for greatness, or the contrary, and it was certainly the case with young Smollett, as his father died while he was yet a child; but his superior mother did not allow him to lack educational facilities. A small estate, which is still in the hands of her descendants, and of which we had a fine view from the steamer's deck at the lower end of Loch Lomond near the mouth of the Leven, was allotted to the young couple as a residence and means of support. Smollett died and was buried at Leghorn, but a monument to his memory has been erected on the right bank of the Leven for which Dr. Johnson, more than a century ago, furnished the inscription.

Its beautiful situation is described by their distinguished son, the author, and as it affords a beautiful pen picture of the many varied attractions of Loch Lomond, I transcribe it here.

Smollett says in his famous "Expedition of Humphrey Clinker:" "I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano de Vico, Balsena, and Geneva, and I prefer Loch Lomond to them all, a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands which seem to float on its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn fields, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake, till at some dis-

tance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. The country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland. I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate; I am sure it excels in verdure, wood, and water."

At Balloch Pier, we leave the steamer Prince Consort, and take the train for Glasgow, after a most enjoyable day spent in sightseeing among the lovely scenery of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and on the right hand of the railway, Dumbarton Castle looms proudly skyward at an elevation of more than 500 feet, and which derives its fame from the fact that Sir William Wallace was once a prisoner here; and if you will take the trouble to climb up the castle hill, you can see the gigantic sword of Sir William Wallace, from which it would seem that he must have been a very Hercules in strength and stature, as no common man can either wield or wear his trusty broad sword, and from its associations the higher peak of the two is known as Wallace Seat

At Glasgow, I took up my quarters at the Cockburn Hotel, because I had heard that it was known as the American hotel of Glasgow, and certainly from the profusion of American flags which were stuck up all over the dining-room, and which they glued all over the baggage of every American who stopped even for one meal at the house, I very soon came to the conclusion that the proprietor was rather over-doing the "toady"

business, but a very nice American girl from Louisiana, who was the polite and accommodating clerk, more than made amends for all that, and I found the few days I spent there passed pleasantly enough.

The sights of Glasgow are not many in number, and as I am extremely anxious to bring this rambling "Pilgrimage" to a close, lest my readers, who have thus far borne with me so much more kindly than I deserve, shall have already voted it, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," I shall not take up many more pages before I write Finis, certainly to my own infinite satisfaction, and I fear me much, none the less to my patient and long-suffering friends.

The cathedral, is of course, worth a visit, but I shall not attempt to describe it, as you have had cathedrals *ad libitum* if not *ad nauseam*, but its stained glass windows are truly marvelous and more than eighty in number, more than half of them thirty feet high, and each of them gives a Bible story complete.

The Necropolis is beautifully situated and gives you a fine view of this great commercial metropolis of more than half a million souls, and contains many fine monuments, but there is only one of world-wide renown, and that is John Knox's.

There is a long inscription upon the shaft, almost as long as that of Erasmus of Rotterdam at Basle, but there is one sentence which seems especially worthy of being noted: —

"When laid in the ground, the regent said, 'There lieth he who never feared the face of man, who was

often threatened with dag and dagger, yet hath ended his days in peace and honor.' "

George Square, in Glasgow has some eight or ten monuments, and is a great resort and promenade for the citizens.

Sir Walter Scott is remembered by a monument eighty feet high. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert each have an equestrian bronze statue, and Sir Robert Peel and James Watt are also commemorated by bronze statues, the former in a standing posture as becomes the statesman, and the latter in a sitting posture, as equally becomes the student.

The warriors, Sir John Moore and Lord Clyde, Burns and Campbell, the poets, and Dr. Livingstone, the explorer of Africa, also are commemorated here. So that George Square probably has a larger collection of monuments to distinguished persons than any other public square in the world, perhaps.

In the northwestern quarter of the city stands the new college on the eminence of Gilmore Hill, which overlooks a curve in the river Kilvin and gives a very commanding view of the city below, and in the distance a great part of Renfrewshire, which was founded in 1866, and opened for the reception of students, and is six hundred feet long and three hundred wide, and includes two quadrangles, and which, when finally completed, will cost about $2,500,000.

I am thus particular to mention this college because it contains what I regard as one of the greatest curiosities in the world, which is nothing more nor less than

the identical old atmospheric engine of Newcomen, from which James Watt got the idea which resulted in the steam engine, and which entitles him to rank along side with Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, as the two master-minds whose wonderful inventions of the steam engine and the printing press have revolutionized the world, and, I think it safe to say, have effected more for the cause God and humanity than, perhaps, all the thousand and one devices which the ingenuity of man has devised for the amelioration of the condition of the human race.

It has been disputed that Gutenberg was the inventor of printing, but additional proof of the fact, if any were needed, which should forever set at rest the vexed question, is found in the fact that in the university library at Rouen there has been recently found a letter which bears date of 1470, and tells about the introduction of printing into Paris that year, by three men who distinctly professed to be apprentices to Johannes Gutenberg. The house in Strasbourg, in which Gutenberg did his first work, still stands on the corner of the Cathedral Platz, it is claimed by some, although others assert that it was torn down about a century ago. Watt was a Professor in the old Glasgow University, and was trying to repair the Newcomen engine, which, at the time, was a portion of the apparatus of the Natural Philosophy Class, when he struck upon the idea of a separate condenser, among other things, which resulted in the invention of the steam engine which has made his name immortal. In the same apartment with

the old Newcomen engine is a statue of James Watt presented by his son to the University, as he says, "in gratitude for the encouragement afforded by its professors to the scientific pursuits of his father's early life." In the same room are to be seen several things of interest to the religious world, notably the first Bible printed at Rome, 1471, and a copy of the first edition of the English Bible translated by Miles Corndale and printed at Zurich, 1535, a copy of Virgil, 1470, also a "Byble" of 1575, one of 1549, one of 1639, and one of 1611, a Genevan Bible, 1615, and a French Bible, (*La Bible*), 1560.

Before leaving Glasgow, I must not omit to say that I had the pleasure of seeing the "Jersey Lily," who was playing a week's engagement at the Princess Theater in Sauchihall Street, where she played Rosalind in "As You Like It," and, of course, as it was *de rigueur* to go and see her, I went, and I found her, in my judgment, a very handsome woman, though her chin is altogether too long to call her beautiful, and in the part of Rosalind her exquisitely molded limbs and perfect figure in the garb of a page showed to the greatest advantage; but although —

> "She is a daughter of the gods,
> Divinely tall, and most divinely fair,"

still, in my humble judgment, although the house was crowded, and she received several *encores*, yet she is very far from being a great actress, nor does she afford the prospect of ever being more even than mediocre.

However, having posed as a "Society Beauty," and having been "brought out" by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, both combined have given her a "big send-off," and she has made a quarter of a million dollars, where more painstaking and more deserving actresses have failed to make a "hit."

But it takes a woman to criticise another woman, and as Olive Logan has seen her lately and praised her — *dresses* — extravagantly, I will quote her description of Mrs. Langtry's charms, not as an actress, but as an exquisite model for Worth's dresses to be shown off to the best advantage. We regret that we can not say more, and that we must "damn her with faint praise," but such is the case, unhappily.

Olive speaks thus of Mrs. Langtry in a recent letter: —

"And when the eyes of all the people were turned on Mrs. Langtry, what did they see there? Why, they saw a lovely bit of clay, a very noble-looking Anglo-Saxon woman. They saw a fair, square brow, such as Phidias might have loved to model; warm chestnut locks, to which no sculptor's cold implements could do the simplest justice; a wide, frank mouth, with an engaging smile, and teeth that mean defiance to those twin alliterative demons of the nineteenth century, dyspepsia and the dentist."

"Yes, she is beautiful, — but having said so much in praise of Mrs. Langtry, I regret I can not extend the recital by any very warm commendation of her acting. She tried her best to be more than a beauti-

ful woman, but she did not succeed in "talking her head off" — Wilkes' method of making his listeners forget his ugliness."

"She wrung her hands, and wiped her eyes, and prostrated her shapely form on convenient sofas, but the fingers of her passion touched no chord on the harp of a thousand strings, and, like Peri, disconsolate at the gate of Paradise, she found herself powerless to obtain that priceless tribute of human sympathy — a tear."

The next day the Anchoria's passengers took the train for Greenock, twenty-two miles from Glasgow down the Clyde, as she had dropped down on account of the tide in the Clyde not suiting her hour to sail, which was 5 p. m., and we were soon on board on our way back to our native heath.

Greenock, by the way, is the place where lie buried the father and grandfather of James Watt, and James Watt himself was born here, and here, also, lies Robert Burns' "Highland Mary."

The next morning when we awoke we found ourselves only one hundred and fifty miles on our journey, as we were anchored in Lough Foyle, off Moville in the county of Donegal, where Glasgow steamers bound for America always wait for the passengers from Londonderry, or "Derry," as they call it in Ireland.

I would have been very glad to go to Londonderry, which has stood many sieges during Ireland's troublous times, but was never taken, and hence proudly

bears to this day the undisputed title of the "Maiden City."

The most terrible siege which it ever sustained, and which Macaulay says was the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles, lasted one hundred and five days before deliverance came and raised the siege on the last day of July, 1689. The garrison had been reduced from 7,000 to 4,000 men, and it was estimated that King James, who had returned from France, and was operating against King William III., in Ireland, lost 8,000 men during the three and a half months of the awful siege.

The defense was mainly conducted by a preacher by the name of Walker, whom William afterwards made a Bishop in recognition of his gallant services, but being brave to rashness, he exposed himself so needlessly at the glorious victory of the Boyne, July 12, 1690, the next year, that he was unfortunately killed by a cannon ball.

When William heard of Walker's death, he felt that the Bishop had been entirely out of place to be among the combatants, and accordingly with the indifference born of his phlegmatic Teutonic temperament, he paid very little attention to the Bishop's sad mishap, but when an attendant said to him: —

"Sir, the Bishop of Derry has been killed by a shot at the ford."

"What took him there?" growled the king.

While the ship was lying at anchor in Lough Foyle, several of us went ashore, tried a little "poteen,"

which we found to be of such strength that it would not probably have taken many potations to floor one, so we prudently took a ride in an Irish jaunting-car, with a "Jarvey" for a driver, for a couple of miles, out to an old fort, which was said to date back to the days of the O's and the Mac's, this fortress being said to have been built by one Irish king, Fergus O'Donnell, away back yonder in the dim vista of the past.

While we were on our way, four of us sitting in the jaunting-car, back to back, and enjoying the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Emerald Isle, where the grass really seems more verdant than any grass I had ever seen, and of which country, Froude, the historian, says, that "it is certainly the most beautiful country in the world," we met two policemen, with guns on their shoulders, coming in to Moville, so that we came to the conclusion that probably the average Irish policeman prefers to have company when on the scent of the last alleged "horrible agrarian outrage."

The jaunting car is said to have been invented in the Waterloo year, by an Italian, by the name of Bianconi, and is said to be extremely well adapted to the hilly roads of Ireland, though one great objection to them is that they are all open to the weather, and can not carry either many persons or very much luggage at a time. After returning from our ride on Irish soil, we went aboard of the Anchoria, just before she weighed her anchor. Soon her propeller began to revolve, and we were once more leaving behind us

(most of us, no doubt like myself with little regret) a foreign shore.

Little more remains now to be said, except that, after a very stormy and unpleasant voyage of twelve days, during which the greater portion of the passengers had been confined to their state-rooms, with the same old *mal du mer*, which they had, no doubt, like myself, also encountered upon first making the intimate acquaintance of old ocean, "A Knight Templar Abroad" was allowed once more, thanks to an all-wise Providence, to see the familiar shores of America, on a bright September morning, and then it was, for the first time, I think, in my life that I fully realized the full significance of Scott's beautiful lines: —

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

FINIS.