OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE;

PRINCIPALLY IN

FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN.

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A NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION.

ABERDEEN:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE CLARK AND SON.

LONDON:—S. RICHARDSON, 9, DEVONSHIRE STREET.

MDCCCXLVIII.

PREFACE.

WITHOUT making an apology for doing what I might have left undone, viz, writing this book, I deem it right to give my reader a word or two of explanation as to the circumstances under which it was prepared.

When I left home my thoughts were full of the East, and I confess it was my design to inflict a book of travels in that interesting region upon the patience of my friends in the Western world. In Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Asia Minor, and even in Greece, I thought new material enough might be found to allow me to say something without going over topics already worn out. While in those countries, besides noticing the ordinary objects that excite the attention of the traveller, I made careful inquiry, so far as my opportunities allowed, into the state of the Greek and Armenian churches, and the condition of the Turkish Empire, now so intimately connected with the state of Christianity in the East. My letters suggested these topics to my friends at home, and they had reason to expect that I would treat them, on my return, more at length, and in a more permanent form.

Reasons, both of a public and private nature, induced me to postpone, for a time at least, the publication of my Eastern journal, and to prepare for the press a brief account of some parts of my tour in Europe, with notices of prominent topics of interest at present attracting the attention of the world. These are offered to the reader in the present volume. At a future time, I may present to the reader the observations referred to on the Eastern topics, in which, certainly, my own feelings are much more deeply interested.

I am aware that the opinions expressed in the following pages on several important subjects differ from those that are current among us; and I frankly confess that they are at variance with those which I entertained myself before I went abroad. I trust that none of them will be found to be entirely unsustained.

A number of pages are taken up with an account of Wesleyan Methodism in England. In view of the importance of this religious body in that country, and especially of its increasing influence in America, I deem no apology necessary for entering into detail upon the subject. Methodists, of course, will not object to it; and others, who take an interest in the progress of religion and of human society, will not be unwilling to learn something of so powerful an agency.

One word as to the spirit in which these pages are written. Though I have spoken with severity of the evils and abuses that forced themselves upon my attention abroad, I have not written with an anti-French or anti-English, but I trust, with a truly American feeling.

OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

NEW-YORK TO PARIS.

Departure. Sea-sickness. Glimpse of England. Approach to Havre. Passports. Dinner in eight Days. Physique of the French. Female Men-of business. Feats of Strength. Police. The Seine. Honfleur. Arthur and Louise. Lillebonne. Caudebec. Rouen. French Hotels. Boulevards. Appearance. of the City. Cathedral. Worship. Stained-glass Windows. Their Uses. Heart of Cœur de Lion. Memory of Napoleon. Palace of justice. Lawyers. Hall. English Abroad. French River Steamers. Elbeuf. Hill of the two Lovers. Washerwomen. Duchess of Guercheville. La Pecq Paris.

AT two o'clock on the afternoon of April 27, 1842, we cast off the cables of our steam-tug in the Narrows, and spread all our canvass to a stiff breeze. In a few hours our noble ship, the Ville de Lyon, was plunging her bows into the waves, looking directly towards Beautiful France. The city of New-York had vanished in the distance; the Highlands of Neversink disappeared with the setting sun; and at this last glimpse of my country I awoke to the assurance that I was about to accomplish my ardent and long-cherished desire of visiting the Old World, whose history had inspired my young heart with a restless longing to behold the scenes of so many great achievements.

We sat down to our first dinner at sea full of life and gaiety. I need not tell the reader what a change came over the spirit of our company when our gallant vessel began to mount the waves, and descend from their crests into depths from which the inexperienced passenger felt an involuntary apprehension she could never rise again. Laughing eyes became mournful enough, and jolly faces were lengthened into dolorous visages, as one by one my companions sought the sides of the ship, and looked wistfully into the sea. Inexorable Neptune demanded his accustomed tribute. One of my young friends obeyed at one gangway, while Professor L—— answered at the other. My time came late; but, alas! when once arrived, it never departed. I shall never make a sailor. There was a little coterie of French men and women aboard, whose mercurial temperament was proof against sea-sickness, and expended itself in laughing, dancing, and every form of merry-making. I envied them most heartily.

Trifling incidents are important to the passengers in a ship, amid the irksomeness and monotony of life at sea; but such as happened to us can afford little amusement and no information to my reader. Besides, I trust he is bound, with us, for Europe, and I doubt not he is anxious to catch the first glimpse of the Old World. Well, then

while we were at tea on the evening of the 14th of May, the mate came into the cabin, and reported to the captain, "A light, sir."

"Where away?"

"Off the leeward bow, sir."

"Very well."

Quickly we were all on the upper deck, straining our eyes to see the light which the sailors could easily discern. The darkness increased, and in a few minutes we could distinctly see the double headed Lizard lights on the coast of England. They sent a thrill of pleasure through our hearts which we could not repress. My young friend S——waxed eloquent. "There," said he, "sleeps quietly in his sea-girt island, the Lion of England, that has guarded so long his ocean-home from the foot of the invader; and under whose protection the arts of Peace and institutions of Religion have so long and so wonderfully flourished." Next to his own country, it seems to me an American must look upon the home of his forefathers with the most intense delight. Such was our feeling, though we had only seen the gleam of a lantern from the barren coast of the Land's End.

We were becalmed five days in the English Channel. It was not until about ten o'clock on the morning of May 19 that we really saw Europe, as the city of Havre appeared in the distance, when the fog rolled away from the surface of the beautiful bay at the mouth of the Seine. We were about five miles distant from the city. On our right, and somewhat astern of us, was a fleet of some thirty vessels slowly drifting out to sea with the tide, while as many more were lying at anchor ahead, within half a mile of the wall-locked harbour. They were waiting for the flood to carry them within the gates of the noble canal, which leads up into a magnificent basin in the very heart of the city. At four o'clock the steamer Hercule ran down [illegible] us, and in forty minutes we passed between the massive granite piers running far out into the bay, which form a wide and deep canal, through which we entered the inner basin. Crowds of porters, hotel-agents, &c., rushed on board, and for a while all was confusion. We went ashore, as soon as possible, in a small boat, and had hardly clambered up the iron ladder to the stone pier, when an officer in uniform demanded our passports. Having delivered them, we walked into the custom-house, passed through a cursory and civil inspection, and left our luggage to be opened and examined in our presence the next morning. We then hastened to the Hotel de l'Europe and engaged our rooms.

My first conversation here, with the *female* director of the hotel, was rather amusing. Informing her that we desired dinner, she inquired, "à quelle heure voulez vous diner, monsieur?" I replied, "á huit heure, madame," pronouncing the word *heure* so openly as to be mistaken for *jour;* and she asked again, "á *quelle* heure, monsieur?" looking intently into my face, as if she would read my meaning. Not noticing the peculiarly close sound which she gave to the word *heure*, I replied as before. Utterly surprised, she gazed at me as if she were absolutely feeling for my meaning; until at last it flashed upon her, when she burst into a hearty, pleasant laugh, not at my mistake, but at the ludicrous idea of dining on the *eighth day*, and then repeated several times; "á huit *heure*, monsieur, huit *heure*, huit *heure*," uttering the word so as to draw my attention to it and correct my mistake. I felt that I was instructed—not ridiculed. By-the-

way, I may remark that the French rarely laugh at errors of pronunciation, which are generally irresistible to Englishmen. They either do not notice them at all, or correct them with a kind politeness. As to the French language itself, I am satisfied that no man who learns it after twenty can pronounce with Parisian accent, whatever else he may do.

In a few minutes we sallied forth to see the town. First impressions are not to be trusted, I am aware; but as the appearance of the population struck me most favourably in many respects, I shall do no harm, in this instance, by recording them. Coming immediately from New-York, I could not but remark the contrast, in point of physical health and vigour, between the crowds you meet in the streets of that city and the swarms that we now encountered in the streets of Havre. Their elastic movements, fine, fresh complexions, and well-developed persons, betokened high health and great enjoyment of life. Doubtless this superiority of *physique* is to be attributed to the cheerful way of living, in which *business* is not the sole object, as with us, and to their constant exercise in the open air—men, women, and children. In this, our first walk, the bulk of the population seemed to be in the streets, enjoying their cheerful promenade not only on the side walks, but in the middle of the most crowded thoroughfares. Everywhere we saw boys and girls, from five to fifteen years of age, running, romping, jumping the rope, or trundling the hoop. The women were generally without bonnets,* to which habit, keeping the head cool and well aired, their abundant and beautiful hair may perhaps be attributed.

We were struck also with the richness and variety of the articles exhibited in the numerous shops. The shops themselves are much smaller than is common with us. In every case except one (a watchmaker's), they were attended by females; and, indeed, almost all the minor kinds of business seemed to be in the hands of the *beau sexe*. I stepped into a barber's shop; a man shaved me, but a woman, sitting at a little counter in the hall, received the ten sous; and when my friend called at the watchmaker's for his watch, which he had left for repairs, a female took the money. So, on entering the reception-room of our hotel, we were received by two very well-dressed females, of easy manners, one of them quite pretty and interesting. They seemed to have the chief direction of affairs throughout the house, except in the *salle a manger*, where male servants were in attendance. It is worth while to remark that these female traders, hotel directors, etc., are generally women of mature years, and not inexperienced girls, as is commonly the case with females in similar employments among us.

I pass over the matter of custom-house business and passports, with a few remarks to the reader who may design to travel. Your luggage is taken from the ship to the custom-house, where you appear at the time appointed for its inspection, and unlock your trunks. The officers then examine them, more or less particularly according to your appearance and conduct (as I judge), and then pass them over to a porter to be conveyed to your hotel. Your passport is delivered, on landing, to an officer, who takes it to the police-office, where you obtain a new one, to Paris, for which you pay two francs. You take

* This remark is applicable only to the middle and active classes.

this new passport, in which your person is minutely described, to the proper office on your arrival in Paris, where it is retained, and the original one with which you entered Havre restored to you, *vized*, as it is called, by the authorities of the capital. It is well to have it signed also by our minister at Paris. With this you can pass throughout the kingdom, exhibiting it when called for; and you should always keep it about your person, as it must be *vized* at every frontier, and perhaps oftener.

It is well known that the French labourers eat but little animal food, and yet they are remarkable for physical strength, of which I had a striking instance this afternoon. I saw one of these men carry an ordinary bale of cotton, resting on the back of his head and on his shoulders, several yards to a waggon, ascend a ladder, and throw it on the top of two tiers of bales which he had already carried up. I supposed it to weigh four hundred pounds; a bystander said five hundred.

After dining at the table d'hote at six o'clock, we walked down upon the quay, along the magnificent stone pier which projects far out into the bay. It was a mild, pleasant evening, and everybody was in the street. Police-men might be seen, everywhere mingling with the crowds, in long, frockcoats, red pantaloons, and leather caps, distinguished by a yellow tassel. Before the entrances to public buildings, and at the barriers of the city, they are armed with sword and musket. In this way perfect peace is preserved. But what a contrast between the tranquillity thus obtained *vi et armis*, and the quiet of one of our smaller towns, secured only by the moderation of our citizens and their respect for the laws!

Havre contains about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and is increasing rapidly in wealth and population. It is the Liverpool of France. Most of the trade between France and the United States is carried on here. Captain Stoddard observed to me that he had counted twenty-seven American ships in the harbour at one time. To a stranger, arriving for the first time from the New World, its air of solidity and antiquity, and the denseness of the population, contrast strongly with the American towns of yesterday. The principal part of the city is within the fortifications, which are composed of a double wall, with a deep fosse between; but by far the most beautiful part is on the steep declivity of a ridge which overlooks the town, and is adorned with neat mansions, embowered in shrubbery, and surrounded with gardens, which rise in terraces one above the other. It is called the Cote d'Ingouville.

My passport gave as my profession *Rentier*, which, done into English, may mean "a man who lives on his money." When my hotel-bill was presented to me on the night of the 21st of May, I was inclined to interpret it "one on whose money others live." However, as we had been well kept, we paid our score cheerfully. Having made the preparations requisite for our departure next morning, we slept three or four hours, and at five o'clock A. M. of the 22d were gliding out of the harbour in a steamer, on our way up the Seine to Rouen.

Historical associations crowd upon one in this *voyage* to the ancient capital of Normandy. Every height has its legends and stories. The Romans left here the traces of their powerful dominion. It became the prey of the piratical hosts of Scandinavia, who ravaged the coasts

of England, Holland, and France in the ninth century. In the indolent reign of Charles the Bald, they penetrated into the very heart of the country. At length, in A. D. 912, the Norwegian Rollo ascended the Seine, and obtained from Charles the Simple a cession of part of Neustria, which he called *Normandy*. Rollo married a daughter of Charles, received Christian baptism in the Cathedral of Rouen, and became the first Duke of Normandy. It was annexed to England when William Duke of Normandy obtained the English throne in 1066. This fair region was long the battle ground of France and England. No wonder, then, that we were eager to behold every storied spot on the beautiful Seine.

We glided directly across the river to Honfleur, an ancient town, formerly of great importance, as a seaport. Its old and now ruined walls withstood the seiges of the English in the fifteenth century; and large fleets formerly issued from its port, now choked and deserted. The rise of Havre completed its ruin as a seaport, and its population of 17,000 is now reduced one half.

Leaving Honfleur, we fairly commenced the ascent of the river, here several miles wide. Nothing strikes the traveller more than the sudden projections of the banks of the river, jutting out into the stream, and leaving in the recesses beautiful coves, frequently retreating into lovely valleys, that penetrate the country on both sides. In these the grass is rich and green down to the water's edge. You see pretty villages in many of these valleys, and larger towns upon the water side. The declivities, where susceptible of it, are generally in a high state of cultivation, while the summits are crowned with forest trees. The river narrows rapidly as you ascend, and twenty-five or thirty miles from its mouth is not more than three hundred yards wide. A pilot is necessary for this distance, owing to the difficulty of the navigation.

The first well-preserved monument of the Middle Ages which we saw was the castle of Tancarville, on our left, at the edge of a beautiful bay extending up into the mouth of a valley in which lies the village of the same name. It is celebrated in feudal history for the quarrels between its chamberlains and the neighbouring lords of Harcourt. There is a tradition, too, of the unfortunate love of Arthur and Louise, ward of Alfroy, lord of the Eagle Tower. The young man, in the garb of a minstrel, was taken into the service of Alfroy, and thus enjoyed opportunities of intercourse with the fair Louise; but he was finally betrayed to Alfroy, and had to escape for his life. He went to Palestine as a warrior, carrying with him a handkerchief which Louise had given him wet with her tears. Alfroy had set his heart upon the virgin, and kept her confined in the Eagle Tower for months, without making any impression in his favour. Wearied with her resistance, he at last, one morning, told her that she should be his bride that night; and to crush her hopes of Arthur, suddenly presented the handkerchief, stained with blood. The maiden fell and expired.

A little above Tancarville, on the same side of the river, is Lillebonne, the *Juliobona* of the Romans, in whose vicinity the remains of baths, aqueducts, and a theatre, attest the residence of that wonderful people. East of the village stands a ruined castle, in which it is said that William the Conqueror proposed to his barons his plans for the conquest of England. From this point onward, almost every hill

and every village had its story of some remarkable event or great name, so that our memory and imagination were kept continually on the stretch. I do not expect my reader to take the same interest in these scenes; but I cannot forbear to mention Caudebec, which deserves to be noticed from the singular beauty of its position, and, indeed, of the town itself. The river describes a semi-ellipse above and below the town, whose graceful chapel, with its Gothic spire, was pronounced by Henry IV. the finest he had seen.

ROUEN.

The clock of the steamer struck ten, and we were approaching the ancient capital of Normandy. The boat had just rounded one of the sweeps of the river and turned her head eastward, when a well-defined, tapering pyramid shot up in the distance, apparently to the very clouds. It was the new iron tower, now near its completion, of the Cathedral of Rouen. In a few minutes the whole city was disclosed, and we shortly afterward reached the quay. We were greeted in English by the commissioner of the Hotel de Rouen, which is just opposite our landing-place. The sound of our own language, amid the incessant French babble that surrounded us, was like order out of chaos. We were soon comfortably installed in our rooms at the Hotel de Rouen.

A word on the management of these hotels and the general style of their accommodations. On arriving at any of the principal provincial towns, you are saluted by the *commissionaires* of the various hotels, each of whom, of course, endeavours to secure you for his own establishment. If he succeeds in taking you home with him, he becomes your cicerone during your stay, and shows you all the lions of the place, for which service you pay him at pleasure, although I infer, from a charge in my bill at Havre, that you pay for the office whether you employ the officer or not. You enter the hotel by a broad and high archway (*porte cochere*) leading into a court, accessible to carriages. On one side of this court is an office for the *concierge*, or porter; and on the other the *bureau*, with a small counter, at which you generally find two females, who superintend the establishment. You pay regularly for nothing but your room and the service of the *fille-de chambre*. As for meals, you may regulate them at your own option, breakfasting at any hour, and dining either at the table d'hote, at a fixed price, or at a *restaurant*, paying for what you require. For breakfast of coffee, bread, and butter, you pay a franc and a half; if you add eggs or a steak, half a franc more. The public table at dinner is well supplied with meats, fish, fowl, &c., brought on in regular courses; the dessert is sparing. An hour and a half are generally spent at the table; but, of course, you can rise when you please. The chambers are neatly kept and well aired. The floors are laid in hard wood or neatly paved with red brick, and generally have no other carpeting than a small rug by the bedside. The bed itself is a luxury. Your room is always furnished with a chest of drawers, and a secretary with writing materials. As for the cost of travelling, my observation satisfies me that, apart from the expense of locomotion, it is greater than in the United States. For the dinner of which I have spoken, without wine, you pay about seventy cents in Havre, and about ninety in Paris.

Most American travellers pass directly from England, by way of Dover and Calais, to Paris; and thus miss the sight of one of the finest portions of France, and certainly of her most interesting city, next to Paris. Rouen lies on the north bank of the Seine, over which is thrown an elegant suspension bridge, lately erected. There is also a bold stone bridge of massive masonry, completed in 1829. The city is divided into the Old Town and the New by the *Boulevards*, a fine wide street, nearly encircling the city, planted with trees on each side, and affording a pleasant drive. Many towns on the Continent have these delightful avenues, formed by levelling the ancient walls (*boulevards*), which are not only a great addition to the pleasure of the inhabitants, but also indicate a more valuable improvement in the state of society. In some European cities, the ancient boulevards are not removed, but simply levelled at top, planted with trees, and converted into public walks and drives. In towns upon the frontiers, or on the coast, as at Havre, they are kept in good repair, in obedience to the maxim, "In peace prepare for war," a maxim which we shall never follow in the United States until we get a sound drubbing from England; when, of course, we will set to work in earnest, come out of the strife victorious, as we have done twice before, and then, at least for one generation, keep our forts and navies in order, even at the expense of a protective tariff.

Except along the quay, the houses of Rouen, within the Boulevards, are old and poorly built. The streets are narrow, crooked, and without sidewalks; the pavement, of square stones, declining to the middle of the street from the houses on either side. Of the quaint old houses themselves, an American reader can hardly form a conception. To us they certainly looked queer enough, with their strong oaken frames filled in with brick or cement, their narrow fronts, and high-peaked roofs, covered with slate or tiles. Scarcely any two of them are alike, and as for *blocks* of houses, such as we see in our cities, there is no such thing to be found. Outside of the Boulevards, everything is different. The streets, though not long nor often straight, are tolerably wide; and you see many fine modern houses, built of the soft cream-coloured stone which abounds everywhere in France, and often surrounded with trees and gardens. The cause of this difference is to be found in the increase of the wealth and population of the place within the last thirty years, owing to the concentration of the American trade at Havre, and the introduction of steamboats upon the Seine. As Rouen is a port of entry, it has a splendid custom-house. The foreign trade of the place has increased rapidly of late years; and I am informed there are a hundred vessels now at the port for ten thirty years ago. There are extensive cotton factories, which derive the raw material directly from our country; and the home trade of the place is greatly facilitated by daily lines of steamers to Havre and the railroad to Paris.

The appearance of the French at home, thus far at least, was different from what I had anticipated. My early notions had led me to expect gaiety and frivolity of manner as a general characteristic; but I found people quite as sober and discreet in their movements here as at home, and exhibiting quite as little pretence in dress and equipage. As a general rule, we do not see in America the best of the French, or of any European nation. It is natural it should be so. Those who have prudence and skill are well enough off at home,

and do not need to emigrate; while the imprudent, the unfortunate, and the desperate go abroad to amend their fortunes. Of course there are many exceptions to this remark; but it contains the rule. The mass of the people here do not appear in as good condition as at Havre, and yet I have not seen a consumptive countenance, or heard a noticeable cough, in either place, either in the street or in the churches.

There are many memorials of antiquity in Rouen, but the Cathedral stands pre-eminent among them. Of the wonderful exterior of this vast pile I shall attempt no description, but that the breadth of the edifice is over one hundred feet, its length nearly four hundred and fifty, and that the pyramid upon the central tower will, when finished, reach an elevation of four hundred and thirty-six feet, only thirty-eight feet less than that of the Pyramid of Cheops. Part of the foundations of this immense mass were laid in the third century. The erection of the present edifice was commenced A.D. 1200, with funds contributed by John Lackland, king of England, and completed in the sixteenth century.

Let us enter the gloomy Gothic pile. Our sensations are indescribable It is not admiration—it is not the religious sentiment—but a strange astonishment, not unmingled with awe, yet certainly not akin to reverence. The long ranges of lofty pillars; the countless sharp Gothic arches; the numerous chapels on either side, adorned with pictures and statuary, frequently with candles burning before the image of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, all seen in a flood of light poured in through a hundred windows, whose glass is stained with every shade of colour, from fiery red to the soft tints fading into white, until nave, and choir, and aisles seem magically illuminated; the silence that reigns in the vast space, broken only by the occasional footfall of a priest in his long black robe, flitting along the nave, or entering one of the numerous confessionals, followed by a penitent, with here and there the form of an aged and decrepit female kneeling in superstitious reverence before some favourite image; all taken together, overpower the mind and eye of the Protestant traveller, unaccustomed to such scenes, with strange impressions and oppressive feelings, and he retires from his first visit confused and astonished. Such, at least, were my own emotions.

I visited the Cathedral several times—twice on occasions of worship. No provision is made for the accommodation of worshippers, as with us, by fixed seats or pews; the floor, with the exception of the choir, being an unbroken pavement of broad flag-stones, neither smooth nor well joined. In different parts of the building are large stacks of rude chairs, such as we see in our Western cabins, which on Sundays or holidays are ranged in rows or groups for such as choose to occupy them, A woman comes round at some time during the service, and receives your *sous* for the use of the chair. A plate is shortly after carried round for general contributions, by an official in surplice and black gown, accompanied by an officer in uniform, sword, and cocked hat, and carrying a long silver-headed staff.

We had the fortune to have the church to ourselves on Saturday, when the priests were performing service, assisted by a company of little boys, and accompanied by the organ. The service was performed in the nave of the church, which is enclosed by a strong, high iron railing. The fine voices of the priests and boys, with the loud peals

of the organ, reverberated from the thousand arches of the splendid temple with grand effect. On Sunday we attended high mass, when the service was more imposing in itself, and was heightened in effect by the presence of a number of worshippers. Thousands were standing and sitting in the church, until, at the tinkling of a little bell, the vast multitude bowed down simultaneously, with a subdued and heavy sound—some humbly upon their knees, on the cold stone pavement, while others leaned their rude wooden chairs forward, and, standing at the backs, knelt upon the lower rounds, resting their heads upon the tops. The greater number arose, and stood or sat during the progress of the service; but here and there one, more earnest than the rest, continued kneeling. A very decent woman near us remained so long upon her knees, and seemed so much excited, as to draw from one of our company the remark, that she looked more like a mourner at the altar of a Methodist church. When the priest had consecrated and partaken of the wafer, and drunk the wine, the iron gates of the choir were opened, and, to my great surprise, only two women of that vast multitude presented themselves at the altar to receive the sacrament. I was struck with the small number of men present; with the exception of strangers, there were not more than one to every twenty females.

The stained-glass windows of the churches of Rouen are singularly perfect. I had formed no adequate conception of these from what I had read, and had thought but little of their origin and design. Perhaps we are too apt to refer such things to caprice and superstition, forgetting that no usage can subsist for ages that has no foundation in reason or adaptation to the wants of society. Can we not account for the statuary, the bas-reliefs, and the stained-glass windows of the Continental churches by the same causes that gave rise to the *Biblia Pauperum** in England, in the early part of the fifteenth century? Books were scarce and dear, and what there were the *people* could not read. It was necessary to devise some means by which the mass might acquire at least a rude knowledge of the facts of Scripture history, and none was so likely to be successful as the representation of such facts in visible forms, striking to the eye. Indeed, no, other means was possible, so long as the people were unable to read. Now what the rough woodcuts of the *Bible for the Poor* were to the English peasantry, the stained windows of cathedrals and churches were to the French, and, perhaps, in a still higher degree. It must be recollected that these windows are not merely of *stained glass*, exhibiting beautiful colours, but that the staining forms a picture more or less perfect, one large window, in general, being appropriated to a single subject. Thus in the left isle of the Cathedral, we find two windows representing the life of Joseph; in another, the life of John the Baptist; and, on the opposite side of the choir, the Passion of Christ. Many of the others represent the lives of saints, to be sure, as well as events in Scripture history; and, doubtless, there is sufficient proof of superstition among them. The paintings, bas-reliefs, and statues are all memorials, however, either of facts in the Bible or traditions in the Church. Thus, the whole edifice is an open volume

* The "Biblia Pauperum" was a kind of Bible catechism, consisting of woodcuts illustrating events in Scripture history, with brief explanatory sentences annexed. It was probably published early in the fifteenth century.

of religious history; and, turn where you will, your eye falls upon a page of it, legible, too, by the most ignorant boor. Every column, every altar, every projection, has its story to tell. If you go without, and gaze upon the complicated pile, amid the mazes of its inextricable details, your eye falls upon niches, corners, points, and pinnacles, ornamented with images of apostles, saints, or, more frequently than either, of the Virgin and Child. And while these representations tended to produce many erroneous and superstitious notions, they also gave a currency to the real facts of Scripture history, and fixed them in the minds of the people with a vividness and reality that could have been secured in no other way in those days of deplorable ignorance. Even at the present day, perhaps, the mass of the people here are in that rude stage of civilization in which the senses alone can be successfully appealed to. So long as they will neither read nor think, it must be almost impossible to overthrow this splendid system of religious forms, which takes their senses captive by its gorgeous ceremonies, its pompous worship, its magnificent cathedrals, consecrated as it is by the recollections of a thousand years.

The Cathedral of Rouen is rich in monuments. The heart of Charles V. was deposited in the middle of the sanctuary, and that of Richard Cœur de Lion to the right of the high altar. The latter has been recently disinterred, and found to be enclosed in a double box of lead, with this inscription:

HIC: JACET: COR: RICARDI: REGIS:
ANGLORUM:

There, too, lay the form of Rollo, stretched out upon his magnificent tomb; there was Louis de Brézé, his features not yet relaxed from the death-struggle, while his own Diana of Poictiers stands at his head in widow's weeds, with her hands crossed upon her breast, looking down upon his ghastly countenance with the most intense anguish, and at his feet stands the Virgin, with the infant Saviour in her arms. As I gazed upon the recumbent statues, touched their marble foreheads, and clasped their hands in mine, I felt a slight gush of feeling; but they spoke not, and I turned away, remembering that they were but dust. There are many other beautiful and memorable things in this Cathedral of Rouen, but it is time that I had done with it.

The Town-hall is well worth a visit. In the second story of this building is the Library, where we saw the keys of the city that had been presented to Napoleon, preserved in a neat mahogany case. We have already had more than one evidence of the enthusiastic feelings which the French still retain towards the Great Captain. We happened to go from Rouen to Paris in the steamer which had conveyed the remains of the Emperor up the Seine, on their way from St. Helena to the capital. On that part of the deck where the sarcophagus had rested, we saw a black marble slab with this inscription:

Ici
Reposerent
les
Restes mortels
DE L'EMPEREUR NAPOLEON,
du 9 au 15 Decembre,
1840

Every cabin-passenger, of course, viewed the slab with greater or less emotion; but when the deck-passengers were apprised of its position, they broke over the regulations of the boat, and pressed forward in their coarse blouses, men, women, and children, to look at the spot, where for six days the mortal remains of Napoleon had reposed. Many of them exhibited deep feeling. Louis Philippe has shown more sense than usually falls to the lot of kings in such matters, by cherishing the memory and honouring the dust of the great idol of the people.

From the Library we went to the *Palais de Justice*. It is the general policy of the governments of the Old World to command the admiration and confidence of the people by the display and pomp which invest every part of the public service. The court-house is a magnificent Gothic palace. I have never seen, either before or since, a single room whose dimensions and proportions were so striking as those of the *Salle des Procureurs*, or Hall of Attorneys. The acute arched ceiling, seventy feet from the pavement, and unsupported by a single column, springs over your head like the expanse of the sky. Around the walls are little stalls, fitted up with railings and desks, for the lawyers, many of whom we saw walking up and down the hall in their tight caps and large black gowns, the dress in which they plead in the courts.

On the whole, our four days in Rouen were most delightfully spent. Our comfortable lodgings and excellent fare at the hotel contributed in no slight degree to our enjoyment. At the daily table d'hote we not only found a good dinner, but good company, both French and English. I had read a good deal of the surliness of the English generally when abroad, but thus far I saw no evidence of it. As I sat down to dinner on the first day, I noticed on my left an elderly, well-looking gentleman and lady, with a servant behind them in waiting. During dinner, I wanted some asparagus, and could not make the waiter understand *my* French. The gentleman, perceiving my embarrassment, relieved me at once by a word to the servant, and answered my expression of acknowledgment with easy courtesy. We afterward, during our stay, conversed freely and pleasantly, neither of us knowing the name or character of the other, until, at parting, he desired me to make his respects to General Cass, at Paris, and gave me his name: it was that of a general officer in the English army who had served with great distinction in Spain and the East, and whose name belongs to history. This is not the last instance of English courtesy I shall have to mention.

At five o'clock on the morning of May 25th, we left Rouen for Paris in the steamer Dorade. A French river-steamer is a very different affair from the splendid vessels on our American waters. They are long and narrow, with no protection from the weather on deck, and no cabin except a small and meanly-furnished room below. Their machinery is good, and they make fair speed, though not equal to ours.

The course of the river is marked by the same sudden bends as below Rouen, and the scenery is equally diversified and delightful. You glide along through verdant meadows, sometimes between chalky cliffs, passing village after village in rapid succession the entire distance from Rouen to Paris. The tall chimneys of St. Sevre tell you of its steam-engines and manufactories, while farther on begin the rocks of

Orival, rising like tombs built in the hill-side. A number of rude huts are clustered under the cliffs, and half way up the steep appears a little Gothic church embosomed in walnut-trees.

Our boat now came abreast of Elbeuf, a growing town of 13,000 inhabitants, containing extensive woollen manufactories and dyeing establishments. It was noted for its manufactures in the time of Louis XIV.; but the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove its best artisans away to England and Holland, and its present establishments have grown up mainly since 1820. Soon after leaving Elbeuf, on the right bank, at the mouth of the little river Andelle, rises a bold hill, called the *Mont des deux Amants*, which takes its name from a pretty Norman story. The King of the Pistrians had a beautiful daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and who supplied the place of his lost wife in his home and affections. He did not wish her to marry; but, to appease the clamours of his people, finally proclaimed, that whoever sought his daughter's hand might win it by carrying her to the top of the hill without resting. Many tried it, and failed. At last, one whom she loved, stimulated by her encouragement, made the attempt, carried her nearly to the summit, fell, and expired. The maiden threw herself upon the corpse of her lover, and soon died of grief. They were laid in one grave, at the top of the Hill of the Two Lovers.

All along the river are to be seen large batteaux, drawn by horses on the bank. Where it is necessary, the tow-path is cut into the cliffs. I have seen these boats drawn by three, four, six, and in one instance thirteen horses, and they form no inconsiderable feature of the characters of this beautiful river. Another peculiarity is the washer-women's ark, which you may see at every village: a little wooden raft, with a bench upon the side next the stream, on which the sturdy washerwomen work their clothes after dipping them in the river.

But I must hasten on to Paris. Passing Andelys, the Chateu-Gaillard, Vernon, and other interesting villages and ruins, we noticed the remains of the chateau of La Roche-Guyon, celebrated for its long resistance, defended by the widow of its lord, against Henry V. of England, but more memorable for the noble reply of the Duchess of Guercheville, whom Henry IV. of France used to visit at the castle. "No, sire," said she to her royal lover, "I am not of a sufficiently noble house to be your wife, but of too good a house to be your mistress." As we advance towards the capital, towns and cities multiply upon us. We pass the Chateau of Rosny, birth-place of the great Sully; Mantes, where William the Conqueror received his death-wound; Meulan, celebrated for its seiges, since the time of Charles the Bald. Farther on we behold, over the suspension Bridge, the dark outline of the Forest of Saint Germain, the royal palace on the brow of the hill, and, soon after, the beautiful town extending down to the river. Our admiration is cut short by the bustle and confusion of passengers and crew: the boat has stopped at La Pecq. We leaped into the railroad cars, and at nine o'clock in the evening found ourselves in Paris.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS.

Getting lodgings. Rev. Mr. Toase. Restaurants and Cafés. Ladies at Restaurants. Social Arrangements of Partisans. Dwellings. Wesleyan Chapel. First Sunday in Paris. Champs Elysées. Amusements. Good Behaviour. Napoleon-Column. View of Paris from the Column. Chamber of Deputies. Bois de Boulogne. Duelling. Royal Carriage. Jardin des Plantes. Menagerie. Cedar of Lebanon. Museum of Natural History. Museum of Comparative Anatomy. Craniology. Museum of Mineralogy and Geology. Fossil Skeletons. Statue of Cuvier. *Chamber of Peers.*

Two or three of our trunks were opened at the Railway Depôt, but as nothing eatable was found in them, the rest were left untouched. Our party, six in number, took two carriages from the depôt, and in a few minutes entered a wide avenue, brilliantly lighted and thronged with people. There were thousands of them—walking, chatting, standing at the magnificent shop-windows, and sitting in front of the cafés, eating ices and sipping lemonade or coffee. We were in the *Boulevards*, of which all the world has heard. We quickly turned to the right into the Rue Richelieu, and were set down at the Hotel de Paris. A parlour, with a suite of rooms for four, were offered to us here at twenty francs a day, and rooms for two, in the story above, at eight francs. We remained for the night, but set off next morning to obtain permanent lodgings at a more moderate price. There was no lack of rooms in the great city, for it was not the *season*, and the world of fashion had fled to the country, so that we saw on every side placards inscribed *Grands et petits appartements meublés a louer, presentement.* After various applications, I decided to make use of a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Toase, Wesleyan missionary in Paris, and accordingly called on that gentleman, who kindly walked out with us, and soon secured all that we desired. We obtained apartments for six, with a parlour, all neat and well furnished, for 475 francs a month, in the private Hôtel Tronchet,* Rue Tronchet, a new and well-built street, running north from the Church of the Madaleine. Here we soon made a contract with *madame*, who managed the business with much tact and talk, but very politely, and we entered at once into our lodgings. On this and other occasions we were indebted to the kind offices of the Rev. Mr. Toase, whose polite attentions to our party I take great pleasure in acknowledging.

As we secured rooms only, without meals, we soon made ourselves acquainted with the best *restaurants* and *cafes*. As the system of these establishments is in many respects peculiar to Paris, I give a short account of so marked a feature in Parisian life.

The first thing that strikes a stranger on entering a restaurant is a well-dressed woman, often young and handsome too, who occupies a seat covered with velvet, fine enough for a throne, behind an elevated desk with a marble top. She is the presiding genius of the place,

* A private hotel differs from a public one in letting no apartments for less than a month, and in not furnishing meals. The large houses of distinguished men and public functionaries, and some of the public buildings, are also called hotels.

and attends to its affairs, receiving strangers, directing servants, and arranging accounts, with a grace and promptness that no human being but a French woman could attain. You select a large or small table, according to the number of your company, never sitting down with a stranger, and you may choose it in such a position as will suit your humour. If thoughtful, you can get a quiet corner and ruminate at pleasure: if a *gourmet*, there is a secluded nook in which your attention will not be diverted from the pleasing task before you: if gay and cheerful, you select a table near the window, looking out upon the square adjoining, or the palace opposite. The bill of fare (la carte) is presented to you, with the price of each article affixed, and whatever you order is brought on as you desire it, and you pay for it by the *carte*. Such a dinner as is served up in one of our best hotels in Philadelphia or New-York, will cost you about six francs.

It is surprising to what an extent these establishments enter into the domestic arrangements of the Parisians. Their different grades answer to the different ranks of society, from the cabinet minister to the nameless sans-culotte. The higher classes resort to the splendid cafés and restaurants about the Boulevards, or in the Palais Royal, where the arrangements are all in the finest style, and the cooking such as French *artistes* alone can produce. From these there is a regular gradation of five or six ranks; and it may interest the fastidious traveller to know that there is a regular system by which the remnants of the first are passed to the second, of the second to the third, and so on, until the last fragments, after undergoing various metamorphoses, are served up, with the least possible traces of their original character, in the by-ways and purlieus of the city, to the humble labourer who dines for ten or fifteen cents.

These establishments are frequented by ladies as well as gentlemen. In the best of them I saw well-dressed and well-behaved ladies, either alone, or in company with friends, husbands or children, dining in public rooms where fifty other persons were at table at the same time. The families of many of the respectable classes of merchants and professional men, and others, live in this way: after the business of the day is over, all thought of it is laid aside, and dinner, the promenade, and the evening amusement fill up the time until ten or eleven at night. Thus they work in the morning, that they may dine in the afternoon, and enjoy themselves in the evening. From these arrangements, it is obvious that a much larger share of amusement can be obtained in Paris than in an English or American city, at the same expense. But the great evil of the system is that the Parisian has no *home*, and even does not know the meaning of the word. He is *social* beyond all other men, but not at all *domestic*. The houses themselves illustrate this. Small dwellings, or even large ones, for separate families are almost unknown; and a visitor from New-York or Philadelphia wonders where all the people live. Most of them, of the better classes, have apartments in hotels, and live out of doors, as I have mentioned. You see no neat, snug two or three story house, with a door opening on the street, and two windows for the front parlour; but large, massive buildings, with a wide archway in front, closed by a heavy door, studded with iron, opening into a court, from which flights of steps ascend to the various suites of apartments, which are generally complete in themselves, containing an ante-room, parlour, three to five bedrooms, and a kitchen, opening

into each other, on the same floor. Entries and passages are not to be found. The smaller houses are built on the same general plan. Our city dwellings are formed on the model of the middle class of houses in the English towns.

On our first Sunday in Paris we found it impossible, as at Rouen, to realize the holy day. As I walked out, I found many of the shops open: women sitting in them selling or sewing; men at work on new buildings, and paving the streets; and large bodies of troops out on parade. It was a grand fete-day at St. Cloud. At 12 o'clock I repaired to the Wesleyan Mission Chapel near our hotel, and preached to a very interesting congregation of one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons, among whom I observed our minister, General Cass, and his family, some of whom, as he informed me, usually attended service there in the forenoon. Among the morning prayers (which were read before sermon, after the forms of the Church of England), I observed prayers for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the royal family of England; and also for Louis Philippe and the royal family of France. After attending public service again at 7 o'clock, I determined to see the way in which the Parisians spend their Sunday evening.

Strolling down the Rue Royale to the spacious Place de la Concorde, I plunged into the crowds which rolled in vast tides through the Place westward into the Champs Elysees, and followed the avenue towards the Triumphal Arch. The spectacle from the Place was indeed magnificent. On one side was the grand Obelisk from Luxor, eighty feet high, a memorial of ages lost in the beginnings of time, on which the gay and mighty of that land of wonders had gazed for centuries; and now there were gathered round it the busy and laughing throngs of to-day, in a land whose existence was unknown to its sculptors. Dispersed through the Place were groups of statuary and allegorical figures representing the principal towns in France. Two magnificent fountains, perhaps the finest in the world, were throwing up their jets into the air from the mouths of spouting dolphins, swans, and fish held by swimming Nereids and Tritons. On the east, the garden of the Tuileries; and stretching away to the west, the forests of the Champs Elysees, intersected by a broad avenue. In every direction as far as the eye could see, glimmering through the trees, and flashing away along the avenue towards Neuilly, were the brilliant gas-lights of palaces and theatres, and the moving lanterns of a thousand carriages. Entering the Elysian Fields, I found them filled with tents, booths, and tables of all kinds and sizes, where you could purchase every variety of trifling articles. The refreshment booths were stocked with tempting eatables, but in hardly a single instance did I see wines or liquors for sale. Most of this traffic is in the hands of women. I noticed one man with a very primitive kind of shop: four candles planted a few feet apart in the ground, forming a square, in the midst of which he had an array of canes exposed. I was soon in the midst of the grove, and out of hearing of the bustle of the city, but its crowds were around me on every side, walking, talking, and laughing, yet in all the throng no disorderly or indecent movement could be seen. All seemed to be contented and joyous. Farther on were roulette-tables, at which well-dressed people were playing for cakes, which they distributed to their children. Again were men, women, and children, riding gaily, round and

round, full of glee, on flying horses attached to a circular frame-work. Everybody was abandoned to enjoyment.

Through the whole of this walk, until my return to the Place de la Concorde, there was no disorderly noise, no shouting, no drunkenness; but vastly more quiet and order than is seen in our country on any gala day, when the multitude pour out into the streets of a city or into a county town. How is all this to be accounted for? A great deal of it is doubtless due to the strength of the government, everywhere exhibited, and to the ubiquity of the police, whose efficiency everybody knows; but there might be many violations of decency and propriety that could not demand the intervention of the police, which yet never take place. The people behave as well, so far as any interference with the rights and comfort of their neighbours is concerned, in these varied and unchecked amusements of a Sunday in Paris, as our people do in going to and from church at home. The truth appears to be that the mass of this mercurial people will be satisfied if their senses can be gratified with fine shows, fine gardens, theatres, and music; and the government wisely provides this national taste with the means of easy gratification. All the museums of painting, sculpture, etc., as well as the palaces, with their magnificent grounds, are accessible, free of charge, to the mass of the people, particularly on Sundays. At the same time, the King is doubtless endeavouring to cultivate a sense of religion in the nation, to enlarge trade and manufactures, and to promote all the arts of peace. Civilization in France is in debt to him. Well has Louis Philippe been called the Napoleon of Peace. More than once has he had it in his power to set all Europe in a blaze, and few men, at the head of the French nation, could have withstood the temptation; but he preferred, *for reasons of his own*, the peace of the world and the physical and pecuniary prosperity of his people.

THE NAPOLEON-COLUMN.

Among the first objects that attracted my attention in Paris was the Column of Napoleon, in the Place Vendome, surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of the Emperor. The figure rests in an easy posture upon the right foot, with the left free and a little advanced. The Emperor is represented in his ordinary military surtout and cocked hat, with a spyglass in his right hand, hanging down by his side, and the left hand thrust into his doublet. There is an air of great dignity and decision in the attitude; and the countenance is steady and benevolent, looking calmly down upon the capital as if HE were yet the master-spirit of France. And who shall say that he is not? His colossal statue, which originally surmounted the column, was hurled to the ground in 1814 with great indignity; France would not be satisfied until a finer one was placed upon the summit in 1833, in presence of the monarch and his family. Napoleon died in exile at St. Helena; France would not be satisfied until the remains of her greatest man were brought home to her bosom by a royal prince, and laid to rest, under the sanction and in the presence of her King, in the Hotel des Invalides, amid the veteran remnants of his victorious legions, who now find a home in that noble retreat. The governme[nt] of Charles X. attempted to destroy all that Napoleon had done, [to] obliterate the memorials of his fame, and to eradicate his name f[rom] the hearts of Frenchmen; Charles X. was overthrown by the revolu-

tion of July. Louis Philippe, as I have said before, does not try to stem the tide, but turns it to his own advantage.

The column itself is of the Tuscan order, copied from Trajan's pillar at Rome, but of larger dimensions. The base is about twenty-one feet high, and perhaps twenty square, the shaft twelve feet in diameter, and the whole elevation 135 feet. It is covered with bas-reliefs in bronze, made out of 1200 pieces of cannon taken from the Russians and Austrians. But the reader will care more to inquire what this splendid column means, and what story it tells to the millions that gaze upon it. The Austrian and Russian ministers might answer, as they drive past in their splendid equipages; but they do not care to reply. It tells of the disgrace of their arms, and the humiliation of their power in 1805, by a series of victories unparalleled in the history of the world. Ask the Frenchman what it means, and he will point you to the inscription on the capital:

Monument eleve a la Gloire de la Grande Armee,

PAR NAPOLEON LE GRAND:

a glory gained in that splendid career of triumph through which he led the Grand Army from the passage of the Rhine at Mayence to the battle of Austerlitz.

An old soldier who had lost an arm in the wars of the Emperor gave us lanterns at the door, and we ascended the column by an interior winding staircase of 176 steps. From the summit is the best view of Paris that I obtained; and if the reader will follow me, he shall have an idea of the prominent points as well as I can present them. A little to the north-west, the magnificent Church of the Madeleine presents its side and front ranges of Corinthian columns. Casting the eye far away westward, across the green forest of the Champs Elysées, you see, rising prominently above all other objects, the celebrated Arch of Triumph, erected by Napoleon at the Barrière de Neuilly, which limits the city in that direction. Diminishing the range of vision, you behold, in the same direction, nearer at hand, the upper half of the Egyptian obelisk in the Place de la Concorde; still nearer, the dingy dome of the Church of the Assumption; and then, beyond the winding Seine, the fresh-looking portico of the Chamber of Deputies, fronting the river, with the adjacent gardens and Palace of the Bourbons. Farther south, you see in the distance the dome of the vast Hotel of the Invalids; and far to the south-east, the still more striking dome of the Pantheon, the most elevated object in the city. In this direction the eye rests at last upon the village of Vincennes, with its chateau and forest; to the left of which, on a green wooded hill, sloping towards the city, appear the tombs and monuments of Père la Chaise. Carrying your view round to the north-west of the cemetery, the most striking objects are the two lofty towers of the new Church of St. Vincent de Paule; farther north of which the sight is limited by the unsightly hill of Montmartre. Having this bird's-eye view of the circuit of the city, your eye rests upon the grand objects nearer at hand—the gardens and Palace of the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the Gothic towers of Notre Dame. Let the reader imagine these various striking edifices, towers, and palaces, not as single distinct points in long, straight streets, with numerous ranges of low houses, as if cast out of the same mould, like the blocks in Philadelphia, but as rising above a confused ocean of

roofs and houses, of all forms and sizes, with all possible varieties of chimneys, pipes, and flues, and he will have some conception of the panoramic view of Paris from the Napoleon-Column.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

On the 31st of May, by the kindness of Mr. Ledyard, our Secretary of Legation, we received a ticket of admission to the *Chamber of Deputies*, whose sittings are held in the buildings of the Palace des Bourbons, on the south bank of the Seine, opposite the Place de la Concorde, with which it is connected by a bridge. In front of the northern facade is a portico of twelve Corinthian columns, which is a fine enough looking object of itself, especially when seen from a distance; but as it is out of proportion with the rest of the building, and leads to no entrance, its effect is disagreeable. After passing through extensive gardens on the west of the palace, along the river, which form pleasant walks for the members and for the public, we entered by a side door in the portico, through a hall, into the gallery of the Chamber. It is semicircular, like our Hall of Representatives at Washington, except that there is no lobby behind the speaker's chair, which is placed in the middle of the diameter. The seats rise rapidly, in amphitheatre form, to the back range, which rests against the wall at an elevation of about ten feet from the plane of the floor. On the left of the speaker is a statue of Order, and on the right one of Liberty. Over the head of the latter are the words "27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830," and directly over the speaker's head, in gilt letters, on the wall, "Charte de 1830," under which, in a recess about twenty feet square, is a fine picture of Louis Philippe taking the oath in presence of the deputies, containing over two hundred figures. Among them I recognised Lafayette. The floors of the chamber are neatly carpeted, and the seats and walls covered with crimson cloth and gold. A range of twenty-four marble Ionic columns, with bronzed capitals and bases, runs round the Chamber, supporting the ceiling. Each member has a neat mahogany desk, the front of which forms the back of the seat before him. As for the deputies themselves, I thought them not at all remarkable in appearance, except one, who reminded me strongly of Mr. Webster, both in his countenance and action. There was no excitement in the debate while I remained— if, indeed, there can be excitement where men mount a tribune to read long essays for speeches. This is the general practice here, though a few of the leading men sometimes speak extemporaneously. The clerk, contrary to all our notions of propriety, read with remarked emphasis and much gesticulation. The spectators' gallery is handsomely fitted up, and will accommodate about seven hundred persons. Tickets of admission are easily obtained.

Our friend, Rev. Mr. Toase, kindly gave up an afternoon to us, and we drove out, under his guidance, through the Barrière de l'Etoile to the Bois de Boulogne. I have already spoken of the Champs Elysées but was not then aware that the grounds extend entirely at t Neuilly, a distance of four miles from their eastern extremity nere Place de la Concorde. These groves are intersected everyw all-roor walks and avenues, and interspersed with cafes, hotels, b the pen to and theatres. It is nearly all public property, and is o d to eve classes of pedestrians, from the prince to the beggar, a

variety of conveyance, from the royal carriage to the market-waggon. Some parts of the Bois de Boulogne are so densely filled with trees and an undergrowth of brushwood as to be almost a wilderness, and in these secluded spots is the favourite duelling-ground of Frenchmen. The practice is much less common here now than formerly, certainly far less so than in some parts of the United States: it is also less fatal, as swords are used instead of pistols. The government is spoiling, for the present at least, the beauty of these enchanting retreats, by opening quarries for the erection of the chain of fortifications by which Louis Philippe is now encircling the city.

We met one of the royal carriages, both going out and returning. It was an open barouche, drawn by four horses, with a postillion to each pair, preceded by an equerry in red, and followed by one in blue. Two ladies, neatly and plainly dressed, sat in it. The turn-out was pretty, but by no means splendid.

JARDIN DES PLANTES.

Our whole party, accompanied by M. St. Omer, paid a visit to the *Jardin des Plantes*, which lies on the south side of the river, near the Pont d'Austerlitz, about two miles from our hotel. It will be in vain for me to attempt a full description of this immense repository, of whose size and completeness I had formed no just conception from the many accounts I had read. Of course I cannot expect to convey a satisfactory conception to my readers. But I am bound to say *something* of the very best and most valuable scientific establishment of Paris.

As you drive up to the north-eastern gate, the Jardin presents you the view of a large grove, divided into four parts by three avenues running its whole length. The enclosure contains a Menagerie, a Botanical Garden with hothouses, a Museum and Library of Natural History, a Museum of Comparative Anatomy, a Museum of Mineralogy and Geology, and an amphitheatre with laboratories and apparatus of every possible description for public lectures. The lectures, which are delivered by the most distinguished men in the kingdom, are free of charge, the whole establishment being maintained at the expense of the government.

The *Menagerie* is one of the most extensive in the world, and the most complete in its arrangements. The tame animals are kept in parks, round which visitors can walk, with a building annexed to each, into which the animals retire at pleasure. Besides these, there are receptacles for wild beasts, the first of which that we examined was the Palace of *Lions*, formed of a range of strong cabins, divided longitudinally into two sets of apartments, the inner being appropriated for the feeding and rest of the beasts, and the outer being strong cages defended by iron bars in front, where the animals sun themselves. The large family of monkeys are well accomodated in a stone edifice, having in front a circular cage of some fifty feet in diameter, provided with galleries, ropes, and ladders, on which these active performers exhibit themselves, much to the amusement of the crowd. In the Palace of the *Birds of Prey* are specimens of every variety of eagles, hawks, and vultures. Beyond these, we passed some of the parks of tame animals, giraffes, elephants, camels, goats,

sheep, zebras, deer, antelopes, ostriches, cassowaries, and indeed, as many varieties as we can well suppose Noah carried into the ark. We went on, through enclosures of fruit-trees and hot-beds, towards the rising ground, on which are erected the magnificent conservatories. Between these is a path leading to a little elevation, called the Labyrinth, on the ascent of which our attention was arrested by a noble Cedar of Lebanon, four feet in diameter at the base, which was planted here more than a century ago by Jussieu. Spreading its broad branches nearly at right angles to the trunk, it forms a beautiful pavilion almost impenetrable to the sun and rain. The branches are not crowded together, but shoot off from the trunk on all sides in rings far apart, and the foliage developes itself upward, while the smaller limbs project laterally and form a spreading fan, whose upper side is like a level carpeting of smooth leaves, on which one might desire to lie down and rest. It appeared worthy indeed to be the emblem of the majesty of Israel. Not far from the cedar is the tomb of Daubenton, indicated by a granite column rising from a base of mineral specimens, erected by the naturalists of France.

The *Museum of Natural History* is contained in a long range of buildings three stories high. A detailed description of this vast mausoleum of animated nature, in which almost every class of living beings has its representative preserved, would fill volumes. The presiding genius of the place is the statue of Nature, placed at the entrance of the first series of rooms. It is a beautiful female figure in white marble—the left hand raised to the left breast, as if pressing the nourishment of her children from its exuberant fountain: in the right, which hangs down by her side, she holds a burning torch. If the reader does not at once seize the thought embodied in this speaking form, he will find it revealed in the inscription upon the pedestal below;

ALMA PARENS RERUM.

At the other end of the rooms another statue, not so beautiful in design or execution, but fully appropriate to the place, arrested our attention. It is a male figure in an ordinary loose dress, standing, in the act of writing on a tablet resting upon a terrestrial globe. His head is turned away from the tablet, and he seems intently examining the objects around him. Under and about his feet are the head of a lion, a dog asleep, a serpent, some marine productions, and a large group of rock crystals. The observer sees at once that this is not indeed *Alma parens rerum*, but the minister and interpreter of nature, and he reads upon the pedestal the fitting memorial of Buffon, *Majestati Naturæ par Ingenium.*

In a building to the west of the enclosure is the *Museum of Comparative Anatomy*, which fills fifteen rooms. The admirably scientific arrangement of this vast collection is due to the labours of Cuvier. The specimens are grouped so as to present the common resemblances on which the divisions into genera are founded, and the particular differences of species at one view, affording great facilities for study and comparison. The most interesting room is that devoted to human skeletons, in which are skeletons and skulls from almost every nation and tribe under heaven, arranged with a view to the most ready comparison. You are struck with the broad, full breast of the English-

man; the narrow chest and the comparatively low forehead, of the Italian; the projecting lower jaw and retreating forehead of the New Zealander; the prominent mouth, tapering chest, and sunken temples of the Egyptian. There is also a large collection of monsters and lusus naturæ. The wax preparations are very numerous, and the best that I have seen. There is a room expressly devoted to Craniology, in which plaster models of skulls are arranged with such taste and skill as would delight a phrenologist. Certainly these specimens would lead one to believe that mental endowments may be measured by the form of the head. That of Bacon is majestic: a high ample forehead, gently-closed lips, and the countenance indicative of strong and profound thought. Next to it is the head of Voltaire; small but regular; low in the forehead, full in the region of the ears, closely-compressed lips, and the expression precisely what we should look for in the countenance of the prince of *persifleurs*. Rousseau comes next, a placid, benevolent, sorowful expression.

The *Museum of Mineralogy and Geology*, beyond all question the richest in the world, has been recently arranged in a new building five hundred and forty feet long, with galleries the whole length. Cases are ranged on both sides, and also along the middle of the saloon. While walking among these treasures from the laboratory of Nature, among the relics of animated worlds that had been entombed for ages, whose fossil remains are Nature's medals of lost generations, I longed to spend years in the vast repository. Here was a crystal of quartz, three feet in diameter; beryls, ten inches; ammonites, eighteen or twenty inches; and many beautiful specimens of fossil fish, from one to two feet long, in some of which, not only the size and shape, but also the colour of the scales was distinctly discernible. But the most curious and interesting objects were two fossil human skeletons. One of these was found in the bone-breccia of the island of Crete. The chest is in a very crushed state; one shoulder-bone lying obliquely across the breast; the head incrusted with stony matter; the lower jaw wanting, but the upper complete, and several teeth remaining in it fine and white. The matter enveloping the remains appears to be marly and soft; but as I could not touch it, I am not confident of my opinion. In the case below is the other skeleton, which is very much distorted; it is in a greyish-coloured, marly rock, which seems to be soft. The head is violently depressed towards the breast and left shoulder, on which are seen the lower jaw-bone and teeth; the remnants of the fingers of the right hand clasp the left arm below the elbow; the left leg caught under the body laterally, so that the knee-joint is nearly opposite the sternum. This skeleton was found at Guadaloupe.

Nothing interested me more than the noble statue of Cuvier. It stands on a base about five feet high, in his ordinary dress as a lecturer, his left hand resting on a globe, the forefinger pointing into the interior, as if directing attention to some internal phenomenon, while the right hand is raised up nearly in a line with his face, as if in the act of explaining it. His name is on one side of the pedestal; and on another is a unique inscription, a list of his different publications. Nothing could be in better taste. His works praise him

The reader must regard this as a mere glance at this vast establishment; indeed, not so much a glance at the wonders it contains, as a record of the impressions which two days' rambling in the garden left

upon my mind. It was called the Garden of Plants, from having been at first devoted to botany exclusively: it may now more properly be called the world of nature in miniature. Hardly a plant that vegetates, a flower that blooms, a tree that shoots up from the earth, an animal that inhabits air, or seas, or earth, or a curiosity in the mineral, fossil, or geological world, that is not to be seen here. It would be tedious to recount the history of this noble institution, from its foundation by Louis XIII., in 1625, to the present summit of perfection under the patronage of the government of Louis Philippe. The history of the men whose labours have enriched it, and whose names and statues adorn it, is the history of the natural sciences for the last two hundred years.

In returning from the Jardin des Plantes, we stopped at the Luxembourg Palace to visit the *Chamber of Peers*, then in session. The chamber itself is semicircular, like that of the Deputies, except that behind the President's chair is a deep recess, presenting over his head a semicircular canopy, supported by eight columns with gilt bases and Corinthian capitals. The gallery is divided into compartments for the different classes of visitors; I entered that of the Diplomatic Corps, as I had a ticket from the American Legation. The peers wear a uniform coat of blue cloth, with standing collar, and cuffs covered with gold lace. Some had decorations: a star of silver, and, in a few cases, two stars of gold on the left breast. They were generally advanced in life, and some of them quite venerable: altogether, they make a good impression on the stranger. There was no debate during our stay, the Chamber being occupied upon the details of the Budget, which they talked over in free conversation.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS.

The Pantheon. Frescoes. Allegorical Paintings. Death. Vaults. Public Slaughter-Houses. Butchers' Shops. Hotel des Invalides. Veterans of the Imperial Armies. Black Officer. Garden Plots of the Veterans. Busts of Napoleon. Tomb of the Emperor. Impressions. Irish College. Conversation. American Slavery. Emigration of Paupers and Criminals to America. Condition of England. Puseyism. Origin of the Irish College. Duke of Orleans.

We devoted a day to the *Pantheon* under the guidance of M. St. Omer. On emerging from one of the narrow lanes of the twelfth arrondissement, the majestic portico broke suddenly upon our view with splendid effect. It is composed of twenty-two Corinthian columns, each sixty feet high, supporting a triangular pediment one hundred and twelve feet in breadth, and twenty-two in height, decorated with a composition in sculpture, by David, representing France, surrounded by some of her noblest sons. Below is the inscription on the frieze:

AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNAISANTE:

characteristic of the present purpose of the edifice, which is designed to be the Westminster Abbey of France. The interior of the building is in the form of a Greek cross, over the centre of which rise three

concentric domes, built one within the other. Through an opening in the lower one, perhaps twenty feet in diameter, may be seen a magnificent fresco painting on the concave ceiling of the second, quite two hundred feet above the pavement. In the centre of the dome the sun himself seemed to send forth living pencils of light, illumining the whole pavilion. In the fullest blaze of light appears the name of God in Hebrew characters, while in the midst of the rays, strongly illuminated, is seen the descending form of St. Genevieve, patron saint of Paris, who was buried here in 512, in a church built on the spot by Clovis. On her right is represented the conversion of that monarch, who bows his head in reverence, while his queen points him to the descending saint. The next group illustrates the glory of Charlemagne, whose left hand is raised, supporting a globe surmounted by a cross, around which several barbarians are kneeling: over the head of one of these is an open chart, with the word SAX inscribed in large characters, indicating his triumph over the Saxons, and their forcible conversion to Christianity. The next group represents Louis IX. kneeling towards St. Genevieve, with an expression of pious confidence, his queen beside him, with her arms crossed on her breast.—A sentiment of grateful, humble piety reigns throughout the picture. The remaining space is devoted to Louis XVIII.

Our attention was now directed to four allegorical paintings on the pendentives of the dome, in the form of spherical triangles, over the corners of the nave. They represent France, Death, Justice, and Glory embracing Napoleon. The conception of each is happy, and the effect very impressive. I shall attempt no description of them, merely noticing that of Death, which, on the whole, seemed to me the most masterly in design and effective in execution. The group does not strike you at first. The prominent form is a majestic female, whose commanding figure fills the eye, while the subordinate features are dimly discerned; but as you gaze intently, they come out upon the canvass, the bat wings of the Angel of Death appear, and the steady glare of her eyes, and the fearful expression of her mouth, fill you with dread. You now notice, for the first time distinctly, that her left hand is placed strongly upon the breast of a manly form that has fallen backward, while her right is stretched over a dim, wavy cloud, which seems at first almost impalpable, but gradually becomes more and more distinct, until a human form is fully developed. Then first the leading idea, that of a departing spirit taking its flight to the invisible world, seizes the imagination; and as you cast a glance upon the wretched mother who clasps her infant to her bosom just below the vanishing ghost, you shudder in the presence of the Angel of Death. It was a relief to turn away from this oppressive vision.

I have said that the Pantheon is intended to be the Westminster Abbey of France. We descended into the vaults below, designed for the remains of the mighty dead. Truly they will have a worthy resting-place. By a cold and dubious light that entered the vaults by two windows, we saw the temporary sarcophagi of Rousseau and Voltaire, whose memory is cherished by the French next to that of Napoleon. The grounds of this devotion will be examined when at Geneva. Here, too, is the tomb of Soufflot, the architect of the church, who is said to have committed suicide on learning the possibility that the edifice, which stands over the catacombs, might fall in. There are not more than twelve persons buried here yet, among whom

Lagrange is the most distinguished. A feeling of uncertainty in regard to the permanent destination of the temple may have tended to prevent more numerous interments. Its designation is now equivocal. It was originally built for a church, but has changed its name and character several times; and if ever the Catholic religion should gain its former influence over the French government, the worthies now interred here will probably be *dépantheonized*, as were Marat and Mirabeau. The bodies of some are interred with their friends, while their hearts are deposited here in sculptured urns.

ABATTOIRS.

One of the most excellent of the municipal arrangements of Paris is that which prohibits all private slaughter-houses, and provides extensive buildings completely arranged for the purpose. There are five of these *abattoirs* at different extremities of the city, and they contribute vastly to its health and cleanliness. They are due to Napoleon, who ordered their construction in 1809. The finest and most commodious of these is the *Abattoir de Popincourt*, which we visited. It contains twenty-three piles of buildings in a large open space, enclosed by strong walls. Some of these are appropriated as slaughtering-houses proper, others for rendering tallow, curing hides, &c. The courts are well paved, and the premises supplied with abundance of water. At the grand entrance are two bureaux for the public officers, whose duty it is to see that every animal is in good condition before it is slaughtered, and to inspect the meat before it is sent into the city to be retailed from the shops. About four hundred of these shops are to be found in Paris; they are frequently front rooms, in the most crowded streets, the meat hanging at the door, in pieces of every size, temptingly clean, as, indeed, are the shops themselves. They are generally managed by women, at least so far as the buying and selling are concerned.* The best beef is worth from fifteen to eighteen cents a pound, from which the prices of other meats may be estimated. The veal of Paris is said to be the best in the world, and I am inclined to think so, if the delicate cutlets off which I dined to-day are a fair specimen. But French *science* can make almost anything edible more palatable than good meats are in other lands.

HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

The *Hotel des Invalides* is a vast and splendid establishment, where the worn-out soldiers of France are maintained in comfort at the public expense. It is situated on the south bank of the Seine, opposite the Champs-Elysées, and the enclosure occupies some sixteen acres of ground. Within its walls are domiciled most of the remnants of the Republican and Imperial armies. They are gradually disappearing, and with them the military spirit of the nation. Under

* I find in Galignani's Messenger, June 7, 1842, the following paragraph:—"The consumption of meat in Paris the last month was 6532 oxen, 1408 cows, 6823 calves, and 37,739 sheep; being an increase of 585 oxen, 1459 calves, and 4919 sheep upon the number consumed in May, 1841." At this rate, the consumption per annum, in round numbers, would be about 90,000 cattle, 80,000 calves, and 145,000 sheep.

the sway of her peace-king, France thinks more of advancement in wealth and in the arts of peace than the glory of war. Within the precincts of the Hotel des Invalides, however, military forms are kept up, as well as military feeling. The great portal is surmounted with cannon-balls, and on each side are ranges of iron and brass pieces, taken in the grand campaigns of the Empire. The three thousand inmates are in the regular service: officers wear their uniforms and swords, guard is mounted, and military duty in detail performed regularly. We were sad and amused by turns, to see these veterans, many of them without a leg or an arm, hobbling through their martial exercises. Yet, it is a wise and happy arrangement. They believe themselves still in the service of France, though it be only in making a show of guarding their own hotel, and they are preserved, by their daily exercises, from the *ennui* of entire idleness. In the party on duty, I saw a fine-looking black officer, minus a leg, but with a soldierly demeanour, and appearing well in uniform. There are nearly two hundred officers here, from a marshal of France down, all paid and maintained according to their rank.

The esplanade in front of the Hospital, extending down to the Seine, is laid out with much taste with gravelled walks, trees, and shrubbery. But the little plots of ground about twenty feet square, one of which is allotted to each soldier for a flower-garden, form by far the most interesting feature. They are prettily divided from each other, some by fences, some by hedges, and some by vines trained on stakes by the hands of the veterans; and were rich in flowers, shrubs, and little bowers of honeysuckles. I asked several of these old soldiers for a rose, but they refused to give or sell; at length I approached one apart from his fellows, and with a franc in my open hand, pointed to a bud not quite open. The old man hastily cut it off, handed it to me, and motioned to me to throw the franc down: so I planted the silver in the bed, and carried off my prize immediately, as the veteran seemed uneasy lest any should detect him. It seems they are not allowed to sell anything that may ornament the grounds. Many of them have employed their leisure in constructing models of towns and fortresses in which they had distinguished themselves; and some of these, in their little gardens, display much taste and skill. One had made of shells and coarse mortar a model of the passage of the Alps: another, the crossing of the Bridge of Lodi: another, a fortress in Spain, where the veteran himself had lost an arm. Everywhere were little statues, crowned with fresh flowers; all representing the man of their love—Napoleon.

The buildings themselves are among the most imposing in Paris. I will attempt no description of them, as enough has been said about buildings already. The interior halls are named after the great battles of the Emperor, Austerlitz, Wagram, etc., intimating, as we understood, that the soldiers who had served in the same campaigns were lodged together in the same suite of rooms: so that they are near each other, to meet and "fight their battles o'er again."

The crowning interest of this magnificent establishment is the tomb of NAPOLEON, in the chapel of St. Jerome. In reaching the chapel, we had to cross the body of the church, under the dome. Some of us forgot to take off our hats on entering the rotunda, until two of the old warriors, standing as sentinels at the tomb, a hundred and fifty feet off, reminded us of our negligence in a quick, loud tone.

Of course we obeyed. Hastening across to the chapel, we approached the iron grating that cuts off access to the sarcophagus, and stood within a few feet of the ashes of the hero. I felt a sensation of awe such as I had never before experienced in presence of the living, or among the remains of the dead. Upon the marble lay his crown, his sword, and the hat which had pressed his manly brow at Eylau. On the top of a marble pyramid, at the head of the tomb, some fifteen feet in height, is the majestic eagle of France, with wings outspread, as if looking for the resurrection of the mighty man beneath. The chapel of the tomb is richly hung in velvet, and a dim, cold light comes through the ground-glass windows above. We held our voices in the great man's resting-place. Many came while we were there, but none who did not gaze with reverence on the tomb of him who had broken up the despotic institutions of a thousand years, and changed the face of Europe and the world.

IRISH COLLEGE.

After an interesting visit to the *Manufacture Royale des Gobelins*, I drove to the Irish College, in the Rue de Fourcy. A letter of introduction from the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, of Philadelphia, procured me a kind reception from the worthy principal, Dr. M'Sweeney. Entering the great door, which leads (as in all French houses) into a court, I ascended to a fine, well-furnished suite of apartments, where I was introduced to Dr. Kennedy, Bishop of Killaloe, in Ireland, who is a gentleman of much intelligence and refinement. After some conversation, I readily accepted Dr. M'Sweeney's invitation to partake of their college dinner. We talked of the condition of the college, the Catholic Church, and the United States, with freedom on both sides, but with the distinct understanding that any use whatever might be made of our respective communications on these public topics. Both gentlemen believed our government too complicated to work well; and thought that difficulties must arise from the separate claims of the states, and the demands of the General Government. I found, too, that they had the opinion, generally prevalent in Europe, that we shall be soon involved in trouble by the slave question. Without pretending to palliate the evils of slavery, or to keep out of sight the real difficulties of the subject, I endeavoured to remove some false impressions from their minds in regard to the general condition of slaves in America, and to show them that anything in the shape of actual collision between the North and South, on the subject of slavery, must be very remote indeed. Speaking of emigration from Europe to America, they remarked, that it was the policy of the English, and some other European governments, to transfer their surplus population to our shores. This is well understood in Europe, and we are beginning to understand in America how worthless a great deal of this *surplus* population is. I know well that it must be the true policy of a new country like ours, with a vast unimproved territory, to encourage the coming of industrious and respectable emigrants from all the countries of Europe, and that much of our population is constituted of these excellent elements. But the influx of the most corrupt of the population of Europe into the American States is a very different thing, and one whose evil results can hardly be calculated. We may pride ourselves on giving a place of refuge to the oppressed, and a home to the industrious poor

of the Old World; but we shall find little honour or profit either in permitting our country to be the common receptacle of her paupers and criminals.

Our conversation turned upon the present condition of England, which my intelligent friends regarded as critical beyond all former precedent. They instanced the general distress of the people, and spoke with seriousness of the recent attempts upon the queen's life. I remarked that I had not thought these attempts to be serious, but either the fruits of insanity, a morbid craving for notoriety, or a desire for transportation on the part of the wretches by whom they had been committed. They thought differently, and evidently considered the political condition of England to be as unsettled as her religious affairs. They referred to the state of the English Church with pleasure, and, indeed, as good Catholics, they had reason to do so. The Puseyite movements they considered a clear indication of a tendency to Roman Catholicism in the Church of England, and adduced, in farther proof, the number of recent conversions to Catholicism in England, both among the clergy and laity. They thought, too, that the same leaven was working in the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, as one or two of the clergy of that church had recently embraced Romanism. "Our Holy Father, the Pope," said one of them, smiling at the idea of making such a remark to a Protestant clergyman, "is well pleased with the progress of the Catholic Church in the United States."

Dinner was now announced, and we proceeded to the "salle à manger." When we entered, the students, about one hundred in number, were seated at three tables. Each had on a close black cap, and the ordinary priest's robe. We took our seats at a table placed for the professors at the upper end of the hall, at right angles to the students' tables. There was no conversation; but a young man was standing in a high pulpit, about midway of the hall, reading in a monotonous tone, first a religious lesson, then some verses of Scripture, and, finally, a violent and exaggerated account of the persecutions of the English Catholics during the reigns of Elizabeth and Anne. After the plain dinner of the students was over, the Principal dismissed them, with the benediction, and they retired, not without directing some curious looks at our end of the hall. We remained to enjoy our very good dinner, and neat dessert of cakes and fruit.

The students here are all Irish, and are intended for the service of the Catholic Church in Ireland, whither the college sends, perhaps, twenty-priests annually. In the reign of Elizabeth the Catholic schools were suppressed in Ireland, and a number of the Catholic gentry, wishing to have their sons educated under the influence of their own religion, determined to found a college here, and raised a sum of money for the purpose, which was invested in the French Funds, never to be withdrawn, but to be expended in Paris. This accounts for the present existence of the *College des Irlandais*. No student, as I learned from Dr. Kennedy, can be admitted to this, or any other school of Catholic theology, except upon the letters of the bishop of his diocese; nor, after leaving the seminary, can be admitted to orders except by the same authority. After ordination he cannot be employed out of his own diocese without an *exeat* from his bishop, with which he may remove to any part of the world, and be

employed by a bishop. Nor can any Catholic bishop exercise episcopal functions out of his own diocese without the permission of the diocesan within whose jurisdiction such functions are to be performed.

We had an interesting talk upon the condition of Ireland; but I defer any remarks upon that subject at present, as I hope to see the Emerald Isle myself, and to have the pleasure of accepting the cordial, thoroughly Irish invitation of Dr. Kennedy, to visit him at Killaloe. I parted with these gentlemanly, intelligent, and, in general, liberal-minded men, with the greatest kindness of feeling, I trust, on both sides.

On our way home, we paid a visit to the Museum of Artillery. As we were coming out of its fine colonnade, there was a slight bustle in the crowd, and we noticed that all eyes were turned towards a well-looking, gentlemanly man, in citizens' dress, who was passing in at the gateway in company with a lady and gentleman. It was the Duke of Orleans, at that time the hope and pride, not merely of Louis Philippe, but of a great proportion of the French people. Alas! one short month afterward, his horses taking fright, he attempted to leap from the carriage and was killed. Europe felt the shock. The little house in which he expired was purchased by the government, and a fine church has been erected on the spot. Thus does Europe endeavour to link the memory of princes with religion in the estimation and feelings of the multitude.

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS.—CHURCHES AND WORSHIP.

Churches in Paris. Small Number of Church Edifices. Large Size of many of them. Varieties of Architecture. Notre-Dame. Goddess of Reason. The Concordat. Coronation of Napoleon. Church of the Magdalen. Worship. Matins. Vespers. The Mass. Elevation of the Host. Impressions. Service at Notre-Dame de Lorette.

Before the Revolution, no country in Europe was better supplied with church edifices than France. The religious establishment, in all its departments, was on a gigantic scale. But amid the convulsions of that era of strife and blood, the institutions of religion were overthrown, its ministers proscribed, its revenues alienated, and the edifices consecrated to its sacred rites, to a great extent destroyed, or converted to other uses. The churches of the capital suffered in common with those of the provinces; their chapels were rifled, their wealth carried off, their paintings, statues, and ornaments defaced or destroyed. To this day, many of them have not recovered their former splendour; and, notwithstanding the millions expended by Napoleon, the zeal of the Restoration, and the favourable policy of the present government, the number of churches in the city is very small in proportion to the population. In each arrondissement is a parish church, and one or more district churches, making thirty-six in all, for the use of the general population; besides which, there are chapels and churches connected with the hospitals, colleges, &c., for the use of their respective inmates, and five churches not attached

any particular district. If to these are added fifteen Protestant places of worship, we have all the accommodation afforded for religious services to this population of a million. It falls very far below the accommodation afforded in our cities; though something is to be conceded to the successive services and congregations in Catholic churches, as already explained.*

The immense capacity of many of the churches in Paris must, however, be taken into the account in this comparison. Some of them are one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, by three hundred or four hundred long; and although the columns, choir, and side-chapels occupy a good deal of space, yet what remains is far beyond the extent of our American buildings, and, being unencumbered with pews, will accommodate a great number of worshippers. It must be remembered, also, that one church may accomodate eight or ten different congregations on the same day, or even more, if there be a large number of priests connected with it, as each priest is required to perform the service of the mass at least once every Sunday.

The churches of Paris present specimens of the architecture of four or five distinct periods. St. Germain des Pres is a fine specimen of the Romanesque; the Cathedral of Notre-Dame of the acutely-pointed Gothic; and St. Paul and St. Louis, of the Italian style, of which the churches built by Palladio at Venice are specimens. Val de Grace and the Invalides are fine specimens of the mixed styles in favour in the time of Louis XIV., of which the majestic dome was a distinctive feature. The Pantheon is the connecting link between the preceding eras and that of the Revolution, which produced the Madeleine. The interior decorations of this splendid edifice, and the no less magnificent ones of Notre-Dame de Lorette, mark the prevailing taste of the present day. I shall present a brief account of Notre Dame, as a specimen of the old churches, and the Madeleine as the finest of the new.

The Cathedral Church of Notre-Dame stands at the eastern extremity of the Ile de la Cité. From some remains found near the walls, it is believed that a temple of Jupiter once stood here; and it is pretty certain that a Christian church was erected on the spot as early as A.D. 365. No part of the present building dates beyond the twelfth century, and successive additions were made to it up to the sixteenth. In external appearance, majestic as it is, it does not equal the cathedral at Rouen; but its decorations, both within and without, are more curious and elaborate, the former being chiefly paintings, the latter sculptured ornaments. A description of these compositions would require volumes. There is scarcely a prominent person or event in scriptural or ecclesiastical history that is not here illustrated, with many fanciful inventions besides. The front of the edifice is adorned with two massive towers, alike in all respects. The general architecture is pure pointed Gothic. The interior, which is divided into nave and aisles by two ranges of lofty pillars, four feet in diameter, contains numerous side-chapels, formerly very splendid, whose gilded wainscoting and marble tombs were sadly defaced in the Revolution. Many of them are yet rich in bas-reliefs and paint-

*Philadelphia, with a population of about 250,000, has 120 churches. New York, with a population of 370,000, has 175 churches.

ings. The vastness and religious gloom of the edifice impressed me strongly on our first visit.

The historical associations of Notre-Dame are full of thrilling interest. Here, in November, 1793, was enacted that blasphemous farce, which astonished all Europe by its impious absurdity. A courtesan, named Maillard, was installed, as the "Goddess of Reason," upon the high altar of the cathedral, by Hebert and his vulgar associates, surrounded by immense throngs of infatuated men. Here, too, in April, 1802, not nine years after, the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in France was celebrated with the utmost pomp of ecclesiastical and military display, in presence of the authorities of France and the ambassadors of foreign powers, amid the joy of all Paris. Here, also, in December, 1804, Napoleon was crowned Emperor of the French. The precise spot is indicated by a star wrought in the marble floor in front of the great altar. The ceremony was gorgeous almost beyond parallel. Pius VII. came from Rome to consecrate the accession of the new sovereign, who had made his way to the throne by his own unequalled abilities and success. A former pope had crowned Charlemagne; but Charlemagne went to Rome for the honour. In other cases, too, the pope crowned the sovereign; but Napoleon, after receiving the papal benediction, took the crown from the altar, placed it on his own brow, and subsequently on that of Josephine. The act was like the man. He knew that he owed the crown to his own hand; with his own hand he took it. The robes worn on this occasion by the emperor, the pope, archbishop, and cardinals, are shown to strangers. They are all splendid; that of Napoleon surpassingly so.

The Church of the Magdalen is in the boulevard of the same name, opposite the Rue Royale. Its history is curious. A church was ordered to be built here by Louis XV., and the first stone was laid in 1763. The Revolution of 1789 suspended the work. In 1808, Napoleon determined to pull down the work of twenty-six years, and erect upon the site a *Temple of Glory*, in honour of the Grand Army. But many of Napoleon's plans, and this among the rest, were arrested in 1813. Louis XVIII. recommenced the building in 1816, designing to finish the church to receive the monuments of his family, and to be dedicated to the Magdalen. It remains for Louis Philippe to complete the unfinished works of his predecessors, in this case as in many others.

The building is after the model of the purest Roman temples. It stands upon a platform twelve feet high; and its external dimensions are one hundred and sixty feet by three hundred and thirty, including the magnificent peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns, each sixty feet high and six feet diameter. The southern pediment is adorned with an alto-relievo representing the day of judgment, in which the Magdalen figures, strangely enough, as a suppliant at the Saviour's feet. Passing from the majestic corridor of the double range of columns at the southern front, through the massive bronze doors, we entered the body of the edifice, and found it totally different from most great Catholic churches. It is not divided into nave and aisles, but forms a vast hall without windows, receiving its light from openings at the centres of three fine domes that form the interior roof. The walls are splendidly adorned with paintings, and the roof with a profusion of sculpture and gilding. The floor is entirely of marble, in compartments of various figures and colours,

There are no pews, but thousands of plain split-bottomed chairs, such as have been before mentioned. The principal charm, doubtless, of this grand edifice, is its noble exterior. I visited it almost daily during my stay in Paris, and never could be satisfied with gazing. It was with real, almost painful feeling, that I looked upon it for the last time.

WORSHIP.

The subject of worship naturally attracts our attention in connexion with church edifices. The ancient and beautiful practice of opening the churches with prayers every morning at an early hour, and closing them in the evening at vespers, is kept up in the capital. During the intervening hours of the day they are at all times accessible; and enter when you will, you find some religious exercise going on—a marriage—a christening—confession—or be it only the devotion of some decrepit old woman, telling her beads, and kneeling before the picture of a saint. Early in the morning you may find many of the working people, especially women, at prayers, and again in the evening. The priests are always at hand to perform the rites of the sacraments or the confessional.

To the true Catholic in France, as in all other Catholic countries, the church is a sacred edifice; and his reverence for the consecrated house is far more profound than is usual among Protestants, especially in America. The rich adornments, the painting, gilding, marbles, sculpture, have not only their natural effect as works of genius, but are invested with an ideal sanctity as parts of the Temple of God. The services of worship, also, seem to be entered into with more depth and seriousness than with us: each good Catholic believes himself assisting in the mass, which he understands to be a real repetition of the sacrifice of Christ for men. And when the priest elevates the Host so as to be seen by all the multitude, they adore it as the real body of Christ—as God. Especially impressive are the occasions when the Host is borne by a prelate at high mass. Three or four youths, dressed in white, and swinging silver censers which diffuse clouds of incense around, precede the prelate, who is supported by four priests, bearing a splendid crimson canopy over his head, and attended by little boys, who scatter rose-leaves profusely over the floor from their white aprons. A chasm is opened in the mass of worshippers as the Host advances, and the crowds bow down in silent adoration as it passes by them. It is difficult for a Protestant, unaccustomed to the pomp and pageantry of the Catholic service in Europe, to conceive of its power over the imagination and feelings of the multitude, nay, even of cultivated minds, educated in the midst of these magical associations. Luther says of himself, that while walking next the Host in a procession, "the thought that the Lord in person was present suddenly struck his imagination, and so overawed him, that it was with difficulty that he went forward; a cold sweat came over him; he staggered, and he thought he should die in agony of his fear. What then, must the illiterate multitude feel whose faith obeys implicitly the impressions made upon their senses? And in cultivated minds, in proportion to the natural feeling of the individual, and the depth of his belief in these representations, will be the intensityof his devotion under their influence. Nay, even for

a n enlightened Protestant, there is an elevation and majesty in many of these forms pressing into their service as they do the mighty influence of the higher arts, filling the eye with images of beauty, and the ear with the richest tonef of harmony, that enchain his attention, and his imagination.

I subjoin an extract from a letter written to a friend in Boston, which gives a few of the impressions made at the time by the service in one of the most beautiful churches of the capital:

Paris, June, 1842.

The 12th June being Sunday, I was determined to devote it to public worship in the Catholic churches; and as the finest music, as well as the most eloquent preaching, is usually in Notre-Dame de Lorette, we proceeded to it at ten o'clock, and found one mass or service just finished, and another about to commence.—Upon entering the great door of the church, you are astonished at its profuse magnificence of painting, gilding, and sculpture. Everything is elaborately finished and decorated. On your right and left is a range of highly-polished Ionian columns separating the aisles from the delicate dove-coloured nave. Immediately on entering, you find a chapel on the right, in which is a beautiful baptismal font, and the pictures around impress you with a sense of *original sin*, from which, according to the Catholic Church, you are to be cleansed by *baptism*. On your left you see another chapel, the capital point of which is, "I am the resurrection and the life," which is illustrated by many beautiful designs on canvas. When you cast your eye far up along the pure, chaste nave into the choir, which has a semicircular, dome-capped termination, you are struck with a richly-gilt figure of the Virgin seated, looking up to heaven with an air of resignation, while a full-sized figure of the Saviour lies on her lap, relaxed in death, and similarly gilt. Over this group is the canopy of the high altar, supported by beautiful Corinthian columns, surmounted with a blue globe ornamented with stars and a small cross, against either side of which leans a winged cherub. Turn your eye in any direction, and you meet some religious sentiment embodied to your senses in painting or sculpture. It really is an unearthly scene; and yet it certainly is not heavenly. It wants the simplicity, spirituality, and intellect of heaven. But it effectually carries away the senses captive.

We took our seats with the new congregation which entered as the last passed out, and the service opened by an officer in uniform, with a sword and cocked hat, preceding the priests to the altar, who ascended the steps, while the officer paused at the bottom. Then came down the aisles a priest sprinkling the congregation lightly with holy water from a wisp of soft bristles; which being done, two officers in uniform, with long gilded lances, headed the procession of priests and boys in their robes, one of whom carried a lighted candle before a book, and two followed with tapers preceded by an illuminated cross. They made the circuit of the church and returned to the altar, where the priests proceeded to perform the mass, with a range of boys on either side dressed in white, with small, close red caps and sashes. Several priests assisted, who wore over a black gown a white robe falling down to the knees, with loose wings attached.

From behind us, now the deep, and now the soft soothing tones of

the organ broke upon our ears during the service at the altar, except when the rich bass voices of the singers were heard, or the sweet solo of a female came out of the organ-loft, as if from the deep cerulean of heaven; and as it died away, the thundering tones of the instrument rolled over the audience, speaking with authority and command, and filling every heart with awe. Then the silver sound of the little bell called the multitude to prayer, and they bowed down with a submissive, subdued air; and all was still, until the low, solemn voice of the priest at the altar awoke the tones of the organ in response, and the people rose to their feet, looked upon the inscription over the great altar, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, and joined in the praises of God.

Here the services were varied by a sermon which I could not well understand. The preacher used much action, but it was not decided and bold; though he seemed to be in earnest, and to speak with some force. He stood and sat alternately during the sermon, as seemed to him most convenient; spoke extemporaneously, closed suddenly, bowed a moment to the Virgin, and retired from the pulpit, when the service proceeded by an annunciation from the altar, answered by a chant from the choir. In a few minutes, two priests in white entered from a side-chapel, bearing on their shoulders a circular platform, on which four tapers were burning, preceded by a boy with one lighted; they advanced to the foot of the altar, paused a moment, when a priest presented to the tapers what seemed to be a crucifix, and they retired. Upon their entering the church from the concealed side-chapel, a sudden deep peal of the organ startled the assembly, while the sweet incense at the altar rolled up in circling clouds to the vaulted ceiling, and spread over the celestial figure of the Virgin.—At the same time, the silver bell called the multitude to prayer.

It made me sad to look upon the countenances around me, gazing so wistfully, penitently, and with an air of hope at the Virgin far in the recess of the choir, as the publican of the Scriptures looked up to heaven and smote on his breast; and I felt a strong desire to teach them to pass by these sensible signs, and by faith "behold the glory of God, and be changed into the same image."

But here is the church officer presenting us very nice poundcake cut in small bits, and laid on a clean napkin in an open basket; and so ends the service.

My observations to-day have satisfied me anew of the power of the Roman Catholic religion to impress the great mass of the people. I believe it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to overthrow it, unless, as before the Reformation, the priesthood should become openly and scandalously corrupt, and the power of the Church be prostituted again to the purposes of political ambition. And yet, I am just as well satisfied that the influence of these ceremonies does not reach the heart, and beget saving faith in the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, if, indeed, it produces genuine repentance. The services, from beginning to end, are calculated to strike the senses and captivate the fancy, and, doubtless, are so intended. They certainly produce the sentiment of reverence and devotion at the time, and this is taken for religion; but there is no "joy and peace in the Holy Ghost." They cannot bring the heart into communion with God, so as that it may be conscious of its acceptance and peace. The sacrifice of the mass and the office of the priest intervene between the sinner and his God,

and he is taught to believe they are necessary to his salvation. He knows not to come directly and "make known his requests to God in prayer." The ceremonial arrangements, the captivating decorations of the church, and the intervening office of the priesthood will not allow him to draw near, with full assurance of faith, "unto the throne of His heavenly grace." In this simple, momentous fact, consists the transcendent superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic faith and worship. Yet I am obliged to say, speaking after the manner of men, I have no hope of the purification or overthrow of Catholicism in Europe, except by the general diffusion of education among the people; and I must add, if every intelligent American Protestant could see Europe as she is in this respect, he would not complain of any tax to support our system of common schools, nor refuse his voluntary contributions to the support of the higher institutions of learning. I hope to be able to speak hereafter more confidently of the prospects of the Roman Catholics and Protestants in Europe, when I shall have seen more. But I regret to say, I am too well satisfied that the Catholics believe their power in Europe is returning to them; and the Protestants have occasional apprehensions, it is true. The nuncio of the pope at the French court, but a week since, declared to a distinguished American his full conviction that the disastrous period of the Reformation was drawing to a close; and pointed to *Puseyism* in England for proof, and said one third of the English clergy were Catholic in heart, and more than a majority of the talent was on their side.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS.

Walk from the Louvre to the Triumphal Arch. The Louvre. Place du Carrousel. Palais Royal. Tuileries. Gardens of the Tuileries. Place de la Concorde. Champs Elysees. Arch of Triumph. Versailles. History of the Palace. Grounds. Expense. Magnitude of the Buildings. Place d'Armes. Grand Court. East Front. Garden Front. Wings. Gardens. Fountains. "*A toutes les gloires de la France.*"

NOWHERE else in the world can a continuous range of objects be seen so interesting in themselves, and in their historical associations, as in a walk from the east front of the Louvre, through the courts and gardens of the palaces, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysees, up to the Arch of Triumph, at the Barriere de l'Etoile, a distance of about two miles. Let us begin at the *Louvre*. That magnificent edifice is a quadrangle, enclosing a court of some 400 by 500 feet, which is entered from the east by a noble portal. This front, 525 feet long, is adorned with 28 double Corinthian columns, and is one of the finest specimens of modern architecture; the other sides of the quadrangle, both within and without, though less elegant, are very striking, both from their extent and their style. Several of the monarchs of France, from the time of Charles IX. to Louis XV., resided in the palace; but it is now devoted to the royal museum of painting and sculpture, forming one of the most extensive collections in Europe.

Passing through a wide portal in the west side of the quadrangle, you enter the *Place du Museum*, which opens into the *Place du Carrousel*. These, taken together, form a space some six hundred feet wide, and twelve hundred long, enclosed on all sides by the noble ranges of the Louvre galleries and the Tuileries, except on the north, which cannot be completed until some old houses are taken down. When this is done, a fine portal will open in that direction, directly upon the *Place du Palais Royal*, and disclose that enchanting world of elegance and splendour. Let us turn aside from our walk a moment, and look into it; nay, if you would see all its brilliancy, go at night, when countless lamps pour floods of light through its delicious gardens and long arcades, when its walks are all alive with gay promenaders, and its thousand shops, cafés, and offices in the full tide of business. It is, indeed, a lively, showy, bustling scene. The place was once infamous for its gambling-houses and the throngs of doubtful characters that swarmed in it of an evening; but the present government has banished all these, and, to the outward sight at least everything is now decorous and proper. The palace was originally built by Richelieu, who gave it to his king, Louis XIII., whose jealousy had been excited by the grandeur of the cardinal's establishment. It was long a royal residence, finally fell into the hands of the house of Orleans, and is now the property of Louis Philippe, to whom its rents are a source of great revenue. A small shop of one room, with cellar below, and a low apartment in the entresol above, pays three or four thousand francs a year.

But let us return to the Place du Carrousel, and continue our walk. It is separated on the west side from the Court of the Tuileries by a fine iron railing with three gateways. Opposite the middle gateway, at a few feet distance, stands the *Triumphal Arch* erected by Napoleon to commemorate the campaign of 1805, the principal events of which at Austerlitz, Ulm, Vienna, are represented in bas-reliefs over the archways. The Arch is surmounted by a triumphal car drawn by four bronze horses.

The view of the *Tuileries* from this point is very imposing. It exhibits an unbroken range of buildings more than one thousand feet in length, made up of different piles in various architecture, with massive pavilions in the centre, and at the two extremities. You pass through a wide portal, under the centre pavilion, into the *Gardens of the Tuileries*, which occupy a space of some sixty acres, and form the most fashionable promenade in Paris. The river winds along on the left, and beyond it are seen the palace of the Quay d'Orsay; and on the right are the fine houses that border the Rue Rivoli—palaces, too, in magnitude and grandeur. The eastern part of the garden is laid out in the stiff French style, but yet pleasing, from the neatness of the parterres and the elegant statues that adorn them; while the western part is a forest of chestnut, lime, and elm trees, whose dense foliage affords a delightful contrast to the open gardens.

Walking still westward, you emerge from the grove into the *Place de la Concorde*, a brief account of which has already been given; and through which your way is uninterrupted to the *Avenue des Champs Elysees*, along which you hasten, between its forests of a mile in length, to the Triumphal Arch at its extremity. Art and Nature have conspired to give it a worthy location, as it stands upon the highest ground within the Paris basin, and can be seen from all quar-

ters within and without by the long avenues that terminate upon it. The Arch was originally projected by Napoleon, after the brilliant campaign of 1805, but was not commenced until 1810. Suspended at the Restoration, the work was resumed in 1823, but with an entirely different destination from its original one. Charles finished no monuments for Napoleon—he preferred, rather, the destruction of those that already existed; so this Arch was to be finished in honour of the Duc d'Angouleme in Spain! The revolution of 1830 frustrated this design, and Louis Philippe, with his usual sagacity, determined to complete the Arch after the original plan, and make it a grand national work. In 1836 it was finished. The whole height of the structure is one hundred and fifty-two feet, its width one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and its depth sixty-eight. A description of the allegorical and historical sculptures which cover this splendid monument, and tell of the hundred victories in which France conquered Europe, would be as fatiguing to my reader as to myself.

Take this walk in the afternoon, and protract your stay until nightfall; then return by the same route to the Gardens of the Tuileries before nine o'clock, and you will agree with me, that such a scene of worldly grandeur, gaiety, and enjoyment can be seen nowhere else.

VERSAILLES.

A history of the numerous palaces of France would teach the reader the expenses of monarchy, as well as convince him that no kingdom in Europe has been adorned with so many magnificent royal abodes as the French. About the middle of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV. became tired of St. Germain; and, perhaps, his youthful mind was fired with envy upon his visit to Fouquet, who had just completed his unrivalled chateau and grounds of Vaux; and he determined to build a palace and create a court that should attract the admiration of Europe, and become the "centre of the politics, arts, literature, and refinement of the civilized world." For this purpose he chose the gently-elevated and undulating grounds in the hunting-forests about twelve miles south-west of the capital, where his ancestors used to pursue the chase, and where his father had built a plain lodge of brick, in which to rest and recreate himself amidst his sports. This unpretending chateau became the nucleus of the palace, and a small portion of it is yet preserved, and visible amid the numerous courts, wings, and pavilions of Versailles.

Louis had the good sense to employ Le Notre to lay out the gardens and grounds, and Lebrun to paint the apartments, having had evidence of their genius in the decorations of the Chateau of Vaux. In order to obtain ample room, the surrounding domains were purchased, until the whole, gardens, parks, and forests, expanded to a circumference of some sixty miles, with villages and agricultural grounds interspersed. Hills and ridges were created, levelled, or elevated; and valleys excavated or filled up as was required, to perfect the landscapes. At the foot of the declivity which sunk down to the east from the elevated plateau on which the palace was to stand, a town was laid out, and lots were given away for the most trifling consideration to attract a population of wealth and taste, whose existence must depend on the presence of the court. The reader may conceive somewhat of the extent and prodigality of this

court when he remembers that a town of 100,000 people sprung up as if by magic, adorned with public squares, fine private hotels, and a number of public institutions, among which was a royal college. To keep up the idea of Versailles being the centre of the great world, wide and magnificent avenues radiated from it in the direction of the great capitals of Europe. To a great extent the grand monarch accomplished his design, and for many years politics, arts, literature, and refinement received their impulses from Versailles.

But the vast expenditure which was necessary, first to create, and then to keep up such a palace and court, impoverished the nation, and contributed materially to the subsequent revolution in 1789. It is said the actual expenditure on the buildings and grounds was forty millions sterling, nearly two hundred millions of dollars, more than twice as much as all the specie in the United States.

I shall not attempt any description of the palace in detail, but shall content myself with mentioning two or three things which strike the visitor and live in his memory long after he has left the enchanted spot. He is actually overwhelmed with the *magnitude* of the buildings. We approached from the town by the Place d'Armes, eight hundred feet wide, having on the left the royal stables, which are themselves vast palaces, built of hewn stone, enclosed by iron railings with richly-gilded points, and capable of containing one thousand horses and numerous carriages. From the Place d'Armes we passed into the grand court, three hundred and eighty feet wide, and ascending directly to the main buildings. Each side of the court is lined with a range of edifices, which were once occupied by courtiers, and in front of these are many statues of the great men of France. Parts of the main range of buildings now come fully to view in projecting and receding masses, with porticoes, on whose friezes you may read, in large golden letters, "*A toutes les gloires de la France*," which indicate the new destination of the palace and grounds under the reign of Louis Philippe.

As seen from the great court, on the side next the town, the palace seems an intricate and interminable aggregations of buildings, here advancing and there receding; yet magnificent amid this apparent confusion. They enclose various spacious courts and colonnades, affording communication and light to the numerous magnificent halls and endless suites of rooms and galleries. Passing from the eastern or town front, you emerge upon the western or garden front, and find yourself in an angle formed by a wing stretching to your right more than five hundred feet, and a centre projecting on your left two hundred and sixty feet. You now begin to feel the vastness of the whole; and when you have proceeded to the front of this central projection, and stand in the midst of the gardens, you, for the first time, become fully sensible of the overwhelming extent of the mass. The centre, already mentioned, which is scarce sufficient to break the great line of the façade, is itself three hundred feet front and two hundred and sixty deep, while on each side of it, a wing stretches off at right angles to a length of perhaps six hundred feet, presenting an entire façade of nearly sixteen hundred feet, relieved by numerous porticoes, countless columns and statues, and pierced by more than three hundred windows and doors. The impression of vastness made by the great extension of the buildings is heightened by remembering that many of those windows admit light into single halls more than two

hundred feet in length, thirty-five in breadth, and forty in height. Other windows open into the theatre, which can contain thousands of spectators; others into the opera hall of equal dimensions; while within the vast pile are guard rooms, where half a regiment was sometimes on duty, and the *grand commun*, where three thousand servants were formerly accommodated.

Nor is the visitor less astonished if he turn his attention to the grounds. Not only is he struck with their extent, but no less with the countless groups of beautiful statuary, which appropriately adorn the avenues, the arbours, the margins of the lakes, and the fountains which meet him at every turn. One of these fountains, the Neptune, cost 300,000 dollars; and the expense of playing it on the Sunday fetes, for the amusement of the people, is from 8000 to 10,000 francs, or 1500 to 2000 dollars. Within the grounds are large lakes, embowered in groves, on which were boats and little ships for the amusement of royalty; also, two minor palaces, the Grand and Petit Trianons; the one said to be larger than the President's House at Washington, and the other half the size. These are little summer-houses compared with the palace, and were erected for the use of favourite mistresses. To the south of the palace, in a steep decivility, which gathers the warm sun into magnificent receses, fronted with fine arches and colonnades, is the orangery, where a whole grove of these trees bloom in winter, and in summer are removed to the borders of the avenues and walks, and load the air with their rich perfume, to regale the *people* of Paris on Sunday afternoons. The trees are planted in large square boxes, neatly painted, and some of them have been bearing fruit for four hundred years, and have seen twelve successive reigns.

The magnificence of the interior decorations were equal to the grandeur of the external plans, and the expense of keeping up such an establishment has deterred all sovereigns from residing there since the Revolution. Napoleon dared not encounter the expenditure. I shall not refer to the history of Versailles, to the stirring events which are connected with every room, hall, and closet, from the time of Louis XIV. to the irruption of the populace of Paris into its unrivalled saloons, at the commencement of the Revolution. Its decorations were then much mutilated and despoiled, and for many years it was not much more than a magnificient remembrancer of the mighty tyranny of the past. It was reserved for Louis Philippe to change its destination; to devote its interminable grounds and beautiful France, and to inscribe upon its imposing front, "*A toutes les gloires de la France.*" And truly all her glories are here; as you may see in ever-during marble, or on the speaking canvas, the principal events in the national annals, and the portraits of all the kings and great men of France, from Pharamond to Louis Philippe: you may see in order the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., XVI.; the brilliant epoch of the Revolution; the victories of the Republic; the campaigns of Napoleon; the events of the Empire; the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and the government of 1830. And so vast is the collection, that it would require months to read and comprehend them all: and the whole is considered the property of the nation. These are the things which make France a unit, and this unit everything to a Frenchman.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS.

Arts in Paris. The Louvre. Museum of Marine. Galleries of Paintings and Sculpture. Picture-Gazers. Enthusiastic Artists. Spanish Gallery. Modern French Gallery. All open to the public. Influence upon the Taste and Feelings of the common People. Royal Library. Autographs. A Billet-doux of Franklin's.

Of the fine arts in France I shall not say much. That there is a widely-diffused taste for the arts among the people is evident from the multitude of museums and schools of art that are scattered over the country. The centre of taste and activity in the arts of course is Paris, and the palace and galleries of the *Louvre* form the grand scene of its exhibitions. Of the magnificent edifice itself I have spoken before. The royal museums which it contains are, perhaps, the noblest in the world, although a great part of their wealth, consisting in the chefs-d'œuvre of Europe brought by Napoleon to enrich the capital, was lost at the Restoration. Louis Philippe has shown great taste and liberality in the enlargement of the museums, and they are every day becoming richer and more extensive. I can attempt no description, but merely give the impressions of my frequent visits.

I passed some pleasant hours in the *Musée de la Marine*. Besides drawings of ships, sails, masts, and everything connected with naval affairs, it contains exquisite models of all forms of vessels, French and foreign, from the complete full-rigged ship down to the smallest parts of the structure, exhibiting the different kinds of naval architecture in every stage of the process of constructing the vessel. Here, too, are models of the principal towns containing maritime arsenals. They are on a large scale, and show every street, house, garden; all the public walks in the town and environs; the dockyards, ships on the stocks—some just begun, others half-finished, others launched; even the materials for ship building are there, and all so naturally given, as to form and colouring, with trees waving and flags flying, that you see the whole as if you were on the spot, and better too. So we saw L'Orient, Rochefort, and Brest without the trouble of going there. There is in this museum a fine series of busts of French naval commanders.

But the galleries of *Paintings and Sculpture*, what shall I say of the days spent in them? Wonderful, indeed, they are. What an unearthly place these galleries would be, stretching out thousands of feet, and hung with all forms of Nature embodied and represented by Art, if it were not for the crowds of gazers, some standing in real admiration, some looking ignorantly wise, some staring blankly and stupidly around, and some affecting an elevated *nonchalance*, that throng upon you on every side! And then the artists! There they are, male and female, generally pale and anxious-looking, sometimes with fine, intellectual faces, lighted up with the real fire of genius, trying to repeat, upon the canvas before them, the living designs that made their creators immortal. I looked at them, on one day at least, more than at the pictures. On one young man's face every emotion was

legible: the flush of success when he had brought out, or thought he had brought out, by a happy touch of his pencil, a beautiful conception, and the pale hue of disappointment when the stubborn materials refused to body forth his thought. Others could be seen standing near their finished pictures, and watching, with anxiety, the countenances and remarks of the spectators. Though they affected indifference, you could not fail to detect them.

In passing through the different galleries—the Flemish, the Italian, the Spanish, the French—the connoisseur might busy himself in comparing the various schools; but I thought more of their moral and religious aspects. In passing through the Spanish gallery, you perceive that the *religious* element rules; you look in vain for the classic or the martial. The Virgin, the Saviour, the martyr, the monk, meet your eye at every turn. Some of these hold you spell-bound. You brush a tear from your eye as you pause before Mary embracing her son just after the crucifixion, before the blood has ceased to trickle from his wounds and his limbs are stiffened in death. She presses the deathly face so passionately to her lips that it seems that he must awake and look upon her. You cannot help wishing that the scene so vividly depicted were a fact of history. Be it so or not, the idea so gloriously created by the artist will never die; it is so natural, so touching, so true to what *might* have been, that Christendom will transmit the beautiful possibility to the end of time, when Mary shall indeed behold her son coming in "power and great glory."

But in the Gallery of *Modern French Art* all is different. You read here *la renaissance de France*, the ideas that caused and those that have sprung from that regeneration. Here are no exhibitions of the religious sentiment, but of war, science, classics, arts. When Europe was ruled by the Church, she produced the Spanish gallery. France disavowed both Church and religion, and produced this modern French gallery. But Providence has wisely ordered that society cannot rest in extremes: hence the conservative parties in politics and religion; and hence, too, even modern French art, since the Revolution of July, has been employed to a great extent in decorating the churches and in copying the religious pictures of the old masters.

I have before remarked, that all the public places in Paris are thrown open to the public on certain days. There is no charge for admission to the Louvre at any time, and on Sundays the galleries are thronged with all classes of people. Here, as in the Jardine des Plantes, I was jostled on one side by a fine lady, and on the other by a dusty workman in his dingy *blouse*. All this has its effect even upon the lowest classes of such a population as that of France. They are not only gratified by fine shows, but their taste is insensibly cultivated. I am not surprised that the Frenchman calls everything in his country *grand*. The grand and the beautiful are before your eyes continually. In England, the finest works of art are shut out from the lower orders of the people, and, in general, they have no taste or desire to see them; but here the humblest may have access to the public gardens, palaces, buildings, and repositories of art and science, and the humblest make use of the opportunity. The Frenchman sees on every side of him the productions of human genius. As he passes through the streets of Paris, every corner has its memorial, every open space its columns, its arches, or its fountains. The market-

woman, surrounded by her potatoes and onions, has but to raise her eyes and see, a few feet off, some classic representation—Ceres with her cornucopia, the symetrical forms of wood-nymphs or a graceful column, sculptured in bas-relief with flowers and fruits. The maid cannot draw water from a fountain without beholding a representation of some of

The fair humanities of old religions:

a water-nymph, a Triton, or a Neptune with his trident. If the artizan or the grisette walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, it is among statues of the finest proportions, and in the most graceful attitudes. Now all this, as I have said, must have its effects; and you see them in the general diffusion of good taste among all classes; in their neat and fitting dress; in their love of flowers; in their easy movements; and in their unconstrained politeness. Its deeper effects are found in their love of country; in their devotion to the glory of France; in their admiration of any government that promotes her fame; and in their attachment to a religion that wisely presses into its services the highest powers of genius and art. In taste, in politics, in society, in religion, everywhere may be seen the influence which the arts exercise upon the people of France.

I paid a number of visits to the Royal Library. Without detaining the reader with the vicissitudes of its history, he may form some conception of the wealth of this vast repository when I tell him that it contains over a million of printed volumes, to which about fifteen thousand are added annually at the expense of the government; near a hundred thousand manuscripts; as many coins and medals; and engravings innumerable. If there were nothing else in Paris, the Royal Library would be enough to attract visitors from all the world. As description here would be useless, indeed impossible, I will not attempt it. The collection is open to ordinary visitors two days in the week; to authors and students daily. Every convenience is afforded them; chairs, tables, inkstands, ready; attendants at hand to procure any book that may be called for; and all this, according to the usual liberal policy of the government, without fee or reward.

I have never set much value on autographs, but here I could not but be interested in those of some of the most celebrated names in French history. There were the full, bold lines of Fenelon; the more delicate strokes of Montesquieu; the scrawls of Corneille, Molière, Racine, Turenne, De la Harpe, and Voltaire. But our eyes were attracted by the name of *M. Franklin* at the head of a French *billet-doux*. Here it is, just as I copied it from his own handwriting:

"M. Franklin n'oubliee jamais aucun partie ou Md. Helvetius doit etre. Il croit meme que s'il etait engage d'aller a Paradis ce matin, il ferai supplication d'etre permis de rester sur terre jusqu'a une heure et demi, pour recevoir l'embrassade que elle a bien volu lui promettre en le recontrant chez M. Turgot."*

This is the same Mad. Helvetius, widow of the atheistical philosopher, who horrified Mrs. Adams by her freedoms with Franklin

* "Mr. Franklin never forgets any party where Madame Helvetius is to be. He even believes that if he were engaged to go to Paradise this morning, he would make supplication to be permitted to remain on earth until half past one o'clock, to receive the embrace which she has been pleased to promise him upon meeting at the house of M. Turgot." Who would recognise this as the voice of "Poor Richard?"

at a dinner-party in Paris, as well as by her "dirty silk handkerchief, and dirtier gauze."*

CHAPTER VII.

PARIS.

Catacombs. Difficulty of obtaining Admission. Kindness of General Cass. Quarries under the City converted into Catacombs. Entrance. Inscriptions. Arrangement of the Remains. Impressions. Life among the Dead. Alarm. Above ground again. Pere la Chaise. History. Arrangement of the Cemetery. Flowers. Tombs of Abelard and Heloise. Of Laplace. Of the Marshals of France. Grave of Ney. Tomb of W. W. M., of New-Jersey.

The Catacombs of Paris form one of its most singular objects of interest. For years past it has been very difficult to obtain permission to enter them. A visitor is said to have lost himself in the labyrinth of subterranean passages, and to have been never heard of again. The roofs of the quarries have also been in a dangerous condition. For these reasons, and because, also, as I learned afterward, some persons had abused the permission granted them, and carried away some of the bones of the dead, the Catacombs have been almost entirely closed against visitors.† Although I had a strong desire to visit them, I hardly hoped to obtain permission, but in this, as in other instances, I have to acknowledge the marked kindness of our minister, General Cass, whose attentions to our party, during our stay in Paris, were as useful as they were gratifying. Having expressed to him our wish to see this subterranean world of the dead, and, at the same time, our fears that we should not be able to gratify it, he kindly replied, that he would address a note to the minister and ask permission for us.

Accordingly, a few days after, the permission came, with the note, "M. Durbin pourra se faire accompagner par quatre amis." But Mr. G., of New-York, desired also to be of our party; so, here were *five* friends instead of four. What was to be done? We concluded to repair to the spot at the appointed hour, and see if we could not make *four* mean *five*. So, on Monday, June 20, at 11 o'clock, we went, as directed, to the house of M. Fourcy, engineer of the Royal Corps of Miners, who was to be our guide, and from thence to the Barrière d'Enfer, where is the principal entry to the Catacombs. We found our passport wide enough to obtain admission for us all without question. Before taking the reader with me in this *voyage souterrain*, as our permission phrased it, it may be well to give him a brief account of these caverns consecrated to Death.

That part of Paris which lies upon the south side of the Seine is the oldest; and, from time immemorial, the stone for building was obtained from quarries lying under the city, principally under the faubourgs St. Marcel, St. Germain, Chaillot, and St. Jacques. It is supposed that the excavations extend under one sixth of the

* Mrs. Adam's Letters, vol. ii.

† "A few persons have, by great interest, been allowed by the prefect of police to enter; but, in general, permission may be said to be impossible to be obtained."—*Galignani.*

city. Many years ago it was found necessary to prop the quarries in various quarters, and they are yet considered dangerous to the parts of the city above them, as one or two houses have fallen in of late. The suggestion of converting them into receptacles for the dead was made by an officer of police, I think in 1785, and it was favourably received, from the necessity of removing the vast accumulations of bodies from the cemeteries of the city. It was finally decided that the remains of the millions that had passed away from the capital during ten centuries, should be removed to these subterranean abodes. The rubbish was removed, pillars were built up in solid masonry, and particular portions separated from the rest by strong doors, with locks, to serve as the first receptacles. A consecration took place, with imposing religious ceremonies, on the 7th of April, 1786, when the removal from the Cemetery of the Innocents began. The work was performed at night: the bones were conveyed in funeral cars, followed by priests chanting the service for the dead, and were precipitated down a perpendicular shaft into the quarries below. The contents of other cemeteries were soon placed in the Catacombs, which were rapidly augmented by the massacres of the Revolution.

A little building is erected outside the Barrière d'Enfer, in which is the opening of the principal shaft. We descended by ninety steps, and found ourselves alone in the caverns. Following our guide about twenty minutes, we came to a strong door, each side of which was ornamented with pillars of Tuscan architecture. Over this door is the inscription, *Has ultra metas requiescunt beatam spem spectantes.* Our guide opened the heavy door, and, as it grated on its hinges, I felt an involuntary shudder, which was not quieted when we passed the threshold and found ourselves surrounded by walls of human bones, which the glare of our tapers showed to be regularly piled up from the floors to the roof of the quarries. The bones of the legs and arms are laid closely in order, with their ends outward, and at regular intervals sculls are interspersed in three horizontal ranges, disposed so as to present alternate rows of the back and front parts of the head; and sometimes a single perpendicular range is seen, still farther varying the general outline. Passing along what seemed to be interminable ranges of these piles of human remains, we came to several apartments arranged like chapels, with varied dispositions of the piles of legs, arms, and grinning sculls. Here, too, were vases and altars; some formed of bones entirely, and others surrounded with them. On many of these were inscriptions, generally of a religious bearing. How new, how strange were the associations of the place! Over our heads was rolling the vast tide of life in the gay and wicked city; its millions of inhabitants were jostling each other on the high roads of business and pleasure; while here were the remains of four times their number lying in silent, motionless piles, in the depths below! And we, the living of to-day, were standing among the dead of a thousand years, in the quiet bosom of our mother-earth. Religion, too, had thrown her rays of light into this empire of Death; and we read, in an inscription before us, the sure word declaring that even this universal empire shall be broken: *They that dwell in the dust of the earth shall arise, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.* On a stone pillar near by is the admonition so generally

unheeded, but here irresistible, enforced as it is by the mute, but eloquent evidences around: "*Remember that thou art dust.*" The inscriptions "*Tombeau de la Revolution*," "*Tombeau des Victimes*," over two chapels, built up with bones, tell of the days of strife and blood between 1789 and 1793; and here are the remains of those who perished in their frightful massacres. Altogether, the effect of the place, and its associations, was oppressive in the extreme.

It was pleasant to find in one of these lanes of the dead a deep well of living water. It lies immediately in the gangway, and is defended by an iron railing. A little farther on, too, were a number of gold-fish sporting in a pure spring, about fifteen inches deep, with a clean, pebbly bottom.

After wandering through the principal avenues, and examining all the chapels and altars of the Catacombs, we commenced our return. After proceeding a short distance, we perceived, with some trepidation, that part of our company were missing. Even the possibility that they might be lost, and, like the wretched being whose sad fate I alluded to before, wander in this revolting place and perish at last in despair, thrilled us with horror. We were soon relieved by their voices rolling toward us: our guide shouted back, and in a few moments we were together again. We retraced our steps rapidly to the foot of the shaft, ascended, and gladly emerged into the world of life again. Our guide refused to accept any remuneration for his services, saying that he was employed and paid by the government.

PERE LA CHAISE.

I must not entirely omit *Pere la Chaise*, although frequent description has, perhaps, made it familiar to most of my readers. This finest of the cemeteries of Paris, perhaps of the world, lies on the slope of a beautifully-wooded hill on the north-east of the city, about three miles from its centre. The grounds formerly belonged to a community of Jesuits, of whom *Pere la Chaise*, confessor of Louis XIV., was Superior. He had a beautiful chateau erected upon the highest ground, called *Mont Louis* in honour of the king, which was said to be the centre of Jesuitical power and intrigue in France. After the suppression of the order, this property changed hands several times, and was finally bought, by order of Napoleon, and converted into a cemetery. The arrangement of the grounds was intrusted entirely to Brongniart, who accomplished his task with remarkable taste and skill. In matters of this sort we might learn a lesson from the French. If a fountain, a monument, a palace is to be erected, or a garden laid out, they commit it to the charge of one artist, and not into the hands of a mongrel committee, as is generally the case with us. No one can wander through Pere la Chaise without seeing, indeed, that no ordinary artist presided over its arrangements. Such natural features of the place as could be made subservient to the main design, were retained. Cypresses were thickly interposed amid the shrubbery of the chateau; winding paths laid out in every direction; and along their borders, and among the shrubbery, are endless varieties of flowers.

The tombs and monuments are of every variety of taste and style that affection, vanity, or ostentation may dictate. Many of them are pure, chaste, and appropriate; others assuming, absurd, and even ridiculous. One of the most striking is that of Abelard and

Heloise, the ill-fated lovers, whose genius and story of guilt, penitence, and constancy, have perpetuated their names. Its roof is arched and supported by fourteen columns, under which is the figure of Abelard in a recumbent posture, with the hands joined upon the breast; and by his side that of Heloise. This tomb seemed to be more visited than any other in the cemetery; the grass was worn with the constant tread of pilgrims, and the tomb itself covered with garlands, fresh and decayed. Many of the other tombs are miniature chapels, in which the survivors often worship. We looked into some of them, and found them furnished with chairs, crucifixes, lamps, tapers, &c. Flowers are generally planted round the tombs, or kept in vases and pots upon them, and regularly watered by persons employed for the purpose.

But the chief interest, after all, of Pere la Chaise, is found in the great names that are inscribed upon its monuments: names which have shaken the world, and which the world will never forget. The tomb of La Place is an obelisk of white marble, surmounted by an urn, with the inscriptions, *Mécanique Céleste—Système du Monde—Probabilités.* There is a scroll sculptured with the sun and planets, and on it lay a single wreath of flowers. I felt at first disappointment that there were no more; but a moment's reflection made me wonder who placed even that solitary garland upon the grave of the philosopher. Not far off are the tombs of the marshals of France—whose names are as familiar to us as household words—and each a history in itself. But, before looking at those of Kellerman, Davoust, Lefebvre, Massena, and Suchet, I asked for the grave of Ney, and our guide, an intelligent old soldier, led us to a spot enclosed by a plain iron railing, without monument, tomb, or even a slab to mark the resting place of the "bravest of the brave."*

When I was leaving home, a widowed friend had requested me to find out the grave of her youthful husband, who died a stranger in Paris, and bring her back a rose, a flower, or a spire of grass from his resting-place. I promised her to do so; and looked for the English quarter of the cemetery, naturally supposing that I should find the tomb of the American stranger among those of his fatherland. There are many noble English names, but none of historical celebrity, and we passed them rapidly by; until at last one of my companions cast his eye upon a group of neat, plain tombs, and saw "Baltimore," "Philadelphia," "New Jersey." Here I soon found the tomb for which I had been in search, by the inscription, "W—— W. M——, Counsellor and advocate at the bar of New Jersey, in the United States of America, died in Paris, July, 24 1825, aged 29 years." A vigorous maple is springing at the head of the tomb, and will completely overshadow it. I plucked some tender leaves and spires of grass (no rose or flower was there), to convey to his widow and orphans at home; wreathed round the urn, with my own hands, a rich green garland from the boughs which shaded it; went on my way with sadness, and returned from this city of the dead to the busy abodes of the living—within the walls of Paris.

* Has the Duke of Wellington ever visited it?

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL VIEW OF PARIS.

Three fine Localities. Bridges over the Seine. Quays. Boulevards. Narrow Streets. Pavements. Houses. Chimney-pipes. French and American feelings contrasted. Octroi. Evidences of Prosperity. New Buildings. Increase in Number of Private Carriages.

We had now become tolerably well acquainted with Paris. I was disappointed in its general appearance: it is not, on the whole, so well built, nor does it cover so much ground as I had expected. Its reputation for magnificence rests upon three localities, which are, indeed, unrivalled: the Boulevards, on the north side of the Seine; the range of palaces, *places*, and gardens from the Louvre to the Arch: and the Seine itself, spanned by twenty-four bridges of wood, iron, and stone, bordered with fine quays, and its shores studded with palaces and gardens, from the Bridge of Austerlitz to that of Jena, a distance of about three miles. This last view is the most imposing, but its effect is sadly marred by many old and unsightly houses that still keep their places on the banks of the river. The quays are indeed grand, forming a line of hewn stone walls on both sides of the river, taken together eleven miles long, with parapets next the water, and fine avenues along the banks, planted with trees, and bordered with wide sidewalks. The reader must not imagine them lined with shipping, as at New-York, or with steamboats, as at Cincinnati; the only craft to be seen here is a peculiar kind of canal and river boats, drawn by horses. The river averages one hundred and sixty yards in breadth as it passes through the city. It is subject to floods, being sometimes low enough to be forded, and at other times rising some sixteen or eighteen feet.

The Boulevards are the glory of Paris. These are, as I have said before, a series of wide and beautiful streets, laid out upon the lines of the ancient walls of the city. They take different names at various points, where the line of direction is changed; as, *Boulevards des Italiens, des Capucines, de la Madeleine, &c.* Of these, the former is the finest and most fashionable; it is generally crowded with gay loungers and strollers until midnight. Most of the other streets, especially in the oldest parts of the city, are crooked and narrow, with sidewalks two or three feet wide. We had proof of their narrowness a day or two ago, when our coach door, as it swung back on its hinges, broke a shop window, for which we paid two francs. In these old parts of the town, too, the habits of the people and the want of sewers render the streets offensively filthy. The better streets are generally paved with cubic blocks of a hard, light-coloured sandstone, found near the barriers of the basin, which makes a much more smooth and durable pavement than our pebbles. The newer sidewalks are of flagstones or asphaltum, which is coming into general use, and makes a delightfully smooth footway.

The houses are uniform only in colour; in which respect there is no difference but that which time produces; the hue being white or dingy, according as the buildings are new or old. They are built of

the calcareous rock which underlies the whole Paris basin; it is quite soft when taken from the quarries, but hardens by exposure. There is no *prevailing* style of architecture, either in public or private buildings; but everywhere an abundance of ornament. You see no smooth dead walls, or square plain windows, or uniform rows of buildings, such as the tiresome blocks and squares often seen in American, and even in English cities.

In taking a general view of Paris from any elevated point within the city, it takes you some time to get over the disagreeable impression of its million of stove-pipes and earthen cylinders, of all shapes of ugliness, which shoot up from a foot to ten feet above the roofs of the houses, and which are common to the palaces (excepting the Tuileries) with the meanest dwellings. A hundred of these unsightly objects rise up even from the roofs of the new and splendid Palace of the Quay d'Orsay.*

A comparison of the general aspects of a French and American town would illustrate, in no small degree, the difference in the sentiments and feelings of the people. In the former, every man consults the glory of the *nation*, and is content to be homeless almost himself, so she be adorned in splendour, and admired by the world. In the latter, each consults *himself* and his own personal comfort and respectability, caring little for the state only so far as she subserves his own interests. Hence, in France, noble edifices and magnificent museums, guarded by gensd'armes, stand as monuments of national glory, visited by Frenchman with pride, and by all the world beside with admiration, perhaps with envy; while in America, taste and wealth are displayed in private dwellings, not in public grounds, buildings, and museums. In the one case, the *state* is glorious: in the other, the *people* are independent and happy. In the first, the prevailing sentiment is the state; in the other it is the individual. Neither system is perfect. If in Europe the individual is merged in the state, in America the state has hardly a substantial existence. The evil tendencies of this prevailing sentiment are already exhibiting themselves. We are more anxious, it seems, to pay our individual debts than those of our governments; and many of the people, obviously, do not feel the obligation of the latter as they should do. In Europe, on the other hand, whatever else suffers, state credit is kept inviolate.

The *Octroi*, at the gates of the city, will awake a stranger's curiosity; especially if he be passing out by the Barrière de l'Etoile, of a fine afternoon, about six o'clock. He may there find scores of carriages, splendid equipages with outriders, fiacres, cabriolets, neat or shabby, all waiting, with market-carts and waggons, to pass the inspection of the officers, whose duty it is to see that nothing edible or taxable enters the city clandestinely. Prince and peasant, citizen and stranger, are alike subject to this inspection. I saw, one day, a poor woman entering the barrier with a wallet; the officer opened and examined it. On another occasion, he thrust his long iron feeler into a load of hay in every direction, to see if there was not a sack of flour, a bundle of tobacco, or a live calf concealed under it. This *octroi*, or custom-house, is found at every gate; and every article of food that enters pays a duty so high as to make a marked difference in its price

* A friend, looking over this passage in manuscript, made a mark of surprise, as if he did not believe it exactly. Let him go and see.

within and without the gates. These duties for 1840 amounted to about eight millions of dollars.*

Evidences of the prosperity and rapid growth of the capital abound on every side. Whole districts are newly built up, large fine houses are everywhere erecting, and the city is spreading out beyond the walls. The stranger is struck with the activity of business, the absence of beggary and drunkenness, and the general air of cheerfulness and good condition among the people. The rapid increase in the number of private equipages is one of the tangible proofs of the growth of wealth in the community. M. Hottinguer, the celebrated banker, remarked to me, that he had been in Paris twenty-three years, and that he was satisfied there were fifty private carriages now to one when he first came. The population of the city, in 1788, was 599,569; in 1816, 662,000; 1836, 909,136, exclusive of strangers and soldiers. It now approaches 1,200,000, including the two latter classes.

CHAPTER IX.

MORALS OF PARIS.

Desecration of the Sabbath. Foundling Hospital. Infanticide. Prostitution. English Exaggerations. Paris *not* France in Morals. Indulgence of Vice in the Metropolis. Revolution. Position of Woman. Marriages of Convenience. Legalized Vice. Influence of Roman Catholic Usages. Modern French Drama and Novels. Their Introduction into the United States deprecated.

NOTHING so shocks a Christian man, trained to "keep the Sabbath Day holy," in his first observations on the Continent of Europe, as the universal desecration of the Sabbath. For desecrated it is, according to our view of its design and sanctity, by the amusements, innocent though some of them may be, in which the very best of the population seem to indulge, as well as by the grosser indulgences of the lowest classes. I have already referred to our first Sunday in Paris, May 29. On the evening of June 5th, after preaching at the Wesleyan Chapel at seven o'clock, I walked a few rods, to the Place de la Concorde, where I had seen such crowds on the Sunday before. The whole city seemed to be out again, and the same course of amusements was in progress: so we returned to our hotel. On the next morning I found the following notice of Sunday's fete at Versailles in Galignani's Messenger:

"VERSAILLES RACES, THIRD DAY, JUNE 5.—The company was brilliant and numerous, the weather delightful, and the running of a fair average character. The course presented a very animated appearance, the circuit beyond the enclosed space being lined with a multitude of pedestrians, and the interior being occupied by a host of equestrians and carriages. The tribunes were also crowded with fashionables."

* The octroi system prevails generally on the Continent, and is applied to all towns. It is unknown in the English dominions.

This is but a sample. Sunday is the great day for fetes of all kinds —horse-racing, theatres, balls, parties, concerts, and excursions. Nor is business generally suspended, although in the after part of the day you will find but few of the shops open. All this we cannot but regard as both an index and a cause of immorality. Its universal prevalence is startling.

I visited the *Hospice des Enfans Trouves*, in the Rue d'Enfer. No institutions divide the opinions of travellers in France more than these Foundling Hospitals, which exist in several parts of the country. A stern moralist, regarding their little inmates as the fruits of illicit love, and the great number of them as an indication of its astounding prevalence, will be apt to look upon the system with horror and indignation. A practical man, regarding society *as it actually is*, and inquiring how it may best be improved, and the maximum of good obtained with the minimum of evil, will perhaps come to a different conclusion. He will see in the institution the means of preserving a vast amount of human life, and of diminishing a vast amount of suffering. Beyond all question, it sprang originally from the purest sentiments of humanity and religion. Its founder, St. Vincent de Paul, commenced his labours by seeking out the abandoned children of the city, in order that they might be taken care of, supported in their childhood, and virtuously educated. In the chapel of the Hospital you see his statue, with a foundling just taken up in his arms. Certain it is that infanticide has been prevented, to a very great extent, by this institution in Paris; and that the extent of that crime has fluctuated with the facility of depositing children in the Hospital. Under certain new regulations, adopted in 1837, it is not so easy to obtain admission as formerly; fewer children have been received, and infanticide has increased. Whether this result will be permanent remains yet to be seen.

But, to counterbalance all the arguments in favour of the institution, there is, on the other hand, the palpable, undeniable fact, that it encourages licentiousness. Whether the whole amount of vice is increased by it or not, remains a question to be settled. It certainly is not liable to the objections that may be urged so forcibly against the system of licensed prostitution that prevails in Paris. Its avowed object is not to sanction, or even to authorize vice, but to remedy some of its evils. Assuming that the vice exists, then, and that the condition of society necessarily produces it, the true practical question is, Which of the two evils is the least? and the course of wise policy will be to adopt the less, and endeavour to modify the greater. The effort of genuine philanthropy should be, to cultivate, by the diffusion of morality and religion, the sense of duty (which can hardly be said to exist among the lower classes in Paris), as a restraint from unlawful indulgence; and, by an extension of the blessings of *plenty*, to encourage early marriages, as the true response to nature. The first is the work of the Church; the second, of the government.

I learned at the office of the Hospital that the average number of children daily received (for a few years past) has been nine, giving 3285 per annum. There were about a hundred in the buildings at the time of our visit, most of them sick, as the healthy ones are sent off into the country to be nursed by healthy women. These nurses generally apply daily for employment; and receive from four to eight francs a month, according to the age of the child. The children thus

scattered through the country number about 15,000 and are considered as belonging to the Hospital. As they grow up, they are taught the elements of a common education, then apprenticed to trades, and prepared to fill useful places in society. Many of them do well. Children born in wedlock are received here upon the certificate of the commissary of police, which cannot be refused, if the mother insists that she is not able to support the child, and will abandon it. They may be received on *deposit*, if the parents are sick, or are able to contribute something towards the support of the child; and in such cases only can the children be reclaimed at the will of the parents. This establishment, and many of the other hospitals of Paris, are under the care of the *Sisters of Charity*, whose self-sacrificing benevolence is everywhere the theme of praise.

It is stated in an authentic document, that of thirty thousand births in Paris in 1836, one third were illegitimate; a sad index of the extent of licentiousness, even apart from the public vice of the city. The latter is enormous, both among the higher and lower orders. It exists under two distinct forms: the first under the regulations of the police, by means of a system of inscription and regular examination; the other, clandestine and beyond the control of the law. The registered and unregistered prostitutes are about equal in number. The French boast of the superior wisdom of their laws on this subject, but without good reason, except, perhaps, in one single result, the superior external decency of the capital. Open immodesty is exceedingly rare in the streets of Paris. I never saw an instance of the unblushing shamelessness, the utter degradation that shock the stranger in the streets of London at almost every step after nine o'clock at night. Indeed, though I have not the data for a complete comparison, I am inclined to believe that the amount of real licentiousness in London is fully equal to that of Paris, while in point of external decency there is no comparison.

In forming an opinion of the moral state of France, we should first endeavour to divest ourselves of any unreasonable prejudice imbibed from English statements. Knowing, as we do, how steadily and systematically the character and institutions of America are misrepresented by English travellers, and how readily their extravagant statements are credited by their countrymen, we should be the more inclined to distrust their observations in regard to France, their ancient rival and hereditary enemy. English travellers, in general, can do justice to no country; least of all to France. For ages the English feeling towards France has fluctuated between fear and contempt; but for the last half century her politics have been regarded with dread and her irreligion with horror by the islanders. Accordingly, their pictures of the moral condition of France are, in general, deeply shaded. True, the violence and crime of the Revolution warranted the darkest colouring; but France under the Revolution and France under Louis Philippe are two different states of society. The demoralizing effects of the Revolution are, to be sure, yet visible; the society of France may be said as yet to be only in its forming state; but yet he must be blind indeed who cannot see in the vast increase of trade and manufactures, in the increased attention to agriculture and the arts of peace, new elements at work to purify the moral atmosphere. Within a certain limit, such will be their tendency; and that tendency is already perceptible.

No one enters France without visiting Paris; and it is from this commanding position that observers from abroad generally take their view of the country. Yet, although it may truly be said, with reference to politics and science, that *Paris is France*, I think the remark does not hold true, to the same extent, in regard to morals and religion. The religious sentiment was never extinguished in the provinces, as it was in the capital, even during the darkest days of the Revolution. In one respect Paris is more like ancient Reme than any other city, perhaps, in the world; it is the receptacle of all the inflammable and dangerous elements of European society. The rich of the surrounding nations go to Paris for pleasure, and seek most of their pleasure in vice. The centralization of the government of France concentrates its principal functionaries in the capital. The principal youth of the country, as well as many from abroad, resort to Paris for their education; while thousands flock thither for employment in shops, warehouses, and offices. From sixty to eighty thousand troops are always present in the city and its vicinity. The desperate in fortune or the ruined in reputation resort thither, the former to prey upon society, the latter to retreat from it and sink deeper in iniquity. These various classes, with that portion of the native population which is corrupted by them, form the immoral elements of Parisian society. There are broad lines of distinction between them, and yet the influence of the different classes upon each other is sufficiently obvious, and there is far more of inter-communion among them than is known in England. Ordinary crimes against society are visited with the same penalties here as in other civilized countries; a felon or a murderer is as odious as in England. But it is not so with licentiousness; the most subtle, and ultimately, the most destructive of all crimes. As the guilty mingle in the circulation of that society to which they may belong, from the higher classes in their salons to the grisettes in their milliner-shops and workrooms, without acquiring immodesty of manner or materially diminishing their *respectability*, the general tone of society is more or less corrupted; yet under such conditions that vice wears an air of refinement, and obtains an indulgence in public estimation that can be found nowhere else. To some extent, without doubt, this toleration of vice is diffused in the provinces.

To trace out the causes, in the history of France and in the national character, which have produced this singular condition of public morals, would be a task of great difficulty and delicacy. One great and obvious agency, doubtless, was the licentiousness of the court, with but rare intervals, from the time of Francis I. down to the Revolution. The military character of the nation, for so long a series of years, by placing a great part of her population under the corrupting agencies of army-life in peace, and under the immorality inseparable from war, has also exerted a great influence. The Revolution did much to spread the poison in quarters that had before escaped. Breaking down all sense of religious obligation in the common mind, and filling it with vague ideas of equality, and foolish dreams of universal happiness and enjoyment, it swept away like a deluge what virtue was left among the mass of the people, especially in Paris and they gave free scope to their wildest passions in the day of their madness. Whatever blessings may have resulted to France and to Europe from the Revolu-

tion, it has left behind it the terrible, yet it is to be hoped, transien curse of general immorality.

The position of woman in France is to be taken, lastly, into the account in any inquiry into the causes of her moral condition. The French woman is altogether a different being from the dependent, retiring, domestic women of England and America. She is trained, by her education and the habits of society to take part in its movements. In our country it is rare to find a woman interested in politics, acquainted with trade, or even active in religion, beyond its mere devotional exercises. Indeed it is not *ladylike* (such is the phrase) to know any thing about these matters. All this is false and foolish enough, and the French woman knows it to be so. But she goes too far on the other side. Not only is she prepared to talk with her husband on the prosperity of his trade, or upon the affairs of the nation, but she aspires even to manage the one and have some hand in the other. She is a *man of business*, or a politician. For ages the influence of women has been powerful in the politics of France; but, since the Revolution, under the influence of the doctrine of universal equality, with which the mass were then thoroughly indoctrinated, she has influenced society more than ever. In consequence of this state of things, she has lost that delicacy of feeling, that shrinking from the public gaze, that characterize English and American women. She is not, like them, confined in conversation to the narrow range of small talk; but, unlike them, too, she is ready to enter into *any* conversation. She is less dependent, but more masculine. She has more knowledge, but less virtue. The result is, that in approaching the level of the other sex in influence, she has approached it in vice. She asks of them more respect for her talents; they grant it, but deduct in proportion from their estimate of her virtue. A less rigid purity is demanded of her than in other lands where she avoids this constant contact with the busy life of men. In England and America licentiousness is tolerated among men only: the woman whose character is darkened by a single stain, is separated from the virtuous of her sex as a leper; but in France there is the same, or nearly the same, toleration for the errors and frailties as for the vices of the stronger sex. Guilt, known, acknowledged guilt, does not always expel her from society. Of course the vice loses much of its turpitude in popular estimation, and, indeed, comes to be regarded almost as no vice at all.

Some have supposed that one great cause of this peculiar state of society in France is the system of *marriages de convenance*, which are generally contracted by parents, or even by the parties themselves, in view of the eligibility of the match, and with little or no regard to the affections of the parties. Undoubtedly this system, which lays out of the case the only enduring bond of conjugal life, a genuine, devoted, personal affection, contributes largely to the delinquencies of the middle and upper ranks; while, at the same time, the toleration which is extended to these delinquencies facilitates the acquiescence of the parties in these advantageous, *loveless* marriages. It is not so fearful a thing for a woman to marry a man that she does not love, if she can afterwards have a lover if she pleases. There is a tacit warrant in the system to each of the parties to follow their own inclinations, within certain limits. At the same time, they are scrupulously faithful to the worldly interests of their families. A woman who would think nothing of a *liaison*, would yet shrink with horror from an

elopement. The honour of her husband, the education and establishment of her children, are sacred objects to her; and there is nothing that she would not do or suffer to promote them. She believes that her attachment to her lover is by no means incompatible with her duty to her husband. It is, indeed, a strange state of society, and mournful as it is strange. The reader may find difficulty in comprehending, and more in believing it, so repugnant is it to the ideas and habits which enter into our education. Long may it remain so.

I have already remarked that public prostitution is legalized in Paris by a regular system of registry in the office of police. Without entering into farther detail, I may be permitted a word of remark in regard to the effect of such legislation. Although the Frenchman will say that the law does not authorize the vice, but simply regulates what society, as he says, necessarily allows, it is beyond dispute that the very fact of its being brought under the wing of the police, and regulated as are the markets and highways of the metropolis, gives the *sanction* of government to the vice. The authority of the law steps in to break down that acute and profound sense of morality which in America and in England banishes from society, without the possibility of restoration, the female who has committed decidedly one false step. The French government has recently shown how well it understands the power of such a legal sanction, by breaking up the licensed gambling-houses of Paris. The public sense of morality is necessarily brought down by public trafficking with vice. Whatever apparent advantages may attend it, its effects upon the national character must be evil, only evil, and that continually.

The painful question has doubtless suggested itself to the reader, Why *we* tolerate a vice in men which we punish so severely in women? why a *man* of licentious habits is admitted into society, even with the smiles and approbation of virtuous women, while a single lapse in one of the gentler sex is irremediable? We have no answer to give founded in righteousness and truth. Reason makes no difference in the crime, the Bible makes none. If pressed for an answer, we must retreat to the pitiful ground of expediency, and say, that the extension of such a toleration to women would break up society. The French, believing that society need *not* be broken up by it, extend it to women on the same ground of expediency, and with more consistency.

The influence of some peculiar usages of the Catholic Church, the celibacy of the clergy, auricular confession, absolution, and indulgences, upon the morals of society, cannot be noticed at length in this place. How powerful this influence must have been may be judged from the number of ecclesiastical persons, male and female, all unmarried, that formerly lived in the bosom of society in France. At the time of the Revolution, including the inmates of the monasteries and nunneries, there were 114,000 such persons. Taking the population at thirty-two millions, this would give one such person for every 280 in the kingdom, men, women, and children; and if we deduct the children under twelve years of age, the ratio will be very much greater, say one ecclesiastial person for every 175 of the adult population. In the language of St. Paul, "doth not nature teach" what must be the result? And the fact that these 114,000 ecclesiastics were all of the respectable classes from their profession, and many of them gentle, or even noble by birth, will readily suggest what

must have been the insiduous influence of their delinquences on the upper classes.

It is equally obvious that the practice of auricular confession in prospect of absolution, and the use of indulgences, must have had a constant and accelerating tendency to weaken the force of religious obligations, and thus prepare the public mind for that free state of society which followed the subversion of religion and monarchy at the same time. Of course these remarks, in regard to the effects of Romanism, will apply to other Catholic countries as well as France.

Descending into the lowest classes of society in Paris, we find there the same causes, and the same disgusting fruits of vice and crime as are found in all overgrown capitals. In these Paris is not worse than London: certainly there are fewer of the external manifestations that are so annoying in the British capital. In respect to the other vices of great cities, theft, robbery, gambling, etc., Paris will hardly suffer by comparison with any of them.

I have said nothing as yet upon the modern literature of France, nor can I now do anything more than allude to a subject so vast and so important. There is a new drama and a new literature, whose essential characteristics are smartness, shallowness, and licentiousness. To those who are acquainted with the subject, the mention of such extravagant depravities as the *Lucrece Borgia* and *Le Roi s'Amuse* of Victor Hugo, and the *Antony* of M. Dumas, will be enough. If the character of the audiences that nightly throng the theatres of Paris is to be estimated from that of the stage scenes which they not merely tolerate, but applaud to the echo, they must indeed be sunk in the very depths of moral degradation. This would be, perhaps, unfair. But yet the drama in any country is at once an index and an instrument of the popular feeling, at least in a very large portion of the community; and the modern French stage speaks as ill for the morality as it does for the taste of the Parisians.

A far greater influence is wielded by the novel-writers of *la Jeune France*; a large and increasing class, who pour out streams of defilement uninterruptedly, to gratify and corrupt the popular mind of the country. This is not the place for an exposition of the lewdness and vulgarity that teem in the pages of Dumas, Paul de Kock, Raymond, Balsac, and, perhaps worst of all, of Madame Dudevant, who, under the soubriquet of *George Sand*, has attacked the institutions of society, the foundations of morality and religion, in a series of powerful novels, in which the grossest pictures of licentiousness abound, and whose tendency must be unspeakably demoralizing. Their staple materials are adultery, murder, rape, incest, and suicide! One of the most popular and least offensive of these writers is Eugene Sue, who is said to receive a franc a line for a tissue of extravagances and atrocities which he is now writing under the name of the Mysteries of Paris, in almost daily numbers for the *Journal des Debats*, a political paper of much reputation in the capital. The hero of this tale is a German prince who lives in Paris, and goes into all the vile places of the city, the prisons, the low taverns, the gambling-houses, to do good! The heroine is a girl whom he accidentally finds at a miserable tavern, the resort of thieves and cut-throats, and who, notwithstanding the most degrading associations of debauchery and crime, is a model of modesty and virtuous feeling! Chapter follows chapter with amazing rapidity, filled with robberies, murders and crimes of all sorts. Such

is the fabric of one of the most *moral* productions of one of the most moral of the new school of Parisian novel-writers.*

Enough has been said to show that the moral condition of France is indeed deplorable. But is there no improvement? Is there no prospect of greater improvement? Doubtless there is, especially in the middle and upper walks of life. The family of the present king is a model of virtue, it is said. And though there is no court influence now, such as formerly existed in France, and though Louis Philippe himself is perhaps the most unpopular man in the kingdom, it cannot be but that the peace and happiness of his domestic life should make an impression upon the public mind. There are other favourable influences at work. The diffusion of moral and religious knowledge through the schools, the returning sense of religion in the nation, and the increasing energy of Protestantism, are all encouraging elements. The rapid distribution of real property under the present laws, which prohibit partial entail, dividing the property of a deceased person among all the children equally, the increase of wealth among the business classes by the renewed activity of trade and manufactures, and the diffusion of the comforts of life among the peasantry, who are gradually becoming proprietors of the soil, will tend to elevate and refine the mass, by creating for the French people what we call *home*, the true safeguard of virtue and nursery of piety.

In order to the continued operation of these reforming causes, it is essential that France should remain at peace. Not merely the manufactures and trade of the country and the temporal comfort of the people, but the moral character and destiny of the nation depend upon the preservation of peace. If France can keep out of war long enough to let the taste of the mass be deverted from military glory to the wealth and splendour of a manufacturing and commercial people, there will be some hope of her moral regeneration. War would cut it off at once.

* I found, with deep regret, on my return home, that some of the vilest novels of Paul de Kock and Madame Dudevant had been republished in New-York, yet without the sanction of a respectable publisher's name. It is greatly to be desired that this importation of French licentious literature should end here. I cannot believe that the taste of the American people is yet sufficiently corrupt to sanction it; but every one knows too well the destructive effect of this class of moral poisons to doubt that it would, if perseveringly administered, at last generate an appetite that would be satisfied with nothing else than garbage. But I trust that this day is yet distant, nay, that the present effort may be the last, and that the moral sense of the community may rise up to rebuke the repetition of it. Good men should unite against the introduction of this detestable literature.

CHAPTER X.

RELIGION IN FRANCE.

Three Religious Bodies recognized by Government, Comparative Number of Protestant and Catholic Clergy. Decrease of the latter since 1789. Increase of Religious Feeling in France. Churches better attended. New Churches. Romanism favoured by Louis Philippe. Policy of M. Guizot. Possibility of Reformation in the Catholic Church. Protestantism in France. Religious Press. Foreign Evangelical Society. Rev. Robert Baird. Wesleyan Methodism. Indifference of modern French Infidelity. Time to strike. France a field for American Methodist Missions.

THERE are three distinct religious bodies in France which are recognised by the government, and whose clergy are paid out of the public treasury: the Catholic, the Reformed (Calvinistic,) and the Lutheran churches. Besides these, there are, unconnected with the government, a few congregations of French Independents, some native societies established by missionaries from abroad, and the congregations of resident English in the principal cities and towns. The following statistics, compiled from authentic documents, are given in Galignani's Guide of Paris for 1842:

"The Protestant clergy of Paris is composed of six pastors of the Reformed Church, or Calvinists; four pastors of the Church of the Confession of Augsburg, Lutherans; and four ministers of the French Independents. The English clergy consists of a bishop, chaplain to the embassy, and four other ministers of the Church of England, with several ministers of other denominations.

The total number of the Catholic clergy in France is about 42,000 including three cardinals, fourteen archbishops, and sixty-seven bishops. To these may be added 8500 theological students, intended for the priesthood. The number of convents for nuns of different orders is about 3000, and the number of nuns about 24,000; there are also in France establishments of monks of La Trappe, Carthusians, or Chartreux, Capucins, Benedictines, and Jesuits, besides the priests of St. Sulpice. Of the ministers of other religions, there are 411 Reformists, or Calvinists, of whom 90 are presidents of consistories; 230 of the Confession of Augsburg, or Lutherans, of whom six are inspectors of dioceses, and 31 presidents of consistories. The English churches in France have at least 40 ministers, including a bishop residing in Paris. There are also eight Jewish rabbins, and of other denominations 86. At the time of the Revolution the total number of ecclesiastical personages was 114,000, including 19,000 regular clergy, and 32,000 nuns of all orders. Their annual revenues amounted to 72,000,000 francs, and the tithe to 70,000,000 giving a total of 142,000,000. In the budget of the Minister of Public Worship for 1842, which amount to 36,391,000 (little more than one franc per head on the total population), the salaries of the cardinals and prelates of France are estimated at 1,017,000; the total expenses of Catholic worship, at 34,251,000; Protestant ditto, 1,033,000; Jewish ditto, 90,000. The present number of curés or rectors is 3301, of whom 2527 receive a stipend of 1200 francs each, and the rest 1500 each. The number of desservans or curates is 25,368, whose salaries

vary from 600 to 800 francs per annum, not including parochial contributions."

The reader will not fail to notice the great diminution in the number of Catholic ecclesiastics and the expenses of the Catholic worship since 1789.

The following views on the subject of religion in France differ very much, I am aware, from opinions expressed on the subject by many travellers, and held by many at home. In regard to the former, I have to regret the tone of censure which some of them indulge in reference to all forms of religious worship, and all manifestations of religious feeling different from those to which they have themselves been accustomed. Much evil has arisen from the expression of bitter feelings, from indulgence in vulgar ridicule and abuse, and from the promulgation of hastily-formed opinions on the part of Protestant travellers in France. And though I am aware that the last charge may be retorted upon myself, I cannot but think that I have bestowed some attention upon the considerations which satisfy me that religious feeling is reviving in France much more extensively than seems to be generally supposed.

1. That there is a returning sense of religion spreading throughout the country is manifest from the increased attendance on public worship in both Catholic and Protestant churches. Some late Protestant travellers appear to have fallen into the same mistake in regard to the former, into which I was led at Rouen, from attending some of the masses on Sundays, and finding comparatively few persons present. The Catholic services for the day consist in a series of masses, each being a complete service in itself, lasting from thirty to fifty minutes. The times of these masses are fixed, and hence one congregation assembles, say at six o'clock in the morning, another at even o'clock, a third at eight o'clock, and so on until one or two, and sometimes until five or six o'clock P.M. Thus one church receives eight or ten congregations during the day, or even more, if there be a large number of priests, as each priest is bound to perform the mass at least once on Sunday. Thus, if only 500 persons attend each mass, and there be ten masses a day, 5000 persons have attended in the same church on the same Sunday; and Dr. M'Sweeney remarked to me that sometimes as many as fifteen masses are performed on a Sunday in the same church. High mass is performed at the principal churches at eleven or twelve o'clock, and is generally well attended. On high occasions and festivals, when sermons are preached, especially by some of the Catholic clergy who have become *popular* in Paris, the churches are crowded with the *elite* of the city. That any preacher could become popular in Paris, that it could become the *fashion* to attend any church, is a sure indication of a great alteration in the feelings of the people. To be sure, the proportion of females to males in all the congregations is very great; but it is no small thing to find even the gentle sex inclined to devotion in a city so thoroughly irreligious as Paris was a quarter of a century or less ago.

2. The policy of the government in repairing and decorating old churches and building new ones is another indication. Immense sums were expended on these objects during the Restoration; and Louis Philippe has not been niggardly in regard to them. But another feature of government policy is of far more importance, viz., that in the system of public education which, however it may have

hitherto failed in diffusing primary instruction among the masses of the French people, has yet been steadily advancing in character and usefulness, religious instruction constitutes an essential element. This holds good of the primary and secondary schools, and of the Royal Colleges.*

8. It is obvious that the general tendency of the government of Louis Philippe, as well as of popular feeling, so far as a revival of religious interest is concerned, is to strengthen the Catholic Church. Though we have had many cheering instances of conversion to Protestantism from the bosom of the Romish Church in France of late years, it is yet true that, in the language of the charter of 1814, "the Catholic religion is the religion of the state." It is strongly intrenched in the hearts of the French people; coming down to them, as it has, with the associations of a thousand years, and interwoven with the growth of their arts, their literature, and their civilization. They see, far more clearly than the other Catholic nations of Enrope, the gross errors and abuses that have accumulated in the popish system; and they recognise more willingly than others the want of spirituality in the Church. But yet their national pride would be shocked by a total overthrow of the religion of their fathers; and their vanity would never allow them formally to change one form of Christianity for another. True, in the vigorous language of Napoleon's proclamation after the ratification of the Concordat of 1802, "an insane policy sought, during the Revolution, to smother religious dissensions under the ruins of the altar, under the ashes of religion itself;" but that insanity only succeeded in banishing religion for a time from the cities and large towns; she still lived in the arts of the people of the rural districts, and lingered about their altars. Napoleon saw that the feeling of the people demanded Catholicism; he saw, too, that religion *must* exist, and determined it should exist under the control of the state. He established Catholicism by the Concordat; not the splendid, powerful, opulent Catholicism of the Old Regime, but a Catholicism with its revenues curtailed, its independence shaken, and its power over the state annihilated. Under the Restoration, of course, the Romanists looked up; but yet the charter of 1814 allowed "every man to profess his religion with equal freedom," which was a great step in the progress of religious liberty.

The Revolution of 1830 was supposed to place Protestants and Catholics upon a more thoroughly equal footing in regard to religious liberty. Its charter re-affirmed the articles of 1814, that "every person may, with equal liberty, profess his religion and obtain for his creed the same protection;" and that "the ministers of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, as professed by the bulk of the French nation, and those of other Christian sects, may alone receive salaries

*Since this was written, the clergy have made a violent attack upon the University of France, denouncing its management as heretical and pestilential. This is doubtless a movement of the Jesuits, who desire again to get the work of instruction into their own hands throughout the kingdom. But it is to be hoped that the violence of their late assaults upon such men as Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot will react upon themselves. The religious instruction in the schools has been modified somewhat, I believe, by Louis Philippe, to gratify the priests, who are said to exert great influence upon the queen.

from the public treasury;" while the sixth article, declaring "Catholicism to be the established religion of the state," was suppressed.

But the actual administration of the government has not been in accordance, especially of late years, with the liberal provisions of the charter. We have no right to object, perhaps, to its efforts for the promotion of the Catholic faith, professed, as is truly stated in the charter, by the bulk of the people of France; but it has gone so far beyond this in its treatment of Protestants, as to show very clearly that it desires to strengthen itself by a closer connexion with the clergy of the Catholic Church, and that it is willing, in order to secure their powerful support to the fullest extent, to use the authority of the state to prevent the growth of Protestantism. It usurps an authority over Protestantism which it would not dare to exert over Romanism. It lays troublesome obstacles in the way of the building of new churches and the formation of religious societies by Dissenters. Indeed, the great principle of its policy seems to be, that *Protestantism shall not advance by encroachments on Catholicism.*

Many have looked to M. GUIZOT for political influence in favour of Protestantism, and with good reason. Himself a Protestant, educated at Geneva, a man of the most enlarged views and extensive knowledge, and, therefore, fully acquainted with the vices of the Romish system, it has very naturally been supposed that his powerful influence in the state would be exerted in favour of the pure and intellectual religious faith that he professes. But, in fact, it is not so. Able statesman as he is, he has looked at this question simply as a politician, and, on political grounds, has decided in favour of Catholicism. His policy may be summed up in these words: "I desire the continued peace of France, and will not favour any measures that tend to invade it. France needs repose, and repose is incompatible with religious proselytism. Therefore, I will not countenance any measures of Catholics to convert Protestants, or of Protestants to convert Catholics. It is the true business of the clergy of each religion to increase the knowledge and elevate the piety of their own people, and to make proselytes from others. The two churches must go on harmoniously together." Such are the views of the great *Protestant* statesman of France, expressed, in substance, as he himself has given them. Let it be observed that they are not founded upon any confidence in the Catholic faith on his part—for he himself has declared it to be fitted only for mental imbecility—but upon the ground that Catholicism is already the religion of the people, and that, in a political point of view, it would be unwise to attempt its subversion, or even to disturb its reign. I do not attempt to justify M. Guizot's views, believing them, indeed, to be unworthy, not merely of his Protestant feeling, but of his statesmanship: but they are apposite to my present purpose, as showing the general state of public feeling in France, and the action of the government in view of it, which is, as I have said, to divest Protestation of its aggressive character, and to make use of the Catholic religion as an instrument of government.

The recent movements of Louis Philippe in support of the Roman Catholic missions to the South Sea Islands give a clear indication of the tendencies of the French government. Let it be recollected that the king is himself a Romanist, and that his wife, who exerts a strong influence over him, is devotedly attached to popery, and very accessible

to the priests, who are said, indeed, to have obtained entire control of her mind. A speech of M. Guizot, in the Chamber of Deputies, in reference to the forcible establishment of Romanism in the Sandwich Islands, gives lamentable evidence of the subserviency of that minister's religious opinions to his political views. It is thus quoted in the New-York Observer of September 16, 1843: "M. Guizot disavowed the idea of propagating religion by force of arms; but he added that the French government must follow with its regard, protect, and sustain the Catholic missionaries. 'I see not,' he said, 'why France should not become, in the limits I have mentioned, to the degree that I have pointed out, the *protectress of the Catholic religion in the world: this belongs to her history, her tradition, her situation.* She is naturally called to it; it is what she has always done, consulting her dignity as well as her power: I see not why she should cease to do it now.'"

4. Many of the more intelligent Catholics of France hope for a gradual purification of their own church, so that it may become more spiritual, without any great diminution of the splendour and attractiveness of its forms. Of course, I cannot believe that this hope is well-founded. But it would be unjust, as well as unwise, not to acknowledge that there is an increase of piety among her people: and, more especially, that there is a vast change for the better in the morals of the clergy. True, this change has been forced upon them by the aggressive energy of Evangelical Protestantism, and by the necessity of making a deep lodgment in the affections of the French people; but yet it is an element of strength in itself—the only one indeed, that can long sustain the Catholic Church in France. I dare not say that the reformation of that church is impossible. Independent, as she is to a great extent, of the Pope; urged by an energetic, growing, spiritual Protestantism in her very midst; recollecting the days of her total prostration, and of the causes which led to it; seeing around her an intellectual class of men, who, in their disgust at her puerilities and hatred of her errors, reject Christianity itself, of which they hold her to be the representative; it may be, under the providence of God, that she may purify herself from her corruptions, and become a true Church of Christ. It is not impossible that the apparent tendency of the English Church to return to the imbecile Romanism of the Dark Ages may be counterbalanced by the progress of reformation in Spain and France, and that the latter country may yet become the "Defender of the faith" once delivered to the saints.

But it is chiefly among the Protestants of France that the religious revival of the last few years has displayed itself energetically. The Protestant population numbers about two millions. The number of ministers in the national Protestant churches is about seven hundred: a small number in comparison with the tens of thousands of the Catholic clergy. Yet, small as it is, not half of the number can be considered Evangelical. A large proportion of the Reformed clergy are lost in a frigid Socinianism or a semi-infidel Rationalism; and these, instead of aiding the progress of pure religion, look with jealousy and distrust upon all evangelical movements, and, indeed, would arrest the progress of religious liberty sooner than that genuine Protestant doctrines should become generally influential. But, within the period mentioned, evangelical Protestantism has advanced with rapid strides. The Evangelical Society of France, which has its seat in Paris, was established for supplying pastors and teachers to neg-

lected districts, and for promoting Protestantism generally; and its energetic labours have been attended with great success. It has sent preachers, teachers, and *colporteurs* into almost every section of the country, besides educating a number of young men for the ministry, and in various other ways diffusing the light of truth. A Tract Society and a Foreign Mission Society also exist in Paris. Associations have been organized in Geneva, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Lyons, Lille, Strasburg, and Brussels, for the purpose of sending out evangelists to preach the Gospels, and colporteurs to distribute Bibles, religious books, and tracts. The results of these, and other efforts put forth by Protestants in France, have been gratifying in the extreme. "In a land where, fifty years ago, Christianity was abolished, and the Bible openly condemned to every indignity, and then to be burned, more than *two millions* of copies of the sacred volume, in whole or in part, have been distributed within the last few years; and in a country where this blessed book could with the greatest difficulty be found in the great bookstores of the capital twenty-five years ago, it is now to be seen in almost all the bookstalls of the city."* A thirst for the Word of God has been excited among the people. It comes to them with that most attractive of all charms for a Frenchman, the charm of novelty; and they *will* read it. Large impressions of the sacred book have been issued by various publishers in Paris, not on religious grounds, but as a mere matter of pecuniary speculation: a sure index that the taste of the people for the Bible is on the increase.

The French are a reading people. The press has been prolific, almost beyond that of Germany. But it has been prolific only in politics, in science, in journalism, and in a light literature, whose extravagance and licentiousness can hardly be imagined by those who are unacquainted with it. But of late years this immense power has been called to the aid of the Gospel; and a *religious press* exists in France. Besides the printing of the sacred Word, many excellent religious books have been translated from the English, and widely diffused in France. Several Protestant periodicals are now issued in Paris, and some of them are conducted with distinguished ability.

It is to be remarked that nearly all the energy of French Protestantism has been infused into it from abroad. Much is due to the evangelical ministers of Switzerland, to whose enlightened and persevering labours, indeed, we may ascribe the greater part of the work. The Church of England has done something; and most valuable assistance has been rendered from America, chiefly through the agency of the Foreign Evangelical Society, an institution that does credit to the zealous body of Christians who are principally instrumental in sustaining it, and is deserving of a far more extended support than it receives. The interests of Protestantism were largely promoted by the indefatigable labours of the Rev. Dr. Baird, who resided several years in Paris. But I think it no injustice to say, that as the efforts of the Wesleyan Methodists were commenced at an earlier period, so they have exerted a stronger influence in evangelizing the French Protestant clergy than any others, except the ministers of Switzerland. "Many of the most active of the faithful servants of Protestantism received their first spiritual good under the earlier preaching of the Wesleyan Methodists. The indirect result of their labours has doubt-

* Fourth Annual Report of the (American) Foreign Evangelical Society, 1845.

less been, in many cases, the conversion of the ministers themselves, and, of course, the great renovation of their people. Some few of the ministers, especially those who are not adherents of the doctrine of Calvin, are not backward to acknowledge this, and still affectionately co-operate with the missionaries at this day.*

As the direct results of the Wesleyan efforts, there are now in France twenty travelling preachers, upwards of forty local preachers, nearly twelve hundred members in society, with one hundred and thirteen on trial, and twelve hundred and fifty-eight children in the day and Sunday schools. In the capital itself Methodism seems permanently established. The English chapel is a neat and commodious edifice in the Rue Royale, almost within the shadow of the Madeleine. There are also two French chapels in the Rue Menilmontant and the Boulevard du Mount Parnasse. It gives me great pleasure to say that Wesleyanism is here doing much good without making much show. The mission is now in the charge of the Rev. W. Toase, who conducts it with prudence and fidelity. To the kind and brotherly attentions of this gentleman I was much indebted while in Paris. Connected with the English chapel is a gratuitous library of Wesleyan books; and a day and Sunday school are maintained in the Rue Menilmontant, where upwards of one hundred children of very poor Catholic parents are taught without charge. Under the auspices of the mission several excellent books have been translated and published; among them Watson's Life of Wesley, translated by Madame d'Arcy, a lady of marked intelligence and piety. She was kind enough to present me with a copy of the work. The same estimable lady has also translated the life of Mrs. Fletcher, a copy of which she presented to the queen, who was so pleased with it that she ordered copies for the princesses. On the whole, we have reason to rejoice in the success of Wesleyan Methodism in France, and to expect still greater things, now that the principal difficulties in the way of its establishment are surmounted.

6. The efforts of Protestantism, energetic though they have been, appear to be almost nothing in comparison with the work to be done. Forty-two thousand Roman Catholic priests, and only about two hundred evangelical ministers! It does, indeed, appear chimerical to think of success in such a conflict if these priests are strong and zealous men, and are supported by a strong and intelligent body of church members. But this is not the case. Though the Catholic religion is *professed* by the bulk of the French people, most of the intelligent, enterprising men in the country are not Catholics, but infidels. In the higher classes—among the professional men, the *literati*, the politicians—infidelity is said to prevail almost universally. But it is not the infidelity of forty years ago. It has lost its positive aggressive character, and become indifferent. It does not denounce religion, but pities it. It does not write books against Christianity, for it knows nothing about it. It has become alarmed at its own legitimate fruit in the Revolution, and has learned that the institutions of religion are necessary for the mass of the people. Hence, it does not oppose the efforts made for the revival even of Catholic Christianity in the nation. Yet I cannot believe, as some appear to do, that it will ally itself permanently with Catholicism to oppose Protestantism. The infidelity of France was produced originally by the abuses and crimes of the Ca-

* Rev. R. Newstead, on the "State of Religion in France."

tholic Church; and many of the literary men of the country are infidels, not so much with reference to essential Christianity, as to the doctrines and ceremonies of Catholicism. They see the absurdity of its pretended infallibility—of the claims of its priests to be the only and divinely appointed teachers of mankind, and the only medium through which man can communicate with his Maker. The ridiculous ceremonies of its worship, resembling more the superstitious rites of heathenism, than the forms of a spiritual devotion, are contemptible in their eyes. If *this* be Christianity, they can never be Christians. But they are beginning to learn that this is *not* Christianity; and many of them are in a strange, uncertain, hesitating condition of belief; not papists—not infidels in the strongest sense of the word; but having no fixed opinions, indeed, attached to no belief or disbelief. A truly lamentable condition; but yet not without hope. It cannot be said that the infidelity of Voltaire or Diderot would be better than present Catholicism; but it can hardly be doubted that the nerveless infidelity of the present day in France, viewed in its relation to the Roman Catholic system and the progress of Protestantism, is one of the elements that afford us room to hope for the purification of the former and the progress of the latter.

From what has been said, the reader may infer my opinion that the day is far distant when the Roman Catholic religion, by name and in form, will be uprooted from the soil of France. Its dangers, at all events, are from within more than from without. It is now committing one error, which may lead to others, and cripple its energies more than any other cause, viz., allying itself, as closely as possible under the laws of France, with the Papal power. The people of France will never submit to this connexion in its full character, as it was in the palmy days of the Papacy.* But the Papacy itself is too wise to carry this point too far. Should the Catholic clergy of France commit no great error; should they continue to improve in moral character and in attention to the spiritual wants of the people as they have done; above all, should they so conduct their movements as to avoid making any *political* question between themselves and the government or people of France, they have a fair field before them, and, to all human appearance, they will remain masters of it. But other elements may impel them to internal reformation, as well as external. If Protestantism is true to herself in France, she may make an impression *now* upon the unsettled mass of opinion in that country, that may tell with tremendous power upon the Catholic church herself. And without attacking that church, there is, in the general mind of the country, a vast field open to the energy of Protestantism, and which it may cultivate with all its industry, and with great prospect of success. So far, then, from discouraging the Evangelical party in the Reformed churches, and the various Protestant missions in France, I would urge them to redoubled activity, and exhort the Protestant world abroad to aid them in every possible way. In Protestantism is the leaven which must leaven the whole lump. Let men of *talent* be sent into France, as well as men of piety; let them operate upon the public mind

* Since 1830 the Jesuits have been gradually creeping into France, and employing their old devices to gain influence and power. The Roman Catholic clergy can follow no more suicidal policy than to foster them: their very name is enough to rouse the people of France into rebellion against Church, king, and government.

as only men of talent can, by the press, in the pulpit, in society; let them devote themselves to the work of rebuking the vices of the age, and of teaching the truths of the pure Gospel, instead of attacking Catholicism. The government will not oppress them; if it should, the worse will it be, before long, for the government, and the better for them. Let the self-denying, apostolical men already at work in France, the Monods, the Marzials, and their worthy coadjutors, be encouraged by the sympathy and assistance of Protestants abroad. And though pure principles may not advance with revolutionary rapidity, we have good reason to believe that a sure and steadfast progress may be expected.

Upon thus reviewing the state of religion in France, I could not but recall to mind the proposition of the late excellent Dr. Fisk to establish an American mission in that country. I was struck at the time with his suggestions, and the arguments by which they were sustained; and my own observation has farther satisfied me of their soundness.

Methodism, of all forms of Protestantism, is best adapted to the present condition of the work in France. Its free and elevated views of the Gospel; its firm adherence to the doctrine of justification by faith; the warmth and energy that characterize its ministry above all others; the diffusive power of the system, by means of its itinerancy; and the directness by which its discipline is applied, by means of the class meeting system—all combine to produce this special adaptation. The success of our British brethren demonstrates this abundantly.

But, though the usefulness of British Methodism in France may be fully acknowledged, I am convinced that it labours under many embarrassments from which an American mision would be free. The deep national antipathy of France to England operates, doubtless, as an obstacle to the British preachers. Their adherence, too, to the forms of the Church of England—even to the prayers for the Queen—in the Wesleyan chapels, must operate against them. But an American finds no enemies in France, at least among the *people*; there is, indeed, no word that will recommend him more strongly, in general, than the name of his country. Our form of worship, too, in its chaste simplicity, is as far removed from that of Romanism as that of the severest Independents, which is an additional recommendation, in view of the classes of society on whom we must chiefly operate.—And, without disparagement, I think I may say there is decidedly more life, energy, and *onction*, as the French call it, among American than English preachers.

But, apart from all these considerations, even if the way was entirely clear for our British brethren, and they could work in France to the best possible advantage, there is more to be done than they *can* do. Is it not the duty of American Methodists to aid them? Ought we not to seize the opportunity, now so favourable, of making a strong impression upon the mind of France, ready, in its present formless condition, to take almost any impression? To rekindle the flame of the Reformation in France and to regenerate the Catholic Church—are not these worthy and glorious objects? But this is not all. France is the centre of European civilization, her language is universally diffused in Europe, and her movements in morals and politics are felt throughout the Continent. Any impression made upon France would be made upon Europe.

May I not, therefore, renew the earnest suggestion of Dr. Fisk, that

an American Methodist mission should be established in France? Let it be commenced in Paris, with the erection or purchase of a suitable building for a church. Let the mission be intrusted to an able and judicious superintendent, to preach in the church in Paris to the residents and strangers of American or English origin. Let him have an assistant, who shall preach in French, and superintend also a school for the religious instruction of such children as could be collected. It would be essential also to establish a school for the training of young men on the spot for the native ministry. Such young men are now to be found in France, in Switzerland, and in the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, where Methodism has long been established. Their education in science and literature could be obtained, without cost, at the universities and public institutions of the capital, while they could be instructed in theology by the missionary and his assistant, of whose families they might form a part. These might be the beginnings. The *end*, who could tell? I may be too sanguine, but I cannot help believing that the results of such an enterprise would transcend anything that we have yet accomplished in the way of missionary effort. Let us emulate the British Methodists, who have been so long in the field, and our brethren of the Foreign Evangelical Society, who, though they have but lately entered it, have reaped an abundant harvest of reward for their zealous labours, and are looking forward, full of heart and hope, for greater things to come.

CHAPTER XI.

GOVERNMENT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Position of Louis Philippe. Historical Sketch. Lafayette and Louis Philippe. Declarations of the Citizen King. Grounds of the Confidence reposed in him by the Liberal Party. His early Foreign Policy. Alteration of his Policy. Disgust of Lafayette. Louis Philippe False to the Men that placed him on the Throne. Why the Throne was established in 1830. Policy of Louis Philippe. The Army. The Police. The Fortifications of Paris. What France has gained by her Revolution. Recuperative Power of France. Comparative Liberty of France and England. A strong Government. Legislature. Budget. Personal Character of the King.

FEW men have appeared in the world whose private and public fortunes have been so extraordinary as those of Louis Philippe, king of the French; and certainly no sovereign in Europe has attracted so much attention during the last thirteen years. The variety of opinions in France concerning him is scarcely less than has been the diversity of his fortunes. The Legitimists regard him as a usurper, and the Republicans as a traitor. His only supporters, except the immediate employés of government, are to be found in the manufacturing and commercial classes, who care more for quiet and order than for any theoretical principles of liberty and government. But these are not the nation. Upon *France* Louis Philippe has no hold but that of power. The men that placed him upon the throne despise him as an ingrate who has deceived and betrayed them; who has crushed, for a time at least, the hopes of the nation; who has not only prevented the farther development of free institutions in the country, but abso-

lately, under the semblance of principles of equality, ruled her with a tyranny unknown during the Restoration. I am persuaded that these views are well founded, and beg my readers' attention to the considerations which, in my opinion, establish their truth.

On the 7th of August, 1830, the Duke of Orleans ascended "a popular throne, to be surrounded with Republican institutions." The practicability of such a government is not now in question; the fact that it was the basis on which the present king was placed upon the throne appears indisputable. That famous conversation of the 31st of July between Lafayette and Louis Philippe, so often denied by the latter, is confirmed not merely by the word of the illustrious hero of three revolutions (which alone, however, is enough to outweigh the statements of a dozen Dukes of Orleans), but by all the occurrences of the day, and especially by the proclamation of Lafayette, which immediately followed. The conversation is thus reported:

"You know," said I [Lafayette], "that I am a Republican, and that I regard the Constitution of the United States as the most perfect that ever existed."

"I think as you do," replied the Duke of Orleans; "it is impossible to have passed two years in America without being of that opinion; but do you think, in the present situation of France and of public sentiment, it would be expedient for us to adopt it?"

"No," I replied: "what the people of France want at this juncture is *a popular throne, surrounded by Republican institutions.*"

"That is exactly what I understand," replied the prince.

Lafayette's proclamation concluded with these words:

"In the mean time, it is known that the lieutenant-general of the kingdom (the Duke of Orleans), appointed by the Chamber, was one of the young patriots of '89, one of the first generals who caused the tri-coloured flag to triumph. Liberty, equality, and public order was always my motto: I shall be faithful to it."

A farther declaration, involving the same principles, was made by the Duke of Orleans on the 7th of June, when the deputies of the Chambers waited upon him at the Palais Royal, and offered him the vacant throne.

"I receive the offer which you now present to me with profound emotion. I regard it as the expression of the national will, and it appears to me to be in conformity with those political principles which I have professed all my life."

The extent of this declaration may be understood when we recollect what *were* the political principles which the Duke of Orleans had professed all his life. It was the confidence of Lafayette, and of the other real agents of the Revolution of July, in the sincerity of those professions that placed him on the throne. His miserable father (whom Louis Philippe has audaciously declared to have been *the best citizen of France)* threw himself headlong into the tide of the first Revolution, renounced his title, took the name of *Egalite*, and voted for the death of Louis XVI. "in his heart and conscience." Louis Philippe, then Duke of Chartres, known as the "Son of Equality," when he enrolled his name in the National Guard in 1791, dropped his title of duke, and wrote himself *citizen of Paris;* and subsequently, when, by the decree of the National Assembly, all emblems and titles of nobility were suppressed, he declared that he was too much the friend of equality not to receive it with triumph. These declarations

were followed up by his efficient service in the army, in which he especially distinguished himself at Valmy and Jemappes. His conduct during the Restoration was such as to increase the suspicions of the Bourbons, and to strengthen his hold upon the liberal party; and his chosen friends were among that party. He caused his sons to be educated in the public schools of Paris, so as to identify them with the people; and the result justified the sagacity of this movement. Nothing contributed more to the popularity of his son, the late Duke of Orleans, than his public education: "he is one of us," said the people, and they looked forward impatiently for his reign.

While these circumstances show the ground on which the liberal party gave their confidence to the Duke of Orleans, they have also been seized upon as proof of a long cherished expectation on his part that the crown of France would, under the influence of revolutionary principles, be transferred sooner or later, from the elder to the younger branch of the house of Bourbon. Of this there can be little doubt. Indeed, it was so natural a desire, under the circumstances, that we should consider it strange if he had not formed it; certain it is, at all events, that the ruling powers of the country, from 1793 to 1830, looked with suspicion upon him and his family. An Orleans party had always existed in France, powerless, indeed, during the Empire, but strong, and always increasing, during the feeble yet oppressive sway of the Restoration.* Lafitte, especially, long before 1830, had been known as a partisan of the Orleans factions, and Lafayette, Casimir Perier, and Benjamin Constant were among the personal friends of the Duke. On the breaking out of the Revolution of July, he secreted himself to avoid an arrest by the ministry of Charles X., who issued a warrant for his apprehension; and also, his friends say, to avoid the offer of the throne from the revolutionary party. This was mere affectation, at least after the complete success of the people was known. Many messages passed between Lafitte and Neuilly before anything was known to the public. At last, on the night

* The following remarkable passage from the Edinburgh Review for October, 1815, will show the tone of opinion even at that early period. One would suppose it to have been written in 1830 rather than 1815:

"At present we are inclined to think that the general voice of the discontented would be for the DUKE OF ORLEANS, and that his appointment to a limited monarchy would satisfy a greater majority of all parties, and appease far more jealousies and alarms than any other measure that could be suggested. Such a choice would ensure these three great advantages to the nation. In the first place, they would have a king who owed his crown unequivocally to the will of the country, and, consequently, could claim nothing as his right by birth, nor dispute the legitimacy of any of the conditions under which it was given. In the second place, they would have a king connected with the Revolution by his parentage and early education, and therefore not liable to be tempted by family affection, or to be suspected of being tempted to look upon those concerned in the Revolution with feelings of hatred or revenge; and finally, they would have a king so near in blood to the lineal successor to the throne, and so little entitled to the dignity for his personal services or exertions, as to mark a considerable veneration for the principle of hereditary succession—to conciliate the moderate royalists on the one hand, and to prevent this limited exercise of choice, in an emergency so new and important, from affording any encouragement to the perilous experiment of an elective monarchy, or, in other words, a crown set up as a prize to be fought for by all the daring and ambitious spirits in the country."

of the 30th, he read the proclamation, naming him lieutenant-general of the kingdom, by torchlight in his park, and set off at once on foot for Paris. His partisans in the city had not been idle. Placards were stuck up all over Paris, with such inscriptions as "the Duke of Orleans is a citizen;" "the Duke of Orleans was at Jemappes;" all tending to conciliate the people by identifying the Duke with liberal principles. His own proclamation on the 31st contained the following significant sentence: "On returning to the city of Paris, I wear with pride *these glorious colours*, which you have resumed, and which I myself long wore." Those "glorious colours" were the emblems of Republican France; and Louis Philippe, by thus formally assuming them in taking the reins of government, pledged himself to maintain the spirit of the principles which they symbolized. Doubtless there was misgiving in many minds even then, although Lafitte and Lafayette seem to have given full confidence to all the promises of the Duke. There was a certain General Dubourg, whom nobody knew before the Revolution, and who seems to have been invisible ever since, but who, in *reality*, was the leader of the people on the 29th. At the Hotel de Ville, on the 31st, this General Dubourg said to the Duke, "You have taken the oaths; see that you keep them; the people have bought their liberty at the price of their blood, and if you forget your engagements, they will know how to make you recollect them." To this the Duke replied, "General do you not know me; I am a Frenchmen, and a man of honour; and when duty is in question, the future will show that threats are not necessary to ensure my fidelity." Alas! the friends of liberal principles in Europe have had cause to mourn over the "fidelity" of this "Frenchman and man of honour."

For a short time after his elevation, the personal conduct, and, to some extent, the foreign policy of Louis Philippe, were in accordance with his own declarations and the views of those who placed him on the throne. The "citizen king" walked about Paris, conversing freely with the citizens, and occasionally even joining in the chorus of the Marseilles hymn. He encouraged the revolution in Spain, and sent money to Valdez and Mina; and favoured the risings of the people in Italy, caused arms to be collected at Lyons and Grenoble, and assisted the patriots to escape to the Alpine frontier; he declared, in his speeches to the Chambers, that the "fortresses in Belgium should be demolished," and that "the nationality of Poland should be preserved." Beyond all question, then, the first movements of Louis Philippe were in accordance, at least in semblance, with the views of the liberal party, who insisted, in the language of Lafayette, that "whenever the right of sovereignty was claimed by any people, the intervention of foreign powers in the affairs of that people should be considered as a declaration of war against France."*

* This was, I think, an error in Lafayette and his compatriots. They should have been content with establishing the liberties of France upon her own soil, and counted on the influence of her example to disseminate liberal principles in other countries. They should not have proposed to propagandize Europe, and thus provoke a combination of the other powers against a government conducted on their principles; but simply should have declared their purpose to make France free and prosperous, to which, if the other powers objected in the form of a declaration of war, they would have become the aggressors, and the battle would have been fought on the frontiers, and under circumstances that would have enabled France to have stood against the world. The *people* of Europe, and especially the

But it very soon became apparent that all these movements, instead of being dictated by a strict adherence, on the part of Louis Philippe, to the principles of the Revolution, were only parts of a skilful game which he was playing to secure the recognition of his dynasty by all the powers of Europe. The supplies to the Spanish patriots were stopped as soon as Ferdinand VII. dropped the insulting tone which he had first assumed towards France, and recognised the new dynasty. Austria became alarmed for her Italian possessions, knowing that the appearance of a French army south of the Alps would rouse the whole population; so she hastened her minister to Paris with instructions to acquiesce in the Revolution of July; and, lo! Louis Philippe did not find it convenient to assist the Italian patriots any farther. The autocrat of Russia, after the breaking out of the revolution in Poland, directed his envoy to visit the Tuileries; and, though the Poles had abundant ground to expect the aid of France, the legions of Russia marched on, until at last the announcement of the fall of Warsaw almost gave rise to a new revolution in Paris. Thus, by skilfully threatening to make France the rallying centre of free principles, and to light up the flames of war in Europe, he compelled all the unfriendly powers to recognise his government; and, in return, set himself at work to restore the monarchical tone of France, and commenced a line of policy sympathizing as closely as possible with that of the other great powers.

The foreign policy of Louis Philippe was a bitter disappointment to Lafayette, and the movement party in general, and they did not hesitate to declare their feelings. Lafayette remonstrated with the king often and earnestly, reminding him of the principles of the Revolution, and the obligation that rested upon him to carry them out. He insisted, also, that the work of reform in the government should go on, that the hereditary peerage should be abolished, and that the elective franchise should be extended to a greater number of the people. But the policy of the king was settled. He was determined to remain at peace with Europe, and to share his foreign policy so as to secure it at all events; and he was determined that no farther changes in favour of popular rights should be made in the institutions of the country. The abolition of the hereditary peerage was indeed accomplished in 1831, but it was in spite of the most strenuous exertions on the part of Louis Philippe. He became restive under the urgent appeals and advices of Lafayette, and at last fairly turned his back upon the man to whom he was indebted for his throne. He felt that the influence of Lafayette was too powerful, and determined to rid himself of the encumbrance. A resolution was passed in the Chambers, declaring the office of commander-in-chief of the National Guards incompatible with the welfare of the state, but continuing it during the life of Lafayette: a measure without doubt instigated by the King to accomplish, by an indirect movement, what he did not

people of England, could not now be brought to sustain a war simply to maintain legitimacy. Thence the different governments found it convenient to acknowledge the Revolution of July, though it was an obvious abandonment of the very ground for which they so long fought Napoleon, and which they established, as they supposed, by the battle of Waterloo, and the restoration of Louis XVIII. Thus the great fundamental principle of popular liberty, viz., that the supreme authority emanates from the *people*, is completely established in Europe by the Revolution of July.

dare to undertake openly. It had its effect. Lafayette resigned, much to the relief of the King, who nevertheless uttered many hypocritical regrets upon the occasion. Of course, Lafayette was thrown fairly into the opposition. But Lafitte held office some months longer, until his patience was exhausted; and at last, finding that the King had received despatches from Austria, which were not communicated to all his ministers, he resigned. Thus the two prominent men of the Revolution were alienated from the government and with them the feelings of the people. France saw that no advancement of liberal principles could be expected from Louis Philippe except what he dare not withhold; and the dissatisfaction soon became universal. The first popular outbreak of any importance in the capital took place at the funeral of General Lamarque, June 5, 1832, and was not quelled without great carnage. Louis Philippe showed his respect for the Charter, by placing Paris in a state of siege, even after all danger from the tumult was over; a measure which added greatly to his unpopularity. My readers are familiar with the repeated attempts that have since been made against the King's life, and which have compelled him, whenever he goes abroad, to go in a bullet-proof carriage, surrounded by dragoons. He has lost the confidence of his own people, and gained the support and sympathy of foreign governments; so that we have now the singular spectacle of a close alliance between the *government* of France and the cabinets of the other great powers, especially England, while the *people* of France cherish deep hatred towards the other nations, England in particular. Louis Philippe has no confidence in the people, nor the people in him. But they know that, in a strife with him, they must make their account to contend with the great powers of Europe, whose settled policy is, that France shall not be the propagandist of liberal principles throughout the world.

It may appear surprising to some of my Republican readers that France, after a successful revolution in favour of liberal principles, should so suddenly reconstruct the monarchy; but the circumstances of the Revolution explain it sufficiently. Although discontent had been long fermenting in the capital, the movement of July was an unpremeditated resistance to the despotic ordinances of Charles X. promulgated on the 26th, and had no reference to the succession of any prince; so that, upon the abdication of Charles X., France was without a government, and no party had organized itself to construct one. There was imminent danger of civil war. The Legitimists could not proclaim Henry V., for France had declared irrevocably against the elder branch of the Bourbons; the Bonapartists could not act, for the young Napoleon was in Vienna, and, besides, was unpopular in France on account of his Austrian education; and the Liberal party feared to name a Republic, in view both of the internal condition of the country and the certainty that such a movement would array all Europe in arms against France. The happy device of creating a constitutional monarchy by *the will of the people*, and surrounding it with Republican institutions, acted like a charm; and the Orleans party were prepared with the *man*: a Bourbon, but not of the dethroned family; of royal blood, but of Republican education; willing to accept the throne, but to accept it as the national gift, and thus to recognise the will of the people as the basis of his authority. On these grounds it was offered to him; on these grounds he received

it. Immediate action was necessary to restore public quiet; there was no time to complete a constitution: the existing charter was recognised, and a mere programme agreed upon at the Hotel de Ville, involving the chief elements of reform necessary to perfect the new arrangements of the government.

The great error of the Liberal party was in allowing the establishment of the throne before the complete adjustment of the constitution; but, as the principles of the French Revolution were well understood, they trusted to the honour of Louis Philippe that, as soon as order was fully restored, those principles would be carried out. With the return of order, however, came the consolidation of his government at home amd its recognition abroad. He now found it convenient, first to explain away the programme of the Hotel de Ville, then to deny that such an understanding of principles had ever existed and finally to fall back upon the Charter, as the limit of popular institutions. The changes of the 7th of August were, of course, adopted by the king in accepting the Charter; beyond these it is his settled policy that there shall be no extension of public liberties, while in the actual administration he imposes public burdens and restricts personal liberty, perhaps more grievously than was possible under the Restoration.

Occupying the throne without the affections of the people, he directs his efforts unremittingly to the strengthening of his government and the establishment of his dynasty, applying to this object the untiring energies of a powerful mind, the resources of France, and his own enormous private fortune. His whole domestic and foreign policy harmonizes with his great purpose, and is executed with admirable skill. With a knowledge of the character of the French people almost equal to that of Napoleon, he flatters and feeds such elements of it as will not interfere with his own policy, while he carefully and systematically oppresses the rest. The taste of the Parisian populace for public amusements is fully gratified: the opera and the theatres are assisted from the public revenues; brilliant fetes are given on Sundays at the various palaces in the vicinity of the city; and, on stated days, all the public museums and galleries are thrown open to the citizens. No sentiment is more universal in France than the admiration of Napoleon and respect for his memory, and Louis Philippe is wise enough to take advantage of it. He has not only permitted all the monuments of the Empire which existed at his accession to remain, but has finished, according to the original designs, those which were suffered to stand incomplete during the Restoration, and restored those which had been appropriated to other purposes. The arch of Triumph, which preserves in sculpture the victories of the Great Captain; the column in the Place Vendome, from which he looks down upon the city "that he loved so well;" the magnificent Mausoleum in the Hotel des Invalides—all exist under the policy of Louis Philippe, and serve to identify it with the period of the greatest glory of France.

I have before remarked, that the principal support of Louis Philippe in France lies in the manufacturing and commercial classes. By his encouragement of trade and internal improvements, as well as by the preservation of peace, he has formed a strong party in his favour of manufacturers and traders, whose whole political creed is, "*Let us buy and sell and get gain;* let us be secure in our possessions, and we will support any government under whose shadow we can enjoy them."

The constant effort of his system is to repress the military spirit of the nation, and to divert its love of glory into the channels of the arts, trade, and manufactures: objects praiseworthy, indeed, in themselves, but designed by him only to extinguish the chivalrous love of liberty, and incline the nation to rest under the sway of a strong government, that he may secure the succession of his family.

But, while the king thus appeals to the passions of the lower orders, and to the interests of the middle classes, his precautionary measures are on the most stupendous scale and of the most startling character. comprising the Army, the Police, and the Fortifications of Paris.

THE ARMY.

All Europe is at Peace; yet Louis Philippe maintains a standing army of 400,000 men, fully officered and equipped, and takes every precaution to ensure its fidelity to his family. His eldest son, the Duc de Nemours (who becomes regent on the death of the king), serves in it in person, in Algeria. Yet, notwithstanding all his precautions, he is distrustful of the army; many of his friends think it could not be relied upon in the hour of trial, and the movement of Louis Napoleon at Strasbourg, in 1836, the character of which has been studiously kept concealed by government, evinced the truth of such an opinion. There are now kept in the capital nearly 60,000 troops, and many more in the immediate neighbourhood; the different corps are transferred from one post to another within and without the city, not remaining longer than ten days in any one station, in order to prevent the formation of conspiracies among them. Europe would not permit Louis Philippe to maintain such an army, did she not believe it necessary to the safety of his government, knowing well that if France should rise again, and "conquer her liberties," she would not trust them to a "popular throne, surrounded by Republican institutions."* Her next revolution will result in a Republic without a throne: a signal for a general war, in which France must stand against Europe, or have the foot of another monarch placed upon her neck by foreign bayonets. This last would probably be the result.

THE POLICE.

To an American or English ear the word *police* announces safety, the design of the institution being the protection of persons and property from violation; but in the despotic countries of Continental Europe this is but a minor duty of the police: its higher and more important functions are political. The secret police of the old regime in France filled the Bastille; the Bastille was destroyed, and the people *conquered their liberties*; but the secret police remains, and is as active to-day as it was in the days of D'Argenson, or, perhaps, even of Fouché.

The number of the police, in all the departments of the service, is never made known by the government. The Memoirs of M. Gisquet, late prefect of police, state that in 1832 there were *eleven hundred and forty officers* employed in the prefecture at Paris, besides the patroles, inspectors, and visible agents of all sorts, including the Municipal Guards, a corps of 2600 infantry and 600 cavalry, all picked men,

* The regular army of France, in 1841, was composed of 425,909, men, and 95,819 horses.

whose barracks are to be seen in different parts of the city. And in addition to all these is the far more terrible agency of the *invisible* police, consisting of paid spies, who visit all public places, hotels, and brothels; and a class of whom, formed of debased or impoverished members of respectable and even noble families, mingle unsuspected amid the throngs of the drawing-rooms and soirees of the capital. Says M. Gisquet, "I have had, in the character of secret agents, some persons who occupy a distinguished rank in the world. It is well to have them in all classes of the population; but those belonging to good society are obtained with difficulty, and often require their assistance to be paid for above its utility. Often, in society, a simple remark, made by a person who does not know all its bearings, furnishes a precious insight. Whatever may be people's rank or habitual reserve they may let a word or two escape them which will lead to the track of some secret intrigue." According to the same authority, it is the particular business of a class of secret agents, *since the accession of Louis Philippe*, to collect a minute history of the lives of all persons who have figured in political affairs, to be kept among the archives of the police. This list, at the time of M. Gisquet's retirement from office, contained the names of *twelve thousand persons.** Surely, Louis Philippe must have been taking lessons of the Jesuits!

In November, 1831, the prefect issued an ordinance requiring every householder of Paris to report himself to the commissary of his quarter, specifying every person lodging in his house, even as a friend. If the traveller may judge from the requisitions made on him on his arrival at and departure from the principal hotels, this ordinance remains in force to this day.

Doubtless an effective police is requisite for the protection of persons and property in such a city as Paris; and if the present organization went no further than the legitimate operations of its *brigade of security*, there could be no ground of complaint. But the secret police has no arguments in its favour; the plea of necessity cannot be offered for it, except with reference to the safety of a government which fears the people; and it must, in turn, increase the deep-seated aversion of that people to know that the spies of the monarch infest their places of amusement, their social circles, and even the penetralia of their homes.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

As if fortune delighted to play into the hands of Louis Philippe, the excitement that prevailed in France a few years ago in regard to what was called "the Eastern Question," enabled him to secure a measure which he had long desired without success—the *Fortification of Paris*. The war party gained the ascendency; and though the King dissented earnestly from their views, the nation, reviving all its old and inextinguishable hatred of England, clamoured for war; and and M. Thiers succeeded in inducing him to make preparations on a grand scale, by including in his (M. Thiers's) arrangements the fortification of the city, the darling project of the King. The minister

* Not having the work of M. Gisquet at hand, I have here made us of an article in the Foreign Quarterly Review for April, 1842.

demanded it of the Chambers as a protection to the capital, making the necessity of it apparent from the campaigns of 1814 and 1815:* the King desired it as a means of security against the populace of Paris, in case of a formidable rebellion. An ordinance was immediately issued for its commencement, and in the session of 1841, in the height of the war-fever, the Chambers passed the necessary bills for its continuation.

The plan of the works comprises two distinct features—a continuous enclosure, bastioned and terraced, around the whole city, with a line of wet ditches in front, and a system of detached fortresses, fourteen in number, outside. The system of detached forts was not prominently presented to the view of the public in the original exhibition of the design, and as the regular "zone or belt" of fortification would enable the city to make a successful defence against almost any invading force, and, at the same time, threatened nothing against the people, there was little opposition to its erection. But when the war-fever passed away, and all thought of invasion was at an end, it was not long before the true character of the works, and the design especially of the *detached forts*, began to be penetrated. Since that time the works have advanced with unexampled rapidity, amid the fears and threats of the people of Paris, and with continually increasing opposition in the Chambers. None of the oppressive acts of Louis Philippe have excited so deep and wide-spread dissatisfaction, and it is more than likely yet, that the destruction of the detached forts will be to Louis Philippe what the taking of the Bastille was to the unfortunate Louis XVI.

The works have been prosecuted with an energy unparalleled in the history of human exertion; and what is most remarkable, it is said, though I cannot vouch for it, that every contract thus far has been completed within the time and for the price stipulated, at least so far as the public appropriations go, the King choosing rather to pay any excess out of his own purse than to incur the risk of delay by debates about supplies. It is not wonderful that he desires their completion before his death; for then will come the dangerous experiment of a regency, before the accession of the young Count of Paris. To prepare for this event, the King and his ministers have manifested a determination to put the guns and garrisons in the forts without waiting for authority from the Chambers, which the law authorizing their construction requires. It is not wonderful, on the other hand, that Paris trembles at the possibility of her being thus placed, almost irrecoverably, in the power of a tyrant, and that the Chambers hesitate at granting the supplies which are erecting so formidable a power to overawe them at any moment. What the issue will be, no man can foretel.

FRUITS OF THE REVOLUTIONS.

Has France gained nothing by her two Revolutions? Yes, immensely, and Europe has gained with her. The first Revolution

* "The emperor, after his return from the campaign of Austerlitz, had several plans drawn for fortifying the heights of Paris. His fear of exciting disquietude among the inhabitants, and the events which followed with such incredible rapidity, prevented him from carrying the project into effect."—*Napoleon: Historical Memoirs of*, 1815.

broke up the feudal tenures and church properties,* and destroyed the ancient rights and privileges both of the nobility and ecclesiastics, and thus prepared the way for the entire destruction of the privileged classes, and the distribution of real property more generally among the people: it quickened the popular mind all over the Continent; broke up the slumber of ages, and taught men to think of their rights; produced constitutions, or promises of constitutions, for most of the nations of Europe, and everywhere extended popular liberty by a meliorating the administration of government, and by establishing its dependence upon the opinion of the people, thus sapping the foundation of that most flagrant of political impostures, the doctrine of legitimacy. But the first Revolution, from the very necessity of the case, was bloody and terrible. The evils under which France had groaned were too fearful to admit of anything less than a most fearful reaction; the abuses of the old regime had ground humanity out of the hearts of the miserable masses of the capital, and it could not be expected that when they took power into their hands, they should use it with humanity. But the excesses of the Revolution, justly chargeable upon the atrocious oppressions that caused it, were laid to the charge of Liberty, and the oppressors of Europe took advantage of the slander. The young Republic, with almost frantic energy, armed against the world, and conquered. But the general diffusion of a military spirit was the result, and the nation, wearied with internal discord, gladly obeyed the strongest, who rose to power as the representative of the nation, and maintained himself upon his giddy elevation by a career of victories that throws the names of the Old World conquerors into the shade. Napoleon was driven, partly by his own ambition, and partly by the mad opposition of Europe, especially of England, to a severity of government, almost throughout the Continent, which enabled the great powers, after the disastrous winter of Russia had destroyed his Grand Army, to rouse the *people* of Europe for the first time against him. The issue could not be doubtful. But when the people had conquered, the rulers snatched from their hands the rewards of victory so freely promised to them, and so dearly bought with their blood. The Congress of Vienna was coolly dividing Europe among its masters; the Bourbons were playing their old game at Paris, when Napoleon returned from Elba amid the acclamations of a willing people, and the imbecile representatives of Legitimacy fled before him. At Waterloo British soldiers fought to sustain a worn out dynasty, and Prussians regained the half-lost battle, to secure, as the issue has shown, the thrones of European despotism. But though a Bourbon was again king of France, the days

* According to an old work ("Le Cabinet du Roy," quoted by Linnæus, "Notitia Regni Franciæ," Strasbourg, 1654) the property of the Church in ancient France consisted (with the exception of the *foreign* clergy) of 180,000 fiefs, 249,000 farms, 1,700,000 acres of vineyards (besides 400,000 acres from which they received a third or quarter of the wine), 600,000 acres of unoccupied land, 155,000 of ponds, 900,000 acres of meadow land, 245,000 water-wheels in flour and paper mills, iron-works, &c., 1,800,000 acres of woods, 1,400,000 acres of pasturage. The greater part of the soil was also subject to the tithe of the clergy, and there was not a patch of ground on which there was not a mortgage, rent, or religious foundation (an annual tax of from 5, 10, to 15 sous for a mass, a burning lamp, &c.); even the royal domains were not exempt.—Ex. Am.

of '86 had gone for ever: the France of 1815 was not the France of the old regime; and the administration of Louis XVIII. was compelled to adapt itself to the new spirit of the nation. Liberal principles had been everywhere diffused, and the general mind could not be made to go backward.

The recuperative energies of France were wonderfully exhibited during the Restoration, from 1815 to 1830. She had been twice invaded, had been twenty years engaged in war, had lost 1,500,000 men, had expended fifteen hundred millions of francs, and was condemned to pay fifteen hundred millions more; yet in fifteen years of peace, she not only healed all her wounds, but advanced in wealth and population with a rapidity unknown in any former period of her history.

The sound seeds of the Revolution had time for a more healthy growth during this period of peaceful prosperity; public education was extended, and liberal principles entered largely into the formation of a new and better public opinion. The population of *La Jeune France*, grown up since 1815, had come fully upon the stage by 1830; and the ordinances of the Polignac ministry roused its spirit—a far different one from that of 1789—and produced a revolution, but not a reign of terror. The people established a new government, with such an amended Charter and Bill of Rights as the exigency of the occasion permitted, and with the hope and prospect of a farther enlargement of popular liberty. When Louis Philippe accepted the throne, he accepted it in full view of this tendency of public feeling; and it rested with him to fulfill the hopes of the Liberal party in Europe. He has lacked either the will or the courage to do this—perhaps both. He has restricted, by every means in his power, the liberty of the press; he has opposed the extension of the right of suffrage; he has in many ways contravened the spirit of the Charter. But he has not succeeded in crushing liberal opinions, nor will he: there is patience, indeed, but it is ominous and sullen. That there will be another revolution at his death, or even before it, if the plan of garrisoning the forts, now nearly completed, be carried out, is extremely probable, as the tendency of the age is irresistibly in the direction of liberal opinions.

I have said that France has gained much by her Revolutions; but it has been in spite of her kings. In the theory of her government she is freer than England; under its actual administration she is less so: she has more *political*, but less *civil* liberty. In England free institutions have grown up with the people in the course of ages, and they comprehend liberty, not in theory, but in enjoyment; in France, speculative liberty has preceded free institutions. Hence, in France, the principle of equality before the law has been applied first in a point where it will be applied in England last—the right of primogeniture. Not only is this right abolished, but the holder of property in France cannot divide it by will among his children at pleasure: the law declares that they shall share it equally on his decease. Of course, under the operation of this law, wealth is rapidly diffusing itself, small proprietors are obtaining possession of the soil, the aggregate of enjoyment is greatly increased, and the tendency to extremes of wealth and poverty, as in England, effectually arrested. By the abolition of the hereditary peerage, the aristocracy of France was in effect destroyed, the peers created by the King forming, indeed, an integral part of the legislative body, and thus likely to be attached to the interests of the throne, but yet transmitting neither title nor

property to their descendants. In England, the aristocracy are, in reality, the government. In France there is no exclusive church establishment: Jew, Protestant, and Catholic are on an equal footing before the law, and pastors of each denomination receive support from the public revenues. In England, the alliance between Church and State is drawn closer and closer, as each feels an increasing necessity for the support of the other.

Thus, in the great doctrine of *equality*, especially in its application to *privileged orders*, France is far in advance of England; but, on the other hand, as to the every-day liberties of the individual, she is far behind. She has no *habeas corpus* act, the great bulwark of personal freedom in England and America. The law in regard to political offences is so constructed that the accused is not tried by jury, but by the court of peers, and the forms of procedure are such that the gonernment can ensure the result it may desire. These are the things which make the people of France restless under their freer form of government; while Englishmen generally are remarkable for their reverence for the aristocracy, and their attachment to Church and King, notwithstanding the enormous oppressions imposed upon them by these institutions.

It is a fashionable cant at present (and I am sorry to say that many Americans, especially those who visit France, indulge in it) to praise the *strong* government of Louis Philippe, and to adduce the order and prosperity of the nation as a proof of its adaptation to the present condition of France. Undoubtedly Louis Philippe's strong government, and undoubtedly France is posperous, so far as prosperity consists in mere material things. But do these make up the *all* of human prosperity? To be sure, there is much wisdom in his administration with regard to the interests of agriculture, the arts, and commerce, though even in reference to these it has been greatly exaggerated; but granting it to its fullest extent, do these complete the circle of human happiness? And are commerce, agriculture, and the arts incompatible with free institutions? I blush for my countrymen when I hear such treason against liberty uttered by American lips. The arguments offered to justify the strong government of Louis Philippe would justify the King of Prussia in forgetting his sacred promises of 1815, would justify the despotism of the Emperor of Austria, would lead the world back to the *paternal* rule of Oriental tyrannies. But in the just sense of the words, it is not true that the government of Louis Philippe, or any other which violates the rights of humanity is *strong*. "*The strongest of all governments is that which is most free:*" whatever strength is incompatible with rational freedom is oppression, and contans the seeds of its own destruction.

The right of suffrage in France extends to scarcely 200,000 persons, out of a population of 33 millions—not one elector to 160 of the population.* When it is recollected that the king has 300,000 government appointments to distribute among those electors, it may easily be seen why he so strongly opposes the extension of suffrage, and how readily he can affect the character of the Chamber of Deputies; but, besides this, the deputies elected can hold office under government, which gives the monarch a still stronger hold upon them. Of four hundred

* Nearly two and a half millions of votes were cast in the United States at the Presidential election of 1840—one to seven of the population.

and fifty-nine deputies elected in 1841, at least two hundred were either salaried, or held government places. It must be recollected, also, that the Chamber of Peers, which is created exclusively by the monarch, and a great proportion of whose members derive their subsistence from the bounty of the crown, is an essential portion of the legislative power.

The annual expenses of government under Louis Philippe are greater than they were under the iron rule of Napoleon, or the hated sway of the Restoration. The expenses of the Imperial Government in 1812, as drawn from the French treasury, were 980 millions of francs; during the Restoration, those of the lowest year (1823) were 914,498,987 francs, and those of the highest (1828) were 1,037,491,000 fr.; while the budget of Louis Philippe for 1842 was 1,276,338,076 francs. The principal cause of this difference is the great increase of the army.

I have thus far spoken of the policy and administration of Louis Philippe.* His private character is irreproachable except in one particular—he is known to be remarkably avaricious. He is said to be the richest man in Europe. In the relations of domestic life, as a husband and father, his reputation is unspotted. But he has no qualities adapted to strike the popular mind, or to attract great affection towards his person; no man in France thinks of looking at the king as an example of honour, of gratitude, or of magnanimity.

CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.

Departure from Paris. Courier. Diligence. Beggar-boy. Chatillon-sur-Seine. Sunday at Dijon. Cathedral. Worship. Appearance of the People. Chalons. Steamer. Rush for Breakfast. The Saone. Lyons.

Our first care, in preparing to leave Paris, was to secure the services of a good courier. Unless you understand the languages of Continental Europe well, and are willing to bear the many little vexations to which a traveller is liable in a strange land, it is essential to have the aid of such an assistant. He does everything for you: takes your passage in the diligence or steam-boats, secures you good rooms at the hotels, pays your bills, talks for you, attends to your passports, and sees that no one cheats you, in general, but himself. We had the good fortune to meet with a tolerably faithful fellow, who, as he accompanied us in our journeyings, was always cheerful, active, and ready; and so I do not hesitate to give a good *character* to Samuel Desseaux, courier.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, we repaired to the office in a little court opening upon a street not more than twenty feet wide, where we found our luggage in the care of Samuel, who had secured seats for us in the *diligence*. This curious, lumbering, comfortable conveyance looked strange enough to us at first. It is like three carriages joined together; the first, the coupé, being an open chariot with glass sides and front: the second, the interior, a regular coach body, holding six; and the rear division, the rotond, being a kind of small omnibus, holding six also, with seats placed lengthwise. The first of these is the

pleasantest, and the dearest part of the establishment. There are seats on the roof also, behind the *cocher*. As there were five of us in all, we took the coupé, and two seats aloft, so that we could be aristocratic and democratic by turns, and also see the country. The team consisted of five horses, three abreast in the lead, all harnessed with rope-traces.

In a few moments we were on our way, moving slowly through the crooked streets, and soon passed the Eastern barrier into the open country. Our course lay south by east in the neighbourhood of the Seine. Our night-journey was pleasant and comfortable—thanks to the convenience of the ugly diligence, and we reached *Troyes*, about ninety miles from Paris, in good time for breakfast. Here a ragged, dirty-faced, quick-witted beggar-boy, about ten years old, fairly conquered me. The little fellow looked so filthy, that I determined, before he asked, not to give him anything. As we alighted from the diligence, he held out his hand, which looked as if it had not been washed for a month, and modestly asked an alms. His voice was so gentle and winning, that I found I could not long resist if I listened to him, so I peremptorily ordered him away, threatening to strike him with my cane if he did not be off. The little fellow, detecting a lurking smile which I could not repress, still continued to hold out his hand, nothing daunted, and smiled sweetly through his dirt in reply. I hastened into the hotel, and had forgotten him, until I happened, during breakfast, to cast my eye towards the low, open window; and there stood the little ragged rascal, still holding out his hand for a *sous*, and laughing most bewitchingly. I threw him a piece, and can hardly tell which of us enjoyed it most.

After breakfast we set off again, and had a delightful morning's ride. The country, thus far, was champaign, with but few hills of any elevation. As we approached the dividing lands between the waters of the Seine, which flow into the English Channel, and those of the Saone, which pass by the Rhone into the Mediterranean, we found the country more broken and rolling, but not mountainous. After crossing the Seine, near its confluence with the Douix, a small stream which issues from a rock at no great distance, we reached the town of *Chatillon-sur-Seine* in time for dinner. As we drove into the narrow court of the hotel, the horses went up to the very windows and doors, and we wondered how they or the *diligence* were ever to get out again. Our surprise ceased when we were invited into the left hand door at the leaders' heads, and the horses stepped into the right-hand one opposite. Notwithstanding this unusual vicinity to the stables, we enjoyed our really good dinner with a fine appetite, and paid our three francs each with a hearty good-will. Near the town are the ruins of an old castle of the Dukes of Burgundy; and not far off is a fine chateau, erected by Marshal Marmont.

We had expected, on leaving Paris, to reach Lyons on Saturday night, but found, at Chatillon, that we need not expect even to reach Chalons by that time. Indeed, it was only by riding all night that we were set down in the ancient city of Dijon at five o'clock on Sunday morning. In approaching the town, we found no more appearance of the Christian Sabbath, as it is observed among us, than in Paris. It seemed more like a high market day, as we overtook carts, waggons, donkeys with panniers, women on foot with milk canisters in baskets on their heads; and when we entered the city, the shops were opening

as for a day of business. We reached our hotel, and went to bed to get some compensation in sleep for the two nights and a day spent in the *diligence,* directing our courier to rouse us at eleven o'clock, the hour of high mass at the Cathedral. But sleep was too strong for us, and we were not ready for breakfast until twelve. After breakfast we walked out, and found the bell ringing for worship at the Church of St. Benevigne. The streets are full, however, of a genteel population thronging in a direction different from that of the church, and we discovered, from the placards on the walls, that they were going to a *concert* at the Hotel de Ville, given by the Société Philharmonique de Dijon. The mass performed at the church at this hour was attended only by the lower classes of people; while the élite, who had worshipped at eleven o'clock, were enjoying themselves in the concert-room at one! At half past three the great bell of the Cathedral summoned the people to church again, and we went with them. The service was at its height. We had another proof of the inaccuracy of the statement so often made, that the Catholic churches are not well attended in France, for the Cathedral was literally crowded, though the majority of the worshippers were women. They knelt towards the high altar with much apparent devotion; and all seemed to gather hope and encouragement with the elevation of the host. The scene was particularly impressive at one point of the service, when the great bell of the Cathedral uttered, from its huge Gothic tower, a few deep tones in eager haste, as if there were no time to be lost by the sinful multitude; and they fell down quickly upon their knees, many of them even crouching upon the cold stone pavement, as though they would sink into it. When the blessing was given, they rose and departed, apparently cheered and comforted. I am sure there were many honest hearts in that assembly who sincerely worshipped God according to the way of their fathers. The man who would extinguish the Roman Catholic religion without the certain prospect of establishing a purer form of Christianity in its stead, would deserve the execrations of mankind. What could repay the poor down-trodden population of Europe for the loss of their Christian hope, such as it is? It cheers them in this life with the hope of a better; and who can say that this hope shall perish?*

Immediately after the dispersion of the crowd, the bell began to ring again for mass. I did not return, but walked a short distance to see another church, whose Gothic tower, three hundred feet high, had attracted my attention. I found, on entering it, that the house of God had been turned into a place of merchandise. Men were packing wool where once stood the great altar; and women were selling vegetables where their ancestors had bowed down and worshipped, and this, too, on God's holy day. It was formerly the Church of St. John the Evangelist; but in the Revolution, from which the town suffered greatly, it was converted into a market-house, for which purpose it is still used.

* "Yet are we doomed our native dust
To wet with many a fruitless shower,
And ill it suits us to disdain
The Altar, to deride the Fane,
Where simple sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour."—WORDSWORTH.

Dijon is a very ancient town, the *Dibio* of the Romans. Its streets are crooked, narrow, and destitute of side-walks. The commerce of the place is increasing, and the trade in wines is especially important. Its population is about 22,000. We were again struck with the good looks of the people, especially the better classes, who seemed to be all in the streets, on their way to the concert. There appeared to be an unusual proportion of old men and women—not dry and shrivelled, according to the notion of aged French people which the English have given us, but hale and cheerful. The young women were neat, genteel, and some very handsome, while the appearance of the young men was every way respectable.

As we advanced southward from Dijon, the size and number of the vineyards increased. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town many of them were surrounded with stone fences, which is not the case in the other districts through which we passed. We reached Chalons at about two o'clock on Monday morning, and went at once on board the steamboat to get a little sleep, if possible. There being no beds, I soon disposed myself upon a settee, forming a suspension pillow, *à l' Amérique*, by tying my handkerchief across the legs of a chair. This arrangement was novel to some Frenchmen who entered the cabin, and it tickled them amazingly; but their cheerful laughter did not help my sleep, and in a little while the passengers began to come on board rapidly, so that I gave it up, and determined to go out and reconnoitre the town. It is an old place, the *Cabillonum* of the Romans; has a fine quay, and contains about 12,000 inhabitants.

Our steamer was a long, narrow, uncomfortable, iron affair, and crowded with travellers of all countries and costumes, some of which were particularly queer. The oddest thing, perhaps, was a peculiar kind of cap worn by some Germans on board, composed of a black circular plate, surmounted by a fantastic cylinder, three or four inches high, with heavy fringe at the top, all black. By eight o'clock we began to be a little solicitous about breakfast, as the boat was crowded, and the *table d'hôte* would only accommodate about twenty persons. I soon found that it is not necessary to go on board a crowded American steamer to see *a rush*, for these Frenchmen on the Saone went far ahead of anything of the kind that I had ever seen at home. Some of them even straddled over the table to get at the unoccupied seats behind. The breakfast was well prepared, and abundant: beefsteaks, mutton-chops, chickens, tongue, vegetables, and fruit, with bread, and wine to your heart's content, if you wanted it. The noisy meal occupied an hour and a half, and cost about three francs, with a few sous to the waiter. The company were rather shy of us at first, as we spoke English; but, after a while, it came out that we were Americans, and their whole tone was changed. Never did the magic phrase, "*I am a Roman citizen*," electrify an ancient governor more suddenly than did our "*Nous sommes de l' Amérique*" our French neighbours at the breakfast-table. We were lions from that time forward.

The banks of the Saone cannot compare with those of the Seine. They are generally flat and uninteresting; the towns along the banks do not seem to prosper, and there are but few boats to be seen upon the river. The water is a clear light green, reminding me of our own beautiful Ohio. A number of graceful suspension bridges overhang the stream. Farther south, the hills were constantly in view upon the right side—not ridges, as upon the Seine, but separate high mounds,

with their bases touching each other. Above *Trevoux* the first appearance of a really mountainous region begins.

Our course down the river now began to be embarrassed. The navigation is rather difficult at the best, and it was rendered more so by a number of boats, drawn by horses, that blocked up the channel below a large quarry on the right bank. At last, the boat came to a dead stop, brought up suddenly upon a sand-bank. Here was a pretty prospect of getting to Lyons! It was some consolation, however, to see our rival steamer, the *Hirondelle*, which had passed us an hour before in great triumph, lying broadside on the bank to the left, unable to move. Our captain, anxious to retrieve the credit of his boat, used every exertion, and quickly she fell off to the right, rubbed hard, and was afloat. Triumphing in our turn, we bade adieu to the Swallow, glided swiftly down the river, and soon saw the evidences of approach to a large town; the hills were cultivated, in pretty patches, to their summits; and fine chateaux, with groves, gardens, and statues, adorned the banks of the stream. In an hour more we came in sight of Lyons.

CHAPTER XIII.

LYONS.

Lyons. Appearance of the City. Streets. Trade and Manufactures. Ancient Lugdunum. Sight of Mont Blanc. Roman Remains. Relic Shops. Notre Dame de Fourvieres. Subterranean Chapels of St. Irenæus. Public Buildings. Hotel.

At about five o'clock on the 27th of June, our little steamer came to at the quay at Lyons, and we gladly left her. Our luggage was carried to the custom-house; but I directed Samuel to say that it belonged to some American travellers, and the officer at once ordered it to be taken away without being opened. We drove to the *Hotel de l'Europe*, entered its pebble-paved court, ascended by a broad stone staircase, which looked as if a carriage and horses might have gone up with us, and found rooms on the third floor, with brick floors and faded furniture, yet comfortable enough at this season of the year.

The situation of Lyons is as fine a one as could be conceived for a large town. Lying at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, it fills up the tongue of land which rises from the point of junction to the high grounds back of the town, and occupies, also, the opposite banks of both rivers. The right bank of the Rhone is lined with a substantial quay, built up with large stone houses, from five to seven stories high, of a dark grayish colour, pierced by comparatively few and small windows. Those of the Saone are occupied principally with large buildings, appropriated to manufacturing purposes. Both rivers are spanned by several bridges; one of which over the Saone is a beautiful suspension bridge, with colossal bronze lions couching on each of the granite corners, and looking calmly upon the wire cords that spring from beneath, as if watching the constancy with which they support the structure. The streets of the town, except along the quays, are narrow, dirty, and without side-walks. Everywhere you find the stir and bustle of commerce and manufactures. The place reminded me strongly of Pittsburgh; the two rivers rolling by, the

bold elevations around the city, the smell of bituminous coal, and the constant ringing sound of iron working, combine to form a pretty strong resemblance. The population of the town is about one hundred and eighty thousand, the majority of whom are engaged in manufactures and commerce. The principal articles of manufacture are ribands, velvets, stockings, and silk goods of every kind. There are several large factories on the Saone, and also on the high grounds which border the upper end of the town; but a great deal of the manufacture is done in a private way by the workmen at their own houses. The finest and best of the silk goods made here are exported to the United States; but the want of a direct and quick communication with the seaboard has been a great drawback to the trade. A railway is projected to Paris by means of a connection with the Orleans railroad, which, when complete, will afford a rapid communication to Havre.

The *Lugdunum* of the Romans was even more beautifully situated than the modern town, occupying the heights now called Fourvières *(Forum Vetus,)* which overlook the Saone on the west. A little to the south stood an imperial palace, where the Cæsars dwelt occasionally, and where one of them was born. We crossed the Saone by a fine bridge, and ascended a flight of stone steps to a dirty winding street, which led towards the top of the hill. When we reached the observatory on the summit, a sight of which we had little dreamed, and which made us forget all Roman remains for a time, burst upon our view. Casting our eyes over the wide and beautiful plain to the east of the city, we beheld, far in the distance, the mountain ranges of the Alps, and high above them towered their majestic monarch Mont Blanc, clad in eternal ice, and throwing back the chilled sunbeams to the deep blue vault of heaven. The suddenness of this unexpected vision enhanced our delight. To the right of Mont Blanc the range formed a subordinate, yet well-defined rampart of snow and ice. This was all we could see. I hope hereafter to climb their sides, perhaps stand upon their summits, and then speak of them again.

We renewed our visit next day, for the purpose of examining the Roman antiquities. Making a large circuit round the brow of the hill, and ascending for an hour under a burning sun, we reached a part of the remains of the Roman aqueduct ascribed to Marcus Antoninus. It brought water collected from distant streams to the gates of the city, piercing several hills, and carried by gigantic arcades across the deep valleys. The works, taken together, according to M. Delorme,* extended sixty leagues, and supplied as much water daily as would cover the *Place Louis XVI.* to the depth of more than three feet. The *Place* I suppose to contain about five acres. These remains are exceedingly interesting, and deserve to be more fully examined. We visited, also, certain ancient subterranean vaults, supposed to have been the reservoirs of ancient baths. Possibly this was the site of an amphitheatre, as some suppose, and these vaults were used for conducting water to be used in the Naumachia, or exhibitions of sea-fights. There are large circular openings in the ceilings, through which the water may have been pumped up.

The Lyonese have always been a loyal and religious people. The superstitions of Romanism show themselves more here than in any

* Recherches sur les Aqueducs de Lyons.

French town that I have seen. The narrow street through which we passed on our way up the hill was lined with little dirty shops, for the sale of religious pictures, effigies, relics, models of the different parts of the human frame in wax and tallow, and trumpery of all kinds. I was at a loss to know why this particular part of the town was set apart for this strange trade, until we entered the small Gothic church of Notre Dame de Fourviéres, which occupies the site of the *Forum Trajani*, at an elevation of some three hundred feet above the level of the Saone. The church is literally a magazine of these affairs, its walls being covered with arms, hands, legs, and other parts of the human body, and with pictures of persons saved from shipwrecks, and votive offerings of all sorts. Among these ridiculous absurdities, there were appropriate and beautiful inscriptions under some of the offerings of gratitude. I copied the following from a pretty piece of needlework:

"O Marie
Vierge tendre et cherie,
Par vos soins bienfaisances,
Vous conservez ma vie
Et consolez mes parens."

We visited also the ancient church of *St. Irenæus*, second Bishop of Lyons. There is an inscription on the pavement to the memory of 19,000 Christians who are said to have suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Severus. Beneath are the celebrated *Chapelles Souterraines*, into which many of the Christians retired in that time of persecution. They are said to have had schools, and to have celebrated the holy mysteries in these subterranean abodes. The relics of the martyrs are preserved in a stone enclosure about fifteen feet square, defended by a wire grating, through which you may look upon the crumbling mass. Bones, indeed, there are, but it requires a pretty strong credulity to believe that they are verily those of the Christians of Lyons who sealed their faith with their blood more than sixteen hundred years ago. The fact of the martyrdom itself is well attested.

There are other churches in Lyons worthy of notice, especially the Cathedral, but I must hasten on with my narration. The *Hotel Dieu* is not only one of the most magnificent buildings in Lyons, but the best hospital, perhaps, in France or on the Continent. It contains 1700 beds, and receives from seven to ten thousand patients a year. The Town House, or *Hotel de Ville*, is an imposing edifice, and is reputed to be the finest building of the kind in Europe, next to that of Amsterdam. In the *Museum* is a large collection of paintings, and antiquities of the Romans obtained on the site of Lugdunum. The *Public Library* contains over a hundred thousand volumes, and many manuscripts: it is said to be a choice collection.

We spent three days very pleasantly in these rambles in and about this interesting town. Our accommodations at the hotel were good, and mine host was remarkably kind and attentive, partly, I suppose, because we were Americans, and partly because his daughter was to be married on the day of our departure, the prospect of which auspicious event seemed to put him and all his people into the most excellent humour. The young bride was very pretty and interesting, and was to receive a million of francs for her dower: at least Samuel

told us so, and he had reason to know, for he was on the best possible footing with the household below stairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE.

Agriculture in France. No large Fields. Cultivation of Trees. Implements of Husbandry. Plough. Burden Waggons. Draught-horses. Race in a Diligence. Women Labourers. Indian Corn. Valley of Dijon. Shepherds and Dogs. Vineyards. Ordinary Use of Wine. Relation to the Temperance of the People.

While France has eminent advantages for commerce in her central position and her extensive coast on three different seas, she is yet more favourably situated for becoming a great agricultural state than perhaps any other country of Europe. The variety of her soil and the excellence of her climate enable her to cultivate the peculiar productions of both the North and South: grains of all varieties, wines of the finest kinds, and the lemons and oranges of the tropics are among the products of this highly-favoured land. Perhaps two-thirds of the whole extent of France are arable; and the country, irrigated by five rivers, and innumerable smaller streams, is generally well watered. Without entering into statistical details, I shall present here a few of the observations that occurred during our journey through the country, from north-west to south-east.

I have already spoken of the fields as being divided into little patches of different grains and vegetables. As we receded from the capital these became larger, and were of various forms, generally bounded by curved lines. These pretty patches diversify the face of the country very agreeably, and add greatly to its beauty. Another element of beauty, too little seen in our country, is to be found in the groves and trees everywhere cultivated. No such thing is known here as a large plantation laid out in immense fields, bare of trees, and divided by fences. The farmer borders his fields with rows of trees, and permits them to stand scattered over the farm in every direction. I could wish that our Western land-owners would take a lesson from them in this respect.

The implements in French husbandry are very primitive and rude in comparison with those of England and America. Our farmers would smile at the awkward and clumsy plough used to break up the beautiful fields of this old country, the boasted centre of European civilization. If the reader will imagine the fore-part of the running gear of a rude waggon, with a rude plough fastened to the heavy axle by a chain, the whole affair drawn by two oxen yoked to the pole, and guided by a man at the handle, some fifteen feet behind the cattle, he will have some notion of a French plough.

The burden waggons usually have but two wheels, generally very large. The tire is not a continuous circle of one piece, but consists of five or six pieces connected together, often an inch and a half thick and ten inches wide. The axle is actually a large log, the shafts huge pieces of timber, and the bed is made of beams of oak; so that the whole affair would be deemed quite a load of itself in our

country; yet I have seen a single horse, in the large towns, draw this cumbrous vehicle with six or eight casks of wine or bales of cotton, and in the country with a full load of hay.

The common draught-horses are of a singular appearance. They are generally iron-gray or roan, short, tightly built, back round, neck and head short and thick, profuse mane and tail, with not mere fetlocks, but abundance of long hair upon the legs, from the knee-joint to the hoof. Their strength is prodigious. Nor are they deficient in speed and bottom. Horses of the same make are used in the *diligences;* and, though their movement is very awkward, something between a roll and a bound, they make capital speed over a good road. We had good proof of this in our third stage from Paris, when the diligence was carried along at an alarming rate for some distance, in a race with a competitor of another line. As we whirled past our rival, we thought our team, diligence and all, might have carried away the prize in the chariot-races at the Olympic games.

Most of the labourers that we saw at work in the fields were women, usually clad in a short, tight jacket, with a coarse, red woollen skirt, short and narrow. They were generally without stockings, and wore the heavy *sabot,* or wooden shoe, which is little else than a block of wood approaching to the shape of a last, hollowed out to receive the foot. There is no elasticity in their step; but how they manage to walk at all in such gear is a mystery. Of course, these women labourers are not very delicate in their appearance: they are generally short, thin, and homely—indeed, anything but attractive. They work in the fields and vineyards with the men; sometimes, though rarely, I saw them ploughing.

In the beautiful valley of Dijon I first observed our Indian corn growing. By-the-way, this valley is one of the sweetest that I have ever seen. We passed, on the west side of it, through a succession of towns and villages for fifteen or twenty miles, while it stretched away to the eastward, covered with vineyards and fields of grain, like an ocean of many colours, from the whitened rye, ready for the sickle, and the golden wheat, ripening apace, to the deep dark-green of the vine and the rich foliage of the many clumps of trees that adorned the landscape, until the delightful view was bounded by a range of high grounds, whose blue, dim outline was just distinguishable in the distance. It was, indeed, a lovely scene; yet one thing was wanting to make it perfect: there were no neat farmhouses or pretty cottages. These, indeed, are unknown in France, as the agricultural population gather into hamlets and villages, from which they disperse in the morning to their various fields of labour, carrying the provisions of the day with them.

Shortly after leaving Paris, we saw, for the first time, a shepherd and his dog, tending a flock of sheep. There is usually a slip, of from five to twenty feet, between the paved or gravelled road and the adjoining fields, along which there is a shallow ditch to carry off the water. Upon this space the sheep are allowed to graze; the dog keeps close watch, and drives them immediately back when they attempt to trespass upon the grain. The intelligence and sagacity of these dogs are admirable. One of them will lie quietly near the flock, and allow them to nibble the grass within three feet of the grain; but the moment there is any movement like a trespass, he snaps kindly at the offender, without the command of the master. Th

seem to be of a peculiar breed. Not only sheep, but cattle, and even flocks of geese are watched in this way (the latter generally by women), as there are no fences.

Between Lyons and Savoy I saw a horse and cow yoked to the plough together; a singular juxtaposition, which was forbidden among the Jews, and seemed very unnatural to me. I observed, also, three yoke of oxen drawing one plough, which one man guided while another drove the cattle. The field was level, the soil light; and an active man, with two good horses, on a Pennsylvania farm, would have done twice the work of these six oxen and two men.

On the whole, the agriculture of France is in a much lower condition than I had supposed. In no other European country, perhaps, is so large a proportion of the land capable of cultivation; but in no other does it require so large a cultivated territory to feed the same amount of population.

I was disappointed in the appearance of the vineyards of France. I had taken my beautiful idea of the vines and elms married to each other from my school-boy readings from Virgil. I realized it in his own Italy; but in France, a vineyard looks rather like a vast pea-patch. The vines are planted in hills, in rows; and each clump is supported by a stick stuck in the hill, to which the vine is tied, and rises from three to four and a half feet from the ground. The planting is so close as to cover the field completely.

My observations in France, as well as in Germany and Italy, satisfy me that the people in wine-growing countries are much more temperate than in the North of Europe and in America. The common wines which are used on the soil that produces them do not intoxicate, but nourish, forming a large item, indeed, in the pabulum of the peasant. When he goes out to his daily toil he carries with him a loaf of coarse black bread, and a canteen of wine, and these refresh and sustain him: he rarely tastes meat, butter or cheese. This *vin ordinaire* makes a part of his breakfast, of his dinner, and of his evening meal; and costs him, perhaps, two or three cents a bottle, if he purchase it. It is the juice of the grape, not deriving its body or taste from an infusion of spirit and a skilful combination of drugs, as in our country, but from the genial soil and beneficent sun. The truth of what I have here said is supported by the general remark, that drunkeness is but seldom seen in France; and when it is, it does not proceed from the use of the common wine which enters so largely into the sustenance of the peasantry and common people, but from brandy and foreign wines; particular the first, to the allurements of which the hard worked and closely-confined mechanics, artisans, and dense factory populations of the captial and large towns are particularly exposed. I am obliged to believe that the use of the soil of the native wines in any country is conductive to health, cheerfulness, and temperance; and I am as equally convinced that all foreign wines are injurious in all these respects. Hence the bad effects of the wines imported and used in England and America.

CHAPTER XV.

DEPARTURE FROM LYONS.

Departure from Lyons. Market women. Breakfast. Peasant women. The Lovers. Pont de Beauvoisin. Frontier of Savoy. First Dinner in Piedmont. Mountain Road. Tunnel. Chambery. Dun-coloured Cattle. Crucifix. Arrival at Geneva.

At half past five o'clock in the morning we departed from Lyons in the diligence. I had scarcely seated myself behind the coachman on the *banquette*, when he started the horses at a bound with that loud cracking of the whip which none but a French postillion can produce. The road was thronged with market-women on donkeys of all sorts, jacks, jennies, and mules, from the size of a calf to that of a pony, generally dun-coloured. They carried panniers or large baskets, filled with eggs, butter, chickens, &c., suspended on each side of the animal by ropes thrown over a rude pack-saddle, on which sat the dame, generally knitting briskly. At eight o'clock we came to an ugly little village, and halted before the *Hotel du Nord*. From my elevated seat on the diligence I could look into the attic of the building, and saw that it was a cocoonery. Women were before the door sorting the cocoons, whose web is by this time, probably, shinning in the vest of a fine lady in the saloons of Paris, or adorning, perhaps, the person of a chambermaid in my own humble dwelling in Pennsylvania, while these poor workwomen are still clad in their rude woollen petticoats. We were soon seated at the table of the promising hotel. The only thing I can commend was the lavish supply of butter. In Paris they give it to you in thin cakes about the size of a dollar; here it was set before us by the pound. We had not only to put up with a bad breakfast, but with the bad manners of a pretty but foolish brunette, who kept up a broad flirtation with a French travelling merchant during the meal. We paid our two francs and a half with an ill grace, and departed.

It was harvest time, and men, women, and children were out in the fields at work. Infants were sleeping in rude cradles under the trees, while their mothers were toiling in the hot sun. Towards noon I was attracted by the cheerful appearance of a group of peasant-women washing clothes upon the margin of a mountain streamlet; but I soon observed that my neighbour, the coachman, was far more attracted than myself. I could not mistake his affectionate smile, answered as it was by a graceful recognition on the part of a young woman among the group. The colour came and went, flashed up and retreated on the poor fellow's hard and sun-burnt features, and gradually died away as the movement of the diligence increased the distance between the lovers. I was rude enough to look back at *her*, and saw her standing motionless, gazing at her lover, until we were out of sight. I thought more of our *cocher* afterwards.

Our route lay through a fine valley, the most fruitful and best cultivated that I have seen in France. The vines were larger and better trained, generally on mulberry-trees, in their pretty clumps and avenues, large and vigorous. The people seemed to be in good con-

dition, and to have a better idea of *home* than any we had passed, as each little farm had its own separate dwelling, humble, indeed, yet generally clean and comfortable. What a paradise it would be if its population of one hundred thousand was made up of Yankee farmers!

At three o'clock we reached the frontier town, *Pont de Beauvoisin*, which lies on the Guieres, a little stream that divides France from Savoy. At one end of the bridge is the red and blue uniform of France; and at the other, fifty feet distant, the soldier of Savoy, in the white and blue of the King of Sardinia. Our trunks were opened, slightly examined, and passed, while those of our French companions in the diligence were thoroughly searched. Before we crossed the stream, it was certified on our passports that we had left the dominions of France, and this important fact was doubtless known in Paris a few days after. On the Piedmont side we paid two francs to have them *visèd* and signed for Chambery. While these matters were finishing, I looked into the custom-house, and found the officers searching for contraband goods, by running their long iron spears into sacks of corn and other articles. But the most memorable thing at this town of *good neighbourship* was the dinner, the first that we took under the protection of his majesty of Sardinia. The bill of fare comprised *potage* of burned crusts; *veal* broiled black; fish, said to be just out of the river, of which a polite Frenchman in company took one unfortunate mouthful, and swallowed it with sad grimaces; cutlets of *veal* again; and, for dessert, a small pear and two prunes apiece. The bill was three francs each for this most delicate of dinners.

We left Pont de Beauvoisin without regret at five o'clock. It was soon obvious that we were in a country thoroughly Roman Catholic. Crosses were set up along the road, a mile or two apart; and we saw many images of the Virgin, some of them enclosed in strong cases of masonry with glass doors. Over one of these I noticed the inscription, *Reine des cieux, priez pour nous.* The Virgin seems to be a favourite object of adoration here, even more than in France. The road extends along the valley for a mile or so from the town, and is then carried up the mountain. The passage was formerly very difficult, but was made perfectly safe by Napoleon, who erected a strong parapet wall upon the side next the valley. Beyond the little village of Echelles, it winds round into a sort of cove, bounded in front by the towering walls of the mountain, through which we saw no way of escape, until one of us descried, just under the impending cliff, a little cottage, and by it in an opening like a closet door. The thought flashed upon us at once. Man had dared to tunnel this mountain rampart, and pass through the barrier into the valley beyond. The tunnel is nearly a thousand feet long, wide and lofty. It is lighted up at night, and is perfectly safe. Overcome by the fatigue and heat of the day, I sunk to sleep in the diligence as night closed in upon us and woke up in *Chambery*, the ancient seat of the dukes of Savoy, where we were glad to find pleasant rooms and comfortable beds in the *Hôtel des Princes.*

Chambery is pleasantly situated on a level plain, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and contains about twelve thousand inhabitants. Near the town is shown a farm house in which Rousseau formerly re-resided. There must be one prosperous man at least in the place, for

it costs every traveller that turns off here for Geneva four francs to have his passport *vised*. I can heartily recommend our hotel.

We left Chambery for Geneva, by way of Rumilly, in a private carriage. The road lies between the mountain ranges on either hand, and the valley is rich and picturesque. Some of the farms appeared well. The cattle are fine and in good order, all dun-coloured, however; and, indeed, we have scarcely seen an ox or cow of any other colour since we left the French frontier. Oxen are here attached to the waggon or plough in a way that I had not seen before. The yoke is fastened behind the horns by strong straps passing round them, so that the animal draws by his head instead of his shoulders, as with us. They draw very heavy loads. At eight in the evening we reached the ancient town of Rumilly, and our coachman drove up to a low, mean-looking inn; I suggested to him that we wished to go to the *Hotel des trois Rois*, and, after some demurring, he took us there, and we found tolerably comfortable lodgings. Half the world might have lodged there before, judging from the worn-out stone steps by which we ascended to the parlour. Next morning we had something of a quarrel with the smooth-spoken landlady, who charged us four francs and a half each for supper, the highest charge that we had known in Europe.

All along the road we saw crosses in abundance. Within sight of Geneva there was one, a crucifix, which startled us, although we had seen many. Nailed to a cross, about twenty feet high, was a full-length figure of the Saviour, in the agonies of death, the blood trickling down the face, hands, and feet. It was a horrible object, calculated to excite any other than religious feelings. After a pleasant day's journey, we reached Geneva at seven o'clock in the evening.

CHAPTER XVI.

GENEVA.

Geneva. Sunday. Market. Church Service. Amusements. Appearance of the City. Environs. Manufacture of Watches. Reformation in Geneva. Calvin. General Defection. Second Reformation. Evangelical Society. Montauban. Colporteurs. Voltaire. Rousseau. Observations. French Revolution. Visit to Ferney, Chateau of Voltaire.

We were set down at the *Hotel de la Balance* overlooking the rapid Rhone. The next day was Sunday; and, as I had seen no Christian Sabbath (at least as we observe it) since leaving New York, I looked forward with interest, even with curiosity, to the Lord's Day in Geneva, the cradle of Calvinism. I was roused from sleep in the morning by the beating of drums, and looking out, saw the fire companies, in uniform, proceeding to the Campus to exercise their engines. Farther to the left was an open space filled with market-women selling fruits. By nine o'clock the market was over, the people had dispersed, and the streets were quiet. By ten o'clock they were alive again with neatly-dressed groups passing to the different places of worship. We repaired to the English service at the chapel of the Hospital, a plain unpretending room, fitted up for the house of God. We were the first

comers. The congregation was small, but devout. The morning service was impressively read by a young clergyman, whose modulation indicated feeling, but was marred by a little affectation.

Walking out in the afternoon, I found the people of this Protestant city amusing themselves in the public walks, gardens, and places of resort in general. An amphitheatre on the Commons was opened at seven o'clock, and crowds flocked to the performance. The shops in the town were generally closed, but the coffee-houses were open, and we heard and saw the billiard balls in motion as we passed along the streets. The religious observance of the Sabbath ceases with the church services in the afternoon from two to five o'clock, and the remainder of the day is given up to recreation. This division of the day—a little business in the morning, then worship, and finally amusement—seems to prevail all over Europe, even in Protestant countries, except in Great Britain.

Geneva contains 30,000 inhabitants out of the 52,000 belonging to its little canton, the smallest in extent of any in the Helvetic Confederation. The city is compactly built of freestone; partly on both banks of the Rhone, partly on a declivity rising from the side of Lake Leman towards Mont Salive, which seems to overhang the city, though five miles distant. The town is girdled on all sides with fortifications, which have confined its limits; but this circumstance has probably given rise to its unrivalled environs, by compelling the aristocratic and wealthy, who want air and gardens, to go outside the walls and erect villas, which encircle the city for miles in all directions. They are not remarkable for any thing but neatness and simplicity, being generally single houses, painted white, embosomed in gardens and shrubbery surrounded by stone walls. Republics do not in these days produce splendid private palaces nor magnificent public buildings. Neither are to be found in Geneva.

The wealthy and tasteful Genevese, who constitute no small part of the population, dwell in the *upper* city, and have their villas in the environs. The houses of artisans and trades-people are found in the *lower* city, and also the principal hotels, which generally front on the Rhone or the lake. The chief trade of the place is in watches, jewelry, and musical boxes, in the manufacture of which six thousand persons were formerly employed; but the number of workmen is said to have been reduced one half by improvements in machinery, while the amount of manufacture is undiminished. No less than 70,000 watches are said to be made annually, which are sold to travellers and merchants from all parts of Europe. The Genevese have brought to perfection a system of smuggling to Germany, France, and even England; so that the vender will engage to deliver articles, for a small per centage, in Vienna, Paris, or London. Many stories are current to illustrate their expertness in this business.

But the American cannot find himself in Geneva, especially on the fourth of July, as we were, without recalling the services which this little canton has rendered to the cause of liberty. Though her armies and the battles she has won do not stand foremost in Swiss history, yet she was the nursery of those free principles which developed themselves in England, in France, and in America, and which, like good seed committed to the earth by the patient husbandman, are still slowly but vigorously vegetating in Europe. Her geographical posi-

tion, on the confines of France and Italy, and near to Germany, must make her the apostle of liberty in Europe, as she is, perhaps, the life of the Helvetic Republic, which was the exemplar of our own.

Nor is Geneva less an object of interest in a religious point of view. Her part in the great Reformation of the sixteenth century was scarcely less than that of Saxony. From her went out the glorious light through France, the Netherlands, and into parts of Hungary and Poland. If political influences had aided the Reformation in these countries, as in Germany and England, who can say that the fruits would not have been as great and as permanent? But after the death of the master-spirits, Farel, Swingle, and particularly Calvin, who had imparted the mighty impulses to the common mind, a long series of skilful movements on the part of the Roman Catholics, seconded by the civil powers, succeeded in arresting the progress of the Reformation in these countries, and in recovering nearly all the ground lost, except in Switzerland and Holland. And in these last the effort is renewed.

The same general defection, both in piety and doctrine, which followed the Reformation in Germany, England, and Scotland, was experienced in the churches of Switzerland, particularly at Geneva. Not a single light was left in the pulpit. A philosophical infidelity, Arianism and Socinianism, pervaded both ministers and people. Yet so deeply had Calvin impressed his morals and piety upon the population, that the same shameful excesses were not evinced in democratical Geneva as in democratical France. Her system of public instruction diffused more light among the people, and their practice of self-government for a long time had given them the power of self-restraint.

But after a century of darkness and death, the spirit of God again descended at Geneva. A private Scotch gentleman (Mr. Robert Haldane), about the year 1816, visited Geneva, and invited a number of the students of the Theological Seminary to meet him at his rooms in the hotel. He spoke bad French, but the Spirit of God interpreted it to the hearts of the young men, and about a dozen of them were awakened, enlightened, and turned to God with all their hearts.—Among these were the present Dr. Malan, the late Felix Neff, Mr. Henry Pyt, and the present Mr. Merle d'Aubigné. This was the commencement of the second reformation in Geneva. It bears some resemblance to the origin of Methodism in the Church of England, and has the same object in view, *i. e.*, a revival of piety and sound doctrine in the State Church of Geneva, among the Protestant churches in France, Belgium, and Holland, and a more general diffusion of vital Protestant Christianity. Like Mr. Wesley and his associates, these first children of the second reformation became the children of Providence, and followed its openings. Part of them formed themselves into an Evangelical Society to labour for the advancement of the kingdom of God: 1st. By teaching theology, for which purpose they have instituted a Theological Seminary at Montauban, in France, though near Geneva: it numbers forty students now. 2d. By popular exposition of Scripture, for which ministers, but particularly travelling evangelists, are employed. 3d. For the distribution of the Scriptures, and of tracts and religious books, either by gift, loan, or sale. The society was instituted in 1831. Professor Gaussen informed one of our countrymen, the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge, of the origin of the

employment of *colporteurs* by the society, whose office it is to go through the villages on foot, converse with the people on religious subjects, and sell them Bibles and religious tracts or lend them where they cannot buy. This is the origin of their name, colporteur, or *pedler*. Professor Gaussen said, "An individual presented himself to us, and said, 'I was a Catholic, and knew not God; I have found peace in believing upon the Lord Jesus Christ; it was his truth that set me free; I now offer myself to you, to bear that truth to my benighted brethren.' We deliberated, and decided not to send the man, as we had no friends, no Bibles, and but scanty means of obtaining either, while more obvious necessities seemed to press upon us. The one among us whose means were, of all, the most limited, said to the committee, 'Do you suppose that God would send this man, and that he will not provide the means to work with him.'"* The society now employs seventy colporteurs, evangelists, ordained ministers, whom they distribute, as the work requires, chiefly in France and Belgium. Thus Geneva has become again the fountain of light to the surrounding countries.

The Foreign Evangelical Society, recently organized in the United States, employs members of the German Evangelical Society to constitute the American Swiss Committee of Correspondence, through whom the American Society supports, in whole or in part, forty-nine labourers in the service of the Geneva Evangelical Society, as they are satisfied a committee of such men, so situated, can direct the work in France more successfully than it could be done in any other way.—How beautiful the thought, that America and Switzerland are joined together for the regeneration of France! There are many liberal hearts that would come forward promptly, if the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church would prudently and vigorously enter the field as a coadjutor in the great work. Why not?

Two names are associated with Geneva that are connected, perhaps, as closely as that of Calvin with the present condition of humanity, Rosseau and Voltaire. The former was born here, in a street since called by his name; the latter fixed his residence at Ferney, five miles from the town, in 1758, and remained there until the year of his death. The names of these philosophers are generally associated together, although no two men could have been more different in temper, taste, and opinions: their utter want of harmony not only prevented any real friendship between them, but made them, for a long period, bitter enemies. In England and America, however, they are joined together on account of their common hostility to Christianity, though even in this respect they stood on very different platforms, Voltaire being an Atheist and Rosseau a Deist. There is better ground for associating them as the great destroyers of existing institutions, the implacable enemies of kingcraft, priestcraft, and every other craft by which the rights of man are invaded and subdued. They saw mankind degraded and enslaved; and they saw that the Church, which represented Christianity to them, was the great instrument of that degradation. The Church had combined with tyrants to rule mankind; and the common warrant claimed from oppression was *the grace of God*. Voltaire's hatred of Christianity was primarily a hatred of the Church. Rousseau seized upon the great principles of natural justice and equa-

* Breckenridge's Travels.

lity as the true basis of society. The war was necessarily waged against the priesthood as well as against political abuses. The vocation of both these men was to destroy, not to build up. Neither of them was capable of re-constructing society; neither of them had the noble elements of character or principle required in a great reformer. In their work of destruction they were only too successful. They broke up too suddenly the foundations of society, and let the masses loose from the galling restraints of a corrupt Church, without supplying any restraint whatever. The people rushed into the excesses of the Revolution, as if by way of reprisal for their long-continued bondage, and decreed the annihilation of the institutions that had ground them to powder. Instead of reforming the Church, they destroyed her; instead of fixing the authority of rulers on a proper basis, and restricting it within proper limits, they renounced all authority. All Europe felt the tremendous concussion; and European men have not become sufficiently sober yet, or sufficiently disentangled from the immediate results, to judge it rightly. The voice of history will hereafter declare, I doubt not, that the good fruits of the Revolution were manifold more than the evil. Then the men who were the principal agents in producing, or, at least, hastening the catastrophe, will be better understood; and, while their disgusting personal vices will not be forgotten, just honour will be given to the commanding services which they have rendered to mankind. Rousseau and Voltaire were bad men, it is true, but the age of Louis XV. was the age of demons.

These views are beginning to find confirmation even in England. The following eloquent passage from Macaulay may be taken as an index:

"They were men who, with all their faults, moral and intellectual, sincerely and earnestly desired the improvement of the condition of the human race—whose blood boiled at the sight of cruelty and injustice—who made manful war, with every faculty which they possessed, on what they considered its abuses—and who, on many signal occasions, placed themselves gallantly between the powerful and the oppressed. While they assailed Christianity with a rancour and an unfairness disgraceful to men who call themselves philosophers, they yet had, in far greater measure than their opponents, that charity to men of all classes and races which Christianity enjoins. Religious persecution, judicial torture, arbitrary imprisonment, the unnecessary multiplication of capital punishments, the delay and chicanery of tribunals, the exactions of farmers of the revenue, slavery, the slave-trade, were the constant subjects of their lively satire and eloquent disquisitions. When an innocent man was broken on the wheel at Toulon—when a youth, guilty only of an indiscretion, was burned at Abbeville—when a brave officer, borne down by public injustice, was dragged, with a gag in his mouth, to die on the Place de Grêve, a voice instantly went forth from Lake Leman, which made itself heard from Moscow to Cadiz, and which sentenced the unjust judges to the contempt and detestation of all Europe. The really efficient weapons with which the philosophers assailed the evangelical faith were borrowed from the evangelical morality. The ethical and dogmatical parts of the Gospel were, unhappily, turned against each other. On the one side was a church, boasting of the purity of a doctrine derived from the apostles, but disgraced by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the murder of the best of kings, by the war of

the Cevennes, by the destruction of Port-Royal. On the other side was a sect laughing at the Scriptures, shooting out the tongue at the sacraments, but ready to encounter principalities and powers in the cause of justice, mercy, and toleration."

It was under the influence of such views as these that I went to Ferney, to visit the chateau of Voltaire. It stands on a rising ground a little out of the village, and commands a tolerable view of the lake. Mont Blanc, too, is visible, though fifty miles distant. The house itself is not very large, and in all respects different from what we would expect in the dwelling of a man such as Voltaire, of great wealth and inordinate vanity. From the hall we passed into a salon hung with old velvet, furnished just as at the time of his death, and thence into his chamber, with the same chairs, stove, and curtains as when he occupied it last. There, too, was his rough pine bedstead, without paint or varnish, and his mattress and counterpane, all of the plainest. The room was hung with miserable paintings and engravings.

An old gardener of M. Voltaire still lives on the premises—a pleasant, garrulous old man, who has many stories to tell of his celebrated master. He makes some money by selling impressions of Voltaire's seal upon printed copies of a singular adventure between him and Gibbon, and also of the "last verses of Voltaire, dictated the 29th of May, 1798, the day before his death."* He has his master's wig, also, very large, and made of coarse grey hair. I ventured to put it on my head.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAMOUNI.

Departure for Chamouni. The Arve. The Alps. Chars a banc. Houses of Swiss Peasants. Valley of Chamouni. History. Funeral Procession. Excursion to the Mer de Glace. Mules. A rough Road. View from the Caille. Chateau de Blair. Ascent continued on Foot. Doubtful Footing. Field of Ice-blocks. The Mer de Glace. Dangers of the Glaciers. The Garden. Return. Formation of the Glaciers. Movement of Glaciers.

At four o'clock on a fine summer's morning we departed from Geneva for Sallenches, on our way to the far-famed valley of Chamouni. The road keeps the rolling Arve in sight during its whole course, and is full of interest. We obtained an excellent breakfast at Bonneville, above which town the river is spanned by a stone bridge some five hundred feet long. The Alps were before us. At twelve o'clock we reached the kingdom of mists. It was raining

* Derniers vers de Voltaire, dictes le 29 Mai, 1778, jour avant sa mort.

T'andis que j'ai vécu on m'a vu hautement
Aux badauds effarés dire mon sentiment:
Je veux le dire encore dans le royaume sombre,
S'ils ont des préjugés j'en guérirai les ombres.

While I have lived, to frighted fools, mankind
Has seen me boldly dare to speak my mind:
In death's dark realm my thoughts I'll still declare,
And prejudices heal, if spirits have them there.

at intervals; clouds were floating around the sides, and breaking upon the turreted heights of the mural precipices, sometimes concealing them, as the smoke of a broadside conceals the battery, and sometimes uncovering them to the view, when it was as if we had caught glimpses of a hundred Gothic pinnacles upon some old cathedral, while the base on which they rested was hidden in the dense vapours below. At St. Martin we parted with our carriage, as the road becomes more difficult from that point, and took two *chars à banc*, a sort of settee on wheels, not very comfortable, but yet convenient. The aspect of the country was wild and gloomy until we entered the pretty valley of Servoz, out of which the road passes by a defile of great depth, at the bottom of which the Arve rolls its rapid torrent. In an hour more we were in Chamouni, formerly one of the least known of the Alpine valleys, and now so constant a resort of tourists as to be as familiar, in name at least, as any English watering-place. Almost everybody in the *Hôtel de l'Union* came to the foot of its stone steps to meet us, attracted, doubtless, by the portentous cracking of whips which our coachmen kept up.

The houses of the peasants in the valley and dells of the Arve, through which we passed to-day, are generally built with one story of heavy stone, pierced by small windows with iron bars, and an attic story of wood. The stable is not unfrequently under the same roof. Large quantities of wood, cut for winter use, were piled up under the eaves of every house and barn. Occasionally, we saw quantities of wood piled up near a large oven, where the bread of the neighbourhood is baked twice a week, a general custom in France, Savoy, and Switzerland. The people prepare the bread generally in long cylindrical loaves, or in rings some twenty inches in diameter, and convey it to the ovens at a fixed hour, when it is baked in common. The women of these mountain districts have a better appearance than the men. They are not very large, nor overburdened with flesh; tight, neat, apparently strong, but not handsome. Some of them were now mowing in the fields as we passed, and the grass fell as under the stroke of a strong man. The men are not so large and brawny as I had expected in the Alpine regions.

After a sweet night's rest, we spent the next day in looking about the valley. It has been so often described, and, in truth, with so little success, that I will not attempt a description. The green fields of the valley, the sombre forests of fir about the bases of the mountains, the picturesque cottages and hamlets, the lofty summits around, clad with eternal snow and ice, make up a scene of beauty and sublimity almost unrivalled even amid the glories of the Alpine world. We took a walk to the foot of the *Mer de Glace*, where it reaches down into the valley through a deep gorge of the mountains, to look upon one of the sources of the Arve. The raging waters whirled out from beneath an arch of ice, some seventy feet high, lessening as it receded into the vast glacier, which lay crystallized in greenish-blue pyramids from twenty to fifty feet in height, or rent into yawning chasms whose deep-green ice was formed beyond the memory of man. It was, indeed, a sublime spectacle, heightened by the steepness of the glacier, which rose high up into the gorge.

The valley of Chamouni, at the foot of Mont Blanc, was almost unknown to Europe for several centuries. A Benedictine convent was founded here in the eleventh century, and the valley was visited by

the Bishop of Geneva in the fifteenth century, and also by Francis de Sales in the seventeeth; yet its very existence was known to few persons, even in Geneva, fifty miles distant, until an excursion was made to it by two English travellers, Messrs. Pocock and Wyndham, in 1741, whose report of its wonders excited the attention of Europe. Since that time it has been visited yearly by an increasing number of travellers. Its principal village is *the Priory*, containing a church and two good inns, at one of which, *l'Union*, as I have said, we found very comfortable quarters.

The finest excursion from Chamouni is that to the Montanvert, to visit the *Mer de Glace* (sea of ice,) and also to see a little garden, that keeps its verdure amid surrounding snows and ice, more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. We fixed the 7th of July for this excursion. The morning opened sweetly upon this giant mountain world, and I rose early to prepare for the excursion.

Looking out from the window of the hotel towards the church, I was struck with the appearance of a procession moving slowly around it, of persons arrayed in white, while a venerable baldheaded priest carried the cross before them. It was a funeral. The grave received its charge enclosed in a rough pine coffin, upon which was laid a cross, and another weary mortal was safely at rest within the kind bosom of our common mother. The procession left the graveyard and entered the church; but one lone woman remained behind and knelt upon the green earth. The early hour, the deep quiet of the valley amid these cloud-capped mountains, the anguish of the bereaved woman, all combined to render the scene impressive in the extreme.

Breakfast over, we hastened to the courtyard to mount our mules. There was a party of English, ladies and gentlemen, departing for Martigny, and mules were in demand; I went down last into the courtyard, and had Hobson's choice, but this was of little importance, as all were good and well trained. We set off in single file, our guide before on foot, and a boy behind carrying the ice pikes, about six feet long, armed with iron points. Passing across the valley to the foot of the Montanvert, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, which, at a distance, had appeared absolutely impracticable. The way for some distance, through what may be called the *fragment* region, is impeded by masses of granite, fallen from the heights. Above us we heard the shrill notes of a brass band, and directly we turned an acute angle, saw a boy playing a medley of instruments by machinery, with which, like thousands of Swiss and Savoyards scattered all over the world, he gained his daily bread. After an hour's travel, we reached the *Caille*, a fountain half way to the glacier, and paused to look back upon the valley. The patches of grain in the fields appeared like the squares of a chess-board; the houses like little boxes; and the Arve like a thread of silver winding over the varied surface. The mountains opposite seemed like the northern barrier of the world, for all was sky beyond; not the dim horizon of a level region, but the deep blue empyrean, interrupted but in one point by a gigantic Alp that lifted his dark gray head aloft, like a self-supported tower in the heavens.

The way now entered a pine forest, which refreshed us by its coolness; and though the ascent was steep, yet the path had more soil, which was grateful to the mules, and not unwelcome to us. At the end of another hour, our guide exclaimed, *Maison voila;* and I heard

my friend Mr. S. hurrying from behind to be first at the *Chateau de Blair*. To this I demurred: we tried the speed of our mules with whip and heel; I came in half a length ahead, and mountain and glacier rang with the gay hurrah of our little troop. This Chateau de Blair is a small pavilion where beds and refreshment are provided for visitors; it is so named from an Englishman, who erected a little hut here a number of years ago, now used as the stable of the establishment. On a small stone over the door of the house is an inscription, "*A la Nature*:" appropriate enough, for surely I felt, while gazing upon the glacier and the mountains around, that the hand of man had nothing to do in congealing that immeasurable mass of ice, or in building up and pinnacling those aerial summits, on whose sky-peaks an eagle might grow dizzy as he looked into the yawning chasms below.

After a rest of half an hour and some refreshment at the house, we set off on foot, pikes in hand. Our spirits were at the boiling point when we started, but it did not take many minutes to cool us down. I had heard of the difficulty of the pass from the Chateau de Blair to the left of Montanvert, but had no conception of what we had to encounter. The mountain side on our right was incased with smooth strata of gneiss-rock, rising some three thousand feet above us, at an angle of eighty degrees, but seemingly perpendicular; while, hundreds of feet below, yawned deep chasms of ice, in which were lodged large masses of granite that had fallen from the heights above. We had to pass some fifteen or twenty feet along the face of this rock, where the only support for our feet was the narrow edge of a stratum, scarcely two inches wide, while with one hand we took hold of a similar edge above, and with the other fixed our pikes in an edge below. After two achievements of this sort, we were congratulating ourselves upon having seen the worst of our pilgrimage, when the guide began to descend towards a vast field of ice-blocks and granite, the ruins of an avalanche which had rushed down from above, and been subsequently uncovered by the melting of the snows. We asked, with one voice, if *that* was to be our course, and felt a little dashed by the calm *oui* of the guide. There was no help for it, so we began to leap from rock to rock, to slide down the surface of the ice-blocks covered with powdered ice and small fragments broken by the contact of the granite masses in their fall; and to crawl under and over the masses where the distances were too great for a leap.

Having passed these mountain ruins, we turned upon the glacier itself, which had been upon our left for some time. We found our conceptions of the *Mer de Glace*, like those of most persons who only hear of it, to be quite erroneous. Instead of a sea of ice, smooth, hard, and level, it was a congealed mass of what we call *slush*, that had rushed down into the gorges in the spring; in some places, where it had dissolved more perfectly, it was formed into clear and solid ice; in others, it was soft snow filling up the chasms. It is this last circumstance that makes the principal danger of the excursion, as the inexperienced *voyageur* cannot at first distinguish the solid ice from the treacherous snow. A Danish traveller, a number of years ago, on the glacier of Buet, disregarding the advice of the guide, was thus deceived, fell into one of these awful chasms, and was never heard of again. The surface of the glacier is of course very uneven, but rarely slippery, except early in the morning, before the

sun has had time to make an impression. We found it no very pleasant *promenade*, ascending icy ridges from ten to thirty feet high, and frequently leaping over fissures from two to five feet wide, and of unknown depth. In one of the widest of these a large block of granite had lodged some two feet below the edge of the chasm, where our guide planted himself, and took each of us by the hand to help us over. On the surface of the glacier little rills and streams collected their waters together, and now and then precipitated themselves into these icy caverns, through whose sub-glacial passages they find their way out into the valley at the base of the glacier, and form the Arve.

We passed several wells which M. de Saussure caused to be sunk to the depth of three hundred feet into the ice, to ascertain its thickness, without success. Many huge blocks of granite were scattered over the glacier, some of which, from the melting of the ice around them by the heat which they reflected, were sunk deep into it; while others were poised above the surface on pyramids of ice, which they had protected from the rays of the sun. For three hours we had been approaching the lofty Mont Jorasses, which rose immediately before us, projecting into the glacier, leaving a gorge on the right towards Mont Blanc, and on the left a cove, in which lay the *Jardin*, concealed from our view. The spot seemed to be but a few hundred yards distant, and we were not a little dismayed when the guide, in answer to a question as to the distance, replied *deux bons heures*. But the worst was over. We went round the mountain, and at half past three o'clock, after five hours' fatigue, sat down in the midst of this Alpine oasis. The sward was rich, and decorated with many little wild flowers. The beams of the sun, collected by the precipitous rocks arranged round us in a semicircle, warmed and refreshed us, as they had warmed into life the verdure of this little spot embosomed in eternal snows. We drank from a leathern cup two toasts in the crystal snow water: the first to our country and friends; the second, to Mont Blanc, which stood directly before us, piercing the sky. Between us and the mountain, and descending its flank, like a frozen cataract, lay the Mer de Glace, studded with its blue-green pyramids, and rent into gaping chasms. Never had I such a conception of the *wonderful power of God*, as when standing in the midst of this Alpine world, upheaved out of the ancient ocean of which Moses spake when he said, "*The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the great deep.*"

> "The Alps,
> The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
> All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
> Gather around these summits, as to show
> How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

My musings were cut short by the guide announcing that it was time for us to return. This was accomplished with much more ease than the ascent; and in three hours and a half, I heard one of our party exclaim, as the little Chateau de Blair appeared before us,

"That is a glorious sight." In a few minutes we were stretched at full length in the pavilion, some on benches and some on the floor. If the rest was refreshing, the dinner—which we had ordered in our way up, and now found prepared for us—was not less so. Two of the party descended, after dinner, to the village, where they arrived at half past ten at night; but Mr. C. and myself slept at the chateau, and rising early next morning, reached our inn at Chamouni before breakfast. So ended our pilgrimage to the *Mer de Glace*, the most exciting and difficult excursion that I made while abroad. It thoroughly cured me of my earnest desire to ascend to the summit of Mont Blanc; and if it had not, the wish must have remained ungratified, as the ascent at that time was impracticable, owing to the softening of the snow by the quantity of rain that had fallen for some days previously.

The sublime features of Swiss scenery are the lofty Alps, and the glaciers which lie high up in their gorges, and extend down, like frozen cataracts, into the valleys below. It is estimated that there are three or four hundred of these glaciers in the Alpine regions, of various extent, from small ice-fields to vast seas such as the *Mer de Glace*, which I have attempted to describe. They are continually in process of formation and destruction, the snow drifting into the gorges in the winter, and in summer partly dissolving during the day, and freezing during the night. The texture of the mass is not regular, but harder in some parts than others, and mixed up with fragments of stone from a grain of sand to a thousand tons' weight. As summer advances, the mass lessens. The debris from the mountains appear on the surface in piles and ridges of from twenty to eighty feet in height. The increased temperature of the earth dissolves the ice in contact with it at the bottom, producing a slippery surface, on which the mass descends slowly, by the force of gravitation, towards the valley. The advance of the *Mer de Glace* is supposed to be about five hundred feet annually. Another result of the dissolving of the ice is the rending of the mass into frightful chasms, into which the rushing rills formed by dissolving snow precipitate themselves, and issue in a collected stream into the vale below. The gradual descent of the mass to the valley, and the irresistible force of the subglacial torrents, bring down the fragments of rock, and discharge them far into the valley beneath, piling them up in frightful confusion, resembling the ruins of a mountain world.

The chasms which are visible at the surface of the glacier descend to unknown depths, and by the action of the running water and the temperature of the earth, are enlarged into irregular caverns, which connect with each other by avenues propped by irregular ranges of ice pillars, and finally open into the valley at the foot of the glacier. Sometimes the adventurous shepherd falls into these frightful chasms; and there is a well-attested instance of one who wandered about in them, and by the aid of the dim twilight which pierced through the ice, found his way out into the valley, having had only an arm broken.

Professor Hugi, of Soleure, entered these subglacial caverns by the bed of an exhausted torrent, and wandered through them for two hours, penetrating under the glacier for more than a mile. He describes the mass as worn away into dome-shaped caverns, from two to twelve feet in height. Sometimes he could walk upright, but at others was obliged to crawl through the narrow fissures. A dim light was diffused

everywhere, but not sufficient to enable him to read, except near the crevices. The water dripped upon him continually from the white icy stalactites which depended from above.

Our adventure upon a glacier, the reader will remember, was upon the *Mer de Glace*, which is about twenty-five miles long and from two and a half to three wide, and descends from the flank of Mont Blanc, over steep slopes and through gently-descending gorges. At a distance, the ice on the slopes appears to be formed into immense greenish-blue crystals from ten to fifty feet in height; but, upon examination, they are found to be pillars of compact ice, from around which the snow and softer parts have dissolved, and left them standing as detached pyramids. They frequently give way as the summer advances and fall down the frozen steep, carrying away others below them. We witnessed one of these avalanches over the icy precipice which descends headlong from the higher regions of the *Mer de Glace* into the valley of Chamouni; and the prolonged, interrupted, and reiterated thunder of the falling masses, as they dashed from height to height, or glided smoothly on the intervening inclined planes, increasing in bulk and velocity until shattered to pieces on the ruins below, was sublime beyond description as it reverberated from the surrounding heights, and died away in the distant gorges.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARTIGNY.

Martigny. Goitre. Liddes. Quarrel with Guides. Mules. St. Pierre. Ascent of St. Bernard. The Hospice. Napoleon's Passage of St. Bernard. History of the Hospice. Monks. Noble Charity. St. Bernard Dogs. The Morgue. Chapel Service. Catholic Piety. Chapel of the Convent. Return. The Harvest. Martigny. Tricks upon Travellers. Lake Leman. Geneva.

We left Chamouni, at eight o'clock in the morning, for Martigny, by way of the Col de Balme, from which point there is a glorious view of the vale of Chamouni and of Mont Blanc. After a fatiguing journey of nine hours, we reached Martigny, and enjoyed a sound night's sleep in a tolerable inn. On the next morning, at six o'clock, we set off for the Pass of the Great St. Bernard, about twenty-seven miles distant from Martigny. We had *chars à banc* as far as Liddes, beyond which place mules are necessary. The people in this mountain district were a poor-loooking race, undersized and *scrawny*. I observed fewer cases of *goitre* than in the other Alpine regions through which we had passed: the water is warmer, which may be, according to the common notion that the disease is caused by the use of cold snow water, the reason why it prevails less here. The countenances of most of the peasants that we saw, with or without goitre, in these wild passes, were heavy and unexpressive, and their movements destitute of activity. Man, like the dumb animals, flourishes best on the rolling fields and fertile slopes, equi-distant from Alpine regions on the one hand, and river-deltas on the other. The bonnets of these Valais peasants were peculiar: low, small, and narrow-rimmed, with a broad, fanciful riband, gathered up so as to hide the crown from view.

At Liddes we stopped for refreshment. An hour and a half's rest satisfied us, but not our guides. After waiting some time, I found my patience fast oozing away, and stepped below to find out the cause of the delay. There were the guides, our faithful Samuel, and several *loafers* of the neighbourhood in high glee over a flagon of wine and so happy that it seemed a pity to mar their enjoyment. Nevertheless, as they would not understand my gentle hints, I found it necessary to get into a passion, which soon called them to their feet; yet they did not wish to set out, and it was not until I shook my fist at the guide, and scolded Samuel more vehemently than I had any occasion to do, that they could be convinced I was in earnest. In a few minutes the mules were ready—and such mules! We really stood aghast before the miserable, scrubby beasts, drawn up in front of the inn, each with a large sack of provender on his back. It was quite a feat to get one's legs gracefully over the animal thus awkwardly encumbered; but at last we were fairly mounted and off. The little village of St. Pierre was soon passed—not so soon forgotten, for it has the distinction of being the dirtiest place I ever saw in my life.

Just beyond this filthy village, the road crosses a deep abyss, through which the rapid Drance rushes on its way to the Rhone. In a short time vegetation disappeared, and the aspect of the region around was dreary and desolate. Beds of snow, from two to twenty feet deep, began to appear. Still ascending, we saw on the wayside a plain wooden cross, and, still farther on, two of the noble dogs of St. Bernard stood, and quietly turned their mild, benevolent eyes towards us as we passed. At three o'clock we reached the summit of the pass, and saw before us the massive walls of the Hospice, the highest human habitation in Europe at least, being more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. A polite and good-looking monk greeted us at once to our chambers, and from thence to a saloon, where we found a comfortable fire.

The Pass of the Great St. Bernard is one of those through which the Roman legions used to defile on their way across the Alps. For two thousand years it has been open as a passage between Italy and the country north of the mountains; but it was made more memorable than ever by the famous passage of Napoleon's army of reserve, in May, 1800, on its way to the field of Marengo. Sixty thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon passed over between the 16th and 28th of the month, on which last day Napoleon himself crossed. The passage of the men, though a great achievement, was not so wonderful as that of Hannibal over the Little St. Bernard; but the great difficulty was the transportation of the artillery over paths impracticable for wheel carriages. The energy of the First Consul, the skill of his engineers, and the indomitable spirit of the French soldiers, surmounted all the difficulties of the pass. Large trees were hollowed out to receive the guns, and a hundred men harnessed to each drew them up these mountain steeps.

The Hospice stands on the north edge of a small lake in the plateau at the summit of the pass. At the south end there stood formerly a temple to Jupiter, of which the foundations still remain, with a few pieces of the marble cornice; and many coins and inscriptions in brass, found upon the site, are preserved in the museum of the convent. The Hospice itself was founded at a very early period, for the comfort and relief of travellers in these dangerous passes, and was re-

established A.D. 962 by St. Bernard, from whom it derives its name. Ever since that period it has been kept up, with occasional interruptions, and with vicissitudes of wealth and poverty. At one time it owned broad lands in Sardinia, Flanders, and even in England; but at present its resources are limited, and its principal support is derived from the charity of the benevolent abroad, and from the contributions of travellers to the box in the chapel. Some ten to fifteen monks of the Augustine order reside here, where they are bound by their vow to remain fifteen years, though the severity of the climate generally cuts the period down to nine or ten. No design could be more praiseworthy than this, and no self-denial more noble than that by which it is carried out. Every morning in the winter, a monk, a servant, and one of the dogs* of St. Bernard descend the mountains in each direction to search for travellers who have been overtaken in the snow-storms, who are conveyed to the Hospice, refreshed, and sent on their way. In many instances the unfortunate wayfarer perishes before this benevolent aid can reach him. In that case the body is taken to the *morgue*, or dead-house, a stone building about eighteen feet square, where it remains until it is claimed by friends, or gradually falls to pieces in the lapse of years. It never thaws, nor does corruption or the worms of death ever invade the inmates of the cold charnel-house of St. Bernard. It presented a fearful spectacle, as we looked through the grated window; and I shall keep the image of it to my dying day. The cold earth floor was strewn with bones, and bodies half crumbled, which had fallen from their leaning posture by the wall; others stood there, as they had stood for years, and seemed to turn their ghastly gaze upon us; one especially, whose winding sheet, his only coffin, was yet perfect around him. But what clings to my imagination most closely and sadly is a mother and her infant. She had clasped her child to her bosom, drawn the skirts of her gown around it, pressed her hands firmly about his neck, then looked back over her shoulder as if for help, and died! There they stood before me, just as they were found. With saddened hearts we turned away, and retraced our steps to the convent.

We found the monks pleasant and agreeable men. After a very comfortable meal and an hour's chat by the fire, we were shown to our chambers, and slept well, after a fatiguing day, on the good clean beds of the convent. Next morning we rose early, in time to attend mass in the chapel. Within, the tones of the organ were sounding sweetly, while without the wind was howling over the snow-clad mountains, as it does on the wild December nights at home. How beautiful it was—the worship of God on this dreary mountain-top! I *felt* its beauty, as I listened to those deep organ tones, and heard the solemn chant of the priests in the mass; and I honoured in my heart these holy men, who devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life in order to do good, in the spirit of their Master, to the

* These noble dogs are of a tawny colour, very large and well built, and peculiarly marked by a deep furrow in the nose. Their sagacity is only equalled by their affectionateness. When they leave the Hospice on the winter mornings, each carries a small basket fastened around his neck, containing bread and wine for the refreshment of any wayfarer that may be found in need of succour. One of them saved the lives of fifteen persons in one day not many years since. I regretted to learn from the monks that but three of these noble animals were left, and that they had some solicitude in regard to the preservation of the breed.

bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honour them the less that they were Romanists and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds that they were doing—and that when none else could do them. A man must be blinded indeed by prejudice, or bigotry, that cannot see the monuments of Catholic virtue and the evidences of Catholic piety in every country in Europe; and worse than blind must he be that will not acknowledge and honour them when he does see them.*

The chapel of the convent is gaudy with bad painting and gilding. At the right of the altar stands the figure of St. Augustine; on the left, that of St. Bernard, founder of the Hospice; and not far off, that of St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the Hospital for Foundlings at Paris. The association was appropriate. In a glass case lay a wax figure of the Virgin asleep, clad in silk and tinsel, with white hands, and delicate feet in pretty sandals. At her feet stood a small porcelain vase, with the inscription, *Vas sanguinis*. I did not understand this.

At seven o'clock coffee was served in the *salon*, after which we prepared for our departure. No charge is made for food or lodging at the convent, but visitors make their offerings of recompense at the little box in the chapel. I do not know when I have made a more willing one. The good monk who had attended us during our stay had gained our regard in that short time, by his urbanity and kindness, and our parting with him was even affectionate.

Equipped in surtouts and cloaks, as for a winter's morning, we set off down the mountain and over the snow on foot, the mules and their drivers following. The clouds rolled cold and heavy about the mountain peaks as we descended; but in three hours we were on the sunny slopes below, in the midst of hay-harvest. The whole population of the neighbourhood, men, women, children, and mules, were at work, gathering home their winter provender; and all alike, men, women, children, and mules, seemed as if made for these mountains and dells. Certainly they require a larger share of patience and industry than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals, to gain their living here. The hay must be carried home on the backs of mules; and they look, with their enormous loads, like haystacks walking on four legs, the body of the mule being entirely covered. You cannot help thinking that the animal is oppressed; but his strength and habits are equal to the task. At Liddes we resumed our *chars à banc*, and as the way was down hill and it had begun to rain furiously, we drove at full speed, emulating the rapid Drance, that rolled headlong beside us, and soon reached Martigny, ready to do full justice to the viands of the excellent *table d'hote* at five o'clock.

Begin anxious to get to Geneva as soon as possible, we took seats in the diligence to Villeneuve for ten o'clock the same night; but as it came in full from Milan, we were sent out in a private carriage to

* "Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine, or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale or champaign wide—
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity! to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know."—WORDSWORTH.

St. Maurice, with a promise that we should have seats there; but instead of getting them, our carriage was taken from us, and two small vehicles, one of which was open and without springs, were all that could be had for the accommodation of our party. It fell to the lot of Mr. W. Samuel, and myself to occupy the waggon, so that we had the comfort of riding four hours on two rails. A traveller *en route* at midnight, and in haste, has no alternative or redress, so that it does no good to get into a passion; but I must confess that my temper was tried a little. At last we reached the little ill-looking town of Villeneuve, and took a small boat for the steamer *Leman*, which lay at some distance from the shore, as the waters were shallow. At half past seven in the morning we got under way. It was a beautiful, brilliant day, just such a one as we should have desired for our first voyage upon the "clear placid Leman," whose beauty inspired Rousseau, Voltaire, and Byron. Our course lay along the northern or Swiss side of the lake, where the slopes are more gentle and fertile than on the south, and often extend far back into the country, covered, down to the water's edge, with rich vineyards, clumps of trees, and orchards, where chateaux or villages lie embosomed, while the larger towns are on the border of the lake. On the Savoy side, the Alps press down to the water's edge, and are reflected from its clear blue surface. As we approached the lower end of the lake, the hills receded on each side, until the Juras came into view on our right, and Mont Blanc, with the intervening Alps, on our left. It was, indeed, all that I had imagined, and far more—this delightful sail upon the bosom of the Leman. At one o'clock the boat came to anchor off the Grand Quai, and we were soon at the *Hôtel de la Balance*. A bath in the transparent waters of the Rhone, a change of clothing from head to foot, and a good dinner, removed all the fatigue of our laborious excursion to the Great St. Bernard.

CHAPTER XIX.

GENEVA.

Departure from Geneva. Environs. Coppet. Madame De Stael. Nyon, Birthplace of John Fletcher. Lausanne. Gibbon. Excellence of Roads. Cattle. Payerne. Queen Bertha's Saddle. Freyburg. Cathedral. Organ. German. Swiss. Costumes. Difference between Catholic and Protestant Cantons. Berne. Sunday. Worship at the Minster. Appearance of the Town. Bears of Berne. View from the Minster Tower.

THE day after our return to Geneva was devoted to writing letters to our friends at home, and to the necessary preparations for our departure for the Rhine. Towards midnight every thing was ready, and I went to rest, ordering Samuel to call us at five, and have breakfast ready at six next morning. It was easy enough to give these orders at night, but not so easy for me to avoid scolding Samuel, when, at the stroke of five, he startled me from a sweet slumber, and recalled me suddenly from a dreamy excursion to my childhood's home. But Samuel was right, and breakfast was nearly ready, so that I yielded at last.

In order to have full command of our movements, we secured a car-

riage at Geneva, and at seven o'clock in the morning took our departure, my young friends within the carriage, and myself outside with the driver. The sun shone brilliantly; the Leman lay before us in its placid beauty; a sweet breeze came athwart its gentle waves, and fanned us as we rode along the bank. Our course lay up the northern shore of the lake. The road was bordered by hedges and stone walls, clustered over with vines and shrubs; many mansions, in simple and beautiful taste, surrounded with shrubbery and gardens, occupied the adjacent grounds. The environs of Geneva are not exceeded by those of any town or city I have yet seen. The whole country, for a mile or two around, is literally covered with pleasure-grounds and gardens; and the city itself, with its red tile roofs, looks, at a distance, like a blemish on the bosom of this lovely scene.

In three hours we came to Coppet. This little village is entirely unimportant in itself, but its name is known to the world as the abode of Neckar and his celebrated daughter Madame de Stael. The chateau in which they lived is a plain, unambitious edifice, on the edge of the village. Her remains, as well as those of her father, are deposited in a tomb not far from the chateau, which is closed against visitors: a foolish prohibition, and almost the only instance of the kind to be met with in Europe.

Nine miles farther on stands a little village, whose name, though unknown to the great world, will send a thrill to many hearts that never heard of the author of Corinne. If, at Coppet, I paused to muse upon the genius, the fame, and the errors of a highly-gifted woman, who stood among strong men as an equal in a time when the intellect of Europe was strained to its utmost tension, it was with a far deeper feeling of reverence and love that I thought at *Nyon* upon the saint-like piety; the self-sacrificeing benevolence, and the untiring zeal of *John William de la Flechere*, the assistant and friend of Wesley. Honouring the memory of the devoted evangelist as we did, it was with no ordinary emotion that we entered the house and stood in the chamber where he was born. Here, too, were the gardens in which he had walked; and not far distant the grove in which he explained the Word of Life, after his energetic and evangelical preaching had procured him the ill-will of the neighbouring pastors, and closed the doors of their churches against him. Of all the names in the history of Methodism, Fletcher's brings with it the sweetest associations. He was to Wesley what Melancthon was to Luther.

We stopped for the night at Lausanne, the capital of the canton Vaud, and found excellent rooms at the Hotel de Gibbon. From my window I could see the tree under which, in his garden-summer house, the great historian wrote the last lines of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." We afterward visted the house, which is said to remain nearly as he left it, and plucked a flower from the garden as a memorial of the place where the stately periods of the most stately of histories were composed. Ah! that so bright a genius should not have been illustrated by a Christian piety! We also visited the Cathedral, a fine old edifice of the thirteenth century, in excellent preservation, whose interior finish is Gothic, and in admirable taste. But the impression is very different from that of the Catholic cathedrals: the groined arches, the nave, the choir, the clustered pillars are all there; but you see no pictures, no statuary, no crucifixes, and you

feel that this noble temple is far more worthy of the spiritual and intellectual worship of Christianity, than the richly adorned and guady edifices consecrated to the Catholic service.

Lausanne is the centre of the Wesleyan Missions of Switzerland and the adjoining provinces of France; and the station has been long and faithfully filled by the Rev. Mr. Cook, of whose labours and success in this interesting field many of my readers will have heard. I regretted that we could not see him, as he was absent from the town on the day of our call there.

Next morning we departed early on our way northward, through the central and most level part of Switzerland, lying between the Juras and the Alps. The region is secondary, and was for a long period occupied by the ocean, as is obvious from the amygdaloid rocks on the way, and the horizontal strata of gravel and soft sandstone uncovered occasionally on the hill-sides. It is a pleasant, rolling country, generally fertile and in a good state of cultivation. The roads are smooth and good, as, indeed, are all the great roads of Europe; of whose excellence an American can scarcely form any just conception from the highways to be seen at home. They are as smooth as the gravelled walks on our private estates, firm as a floor, and carefully trimmed, the dust and manure being removed, and the grass upon the edges regularly cut by a line. They are often bordered on each side by single or double rows of trees, forming fine shaded avenues of many miles in length. It is, indeed, a luxury to travel over these noble highways.

After leaving Geneva, we noticed a marked difference in the appearance of horses and cattle. Instead of the short, tight-built Normandy horse, and the small neat cows and oxen that we had seen in France and the valleys of the Alps, we now found large draught-horses and huge fat cattle that reminded us of Pennsylvania. The peasants, too, whom we met frequently with heavy-loaded baskets on their backs, fastened like knapsacks, were of a stronger mould. Every body was at work in the fields or on the roads, from which the little boys and girls were busily gathering manure, and carrying it away in their baskets.

We dined at Payerne, and went to the church to see the lion of the place—an ancient saddle formerly honoured as the seat of Bertha, queen of Burgundy. It is indeed a curiosity, with its strong frame of cork strapped with iron bands—all that remains; for the cushion and the wooden seat itself were long since pillaged by light-fingered travellers. It is obvious, from the shape of the saddle, that the brave old lady rode *en cavalier*; and the tradition is, also, that she had a distaff fixed upon the pommel, and spun industriously in her journeys. I was thinking with myself where Bertha lived, and how she came to be Queen of Burgundy, and why she and her saddle were deposited in this little out-of-the-way town of Payerne, when Samuel cut my speculations short with a loud "Carriage is waiting, sir," and I hastened to join my friends.

The country from Payerne to Freyburgh is filled with a dense and apparently a happy population. Roads diverged from the highway in every direction, and at very short intervals village spires glittered in the sun. We were reminded of home by the farm-houses scattered over the valley, and especially by several fields of tobacco, the first that we had seen in Europe. We noticed farm-houses of three distinct

classes: sometimes a neat mansion, sometimes a sweet cottage with a pretty drooping gable, but generally large stone buildings divided into three parts: one for the family, one for the cattle, and one for the provender. My reader may smile when I tell him that, although a huge pile of manure is always in process of ripening before the door, these farm-dwellings generally appear clean and comfortable outside, whatever may be the state of things within.

Leaving the valley of Payerne, we crossed the summit separating it from that in which Freyburgh is situated. A rich and gratifying view opened suddenly upon us here—the valley of the Saarine, stretching away towards the Alps on the right, and the Juras on the left, fair and fertile. Perhaps distance and sunset lent enchantment to the view. The church towers appeared in sight, and we soon passed under the strong gateway, guarded—or, rather, watched—by two old soldiers, and were within the capital of the canton Freyburg.

This old and interesting town lies upon the west side of the Saarine, a rapid stream flowing through a narrow, precipitous gorge, some two hundred feet deep, over which is thrown an elegant suspension bridge 905 feet long. This beautiful structure, one of the finest in Europe, shows to great advantage from the depth of the gorge below. The ancient walls and feudal towers that encircle the city add to its attractions, throwing the mind back into the Middle Ages; an effect which is heightened by the antique air of the houses, the steep and narrow streets, and the numerous Catholic churches, convents, and chapels. The place contains about eight thousand inhabitants. I went to the church of St. Nicholas to hear its celebrated organ, said to be one of the best in Europe, having sixty-four stops and 7,800 pipes, which is played for visitors who will pay for it any time out of mass hours. The powers of the instrument were well brought out by the organist, who concluded his performance with the storm scene in Der Freyschutz, imitating the thunder and wind capitally. We paid eleven francs for the music. I also visited an old *lime-tree*, planted, according to tradition, on the day of the battle of Morat, 1476. It is now a decrepit trunk, with its decaying branches supported by a framework resting on four stone pillars.

At Freyburg we saw, for the first time in Switzerland, the German features and dress. A day or two before, in the canton Vaud, the peasant-women all appeared in straw hats running to seed, with broad tufts crowning their summits; but here the bonnets were nothing but a circular plate of leghorn, about twenty-four inches in diameter, with a little knot of riband on the smallest conceivable crown. The rest of their costume was not unbecoming: a black bodice fitted closely to the person, over a neat chemise coming close up to the neck; full sleeves, narrowing rapidly, and tightened around the arm just above the elbow; and a short skirt, generally red. In this array were many of these women, standing in an open space used as a market, with their baskets of eggs, fruit, butter, &c., exposed around them. The oddest fashion among them were immense plaits of hair, which struck me as of such unusual bulk that I looked at some of them closely enough to see that they were *stuffed* plaits, with layers of hair neatly placed over them.

The canton Freyburg is one of the strongest Catholic cantons in Switzerland, and is, perhaps, the only democratic state in the world in which the priesthood wields an influence as great as they can exert

under any despotic government. There are a number of religious establishments of Carthusians and others in the canton, and the Jesuits have an extensive college, and a boys' school with some four hundred pupils in the capital. The buildings of these establishments are the most imposing in the place, from their site and appearance. We could not fail to notice the difference between the Protestant canton of Vaud and this Catholic district immediately adjoining it. In the former, no religious insignia appeared by the wayside; in the latter, crosses, crucifixes, and images of the Virgin, were constantly to be seen. The cathedral at Lausanne, as I have said, was entirely destitute of ornament; that of Freyburg is gaudy, and even ludicrous in its decorations. The Vaudois had a far better look, more keen, free, open, and intelligent, than the Freyburgers; and their dwellings and farms were in neater order. But, indeed, this difference between the effects of Catholicism and Protestantism can be traced wherever the two systems have had time to develope their respective results in the habits, character, and institutions of the people.

Leaving Freyburg in the afternoon, we continued our journey to Berne. The country resembled our own more and more, especially in the large and dense forests frequently to be seen; but in one particular the resemblance would not hold: the road was lined, as we approached Berne, with apple, pear, and cherry trees, loaded with fruit, in reach of every passer-by, and yet perfectly safe from depredation. Stone walls would hardly accomplish this in England or America. We met fewer beggars after leaving Geneva than we had expected; but a strong, active young man pursued our carriage for nearly a mile this afternoon, hat in hand, asking alms in French and German. Probably he was a German apprentice.

From the summit of the high grounds on the west of the valley of the Aar, an undulating plain, surrounded on all sides by hills, spread out before us, and in the midst of it glittered the spires of *Berne*, the second city of Switzerland. Fine houses, grounds, and gardens, gave evidence of wealth and taste as we approached the city. We were admitted by the Morat gate, without the inspection of any guard except the tutelary bears that sat upon their haunches grinning complacently on each side of the passage. We took up our quarters in the Hotel Faucon.

The next day was the holy day of rest. I attended Divine ser- in the celebrated Minster. This was once a Catholic cathedral, built vice in 1430, and in external appearance resembles that of Freyburg. Over the western portal, under a massive Gothic tower, is a curious and even ludicrous bas-relief, representing the Day of Judgment and the Wise and Foolish Virgins. The principal figure is driving away, with a drawn sword, a hideous multitude on the left, whose countenances, half horrible, half ludicrous, make a deep impression; on the right, the good are represented as a company of priests in procession, looking devoutly towards heaven, and around them the apostles, wretchedly sculptured in sandstone. Passing under the lofty nave into a side aisle, I found myself in a Catholic cathedral stripped of all its ornaments; and its gray stone walls and naked pillars seemed to chill the current of feeling with their cold sublimity. The service commenced with a psalm, accompanied by the organ; and it was delightful to hear in such a temple, instead of the chanting of a priest, the voice of the *multitude* swelling up to the vaulted ceiling in

a hymn of praise. A prayer followed, the congregation all standing; then a short sermon, timed by a sand-glass that stood on the side of the pulpit. The preacher was a grave, good-looking man, in a black gown with small sleeves, and a deep circular ruff of cambric, much like those we see in the pictures of Queen Elizabeth. The people behaved with propriety, and listened attentively, though with no sign of feeling. The benediction was received standing, and the congregation dispersed. I stood and observed them as they passed. They were evidently of the middle classes of society: not the peasantry and working people, with their twenty-four inch plate hats, nor the pure aristocrats of Berne, who, I suppose, were hardly out of their beds at this early hour. The dress fashionable among the women was neat and modest: a boddice of black velvet, with a collar passing round from the back and open in front, exhibiting the snow-white vest buttoned close up to the throat, was the prevailing feature; a common ornament being two steel chains, looped to the corners of the collar in front, passing loosely under each arm, and fastened again at the shoulders behind.

Berne is a very striking town, finely situated on a bend of the Aar, which almost surrounds it. It abounds in fountains and public walks. The houses are built of a soft sandstone, which is the foundation rock of the districts between the Alps and Juras; very easily worked, but not durable, as it disintegrates with dampness, and is rapidly worn away by friction. The eaves of some of the houses project from four to seven feet, forming concave ceilings, lined with plank, and painted white. But the most marked peculiarity of the city are the arcades, formed by a range of massive stone pillars on the line of the curb-stone, from which arches are sprung from one to another and to the wall, so as to support the second story of the houses. The foot-pavement passes under these covered arcades, and the shops open upon it, while the dwellings above project to the outer line of the footway. The impression of these arcades would be pleasing, were not their architecture so heavy.

The *bear* is the device upon the arms of the canton of Berne. He seems to be a universal favourite here, as you may see him at every turn in some form or other. At the fountains of the city he reigns supreme; bear in armour, bear as squire, bear in *naturalibus*, but always bear. But the good Bernese, the very name of whose canton is taken from the bear, shew their respect for Bruin not merely by preserving him "in stone and ever-during brass," but also by keeping a number of animals alive in comfortable quarters just outside the town. Everybody visits these bears of Berne, and they live quite luxuriously upon the cakes and apples of the visitors, as well as upon the regular supplies furnished by the authorities. This is an ancient usage of the Bernese, said to have arisen from the fact that a bear was slain upon the site of the town on the day when its first stone was laid, nearly a thousand years ago. Of course we paid our respects to these strange tutelaries.

I had heard a good deal of the view from the Tower of the Minster, and determined to see for myself. The stone staircase was worn by the steps of thousands upon thousands that had made the narrow ascent for centuries past. Gaining the summit, I found the beauty of the view had not been exaggerated. Immediately below, on its narrow peninsula, lay the town, an ill-defined mass of houses, with ten

thousand dormer windows starting from their ancient moss-covered tile roofs; a little beyond appeared the pretty environs, with their neat dwellings embosomed in trees and shrubbery; farther on, to the north, the level country stretched away until it was shut in by the misty Juras, while to the southward the view is bounded by the Bernese Alps, whose dazzling snow-peaks seem to pierce the clouds. In this Alpine world the *Jungfrau* holds pre-eminence, and can, I doubt not, look over the intervening mountains, and greet her brother monarch, Mont Blanc, when the morning sun first gilds his snowy crest.

I was startled from the contemplation of this lovely view by the thundering of the tower bells within a few feet of me. As I was in for it, I braced my nerves, opened my ears wide, and descended into the belfry, where I found four men ringing the largest bell. They pulled two and two, alternately and oppositely, by large ropes attached to levers, causing the ponderous metal to swing through a semicircle; and when the heavy clapper struck, it shook the tower, and seemed as if it might have startled the eagles in their distant mountain homes.

CHAPTER XX.

LANGNAU.

Langnau. Houses. Swiss Peasant Girl. The Emmenthal, Forest Cantons. Lucerne. Arsenal. Arnold de Winkelried. Battle of Sempach. Battle of Cappel. Zwingle. English Travellers. Bridges of Lucerne. Monument of Swiss Guards. Lake of Lucerne. Grutli. Tell's Chapel. Pass of Kussnacht. Tell and Gessler. Valley of Goldau. Fall of the Rossberg. Zug. Field of Cappel. Zwingle. Zurich.

Our first day's journey from Berne ended at Langnau, the chief town of the valley of the Emme. The country thus far was agreeably diversified, apparently fertile, and the people seemed to be cheerful, healthy, and well-conditioned. The houses are large, with projecting eaves, and approximate more to the German appearance. The people, too, are German, and, accordingly, every man you meet has a pipe in his mouth. The German language is used, with some attempts at French, so that neither are well spoken. At Langnau we had a good supper, with fish fresh from the river, and a pretty German girl for waiter, who was our very ideal *belle* of a Swiss peasant girl —trim, cleanly, and modest. Next morning, early, we resumed our way through the beautiful *Emmenthal*. The usual tokens by the wayside showed that we were in a Catholic canton; and in one of the little villages, as we passed, the humble church was full of worshippers at the mass, and the churchyard was filled with black and gilded crosses on the graves of generations departed. At noon we reached *Lucerne*, capital of the canton of the same name, one of the four which constituted the original confederacy. The three others were Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwytz, which last has the honour of giving a name to the country. The city lies upon both sides of the River Reuss, contains about seven thousand inhabitants, and, of itself, is not worth visiting; but its beautiful situation and the many interesting scenes around it attract many strangers.

The arsenal contains relics of the ancient heroism of Switzerland, some sufficiently well authenticated, and others very doubtful. Of course we went to see them. An old man, quite drunk (the first case of the sort, by-the-way, that we had seen in the country), accompanied us to the door; and the keeper, a plain, decent man, unexceptionably sober, conducted us through the buildings. On the left, as we entered, stood an effigy of Arnold de Winkelried, of Unterwalden, who broke an Austrian square at the battle of Sempach by throwing himself

"With naked breast upon their serried lances."

The event is one of the most famous of those heroic deeds which adorn the annals of Switzerland. The hosts of Austria, four times the number of the confederates, had long withstood their attacks, when Arnold exclaimed, "I will open you a passage—only protect my wife and children," and rushing forward, grasped as many lances as he could in his arms, buried them in his bosom, and bore them to the ground in his fall.*

There were the yellow Austrian banners, rent and pierced in the fray; there was the steel suit of Duke Leopold, taken from his body on the field; and there, most striking relic of all, was the iron collar, spring-locked, and studded with sharp nails on the inside, which had been prepared and brought to the field by the Austrians for the neck of Gundoldingen, the patriot of Lucerne. But the steel never pressed the neck of the warrior, who died on the field of victory.

Our cicerone pointed out to us a glass case containing a steel casque, sword, and battle-axe, said to have been used by Zwingle in the battle of Cappel, between the Catholics and Protestants, in 1531. But the authenticity of the account which tells us of Zwingle's fighting is very questionable: the probability is, that he fell on the field exhorting and encouraging his flock. A sword of William Tell is also shown, and if I had only been sure that the hero had ever grasped it, I should have felt quite enthusiastic, as did some of my young companions on the faith of its authenticity.

Returning from the arsenal, we found an excellent dinner on the table d'hote of our hotel, and some very agreeable English at table, with whom we had a pleasant, easy conversation. Thus far, we have met with but one Englishman of the real "touch-me-not" character so generally ascribed to the islanders when travelling on the Continent. This *one* was a surly fellow that we passed in the ascent of St. Bernard; and he looked as if he had never been pleased in his life, and was determined that he never would be pleased except with himself; so, of course, we did not molest the animal. We have been fortunate enough generally to fall in with the better class of English, and have found them as civil and pleasant as we could possibly desire

The bridges of Lucerne, hung with old paintings, have long been its greatest curiosity. The lines of Wordsworth have made them familiar to thousands:

* "He, too, of battle-martyrs chief
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space
By gathering with a wide embrace
Into his single heart, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears."—WORDSWORTH.

"Renowned Lucerne
Calls me to pace her honoured bridge, that cheers
The patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern:
An uncouth chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake
Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a stream to take."

These lines commemorate the upper bridge and the cathedral bridge, the former of which is hung with paintings illustrative of Swiss history, while the latter contains two hundred and forty paintings of scenes derived from Scripture history. Considered as works of art, they are of little value; but they are admirably adapted to convey instruction to the illiterate passers by, forming, in the words of the Christian poet before quoted,

"Lessons for every heart—a Bible for all eyes."

We went, of course, to see the monument in memory of the Swiss Guards who fell, in defending Louis XVI. and his family, during the attack on the Tuileries, August 10, 1792. It was designed by Thorwaldsen, and is not unworthy the fame of the great sculptor. Hewn out of the solid rock lies on his right side a colossal lion, twenty-eight feet long, in the agonies of death, pierced by a spear, which is broken off in the body just below the shoulder. Above is the inscripton, "Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti," and below are the names of the officers and brave men who fell on that fatal day in the faithful discharge of their duty to a feeble and unworthy master.

No one visits Lucerne without making the excursion of the lake. It is not a single sheet of water, but a number of bays connected by romantic straits, lying deeply embosomed in the Alps which rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. We left Lucerne in the steamer at six o'clock in the morning. On the right rose up the rugged and precipitous Mont Pilatus, and the double-crested Righi on the left, while we seemed to be running into the midst of a score of snowy alps that filled up the space before us; but the green line of water opened between the Righi and the Bürgenburg, and we found our way through the mountain barrier. One could hardly believe the precipitous walls of the Righi are not quays of Cyclopean masonry, so straight and regular are they. Entering the little Gulf of Buoche, we saw the little village of that name in a retired cove on the right, while Gersau lay nestled under the base of Righi, to the left. The view was closed on all sides and there seemed to be no way of escape. After running east for an hour, the lake bends southwardly at right angles, forming the romatic and storied Bay of Uri; and here, surrounded with cliffs, almost the only green spot upon the precipices that enclose the bay, was the *Meadow of Grütli*, the birthplace of the Swiss Confederacy, where, on the night of November 17, 1307, Arnold An Der Halden, of Melcthal; Werner Stauffacher, of Schwytz; and Walter Furst, of Uri, bound themselves by a solemn oath,* in the dead to night, to overthrow their

* "By yon bright Orb, which now—while crowds below us
With labouring lungs inhale the city's fume—
Comes forth to greet us with his earliest ray,

Austrian oppressors. Each was accompanied by ten followers, and these thirty-three brave spirits on that eventful night laid the foundations of the freedom of Switzerland.

The crowd on the boat were hardly satisfied with gazing on this sacred spot, when another, on the left, hallowed also by the spell of patriotism, called their attention. It was the Chapel of Tell, erected on the spot where he leaped ashore from the boat of Gessler. Our boat approached within fifty feet of the chapel, so that we had a good view of it. It is a small structure, about twenty feet square, having an open arcade in front. There is an altar and crucifix, and the walls are hung with coarse paintings. All the neighbourhood gathers here once a year to celebrate high mass. Quickly, Fluellen, at the extremity of the lake, appeared in sight. After a short stay there, we returned again to Lucerne, having had one of the pleasantest and most animating excursions that Switzerland affords.

From Lucerne our route lay along the Bay Küssnacht which makes up from the lake. Opposite were the slopes of the majestic Righi, covered, from the water's edge, with golden grain ripe for the sickle, and noble trees, reflected in the blue mirror of the bay so clearly that we saw the yellow hue of the grain, the luxuriant foilage of the trees, and the rich sward-carpet repeated far down in the grassy depths. Passing the village of Küssnacht, which stands at the head of the little bay, the road winds up a deeply shaded ravine to the summit between the lage of Lucerne and Lake Zug. It was in this hollow-way, according to tradition, that Tell shot Gessler on his way to Küssnacht, after his escape from the ssorm upon the lake. Even the very spot where the tyrant fell by the hero's hand is pointed out by a chapel erected there; and the position of the tree behind which he stood was indicated to us by an old woman. There seems to be no good reason for doubting the localities in general. The reader will perceive that there are thus two *Tell's Chapels*, the one alluded to, on the Bay of Uri, where he leaped ashore from Gessler's boat; the other in the hollow pass of Küssnacht. In the language of Sir James Mackintosh, "they are as much reverenced by the Alpine peasants as Mecca is by a devout Mussulman."* In a few minutes Lake Zug lay before us; not so magnificent as Leman, nor so sublime as Lucerne, but calm and sweet in its quiet loveliness.

Our chief object of interest here was the small valley of Goldau, situated between the Righi and the Rossberg, which was overwhelmed in 1806 by a landslide from the latter mountain. More than four hundred and fifty lives were lost, and three villages entirely destroyed, in the space of five minutes, by this dreadful catastrophe. The mountain is composed of alternate layers of sandstone and a soft puddingstone, made up of rounded pebbles of different sizes, mixed with sand and clay, which cracks readily. It is obvious that water passing into these fissures would tend to loosen the hold of the strata of puddingstone upon the hard sandstome below; and as these strata dip towards

> Let's swear the oath of our Confederation.
> We swear to be one people of true Brothers:
> We swear that no extremity shall part us;
> We will be free—free as our fathers left us,
> Preferring death in any shape to bondage."
>
> SCHILLER'S *William Tell*, act ii., scene ii.

* Life of Mackintosh, vol. ii.

Goldau with considerable inclination, that the portions thus detached would tend to slide, as snow slides in masses from the roof of a house when the part in contact with the roof are melted by the percolation of water. This is the simple solution of the catastrophe. Its terrible traces are seen from afar on the desolate mountain side, still bare of all vegetation, and in the vast ruins projected far into the valley.

From Goldau we rode along the eastern margin of the lake, within a stone's throw of the water; which cannot always be done, as the lakes and rivers of Switzerland are much fuller in summer than in winter, owing to the melting of the snows. It gives a peculiar charm to summer journeys in these delightful mountain regions, to see the rushing torrent laving the wayside, and irrigating the sloping fields before you; while farther down in the valleys you can hear the roar of swelling floods: and all this while the summer's sun is blazing over your head.

We slept in the little uninteresting town of Zug, at a tolerably good hotel, the Stag. This town is the capital of the canton of that name, and contains about two thousand inhabitants, chiefly devoted to agriculture. Next morning, as we crossed the mountain chain between Zug and Zurich, we came to the battle-field of Cappel, before alluded to, on which Zwingle fell. There is here a monument to the heroic reformer, consisting of a block of granite about eleven feet high, hewn only on two sides, on one of which, inscribed on a brass plate, is the following memorial: *Hic Udalricus Zuinglius post sedecim . a . Christo nato sæcula liberæ ecclesiæ Christianæ una cum Martino Luthero conditor pro vero . et pro patriæ etiam . cum . fratribus fortiter . pugnans immortalitatis certus occidit. Die XI. M. Octobris . M.DXXXI.* The monument is in keeping with the stern features of the man who first espoused the cause of the Reformation in Switzerland. Either circumstances have been more favourable to the preservation of the truth here than in Geneva, or Zwingle left a deeper impression on his people than did Calvin. The doctrines of the Reformation remain to this day in Zurich as they were on the day when he went out to do battle for them, while they have departed utterly from the national Church of Geneva.

We had a mountain to cross before we could see Zurich; and it was necessary to have a *vorspann*, or leader, to aid in dragging the carriage up the ascent. Walking on in advance of the carriage, I looked back to see its approach, and, lo! a huge dun-coloured bull, in traces was leading on the grand procession. It looked odd enough, but is the custom; and his bullship is kept shod and ready at the foot of the mountain for the purpose. Winding round the brow of the great Albis, we came in sight of the lake and city of Zurich, by far the richest and most striking scene that we had yet beheld. We were opposite the centre of the lake, which stretched away far to the left, and was crowned in that direction by the spires and buildings of the beautiful city; while on the distant right it was shut in by a sudden bend to the eastward, at the town of Rapperschwyl, which appeared like a white spot on the bosom of the green foliage. Far beyond the snowy peaks and glaciers of the Alps of Uri and Schwytz rose towards the clouds. The long space between these points, relieved by the deep indentations of the lake, is filled up with fertile vineyards; while the most striking

feature of the landscape is the multitude of neat and tasteful dwellings scattered over the scene. I have never beheld such an array of rural abodes. After a splendid descent of a couple of hours, we reached Zurich, and took up our quarters at the Hotel Baur.

CHAPTER XXI.

ZURICH.

Zurich. The Reformation. Zwingle's Pulpit. His Banner. Autograph of Lady Jane Grey. Lavater's Death. Bruck. Castle of Hapsburg. Abbey of Kœnigsfeld. The Rhine. Field of St. Jacob. Bale Cathedral. Tomb of Erasmus. His character. Institutions of Bale. Holbein's Paintings. Company at Table d'Hote.

ZURICH is situated on the Limmat, at the north end of the lake, contains a population of fifteen thousand, and is a place of considerable trade and wealth. The chief manufacture is silk, employing thousands in the city and vicinity. We saw looms in almost every small house that we passed in descending the Albis. Apart from the associations that make the name of Zurich dear to every Protestant heart, there is not much interest in the place; but *these* are powerful enough to attract the pilgrims of all lands. It was the cradle of the Reformation in Switzerland, and to the manly steadfastness of its Council in sustaining and defending Zwingle, he was indebted for the opportunities that he enjoyed of forging and hurling the powerful weapons with which he attacked the abuses of the Papacy. My emotions were thrilling indeed when I visited the old cathedral, and stood in the very pulpit from which he raised his fearless voice against the vices and the tyranny of Rome, and proclaimed to astonished thousands the strange doctrine of salvation through Christ alone. "In this pulpit," said one of his contemporaries, "he spared no one, neither pope, nor emperor, nor kings, nor dukes, nor princes, nor lords, not even the confederates. All the strength and all the joy of his own heart were in God; therefore he exhorted the whole city of Zurich to trust in none but him."* In many respects, indeed, the character of the Swiss reformer transcends that of the great Frenchman, or even of Luther himself; and the impression that he left upon his own country seems to be more durable than they were able to make on theirs.

At the arsenal we saw the banner which Zwingle carried at the battle of Cappel, in obedience to an ancient usage of the canton. He fell with it in his hands, calling upon the brave Zurichers to "trust in God." There is displayed also in the arsenal a large collection of ancient armour, of all kinds, the trophies of Swiss valour upon the ancient fields of Morgarten, Morat, and Sempach. The Swiss steel coats of mail are arranged above the black coats of the Burgundians, among which I saw the heavy armour of the great Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold. But, as we had seen many such things elsewhere, we hastened to the library, where, among many valuable books and some manuscripts, are preserved two autograph letters of Lady Jane Gray, and one of Bullinger, her preceptor

* Weise; quoted by D'Aubigne.

Those of Lady Jane are written in Latin, in a beautiful bold hand, and breathe pious feelings. Here also we saw a finely-executed bust, in white marble, of Lavater, who was a native of the town. The countenance was worthy of the benevolent and pious physiognomist; I have rarely seen so kind and benignant an expression, except, perhaps, Fletcher's, which, indeed, it much resembles. Near at hand is the church of St. Peter's, of which Lavater was minister for many years; and not far off is the house in which he lived. When Zurich was taken by the French, September 26, 1799, Lavater, with his usual benevolence, was aiding the wounded soldiers in the streets, near his house, when he received a shot in his side. Massena offered a large reward for the discovery of the assassin, but in vain. It is thought that the murder was not committed by any either of the Russian or French soldiers, but by some personal enemy of Lavater, who declared that he knew its author, but would not disclose his name, though he lingered for fifteen months after the event.

It was our original purpose to visit the Lake of Constance, but circumstances compelled us to change our plan, and proceed directly to Bale, and thence down the Rhine. Accordingly, we left Zurich, and reached, the ancient town of Brück, at the junction of the Aar and the Reuss, on the same day. Near the town are the remains of the Castle of Hapsburg, the cradle of the house of Austria, from whence Rodolph, count of Hapsburg, was chosen, in 1273, to fill the throne of the Empire. The events of two thousand years came thronging to my recollection as I gazed from the keep of the tower over the wide panorama spread out below, whose plains once shook under the tread of Roman legions, and groaned beneath the weight of mighty fortresses. It was the *Vindonissa* of the Romans, the stronghold of their power in Helvetia. There, too, was the ancient Abbey of Kœnigsfeld, erected on the spot where, on the 1st of May, 1308, Albert of Austria, the treacherous and vindictive son of Rodolph, was assassinated by his injured nephew, and breathed out his life in the arms of a peasant woman who was sitting by the roadside. Towards the south, on a distant promontory overlooking the valley of the Reuss, stood the remains of a strong castle that belonged to the sons of the Austrian Gessler, while to the north rose the lofty ridge of Botzberg, the *Mons Vocetius* of the Romans, where a great battle was fought between them and the Helvetians, in which victory declared for the conquerors of the world. Perhaps there is no single spot in Europe around which so many historical recollections cluster as this little valley of the Aar and Reuss.

At ten o'clock the next morning we first came in sight of the RHINE, the river of song and story, whose banks, from the Lake of Constance to the German Ocean, are all alive with histories of the past.

> "Exulting and abounding river,
> A thousand battles have assailed thy banks;
> But these and half their fame have passed away,
> And Slaughter heaped on high his sweltering ranks:
> The very graves are gone, and what are they?
> The tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
> And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
> Glassed 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."*

* Childe Harold canto, iii.

Passing through Rheinfeldt, we soon came within sight of the spires of Bale; but before we reached the town we had one hallowed spot to pass, the field of *St. Jacob*, where, on the 26th of August, 1444, sixteen hundred Swiss withstood as many thousand French, led by the dauphin Louis. They fought until only ten of the noble band was left alive. The wine produced on the battle-field and in its vicinity is called Schweitzer Blut (Swiss blood).

Our first object in Bale was the Cathedral, where Œcolampadius and Zwingle had preached. It is a fine old building of the thirteenth century, stripped, as some other cathedrals I have mentioned, of its Catholic ornaments, except the ancient carvings in wood and iron. The tombs of many of the great and good are here, but none so memorable as that of Erasmus, the learned, the pious, the vain, and the cowardly—yet, with all the contradictions of his character, the benefactor of mankind. The work that he accomplished for the Reformation can hardly be estimated, and yet he feared to be called a reformer. His sense of justice was strong, yet weaker than his love of praise. It was said of him that "he picked the lock" of the door at which Luther was directing his sturdy blows, and yet, in his old age, he wrote against Luther to gratify his own vanity and please Henry VIII. But, standing over his tomb, I thought only of his brilliant efforts to promote the revival of learning, his own unrivalled erudition, and his many attacks upon the abuses of Romanism. The tomb of Erasmus is the honour of Bale; but his is not the only name that hallows this ancient seat of learning. Œcolampadius, Buxtorf, Wetstein, the two Bernouillis, and Euler, were born here. Zwingle was educated and received his degree at the famous University of Bale. Calvin, Arminius, and, in later days, De Wette and Oken, found refuge in its halls when persecuted and proscribed elsewhere. Its printing-presses were the centres of light; its university, of learning; and its churches, of truth, in the days of the greatest conflicts of Christianity. The Bible Society originated here in the same year as in England. Its Missionary Institution* has long been a model of zeal, economy, and energy. Indeed, Bale is a great place and happy in the noble recollections that cluster round its history.

The library of Bale is valuable and interesting. On the ground floor is a gallery of Holbein's paintings, the most striking of which is the series on the Passion of Christ, depicting the succession of events from the Garden of Gethsemane to the Descent from the Cross. I never was so affected by a picture, and, for the first time, felt that my religious feelings were improved by gazing at one. In another apartment were autograph manuscripts of Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingle. I had seen the hand-writing of the beauty and chivalry of Europe, but these interested me more than all the rest. There were other objects in the library that engaged my attention, but I cannot mention them.

* Basle is the evangelical centre for Southern Germany. A great religious anniversary is held here in June, in which the evangelical clergy from the surrounding states participate. The Basle Missionary Institution was founded in 1800. It has a seminary for the education of missionaries, and has sent out one hundred and seventy-five to the four quarters of the world: to New Zealand, to the East Indies, to Jerusalem, Egypt, and Syria; to Abyssynia, to Western Africa, to North America, to Greece, to Malta, to the Caucasus, to Bessatabie, to the Crimea, &c.—"New York Observer," December 30, 1843.

We found our stay at Bâle very agreeable, in our excellent lodgings at the Three Kings. On the day of our departure I scrutinized the company at the *table d'hôte* a little more closely than usual, as they were likely to be, in part at least, our fellow-voyagers on the Rhine. At the lower end sat a huge, red-faced Belgian, with sandy moustaches, so long that it was anything but an easy matter for him to find the way to his mouth. Near him was a florid-looking Englishman, evidently a raw traveller, who contrived to keep his eyeglass to his eye, after the manner of a surgeon's speculum, until he had very leisurely stared at every one in the room, when he relaxed his eyebrows, and let the useful instrument fall to its *suspense* round his neck. I should have been disposed to call him insolent, but that I was engaged in the same innocent observation myself, though without the glass. Three or four other English, who showed themselves quite civil and well bred, sat at the upper end of the table. After this inspection, and another, perhaps equally minute, of a rooster served up for dinner, beak, comb, feet, and all, as is the custom in these parts, I paid due honour to the repast before us. This was our last day in Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURE FROM BALE.

Departure from Bale. Steamer. Strasburg. Examination of Luggage. Dinner. Mayence. Sunday. Military Parades. Cathedral Service. Invention of Printing. Statue of Gutenberg. Frankfort. Appearance of the People. The Rheingau. Rhenish Wines. The Castellated Rhine. Coblentz. Cathedral. Three Kings of Cologne. Rubens's Crucifixion of Peter. Church of St. Ursula. Bones of the Virgins.

At half past five, on a pleasant summer's morning, we bade adieu to Bâle and to Switzerland. The steamer was very much like a Pennsylvania canal-boat, a hundred and fifty feet long and about fourteen broad, and her internal arrangements were just the reverse of an American steamer: the machinery being placed far aft; the pavilion, or best cabin, in the bow; the *salon*, or second cabin, in the centre; and the third place, for the poorest class of passengers, on deck, amid merchandise and luggage. The prices from Bâle to Strasburg are, pavilion, twenty francs; salon, sixteen francs; and upper deck, ten francs. The pavilion is usually taken by some aristocratic company; and, as good republicans, we took the saloon—*mediocria firma*. We had a very pleasant company, English, French, and German.

The Rhine from Bâle to Strasburg is flat and uninteresting. I had desired to visit that strongly-fortified city; but our arrangements would not allow it, so that I had to content myself with a sight of the spire of its noble cathedral, the highest in the world, being four hundred and seventy-four feet above the pavement, higher, even than the pyramid of Cheops. Above Strasburg we came to in order to have our luggage examined by the officers of the German Customs Union. It was amusing to see our passengers, some fretting and fuming as their trunks were opened, some mortified at the exposure of their scanty wardrobes, and some almost in despair as the rough boor in uniform

turned their trunks inside out. Our faithful Samuel stood on the alert beside our five trunks, and, when the officer approached, offered the keys at once, saying that the luggage belonged to American travellers; and, thanks to the distance of my country, or to Samuel's frankness, one trunk was unlocked and barely looked at, while the rest were suffered to pass unopened. It is folly for travellers to resist or show any impatience at these regulations; they should carry nothing contraband, or, if they do, openly exhibit it, and they will fare all the better for it. The hour of dinner was approaching, and steamboat travellers at home could not possibly show more impatience, or use more stratagem to secure seats at the table, than did these voyagers on the Rhine. Half an hour before dinner was served up, the table was filled with hungry men and women, nibbling their bits of bread and sipping from their half-bottles of white wine. There were my "civil English" company of the *table d'hôte* at Bâle; the red-faced Belgian; a group of Germans, incessant talkers, deafening us with their constant "ya, ya;" a French Amazon and her *friend;* two oddly-dressed women, with very large noses, and two little girls with them, who by way of compensation, I suppose, had hardly any noses at all. All was life, talk, and clatter. The dinner was a medley of roast beef and cucumbers, stewed beef and puddings, omelet, cabbage, carrots, and potatoes, served up in the order in which I mention them. The plates were changed with the courses, but the knives and forks did service through the whole hour and a half without relief or cleansing. The first table was very decent and orderly; but the unlucky wights who had to wait for the second, finding their supplies neither regular nor abundant, were sufficiently uproarious.

The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the towers of Manheim, at the confluence of the Necker and the Rhine, as we passed it. The moon rose, full orbed, and threw a flood of silver light upon our winding track in the river. It was a splendid night, and I remained on deck to enjoy it. The clock struck twelve as our steamer rounded to in front of the ancient city of Mayence, whose spires and towers looked beautiful, bathed in the soft moonlight. But we welcomed them more for the prospect of repose they afforded than for their beauty; there was a general rush on shore as soon as the boat touched the quay. After calling at three hotels, we obtained rooms on the fourth floor of the Hotel de Hollande, plain but comfortable, and were soon fast asleep.

Next day was the Sabbath, on which we determined to rest in this ancient Catholic city. Immediately after breakfast we heard the measured tread of soldiers and the music of the bands; it was a Prussian corps belonging to the garrison. Shortly after, another, in different uniform, passed along, which were Austrian troops. The garrison of Mayence is composed of four thousand Austrians and four thousand Prussians, maintained by the Germanic Confederation, and commanded, in alternate periods of five years, by Prussian and Austrian officers. As we could not hear of any Protestant service in the place, we went, at ten o'clock, to the Cathedral, an old erection of the eleventh century. Its interior is overloaded with carving, gilding, paintings, and monuments, the accumulations of centuries. The congregation was more numerous than any I had seen in Europe, of respectable appearance and decent deportment; yet anything but devout, especially the young ladies, who, while kneeling, gazed quite

as much at the passers-by as at the image of the Virgin before them. The whole service was evidently hurried: the mass was quickly run over; the priest drank two goblets of wine, each at three gulps, waved his hand to the people, and all was over. There was no sound of chant or organ, and the congregation hastened away, with evident pleasure, from the place of worship to the public walks and gardens.

Mayence contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, and has a more business-like air than any place I have seen since leaving Lyons. Casks and boxes cover the quay, which is lined on the river with steamers and small craft. The town is strongly built, but many of the streets are narrow and crooked. Just below our hotel, which overlooked the river, is a bridge of boats sixteen hundred and sixty feet long, connecting Mayence with Cassel, composed of fifty flat-bottomed boats, built like whale boats, sharp at both ends, which are ranged across the river at some distance apart, and on these the floor is laid. Below the bridge is a range of sixteen floating flour-mills, with a wheel between every two, turned by the rapid current of the river.

Mayence is memorable as the seat of an invention which has produced greater effects on human society than any single agency except Christianity. John Gansefleisch, commonly called Gutenberg, was born here in 1400, and in 1438 first made use of moveable types of wood in printing. The first printing-office which he occupied is still standing. In 1837 a statue of Gutenberg, designed by Thorwaldsen, was erected in an open square, bearing this inscription: "Johannem Gansefleisch de Gutenberg, Patricium Moguntinum Ære per totam Europam collato posuerunt cives, A. D. 1837." As the inscription indicates, contributions for the erection of the monument were received from every state in Europe.

From Mayence we made an excursion to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, one of the four free cities of Europe. It is divided into two parts, the Old and the New, and with the beauty of the latter I was completely astonished. Many of its buildings are palaces embosomed in fine groves. The public gardens, on the site of the ancient fortifications, girdle the entire city. The streets in the old part of the town are narrow and crooked, and in some parts filthy, especially the Jews' Quarter, where some five thousand of the descendants of Isreal reside, "alone, and not reckoned among the nations." The family of the Rothschilds, the great bankers, are native here, and the widow of the late baron now has her abode in the Jew's Quarter. Frankfort is the seat of the Germanic diet, and ministers from all the countries of Europe reside here. But, after all, the greatest glory of the place is that it was the native place of GOETHE, the intellectual monarch of his age.

Nothing struck me more than the fine *physique* of the people at Frankfort and Mayence, of all classes: the men robust and cheerful, the women ruddy, lively, and many of them handsome. Wherever I saw them, at church, in the streets, on the quays, in the cars, the impression was the same: no careworn countenances, no sallow complexions, no premature old age—absolutely none. The contrast between such a population and that of any thriving business town in America is indeed painful. But yet, on the other hand, there is none of that air of intelligence and of independence which is so common at home. Would that we could combine with our restless activity of

mind, the same care of the health, the same love of out-door exercises and amusements, and the same playful spirit which characterize the people of the Continent of Europe.

We continued the descent of the river from Mayence in the steamer. In an hour we came to the beginning of the *Rheingau*, a district of Nassau, some fifteen or twenty miles long—the true country of the Rhenish wines. The most valuable of these are the Johannisberg, Scheinberg, and Rudesheim, all produced in comparatively small vineyards. That of Johannisberg does not contain over sixty acres, and produces about forty butts of wine a year. It is now the property of Prince Metternich, who received it as a present from the Emperor of Austria. The pure Johannisberg is not in the market, though an inferior wine bearing the name is as common in the hotels here as Newark cider is in America under the name of Champagne. This whole region once belonged to the Church, and monks, abbots, and bishops rioted in these noble Rhein wines. All this, of course, is changed now, and I do not know that the Catholic clergy drink more wine than other people.

We now approached that part of the Rhine whose beauty and historical associations have rendered it famous among the rivers of Europe. The passage through the highlands requires several hours. You could wish it as many days. I had read much of the castles of the Rhine, and expected to find upon its banks many remains of the towers and fortresses of antiquity; but I had no conception of the reality. You are never out of sight of them; every rocky height has its castle, every jutting promontory its ruins; and not unfrequently there are several, on opposite sides of the river, or on different crags, in view at the same time. They are, of course, various in their character and appearance, but there is always a tower, round or square, and sometimes several of them, in which case there is one, the *keep*, stronger and higher than the rest. None of them is now inhabited but the castle of Rheinstein, which was given by Coblentz to Prince Frederic of Prussia, who is now restoring and furnishing it as much as possible in the fashion of the days of chivalry. It makes a fine appearance from the river. Almost every castle has its legend, its tale of chivalry, love, or crime; and volumes have been filled with the accounts of them. As these legends are generally well known, and the Rhine itself has been described so often in prose and rhyme, I shall not detain my reader farther with my own observations. It may not be amiss for me to give an opinion in regard to the oft-repeated comparison of the Rhine and the Hudson; and I don't believe it is national partiality that leads me to say that, in point of *natural* beauty, the highlands of the latter, for their extent, are superior to those of the former. Of course there is more to interest in the banks of the Rhine; our noble river lacks the memories of Roman battles, of deeds of robber knights, of mighty strifes in later days, of emperors, and kings, and coronations—all these are wanting; but, apart from the enchantment of these associations, the highlands of the Hudson present as striking features of *natural* scenery as those of the Rhine. Of *sublimity* there is little in either, while in all the elements of natural *beauty* both are rich beyond compare, except with each other.

The traveller down the Rhine sees the level country opening out before him below Coblentz with regret, after having been so long amid the varied magnificence of the highlands. But it is at parting

with them that he receives the noblest impression of their grandeur, as the lofty *Siebengeberge* (seven mountains,) crowned on all their summits with ruined towers and castles, close his view.

The reader is below Coblentz, but it is too important a place to be passed unnoticed. The glance that we had of the forts of Alexander and Constantine on the left, and the complicated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein on the right, was enough to satisfy us of the strength of these amazing works. They are the bulwark of Germany against France. The place was one of the fifty stations by which the Romans fortified Gaul against the Germans; it was called, from the junction of the Rhine and Moselle, *Confluentes*, of which the modern name, Coblentz, is a corruption. Millions have been expended by Prussia in these vast defences, which are almost impregnable, and whose magazines alone are capable of containing ten years' provisions for 8000 men.

Below Bonn, the banks of the Rhine are comparatively uninteresting. I left the steamer at Cologne in order to see that most populous and wealthy of the cities of the Rhine. It was founded by Agrippina, mother of Nero, who was born here, and from whom it was called *Colonia Agrippinæ*, whence the modern name. The great Cathedral was the first object of interest. It was commenced in 1248, and the work was carried on till the times of the Reformation, when it was suspended, and not resumed again, until of late years the king of Prussia begun the work, if not of continuing the erection, at least of repairing what the ravages of time have destroyed. The choir is finished, and one of the front towers is carried up to the height of 150 feet, 500 feet being the destined height of each tower according to the original plan. The walls between the choir and tower are some sixty feet high, and protected by a temporary covering. The ground plot is 400 feet long and 161 wide; and the vast interior is a world of complex columns, rising to the lofty ceiling, which is formed and to be formed by a thousand groined arches. We passed through into a little chapel behind the great altar to see the curiosity of the place, the shrine of the *Three Kings of Cologne*, which is said to contain the bones of the three veritable "wise men who came from the East to Jerusalem" to do homage to the infant Saviour. Our cicerone removed a small gilt panel, and bade me look in; and there, to be sure, were three grinning sculls, with crowns of silver-gilt ornamented with pearls, and beneath them the names of the *venerable magi*, Gaspar, Balthasar, Melchior, written in rubies. This was quite enough of absurdity; so—although the old man insisted on my seeing the golden crosier and sword of state borne by the archbishops of Cologne at the coronation of the emperors, the tomb of St. Englebert, and the bone of St. Matthew—I shocked his nerves a little by my haste, and departed, comforting him amply, however, by a fee of seven francs, and a windfall, perhaps, of five more, as I dropped such a piece somewhere in the side chapel.

From the Cathedral I went to St. Peter's to see Rubens's last work —supposed by himself to be his master-piece—the Crucifixion of Peter. There are various opinions in regard to the merits of the painting. Sir Joshua Reynolds even suspected that many parts of it were completed by his scholars. I cannot pretend to give a critical judgment, but must state that the picture made a powerful impression

upon my feelings. The conception, at least, is perfect. This painting was carried to Paris when the French rifled Europe to adorn the galleries of the capital, but was restored in 1815, when the whole population went out to meet it, and conducted it in triumph to its place.

The last object of special interest at Cologne was of a different character, the Church of St. Ursula, erected in honour of the British princess of that name, who, accompanied by *eleven thousand* virgins, sailed from Britain to Armorica, was driven by a tempest up the Rhine to Cologne (it must have blown a gale indeed,) and there murdered, with all her train, because they would not violate their vows of virginity. The walls of the church are adorned with the pretended bones of these martyrs, and thousands of sculls peer out horribly upon you from glass cases on all sides. What ineffable absurdities are treasured up in these Romish legends!

It was twelve at night when we re-embarked upon the river. The steamer was unprovided with berths, and as I was late getting into the cabin, I found every chair and sofa occupied. Espying the Rev. Mr. P—— very comfortably disposed on the floor, with his carpet-bag for a pillow, I followed his example, wrapped myself, in my cloak, lay down under a table, and was soon fast asleep. When I awoke the sun was shining, and I crawled out from my nest, much to the amusement of a pretty French woman who was sitting near the table. Going on deck, I found that we were in the land of dikes and Dutchmen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOLLAND.

Holland. Dikes. Land at Gorcum. Parting with Friends. A new Friend. Road to Utrecht. Willows. Country. Canals. Utrecht. Fair. Eden in Holland. Amsterdam. Dutch Dishes. Streets. People. Shops. Warehouses. Ornaments. State House, now the Palace. Statuary. The Bankrupt's Hall. No Death in the Ball-room. A true Republican.

THE passage of the Rhine after entering Holland is very uninteresting, as the banks are defended by dikes of some ten feet in height, cutting off all view of the country, except the tops of the houses, trees, and spires. These dikes are founded chiefly on willow hurdles, whose ends project from the dikes into the water, and are visible; towards Emmerich there are generally two of them, the first being a *dike of danger*, and the second a stronger one, designed to resist the floods in case of the first giving way. Below Emmerich the Rhine divides, and the larger volume of water, called the Waal, passes on to Rotterdam. Our nearest route was down the Rhine to Vianen, within an hour's ride of Utrecht; but, as there was not sufficient water in the channel, the boat was obliged to descend by the Waal to Gorcum, where we landed. Our pleasure on leaving the steamer was mingled with regret at parting with some estimable friends, among whom was Rev. Mr. P——, a clergyman of the Church of England, whose agreeable manners and intelligent conversation had attracted our regard during the passage from Bâle. If all the clergy of England were such as he,

the prospects of the Establishment would be less gloomy than they now appear to be. He presented me with a copy of "*L' Adresse par Flechere—Que faut-il que je fasse pour être sauvé?*" I was, of course, pleased to find such a man distributing the tracts of Fletcher, the helper of Wesley, and one of the founders of Methodism. It is another proof that goodness will command the sympathy and respect of the good, irrespective of the party lines which bigotry would set up.

We were so fortunate, also, as to make the acquaintance of Mr. S——, a gentleman of literary taste and character, a resident of Amsterdam, who kindly devoted his time to us at Utrecht, and subsequently at Amsterdam. His polite attentions were of great service to us, and the more agreeable as we had no claims upon his notice.

The road from Gorcum to Utrecht was upon the top of the dike, about twenty feet wide, paved with small, hard brick, and bordered with trees. It is as level and firm as the smoothest pavement, and, following the windings of the dike, is very beautiful. On our right was the canal from the Waal to the Lek, connecting Gorcum with Utrecht; and stretching out in all directions were meadows of luxuriant grass, intersected by deep, narrow ditches for fences, and by ranges of willow-trees, cultivated for their branches to mend the dikes. The ditches are always full of water, and crossed by bridges, generally slightly defended by wickerwork, to prevent the passage of cattle. Sometimes a more substantial gate is placed upon the bridge.

The willow branches are also used in basket-making, and in the construction of slight enclosures around the cottages; these are invariably built of dark, hard-burned brick, the sides of one low story, while the end, which is towards the street, has two or three more. The cottages are thatched with the coarse reed growing along the edges of the canals and ditches, which makes a pretty and very durable roof.

The whole country, as far as the eye could see, was one rich carpet of deep verdure, relieved by rows and clumps of willows and a few other trees, and by numerous herds of fine cattle and horses. The cattle were as invariably black and white here as dun-coloured in Savoy; exceedingly well made, and very fat. The horses looked well, but not remarkable for size or beauty. Along the edges of the canal, raised upon sticks, about three feet from the water, were large nests, made of reeds, to save the eggs of the water fowl.

Nothing surprised me more than the ruddiness of the children, the vigorous appearance of the men and women, and the old persons we observed along the canals. Their houses were generally adjoining the water, which was not unfrequently covered with the rich velvet-green of a water-plant whose leaves were developed on the surface. At first I thought it was a green scum on the water, but upon examination discovered that it was the outspreading of these leaves on the surface, under which the water seemed clear and cool. This appearance continues all the way to the city. In America, the vicinity to so much and such water would cause sickness. Upon inquiry, I found the fever and ague was not common here.

We arrived at Utrecht at five o'clock P.M., and found the public square occupied by rude, temporary booths for the annual fair, which takes place in Holland once a year in every city and town. It was a ludicrous sight, and seemed to be confined to the dregs of the people, who were amused by Punch and Judy and such trifles. There were

more ragged, dirty people here than we had seen anywhere else in Europe, and we were more frequently and vehemently assailed by beggars. This surprised us, as we had not expected it in Holland. It may be this ludicrous fair attracts this sort of people from all the neighbourhood around.

Upon leaving Utrecht for Amsterdam our course lay along the canal, which is, properly, a branch of the Rhine, extending to Amsterdam. The first ten miles is a picturesque and interesting country. It is an unbroken range of forests and thickets, interspersed with shrubs and flowers, and intersected by winding walks, and small and large canals, reflecting the rich verdure on their banks. Every few hundred yards on each side are mansions more remarkable for their rural beauty and air of plenty than for elegance or splendour. These are usually situated some distance from the road, and the access is by a plain gate, on which is inscribed the name of the place, and near to the gate, generally on the private canal adjoining the road, is a hexagonal tea-room, painted white, with large windows. As we drove past, I observed the families taking tea, and, earlier in the afternoon, females seated around tables knitting and sewing. These are the summer residences of the merchants of Amsterdam. I believe commentators have assigned the garden of Eden to almost every country in the world, but, were I called upon to locate it, I would place it among the cool groves between Utrecht and Amsterdam, and rely upon the good taste of the traveller who may pass amid these refreshing shades on a beautiful afternoon in July to confirm the wisdom of my choice.

The last two hours of our ride were less interesting, as the soil was thinner, the country more naked, and the canal at a distance. Before we reached the city, the full-orbed moon came up out of the level country, as out of the ocean, and lighted us into the ancient and curious city of Amsterdam, where we took lodgings at the Hotel *des Pays bas*. I slept as soundly on the fine hair mattress as I had done the night before under the table of the steamer.

After a good night's rest, and a breakfast of coffee, beefsteaks, and potatoes, in such quantities as reminded us that we had passed from French mincing to good substantial Dutch dishes, we proceeded to the house of our excellent friend, Mr. S——, who had kindly profered to conduct us through the city.

The first thing that struck us was the resemblance, in two respects, between this and American cities: it is built of brick, and the houses are separate private dwellings, with doors opening upon the street, so that when the owner enters he is not under the necessity of encountering fifty strange faces as he ascends the stairs, as is the case, generally, in large European cities and towns. We passed through several of the best streets. One of them, with a broad canal in the middle, was as fine as any we had seen in Europe: not so varied and magnificent, indeed, as some short streets and some *places* in Paris, yet exhibiting a richness, convenience, and comfort we had not seen elsewhere. The steps, door-casing, floors, stairs, &c., are frequently of Italian marble. The houses are high, and have usually some breastwork at the top of the roof, on each side of which, as pendatives, carved lions, dolphins, and other devices in wood extend down to the eaves. In this respect all Dutch cities differ from American; the line of roofs is not one range of unbroken eaves, as with us oftentimes,

but a succession of independent frontings, like turrets, or ornamented gables, of different height, width, and patterns. From the gables of many of the finest houses we observed ropes descending from a block at the highest point of the roof, as from the upper parts of our warehouses, and learned from our companion that they were for the conveyance of household articles to the upper stories, so as to avoid carrying them up and down the stairs.

We were somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the people. They were not so short, thick, and sluggish as is generally supposed; more so, indeed, than the French or Swiss, but not more than the Germans on the Upper Rhine. There was the appearance of health and thrift among them, and more comeliness, both of men and women, than we had expected. The shops were well furnished, and some of them beautiful; but neither in Amsterdam, Geneva, Lyons, nor Paris did we see such large and elegant establishments as are to be found in our own cities. There are a few exceptions to this remark. You see no long ranges of deep and high warehouses in Paris, as in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; nor do you find whole streets of private residences, as with us. But business is more diffused in the cities of Europe, and the articles are exposed for sale in small show-shops on the street, while the stock, and often the workmen, are in adjoining rooms, or in an upper story. Yet the taste with which the European shops are arranged far exceeds ours. I believe I have already remarked that small articles cost the traveller as much in Europe as the citizen in America; not unfrequently more.

The docks, lying within the edge of the city, were full of shipping. It was a noble sight, and as we passed along before the dingy, hard-looking ranges of warehouses, we thought of our own wharves. These warehouses belong to the city, and produce good revenue. The stranger cannot fail to notice that many, perhaps most, of the houses, lean over into the street, yet do not give any appearance of cracks, as if injured. Most authorities say this is owing to their foundations having given way; but Mr. S. informed us that they are built in this manner in order that the rain may fall farther from the doors and windows. He said he had recently put a new facade to his own house, inclining over from above. I believe I have nowhere mentioned, that in all public buildings of any antiquity, the water is usually discharged from the projecting angles of the roofs by the gaping mouths of caricatured men or animals, generally lions, dragons, or the heads of some of these attached to human bodies. They look like excrescences projecting from the buildings, and mar their symmetry. With us, or in England, it would be a simple plain spout; but on the Continent, every idea is made to assume some form of life, so as to speak to the senses; and there is scarcely a beautiful or magnificent conception published in Europe that has not been painted, engraved, sculptured, carved, or moulded in plaster, and placed in galleries or offered for sale in the shops. Thus, the mass of the people can look upon the visible embodiment, and at least be pleased, if they cannot master the mighty thought and enter into that beautiful world of intellection where it was produced.

One of the most interesting sights in Amsterdam is the ancient State House, now the Royal Palace. It was built at the close of the Spanish War, out of the trophies of that noble contest, which exhibited so many deeds of daring and secured the independence of the

Netherlands. The walls are of hewn stone, brought from Belgium, and the interior decorations of Italian marble, with which the grand saloon is entirely encased. Various offices open upon this saloon. In the glorious days of the Republic, before the "Great Powers" weighed the countries of Europe in scales, using the small states as make-weights to form what they call "the balance of power," the business of the state was transacted in these offices, and the groups of statuary that still adorn their walls and entrances show the purposes for which they were severally used. The devices belong to the *State House*, not to the *Palace*; and some of them are strangely out of harmony with the present uses of the rooms which they ornament. In the royal bedchamber, for instance, is a statue of Ceres with her cornucopia, and on the compartments of the ceiling are painted the varieties of grain and processes of husbandry, while over the door is the figure of a dog watching his dead master. This *was* the Secretary's room. In the Bankrupts' Hall was a group which might, perhaps, be usefully exhibited in America. Above is a strong money-chest burst open, and rats clambering in and out: a man is falling headlong below it; and farther down are sculptured the relics of sumptuous feasts. The fellow fell by *living too fast*. On the right is a figure of *Justice*, with sword and scales. It would shake the nerves of the grandest of our defaulters to stand his trial amid such emblems as these, if an inexorable Dutch judge were on the bench before him.

The grand saloon is now the royal ball-room. The change was not effected without some difficulty. In point of size, proportions, and elegance, it was the very thing for a splendid ball-room; but then, the sculpture! Over the great door which led to the Hall of Justice is a group in which a wretched criminal cowers before the figure of Justice, with drawn sword, under which is *Death*, with his skeleton hand upon an hour-glass. What was to be done? The figure could not be removed: that would have been trying Dutch patience a little too far; but yet, who could glide down the magnificent saloon in the gay dance, in the face of that grinning skeleton? A happy thought was suggested. A white cloth, saturated with a solution of gum, was thrown over the figure and moulded into graceful drapery, and lo! the dance could proceed, for *Death* was not there. Turning from the sculpture to gaze upon the noble hall, I observed our friend S. sitting apart, with an air of dejection. "This is all wrong," said he; "this is no *palace*: it was built as a monument of the victories of the *Republic*." The flags taken from various nations by the Republic were tastefully grouped at each end of the room. As I looked at them, S. remarked "I think it is time we were getting some more." A true Republican heart beat in his breast.

A visit to the Museum and several of the churches ended our sight-seeing in Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM HAARLEM TO BRUSSELS.

Haarlem. The Organ. Leyden. Siege by the Spaniards. The University. High Charges. Rotterdam. Dordrecht. Synod of Dort. Antwerp. Decline of her Commerce. Causes of Decline. Spanish Wars. Revolution of 1830. Flemish School of Painting. Ruben's Descent from the Cross. Vandyk's Crucifixion. Statue of the Virgin. Calvary and Purgatory. Railway to Brussels. William Tindal. Brussels.

HAARLEM is about two hours' drive from Amsterdam. I have nothing to speak of here except the great organ, whose powers are thought to be greater than those of any similar instrument in Europe. We secured a performance from the organist by paying a special fee of a guinea. I was gratified with it; but an attempt to describe the sweet, the varied, the tremendous tones which alternately floated amid the columns and arches of the vast edifice, or shook its massive walls, would not gratify the reader. The performance lasted an hour; and when the organist came out of the loft with his coat off, the perspiration was literally bursting from every pore.

We proceeded to *Leyden*, the ancient seat of literature, and only regretted that we could not make a longer stay at this most interesting place. The siege of the town by the Spaniards in 1573 presented an endurance of suffering on the part of its inhabitants almost unrivalled in history. It is said that the Prince of Orange, in reward for the bravery and patriotism of the Leydenese, offered either to exempt them from taxes or to found a university in the city; they chose the university, and it became one of the most celebrated in Europe. The names of Des Cartes, Grotius, and Arminius are, indeed, enough to adorn its annals. Though it has fallen from its ancient supremacy, it yet affords good opportunities of education, especially in medicine, and has, perhaps, five hundred students annually. The buildings of the University are neither extensive nor striking. The botanical garden adjoining it, though not so large as can be found in some other countries, is yet, in point of scientific arrangement, one of the finest in Europe.

We dined at the Hague, and had another evidence that the hotel charges are higher in Holland than in France or Switzerland, while, in general, the accommodations are inferior, and the landlord not overstocked with civility. We had an example of both incivility and extortion at the Hague, where we asked the inn-keeper to send for the door-keeper of the Museum, as we desired to examine the dress in which the Prince of Orange was assassinated at Delft; but he paid no kind of attention to our request, provided us a poor dinner, charged exorbitantly for it, was paid, in addition, by our courier for waiting at table, and, after all, had the impudence to ask farther pay for his services when we left.

Passing through Delft, we arrived at Rotterdam at nine o'clock at night. The hotel was full, and we were put into some rooms on the ground-floor, and this in Holland, too, and the rain pouring down in torrents. Vexed at being treated in this way, we determined to de-

part quickly for Antwerp, honouring Rotterdam only by a cursory inspection. It is a curiosity, indeed. There are almost as many canals as streets, and their lively bustle, the heavy drawbridges, the odd-looking boats, the quaint old houses, the strangely-dressed and sober-sided people, make a picture as diverse as possible from anything we see at home. There is every advantage for the extensive commerce of the place. The use of sledges is one of the greatest peculiarities. Carts, and even hackney-coaches, are mounted on them instead of wheels, and provided with small kegs in front, from which water dribbles before the runners to diminish friction. All vehicles of burden and implements of husbandry are much ruder in those old countries than in America.

From Rotterdam we went by steamer to Antwerp. The passage is by various rivers, narrows, and inland bays, through a low, level country, formed by the action of the Rhine and the sea. A high range of sand-hills, called *Dunes*, extend from the Zuyder Zee to the Texel, which defend the *amphibious* country within from the invasions of the waves. The only place of interest on the route was Dordrecht, better known as *Dort*, the oldest town of Holland, and the seat of that famous synod, which settled the fate of the Dutch Church, and left to the Protestant world such an inheritance of evil in the withering doctrine which has, in almost every country where it has had any length of sway, unnerved the energies of the Church, and driven her away from pure Christianity into formalism, Socinianism, or Rationalism. With the unfair constitution of the synod, its iniquitous management, and painful results, most of my readers are doubtless acquainted. Its bigotry and cruelty would have disgraced the darkest days of Popery.

Our hotel at Antwerp was upon the banks of the Scheldt, and commanded a fine view of the river, which wound its course through a fertile agricultural country. The general impression is saddening.—The queen of commerce is almost desolate. In the sixteenth century twenty-five hundred vessels floated at one time upon the bosom of her noble river, and her merchants were princes. Now, not a dozen ships were to be seen in her waters, and the population is reduced from 200,000 to 75,000. The causes of this decline can be easily traced.

Charles V. inherited the rich dominions of the house of Burgundy in the Low Countries, and united them with Spain. But their ancient privileges were never violated; and from the freedom of their municipal governments, great liberty of opinion prevailed, and the doctrines of the Reformation found easy access to the rich cities of the Netherlands. The bigoted Philip II., who seemed to have but one idea, that of subduing Protestantism—and he sacrificed the most splendid empire that Europe had seen to this chimera—resolved to bring back the Netherlands to the Catholic faith by crushing their power. They resolved to worship God according to their own consciences. The Duke of Alva was sent to Holland, and practised those unheard-of cruelties which have made his name for ever infamous. In 1564 Philip sent nine inquisitors to Holland: the nobles bound themselves not to answer them, and, at a meeting held in Brussels, in 1565, drew up the celebrated *Request*, stating their resolution, which was presented to Margaret, duchess of Parma, then vice-queen. The house in which they met is still shown, and I visited it with more pleasure than the palaces of kings. The Earl of Barlaimont, noticing some trepidation in the duchess when the address was presented, whispered to her that

she "ought not to be annoyed by such a mob of *beggars*." This being reported to the confederates, they determined to adopt the title, and the *Gueux* showed themselves to be sufficiently powerful afterward. After a long and bloody war, marked by distinguished cruelty on the part of the Spaniards, and by prodigies of patience and valour in the cities of the Netherlands, their independence was established. At the commencement of the war Antwerp was in the highest state of commercial splendour, but during its course it received several heavy blows, from which it never recovered. The establishment of the Inquisition drove its most industrious and skilful artisans to London, and to those Antwerp refugees England is indebted for the establishment of her silk manufactures. If the same degree of religious freedom that now prevails over the Continent had existed from the fifteenth century, it is probable that France, Germany, and the Low Countries would have been what England now is, in manufactures, wealth, and power. The elements of that very Protestantism, which has given England her supremacy, were prepared on the Continent, and were once far more widely diffused there than now; twenty-five hundred Protestant ministers were once to be found in France, where now there is scarcely a fifth of that number. I have before noticed the fact, which the traveller in Europe must everywhere observe, that in all the arts of life, in science, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the Protestant countries are far in advance of the Catholic. You may see the difference in passing a few miles over the same soil and in the same climate, from a Catholic to a Protestant state. It is the difference of spiritual atmosphere that produces this diversity. The mind of the Protestant is essentially free, that of the Catholic essentially slavish. The formulas of the latter are stereotyped, and he must take them unexamined; the doctrines of the former are received by his own free choice. The worship of the Catholic makes no appeal to his thought, but captivates his senses and his imagination; the worship of the Protestant is spiritual and intellectual, and powerfully exercises his thought and reflection. In consequence, the aggrégate mind of a Protestant state exhibits a freedom, boldness, and activity which cannot be developed in a Catholic state, and the results are soon obvious in the progress of civilization.

But to return to Antwerp. The memorable siege of fourteen months by the Duke of Parma, in 1585, was a terrible blow to her commerce, and the work of destruction was continued by the closing of her harbour after the peace of Westphalia. After the re-opening of the Scheldt by the French, her commerce began to revive, but received its death-blow at the revolution of 1830, which transferred the trade with the Dutch colonies to Rotterdam and Amsterdam. The streets and wharves of Antwerp are now comparatively deserted.

But if commerce and wealth have departed from Antwerp, she inherits an imperishable glory in the fame of her arts. The cradle of the Flemish school of painting, the home of Rubens, Vandyk, and Teniers, Antwerp is still the repository of their choicest works, which attract visitors from all parts of Europe, who are, indeed, the chief support of the place. Its steamboats, its hotels, its innumerable commissioners and valets, all depend upon strangers for their employment.

The *Descent from the Cross*, the master-piece of Rubens, hangs in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in which building are also preserved the

Elevation of the Cross, the *Assumption of the Virgin*, and the *Resurrection*, all by the same great master, and marked by the boldness of conception and strength of colouring that characterized his genius. The Descent from the Cross involves in the position of the prominent figures some of the greatest difficulties of the art, which are admirably surmounted by the painter. The head hanging languidly on the shoulder, and the sinking of the body on one side, are the impersonation of the heaviness of death. But the *Crucifixion*, by Vandyk, preserved in the Museum, struck me most forcibly; I could not repress indignation, sorrow, even tears, as I gazed upon the image of the Crucified stooping meekly and yielding his bleeding back to the strokes of the scourage, while the blue marks of the thong verged into blackness, and the dark blood trickled from the fearful wounds.

The statue of the Virgin, in the Church of St. James, said to have been executed in Italy under the direction of Rubens, and brought to Antwerp by himself, is a beautiful creation. The countenance is a sweet blending of sorrow and resignation: the right hand lightly touches the breast over the heart, which is just about to be pierced by the point of a sword; while the drapery flows gracefully round the figure. The same Church is adorned by a *Holy Family* of Rubens, one of the most pleasing of his works.

The most absurd thing I had yet seen in or about Catholic churches was nothing to the representation of Calvary and Purgatory on the outside of St. Paul's in Antwerp. Passing under a rough archway, you find a rude avenue of jagged stone walls, on both sides of which are statues of the Apostles, Saints, and Prophets on pedestals of rugged masonry; and farther in is an eminence of some sixty feet high, formed of the same rough stonework, resting against the transept of the church. On the top of this imitation of Calvary is a cross, on which the body of Christ is extended; at the foot of it, on the left, stands St. John, and on the right Mary, holding a vase, which receives a stream of blood, represented by an iron rod painted a deep red, extending in a gentle sweep from the wound in the Saviour's side to the mouth of the vase. Under the Cross is a grotto, in which, fully open to view, lies a female figure with her left hand on a skull, and in advance of her a dragon is flying as if in alarm. Below is another grotto, in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, where a revolting figure of the Saviour lies covered by a white cloth edged with gold tinsel. In front and below the Sepulchre is a representation of Purgatory in coarse masonry and carving painted. The flames flare up from the cavern and mount the sides of the rock, and ghastly faces are seen struggling through them, their eyes turned in anguish towards the Cross above. The whole exhibition is one of the most disgusting that can be conceived, and argues a very low state of cultivation of the common people, who require such signs to instruct them by thus addressing their senses.

From Antwerp we went to Brussels by the new railway in an hour and a half, distance twenty-seven miles. The Belgian railways are not equal to those of England, but yet are well conducted, and the charges remarkably low. The country between Antwerp and Brussels is level and fertile. We passed *Malines*, the seat of the once celebrated manufacture of Mechlin lace; the manufacture is now nearly superseded by that of Brussels. But a far greater interest was excited in our minds when the train stopped at *Vilvorde*, where William Tein dal was strangled and burned at the stake in 1536, under the decre of-

Charles V., as a heretic. Tindal was educated at Oxford, embraced the views of Luther, and fell under the suspicion of the clergy in England from a translation of Erasmus's *Enchiridion Militis Christiani*, which he published, I believe, at Cambridge. He afterward went to Antwerp, translated the New Testament into English, and sent many copies to England, which were bought up by the prelates and burned. The money thus obtained enabled him, in connexion with Coverdale, to print a new edition. He was betrayed and condemned by means of a wretch employed by Henry VIII., and put to death as I have stated.

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, contains over 100,000 inhabitants principally Catholics. The upper part of the city is new, with wide streets, and houses generally neat, sometimes elegant. The grand Park is an enclosure of some fifty or sixty acres, thickly planted with trees, and laid out in gravel walks; around it are the Royal Palace, the unoccupied palace of the Prince of Orange of the old dynasty, the Chambers of the Deputies and the various public offices. Our hotel *(Britannique)* stands upon the Place Royale, which opens upon the Park; we were attracted by its imposing exterior, but found it a whited sepulchre, as it was anything but clean and well arranged within.

Brussels has been well characterized as Paris in miniature. The great capital is imitated in all possible ways: in the colour of the houses, the carriages, the arrangements of cafés and restaurants; even the Boulevards are here on a small scale. It imitates the capital of France too, in desecrating the Christian Sabbath. In going to the Cathedral on Sunday morning, I found the shops open and the military on parade. The market-place in front of the Hotel de Ville (the very spot where the Counts Egmont and Horn were executed in 1568, while Alva looked on from the window of an adjacent building, still standing) was crowded with people of the working classes, in their coarse blue frocks, enjoying themselves in various amusements. I was surprised, notwithstanding, to find the cathedral, and another church which I visited in the course of the day, crowded with worshippers. Orange-trees and running vines were blooming sweetly in both churches, mingling their scents with the incense of the altar and the prayers of the people.

Upon the whole, Brussels is a pretty city, and apparently prosperous. The French language is generally spoken, and the sympathies of the people are with France.

CHAPTER XXV.

WATERLOO.

Waterloo. Brief Account of the Campaign before the Battle of the 18th of June. Number and Position of the Forces on both Sides. Defeat of the Prussians at Ligny. Battle of Quartre Bras. Description of the Field of Waterloo. Numbers engaged in the Action. Account of the Battle. Almost lost by the English. Retrieved by the Arrival of the Prussians. Systematic Falsehoods of British Tory Writers. Reflections on the Results of the Battle of Waterloo and Downfall of Napoleon. Alison's History of Europe. Rise of Free Opinions in Europe. The Reformation. It Induced Discussion of Political Abuses. American Revolution. French Revolution. Causes of its Failure. Napoleon. His Overthrow. Congress of Vienna. Promises to the German Nations. How kept. Return of Napoleon. Establishes a Constitutional Government in France, Rising of Europe. Battle of Waterloo. False Issue. The Results of the Battle. To Great Britain. France. Russia. Germany. Protestantism.

I SPENT a day upon the field of Waterloo. As this was the most momentous battle of modern times, I shall give my readers a brief account of it, derived from the best sources within my reach, and strengthened by a careful inspection of the ground in company with an actor in the struggle. A few remarks upon the movements of the opposing armies during the previous days of the campaign will not be out of place.

The British forces, early in June, 1815, lay in cantonments between the Scheldt and Brussels, about 100,000 strong, of whom 54,000 were English and Hanoverians. The Prussian army of 40,000 men lay on the left, between Brussels and Namur. The whole force of the allies, at the opening of the campaign was over 240,000 men, with 500 pieces of cannon. Napoleon opened the campaign on the 15th of June, with 130,000 men and 350 guns. His design was to attack the enemy before they could concentrate their forces, and by this superior manœuvring, he at first succeeded in this, completely out-generalling the Duke of Wellington.* On the 16th he attacked the Prussians at Ligny, where the greater part of their forces were assembled and defeated them, with a loss on their side of about 20,000 men. On the same day Ney engaged with the British, who were concentrating at Quartre-Bras, but did not succeed in driving them from the ground. The emperor despatched Marshal Grouchy, with 32,000 men and 110 guns, to follow the Prussians, with directions to keep between them and Brussels, to prevent their junction with the British, and to be ready himself to join the main army when required.

The Duke of Wellington retreated towards Waterloo on the 17th, and before nightfall on that day the whole British force had taken a position which he had previously selected. The Emperor immediately followed them, but his troops had to march later in the night; the weather was dreadful; the rain fell in torrents, and the roads were almost impassable. At last, however, both armies were on the field

* Even Mr. Alison, with all his high Tory prejudice, acknowledges this. Sir Francis Head has reprimanded him for his freedom, and tried to refute his charges against the duke, but in vain.

where the fate of Europe was decided. The British were confident in their general and in their own dauntless courage. Napoleon on the other hand, only feared that they would escape him in the night.

The village of Waterloo lies on the great road from Brussels to Charleroi, two miles distant from the field of battle. Between the village and Brussels lies the forest of Soignies, nine miles long by seven and a half broad. At the distance of a mile from Waterloo is the village of Mont St. Jean, where a branch of the road leads off to Nivelles on the right. The French call the battle after this village. As you pass on from Mont St. Jean, the ground begins to rise, and towards the summit of the ridge, extending somewhat irregularly for about a mile and a half to the right and left of the main road, the British army was drawn up. Parallel to this ridge, at about eight hundred yards' distance, is a similar one, on which the French lines were arranged, and the valley between them was the field of battle. In front of the British right was the strong old chateau of Hougomont, surrounded by a thick wood impervious to artillery, and occupied by a detachment. In front of their centre was the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, into which they had also thrown a strong force. Their extreme left rested upon the village of La Haye. It thus appears that the British position was admirably chosen for defence. The strong points of Hougomont and La Haye Sainte had to be carried before any decisive attack could be made upon their centre, while the ridge behind which their lines were drawn up defended them to a great extent from the French artillery. The French, on the other hand, were exposed to the full fire of the British guns in crossing the valley and marching up the declivity of the ridge to the attack. Their right, however, had a good point of defence in the hamlet of Planchenoit, in case of an attack by the Prussians.

Such was the field of battle. In point of numbers the armies were about equal, say seventy thousand on each side, though the French had the advantage in artillery. The English had the advantage of a strong position, and of more rest on the night before the battle. But, on the other hand, Napoleon's troops were flushed with recent victory; and though they had not full confidence in all their officers, they were led by their own Emperor, in whom they trusted, with good reason, as the ablest commander in the world. On the whole, then, had the battle been decided by the two armies that gazed on each other across the narrow valley at ten o'clock on the morning of that eventful day, it might have been considered a fair trial of the comparative abilities of Napoleon and Wellington, and of the comparative merit of French and English troops. As affairs turned out, it was a decisive test of neither.

At half past ten the French troops were drawn up in order of battle. The design of the emperor was to seize upon La Haye Sainte and turn the British left. At eleven o'clock, however, he commenced the battle with an attack on Hougomont, which was vigorously repelled; but after several hours' hard fighting the wood remained in the hands of the French, who masked the position. In the mean time the cannonade had been carried on furiously along the whole line, though the British troops, under protection of the ridge, did not suffer from it so extensively as the emperor supposed. The charge upon their centre was committed to Marshal Ney. Before it was made, however, Bulow's division of the Prussian army was seen at a distance

upon the French right. It was obvious that Grouchy had failed in regard to part, at least, of his purpose. Napoleon despatched three thousand horse, and subsequently ten thousand foot, to keep the Prussians in check. This service was effectually performed at the time; but such a diversion of the Emperor's force greatly strengthened the chances in favour of the allies. The attack upon the centre was received by the English troops with unparalleled firmness; it nevertheless succeeded; La Haye Sainte was taken, and Napoleon considered the result no longer doubtful. In this part of the battle prodigies of valour were achieved on both sides. Before five o'clock in the afternoon, under a charge of the French cavalry, the British suffered terribly; several of their squares were broken, and cannon and colours taken. But the reserve cavalry of the emperor unfortunately seconded this charge without his orders: he immediately countermanded the movement, but it was too late. It was eminently successful at the time. The French obtained possession of great part of the allied position, and the Prussians on the flank were repulsed. Even at this time, notwithstanding the addition of Bulow's corps of thirty thousand men to the allied army, it appears clear that Napoleon would have gained the battle. But in the mean time, the first corps of Prussians (Ziethen's) had also come up, and by seven o'clock a part of the second (Pirch's) arrived; making the whole of their force that took part in the action over fifty thousand men, with one hundred and fifty guns.

"At half past seven," in the language of the Prussian official bulletin, "the issue of the battle was still uncertain." The position of Napoleon was sufficiently trying. Instead of receiving help from Grouchy, he found his right flank attacked by a Prussian host, while he had his final effort yet to make against the British. But his confidence and presence of mind did not desert him. He determined to make a final effort with the Imperial Guard—that mighty force which had held the mastery of European battle-fields for so many years. They advanced under a fearful fire from the British guns with their usual intrepidity, and the Old Guard appeared about to gain another victory. But at the decisive moment of the grand attack, the right flank of the French was broken by a charge of Ziethen's corps; the guard, under the fire of the English guns, were thinning rapidly; the Prussian cavalry were spreading over the field on the right; and, finally, the Noble Guard itself recoiled. In a short time the whole French army was thrown into confusion. The rout was total. The Prussians alone pursued the fugitives, and avenged themselves, with almost barbarian brutality, for the many defeats they had suffered from the French.

Several reasons have induced me to give this brief sketch of the battle of Waterloo. In visiting the celebrated field, I could not but renew my interest in the bloody strife which terminated so disastrously for France and for Europe. Moreover, most of the accounts in circulation among us are derived from British sources; and we know too well, from the official statements of British officers, and the accounts of British historians in regard to the affairs of the American wars, how little reliance is generally to be placed upon them. British Tory writers never did, and never will do justice either to France or America. Many of the Whig writers have contributed to relieve English history from the mass of falsehoods which Toryism would heap

upon it, and we thank them for it. Napier's History of the Peninsular War is a noble specimen of frankness and honour. In regard to the battle of Waterloo, were we to believe the British accounts, the victory would have remained with them, even though no Prussians had arrived upon the field; while the Prussian and French statements unequivocally demonstrate the contrary. The British maintained their position with the most obstinate courage; no one doubts that; but, in the language of Gneisenau's official bulletin, "Napoleon continually advanced his masses, and with whatever firmness the English troops maintained themselves in their position, it was not possible but that such heroic exertions must have a limit." And even after the arrival of the fourth Prussian corps under Bulow, it is more than probable that the field of battle would have remained in possession of the French. As the result was, it would be difficult to account for the glory which the British and Prussians have taken to themselves for effecting, with one hundred and forty thousand men, and three hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, the rout of a French army with seventy thousand men and two hundred and forty guns, did we not know that the latter was commanded by the French Emperor, "who, out of thirteen of the greatest pitched battles recorded in history," had lost but one before the battle of Waterloo.

The Dutch government caused a mound of earth, two hundred feet high, to be erected on the spot where the repulse of the Imperial Guard took place, and where the Prince of Orange was wounded. It covers the bones of both armies gathered from the fields. A colossal bronze lion, cast from the cannon taken on the field, surmounts the tumulus. From this point the best view of the battle-ground is to be obtained. Peace and plenty reign over it now: it has become exceedingly fertile since it drunk so freely of the blood of the brave. A rich harvest was gathering from the fields as we gazed upon them.

Standing beside the Belgic Lion on the mound, beneath which sleep the victors and the vanquished in the most momentous contest in the history of Europe, I could not but recall to mind those principles and that series of events which led to the conflict, and the wide spread and disastrous results which have followed it. The opinions which I hold on this subject have not been hastily formed. They differ, of course, from the tone of English opinions, at least in Tory circles. I incline to believe, also, that the public mind in my own country has been misled, to a great extent, as to the true issue between the governments of Europe and Napoleon, by the general circulation of Tory accounts. The republication, also, during my absence abroad, of Mr. Alison's History of Europe, which maintains throughout the highest Tory opinions, and which is, in many respects, as false in regard to European politics as towards the institutions of America, will tend still farther to diffuse these unjust sentiments. I think it proper, therefore, to say a few words in this place in support of the opinion I have so freely expressed, that the final overthrow of Napoleon was "disastrous to France and to Europe."*

* On the return of the Bourbons to France in 1814, a gentleman called on Robe-Hall, in the expectation that he would express himself in terms of the utmost de-

The battle of Waterloo was the end, for the time being, of the struggle which commenced with the Reformation. In that long conflict, the rights of the people were arrayed on the one side, the claims of kings and priests on the other. The questions in dispute were, whether, in matters of State, the supreme authority flowed from the people, or was invested by Divine right in the hands of kings, and transmitted as an inheritance; which is political legitimacy: and whether, in the Church, God has established a priesthood, whose judgments, infallible in points of faith, and authoritative in discipline, suspend and supersede all private judgment, and bind the conscience of the individul to absolute obedience; and whose priestly office in the administration of the sacraments is essential to salvation, and can be obtained and exercised only by a regular transmission by the imposition of hands; this constitutes the pretended apostolical succession of the priesthood.

A thousand years had consecrated, and, as far as use could do it, legitimated the claims of kings and priests, and bowed men's thoughts, consciences, and habits to their sway. It was next to impossible that such a power should not be abused; and, that it might be abused consistently, the priesthood invented the doctrine of indulgences, and claimed the power to absolve from sin. The two ruling classes made common cause, and considered the people as their common property. Moderation in the use of their power might have prolonged its existence; but oppression succeeded oppression, until human endurance could bear no more, even from divinely-authorized tyrants. Meanwhile, gross personal vices, the invariable attendants of long-continued despotism, had gradually weakened men's dread of the spiritual powers that had ruled them so long. Reaction was inevitable: the Reformation came at last. Europe had been gradually prepared for it. Individual master minds, scattered everywhere, were pregnant with great and just ideas of liberty and equality, both in Church and State, and they formed, as it were, an electrical battery, whose action was felt simultaneously through all Europe.

These great minds were all in the Church, and, of course, their first assaults were made upon the preposterous assumptions of power by the priesthood, and its shameful abuse to the injury and degradation of the people. By one well directed blow they struck down the Infallibility of the Church, and declared the Word of God alone infallible. They announced it as the right and duty of every man to read and judge for himself: inasmuch as, "The Holy Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requsite or necessary to salvation."

Thus the consciences of men were set free from the absolute dominion of the priesthood, and their minds stimulated to investigate the Holy Scriptures. In these they found the simple plan of salvation by faith alone, without the necessary intervention of the priest's office in

light on account of that signal event. Mr. Hall said, "I am sorry for it, sir. The cause of knowledge, science, freedom, and pure religion on the Continent will be thrown back half a century; the intrigues of the Jesuits will be revived, and popery will be resumed in France, with all its mummery, but with no power, except the power of persecution."—MEMOIR OF ROBERT HALL, BY DR. GREGORY.

the sacraments. But it was impossible that this spiritual freedom should not lead to the investigation of political abuses. Active minds, guided by the general tenour of Scripture, and the special declaration that "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth," could not but perceive the natural equality of men. In the conflict of opinions that ensued, both parties appealed to antiquity. The treasures of classical learning had lately been re-opened. The principles of Grecian and Roman liberty were recalled and diffused through Europe, and, gradually taking possession of the educated mind, were, by contact and sympathy, communicated to the masses. Nearly three hundred years were required to imbue the people; but the work was quickened by the steady growth of popular liberty in England, and the exhibition, however imperfectly, of the new and attractive principle of popular representation in the House of Commons.

In the mean time, there was a steady diffusion of freer views. In North America, free from the compressing authority and forms of the old governments and old society, liberal principles grew with unexampled rapidity. The daring conflict of the English colonies with the mother-country startled Europe with the discovery that a people contending only for their liberties are invincible; and the establishment of a representative government, in which each male citizen of lawful age should have a suffrage, and be eligible to all offices simply by virtue of his being a citizen, proposed fairly the great problem of self-government by the people. The Old World regarded it as an experiment, and the liberal spirits there, confiding in its principles, desired to see it tried among them. The example of America precipitated the trial in France, and the French Revolution was produced. Its origin is to be referred to the justest and soundest principles: the evils which attended it can be easily accounted for. Long-continued tyranny had degraded the people: there was no general diffusion of knowledge: a corrupted form of Christianity had turned their minds from Christianity itself, and thus the soil was unfitted to receive and vivify at once the seeds of a pure and perfect freedom. Theorists overlooked the wretched condition of society. But men took advantage of it to advance their own schemes of aggrandizement. The abstract principles of liberty were widely diffused, but an absolutely free government was impossible. The days of terror alarmed even the truest friends of freedom. Instead of liberty, France found herself in a state of anarchy.

Under these circumstances, men naturally looked for the shelter of a strong power. Napoleon offered it. His elevation annihilated the doctrine of the Divine Right of kings. And if the rights of the Lord's anointed were thus trampled on, what was to become of feudal tenures on the Continent, and the claims of the aristocracy in England? The tendency of Europe was to blot out *historic* rights, and establish society upon the just and equal principles of the *rights of man*. A war of principles had arisen under the Republic; it descended as the legacy of the Republic to Napoleon. General, Consul, Emperor, whatever was his relation to France, he was always, to Europe, the representative of popular rights in opposition to legitimacy. Coalitions of kings were formed against the Republic, they were continued against the Consul and the Emperor.

It was the misfortune of liberty that Republican France was not

temperate. She should have been content (if the other powers would have permitted) to make her experiment on her own soil, calculating on her powerful example to spread her principles. It was a greater misfortune that Napoleon, the man of the people, was ambitious, and veiled from himself, perhaps, his desire of universal empire, under the fascinating idea of placing France at the head of the nations, and making Paris the capital of Europe.* But, whatever causes led him to the assumption of despotic authority and to his wars of conquest, their consequence was, that the various nations menaced by his power apprehended that they would permanently lose their nationality, and become vassals of the French Empire. This wounded their pride and aroused their resentment, while, at the same time, liberal principles, as taught in France and realized in the United States, took deep root among them.

A momentous period now arrived, both for the people and the aristocracy of Europe. A Russian winter struck a more deadly blow at the dominion of Napoleon than all the coalitions of the powers of Europe had been able to inflict in twenty years. The sovereigns saw the great master of war stagger at the conflagration of Moscow, and bend under the subsequent disastrous retreat of the Grand Army. They hailed the event as the time of deliverance, and called on the people to arm in mass for the recovery of their nationality. As a reward for their gigantic exertions, each sovereign promised to his people a constitutional government. Upon this promise, armed hosts seemed to spring up from the soil of Germany. The nations gathered by hundreds of thousands, and fought Napoleon for five days on the plains of Leipsic. He was foiled, but not dismayed. The war was carried into France, and in a few months, after a resistance on the part of the emperor, in which his genius shone with greater lustre than ever, the allies met in her capital, her Bourbon king was restored, and Napoleon was exiled to Elba. Thus the principle of legitimacy triumphed over the right of the people to choose their own sovereign, and this, too, under the leadership of England, notwithstanding her glorious Revolution of 1688, in which legitimacy had been proscribed.

The great end of the sovereigns had been accomplished. The next step in order was to prepare and publish the promised constitutions for their several people, as the reward for their unexampled expenditure of blood and treasure. But this was postponed until they could reinstate themselves securely in their former dominions, and provide against the recurrence of the contest between *liberalism*, which the French principles represented, and anti-liberalism, represented by the allied sovereigns. For this secure adjustment of Europe, on the old bases and ideas, it was determined that a congress of governments, constituted of sovereigns and plenipotentiaries, should meet within two months at Vienna. This was in 1814.

The great contest between *liberalism* and *anti-liberalism*, *i. e.*, between the privileges of the aristocracy and the rights of the people, had been carried on for twenty years, under the guise of a war against Napoleon, who was called the enslaver of Europe; and hence the war against him was called the war of the liberation of Europe. It was this deceptive form in which the question had been presented to the

* Language fails to express what Europe lost by the ambition of Napoleon: it would fail equally to express how much she gained by his energy.

people which induced them to fight. Now that Napoleon had fallen it was necessary to encounter the general expectation. The allied sovereigns saw that the real conflict between liberalism and anti-liberalism must still continue, and they sought to change its exhibition. They saw, also, that their promises of constitutional liberty to the people had greatly strengthened their claim, by founding it in the honour and justice of the sovereigns as well as in the inalienable rights of the subject. The people confided in their promises, and all Europe looked with hope to the Congress of Vienna. We shall see how universal and bitter has been the disappointment.

The deliberations of the Congress commenced in the autumn of 1814. The whole civilized world expected and demanded that the first great concern of the august assembly should be the liberty and happiness of the *people*, secured to them by the promised constitutions. Europe felt a quivering convulsion of indignation and despair, when the swift couriers from Vienna dispersed the intelligence that the Congress was wholly engaged in listening to the claims of the despoiled sovereigns and deposed petty princes, and was assiduously employed in distributing the people and the revenues of Europe as a mere mass of property for their indemnification and aggrandizement. There was an informal declaration that when the limits of the several states were settled, and the princes put into peaceable and secure possession of their thrones, then the promises of constitutional liberty to the people should be fulfilled. The conflicting interests developed by the general scheme of robbery had more than once threatened the dissolution of the Congress and an appeal to arms, when the astounding intelligence flashed like lightning through all Europe, that Napoleon had landed in France, and was advancing in triumph towards the capital. All dissensions were composed. The crowned and titled spoilers were again united into a band of brothers, confederated to secure the liberties of Europe! The treaty of Vienna was signed June 9th, 1815, in the name of the "Most Holy and Undivided Trinity," a mockery only surpassed by the flagrant hypocrisy of the "Holy Alliance" that followed within the year.

The old war-cry was raised. On the Continent, the States of Germany had been told for years that Napoleon was the only obstacle to free constitutions. They were again amused with the same declaration. The *people* must rise and drive the oppressor from Europe. But the proclamation that summoned them was backed by one of the articles of the German Confederation, declaring "that in every state of the Confederation there shall be established a representative constitution." In England, where a system of deception, the baseness of which is hardly credible, had for years blinded the nation, and led them to pour out their blood and treasure in Continental wars upon a false issue—in England, the Tory leaders proclaimed that "the oppressor had returned to Paris" only by the aid of the bayonet; that the Bourbons were intrenched in the hearts of the people; that, in fighting Napoleon, they would fight not merely for the glory and safety of England, but for the liberty of France. There were noble hearts in England that tried to stem the torrent, but in vain. Yet all the world now knows the Bourbons were unfit for France; and that Napoleon's march from Cannes to Paris was a triumph, if not on account of his own popularity, at least on account of the general hatred of the people for the worn-out dynasty which foreign arms had

imposed upon them. And, more than this, the world knows that the truest patriots of France, the Carnots, the Constants, and the Lanjuinais, gathered round Napoleon, and that he met their views by calling the representatives of the people together to form a constitutional government, and that their sessions continued until their hall was closed against them by Blucher's Prussians.

Napoleon, taught by experience, saw clearly that he could not again reign in France as a despot. A conversation between the emperor and Benjamin Constant developed his true position: "I sprang from the ranks of the people; my voice has influence over them, because between them and me there is identity of nature: they look to me as their support, their defender against the nobles. I have rarely found opposition in France; but from some obscure, unarmed Frenchmen, I have met with more of it than from all the kings at present so determined no longer to have a plebian for their equal. Consider, then, what seems to you to be possible. Give me your ideas. Free elections, public discussions, responsible ministers, liberty—all these I desire: the liberty of the press in particular, which to stifle was absurd; on that point I am satisfied. I am the man of the people. I have recognised their sovereignty. I am bound to listen to their desires, and even to their caprices. I never desired to oppress them; I had great designs, but fate has decided them. I am no longer a conqueror, nor can I again become so. I have now but one charge: to relieve France, and give her a government suited to her. I am not inimical to liberty; I set it aside when it obstructed my path; but I have been educated in its principles, and comprehend it."

It was the fairest opportunity for national freedom that France had ever enjoyed. The powers of Europe, with England at their head, determined to crush the attempt.

This, then, was the battle fought at Waterloo. The *people* on both sides thought themselves fighting for liberty: the French, to retain it under the ruler of their own choice; the aggregated masses of the allies, to dethrone the man whom they considered the only barrier to constitutional freedom in Europe. But how unfortunate the position held by England on that day. The *freemen* of England fought to maintain the despotisms of the Continent—to deprive a brave people of the free choice of their rulers—to restore the representative of a worn-out dynasty to a throne for which he was unfit, and from which he had fled before the Man of the People! The *Protestants* of England fought to recover the powers of the pope, to bring back the sway of the Jesuits, and to prolong the existence of a corrupt church! But if the masses were deceived, the leaders were not. The allied sovereigns and the aristocracy of England knew for what *they* were fighting. They hoped that the war of principles would end with the second overthrow of Napoleon. They conquered. Well might Robert Hall grieve when he heard of the victory which his countrymen and their allies had gained at Waterloo, and say, "*That battle and its results seemed to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees.*"*

* Hear a noble English voice from Paris, in 1815;

"The moral character of England, by her constant opposition to the aggressions of Napoleon, and the circumstance of her efforts being turned solely to that object, had been placed very high in the estimation of all Europe, and up to the peace of Paris had given a presumptive superiority to every individual of our

The Bourbon was again placed upon the throne, in spite of the wishes of the French people. The allies knew this, and provided for the safety of the dynasty in whose behalf they had deluged Europe with blood for twenty-five years, by a military occupation of France for five years more. The emperor was imprisoned on the island of St. Helena, where the barbarous treatment of which he was subsequently the victim shortened his days. The Treaty of Vienna of June 9th, 1815, was confirmed, and became the nominal public law of Europe. Such were the immediate results of the battle of Waterloo. Its ultimate effects, supposing it to have been the turning-point in the great question, have been seen in the degradation of France from 1812 to 1830, in the public distress and embarrassments of England, in the steady advance of Russia on the way to a despotism far more stringent and dangerous than Napoleon's, in the persevering efforts of the German powers to uproot the principles of liberalism from the minds of their people, in the renewal of the intrigues and machinations of the Jesuits, and in the increased power of Popery throughout Europe. It would carry me too far to indicate the course of all these results I shall add only a word or two in reference to those which have occurred, especially to Great Britain and Germany.

Who have been the gainers in Great Britain by the final overthrow of liberal principles in France? The aristocracy, and the aristocracy alone. They entered the contest at first against the French Republic without the general consent of the English nation. They annihilated, by their superior naval power, the marine of France; but Napoleon defeated the coalitions which their lavish subsidies formed on the

country, and had even made our diplomatists originally respectable. She had stood the storm, wrapped in her virtues and a warm surtout; but when the sun of success caused a development of her policy, the admirers of our honest, generous, free disposition, saw that if there was one real republic in the world, she was to be at war with England; that when Norway wished to be independent, she was to be starved into obedience by England; if the Genose had indulged any absurd notions of being again free, they were to be delivered over to the King of Sardinia by the troops of England; if the Belgians showed any aversion to their Dutch chains, they were to be rivetted by the hands of England, if the Poles wanted advocates, they found their slavery perpetuated by the pre-engagements of England; if Saxony submitted with reluctance, her masters and jailers wore the clothes and carried the bayonets of England; if the Inquisition was to be re-established in Spain and monkery at Rome, it was said to be under the auspices of England. Seeing, I say, all these things, and finding that, when all the interests, and rights, and feelings of humanity were sported with and sacrificed, there was no opposition from England, but that, on the contrary, the wishes of the principal powers of Europe, that is to say, the cupidity of certain royal and imperial houses, was made and avowed to be the rule of her conduct, her admirers began to be strangely surprised, to lose much of their respect for her former conduct, and nearly all their confidence in her future promises. No one could be astonished that Russia, Prussia, or Austria should have such wishes; but that they should be backed by England—that the implied absolute subjection of so many people—that the prescriptive right of an assembly of crowned heads, of their representatives, to consult nothing but the *wishes of the principal powers* in the confirmation or the change of the masters of the whole European population, should be countersigned by four Englishmen (at the Congress of Vienna), was a legitimate object of wonder and horror to such as looked for the security of national freedom in that influence which the glory of England might give her a power to command, and her generous policy and inclination to employ."—*Hobhouse's Letters from France.*

Continent, and rose to a pitch of power of which neither his enemies nor himself had dreamed in the outset. The ambition of the conqueror gave them better reasons for continuing the war against him. The Continental System, the only one by which Napoleon could make war upon England, annoyed British commerce, and gave the British people a vital interest in the contest. The aristocracy, fighting for existence, were joined by the people, fighting for their trade. The aristocracy triumphed; but the very wars which secured their domination, by postponing for a long period that final overthrow which must and will come, gave birth to new forms of industry on the Continent, which did not die with Napoleon. Great Britain is paid for her subsidies to the houses of Hapsburg and Brandenburg by the cotton-mills on the Danube, the factories on the Elbe, and the prohibitory tariffs of the Zoll-Verein. She is paid for the aggressions on the American marine, to which her war for supremacy led her, by the manufactories of Lowell, the woollen-mills of Philadelphia, and the iron forges of the Susquehanna. The ascendency of her manufactures has gone for ever. She welcomed the Emperor of Russia, in 1815, almost as an angel; and now, the curses and vituperations that she was wont to vent so freely on Napoleon, are hurled with equal vehemence, considering that the world is at peace, against the encroachments of the Despot of the North. By the wars of the French Revolution her national debt was increased by five thousand millions of dollars!

The political aspect of Germany is sufficiently gloomy. The parties to the Federal Act of Vienna had a difficult task to accomplish after the pacification of Europe in 1815. Their problem was to elude the fulfilment of the promises by which they had roused the people against France, without provoking them to revolution. By the fifty-third article of the Treaty of Vienna, the free states and cities of Germany were united into the "Germanic Confederation," whose object was declared to be "the maintenance of the external and internal safety of Germany, and of the independence and inviolability of the confederated states." The management of its affairs was intrusted to a Federative Diet, to meet regularly at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in which the members were to vote by their plenipotentiaries, according to a scale agreed upon. By this system, the energies of the whole people are so divided as to be almost neutralized. Nor can any state advance effectually towards free government without the consent of the Diet. In some of the smaller states, constitutions have been granted in form, which have been rendered almost nugatory by the acts of the Diet. The great powers, instead of granting constitutions, have systematically assumed more and more of despotic authority; and, by their compact to assist each other in any emergency, and to submit their own differences to peaceful arbitration, they have made a standing combination against the progress of liberty. By the nineteenth article of the Act of Confederation, the freedom of the press was secured, but with the ominous proviso that it should be enjoyed "according to the regulations to be adopted by the Germanic Diet." The first act of the Diet on the subject was the establishment of the censorship in 1819. Its last, that I know of, was a resolution of 1832, effectually prohibiting all free discussion of political topics, either by the press or in the assemblies. There is a rigid censorship of books and periodicals written at home, of books imported from abroad, and even of foreign newspapers. No history of recent events can now be

written in Germany; at least, in the mournful language of the patriotic Rotteck, "no liberal exposition of recent events, connected with judgment according to the law of reason." Every man of liberal opinions must either keep them to himself, or run the risk of banishment or imprisonment.

One great result of the success of the aristocratic reaction in Germany is emigration. Thousands of good citizens, despairing of national liberty—at least in the present generation—are abandoning their fatherland. Whole villages—pastors, schoolmasters, people, and all—have emigrated to the United States within the last ten years.* Yet, while I rejoice that my own country furnishes a home for the oppressed of all other lands, I cannot but regret that the virtuous and independent lovers of freedom should abandon the battle-field of liberty in Europe; and that, too, at a time when the arbitrary rulers who have defrauded them of their rights are, with a sagacity before unknown among despots, employing moral forces of the highest order to train the generation that is coming on the stage in habits of satisfied obedience to existing authorities. By encouraging industry and securing property, they hope to make the people forget, in the enjoyment of physical well-being, the higher rights of which they are deprived. By providing, to the fullest extent, the means of public instruction, and directing its application in the schools, the gymnasia,

*I take the following from the Report of the Secretary of State:

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.—Emigrants from Germany to the United States present a subject of great importance to us. We receive from the states associated in the German Union most valuable emigrants, consisting chiefly of farmers of excellent characters and industrious habits, who bring to their adopted country sufficient gold and silver to enable them to purchase and settle lands. The following official statement, made to the Chamber of Deputies of the kingdom of Bavaria, which does not contain one seventh part of the inhabitants of the Union, will show the state of emigration in that country. From 1835 to 1839, the total emigration from Bavaria alone was,

Males	12,806
Females	11,701
	24,507
Viz.: To America	18,937
To France	535
To Prussia	13
To Greece	119
To Algiers	62
To places unknown, who got off without passports, and went mostly to the United States	5,041
	24,507

The amount of money which these emigrants bore with them, as far as it is known to the Bavarian government, is nearly seven millions of guilders—equal to about 2,800,000 dollars; but, in consequence of the heavy tax which is levied, not only in Bavaria, but throughout a great part of Germany, upon money and other personal property taken out of the country by emigrants, it is probable that few of the persons enumerated made a declaration to the government of more than one half of their property. We may reasonably suppose, therefore, that those persons must have taken with them nearly twelve millions of guilders—equal to about 4,000,000 dollars. The number and value of the people who come to us from all Germany may thus be well appreciated, not only in their personal character, but in the addition they make to our actual wealth.

and the universities, they furnish just such aliment to the youthful mind as *they* deem most salutary. The new ideas of popular rights and constitutional government are withheld, and every effort made to diffuse a blind reverence for the historic doctrines on which the rights of hereditary princes and nobles are sought to be established. And herein is found the true cause of the general tendency in Europe towards Popery, which is an essential element of the old *social order* (of which Lord Castlereagh was so ardent an admirer) to which the rulers of Europe desire to return.

Finally, if any Protestant asks for the result, in a religious point of view, of the success of the allied arms against Napoleon in 1814–15, let him compare the power of Popery in 1814 with the power of Popery in 1842, and his question is answered.

HOLY ALLIANCE.

THIS professedly religious compact sprung immediately out of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. The terrible convulsions of the French Revolution, the rapid and decisive victories of Republican France, but, above all, the unparalleled ascendency and fall of Napoleon, had impressed the common mind of Europe with the idea of a Divine agency in the wonderful drama. Such an idea as this imparts the most profound impulse of which the human mind is susceptible. The victorious sovereigns, yet in conference in the capital of France, saw this religiousness pervading the popular mind, particularly of Germany, and seized upon it as the foundation of the Holy Alliance.* This Alliance was a mutual agreement between the sovereigns personally, that they would on all occasions, and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance to preserve the peace of Europe and the existing order of things, and that they would conduct themselves towards their subjects as fathers of families, declaring that they and their people in common formed part of the great Christian Nation, which ought to be governed wholly on Christian principles, Christ being the Supreme Sovereign of all. The Alliance was proposed by Alexander of Russia, accepted by the Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia, and afterward acceded to by nearly all the sovereigns of Europe. As many of my readers may not have seen the articles of the Holy Alliance, I will here insert the document.

CONVENTION USUALLY CALLED THE HOLY LEAGUE, BETWEEN THE EMPERORS OF RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, their majesties have agreed to the following articles:

Article I. Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three con-

*Dr. Tholuck, of Halle, writing of this period, says "It required the ploughshare of Napoleon's wars to break the soil and again prepare the hearts of the Germans for the seed of the Word of God. At that period there awoke among us an earnest longing after the faith of our fathers, and that in several places has been followed by a revival of the faith itself."

tracting monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity; and considering each other as fellow-countrymen, they will, on all occasions and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance; and regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace, and justice.

Art. II. In consequence, the sole principle in force, whether between the said governments or between the subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, and testifying, by unalterable good-will, the mutual affection with which they ought to be animated, to consider themselves all as members of one and the same Christian nation: the three allied princes, looking on themselves as merely delegated by Providence to govern three banches of one family, namely Austria, Prussia, and Russia, thus confessing that the Christian nation, of which they and their people form a part, has in reality no other sovereign than Him to whom alone power really belongs, because in Him alone are found all the treasures of love, science, and infinite wisdom; that is to say, God, our Divine Saviour, the Word of the Most High, the Word of Life. Their majesties consequently recommend to their people, with the most tender solicitude, as the sole means of enjoying that peace which arises from a good conscience, and which alone is durable, to strengthen themselves every day more and more in the principles and exercise of the duties which the Divine Saviour has taught to mankind.

Art. III. All the powers who shall choose solemnly to avow the sacred principles which have dictated the present act, and shall acknowledge how important it is for the happiness of nations, too long agitated, that these truths should henceforth exercise over the destinies of mankind all the influence which belongs to them, will be received with equal ardour and affection into this Holy Alliance.

Done at Paris, on the 26th of September, 1815.

(signed) ALEXANDER.
FRANCIS.
FREDERIC WILLIAM.

This treaty is signed, not, as is usual, by the respective ministers, but by the sovereigns themselves with their own signatures. In the course of two or three years nearly all the sovereigns in Europe added their signatures, except the Prince Regent of England, who declared his approbation of the Alliance, but at the same time, that he was restrained from attaching his signature, because the constitution of his country forbid it except by the intervention of his minister.

That the promulgation of this instrument had a soothing effect upon the people cannot be doubted; for it contains the declaration that the sovereigns and their subjects were common members of the great Christian family, and that "all men" should consider "each other as brethren," thus suggesting the capital revolutionary idea of the natural equality of men. But the enlightened patriot saw evil in the alliance and argued thus:

"Its objects are uncertain as its promises are vague, belonging to feeling rather than to right, or, in regard to the last, susceptible of the most different interpretation. In relation to thing, measure, and

means, all is therefore abandoned to the views of the heads. Nothing is clear but the league itself: and this forms a power harbouring in itself the terrors of universal monarchy. Whither it turns, it is irresistible. Upon the direction which it takes, depends the welfare or misfortune of the world. What will be its direction? Where are the enemies against which the allies promise assistance to one another mutually and for all cases? It is not an external enemy (the Porte, the only one there could be, was appeased by express assurances). But in the interior it is at least none of the allies themselves, consequently no government (they are all united by the bonds of friendship; there is no strife among them, and should two fall out among themselves, against which would the alliance go?). The enemy is, therefore, among the governed. But what enemy can there be here that summons to such a formidable counter-combination? Every particular government is strong enough to defend itself against profligates, audacious disturbers of public tranquillity, against ambitious factions and criminal complots, provided it be vigilant and possess the affections of its people. The counter combination would be necessary only if, perhaps, one or the whole of nations should take a dangerous direction. Herein, therefore, lies its aim."

It is not clear but that the original parties were sincere in their purpose to govern the people on the general principles of Christianity; and the fruit of this determination is seen in the peaceful policy of Europe since 1815. Under this policy population, wealth, and intelligence have greatly increased; the sovereigns are averse to war, and even to the employment of force for the purpose of public order, where it can possibly be avoided. The experiment is now in progress of governing the people by finding them productive employment, providing for them public amusements, and, particularly, by cultivating the sense of religion among them. It is not material to the rulers under what form the people choose to exhibit their religion, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, provided it tends to the public tranquillity and strengthens the state. Hence, all proselytism is discouraged, and a gradual movement towards the re-establishment of the ancient religious hierarchy is cautiously encouraged; because a hierarchy in religion is in sympathy with monarchy in the state.

The tranquillity and prosperity of the people are not pursued with a design to impart to them a share in the government; but to satisfy them, that they may not insist on the constitutions and representative assemblies promised to them by the Congress of Vienna. It is not proposed to improve their political or civil condition, but merely their physical well-being, to cultivate their religiousness and afford them public amusements. How long this delicate balance between the people and their sovereigns can be maintained is an interesting problem. There are two powerful elements at work in favour of the people, and one in favour of their rulers. On the part of the people is an increase in number, wealth, and intelligence, and a settled determination not to shed their blood again in the cause of legitimacy in Europe. The power of this last element is seen in the popular change of dynasties in Brunswick, Belgium, and France, in defiance of the articles of the Congress of Vienna and of the Holy Alliance. Not a regiment moved from a foreign state to repress the revolutions or to restore the deposed sovereigns. On the part of the sovereigns is the compact mutually to protect and aid each other, and to maintain the present order and dis-

tribution of territory and political power. This object of the compact excludes the possibility of any improvement in the political and civil condition of the people; and herein is the vicious character of the Holy Alliance. It decrees that all things shall remain as they are, and puts an absolute period to the progress of political and civil liberty.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LONDON.

Embark at Ostend. Approach to London. The Thames. Custom-house. Registry of Foreigners. Mr. Randall's. Mr. Everett. House of Lords. Brougham. Wellington. House of Commons. Corruption. O'Connell. Protestant and Roman Catholic Politicians.

We went by the railway from Brussels to Ostend, arriving after night. The tide was low, and the steamer lay a few miles out at sea. A man, professing to be an agent for the vessel, pointed out a barge which was to convey us on board; we entered it, and were soon on our way to the vessel. When the lights of the steamer appeared through the gloom, a surly boatman laid down his oar, and demanded two francs from each passenger. A little fellow in company declared himself to be the ship's steward, and assured us that the boat was employed by the captain to bring off the passengers. The demand was refused; but the oarsmen not only persisted in it, but actually turned the head of the boat towards the shore, declaring that they would take us back if they were not paid. Here was a pretty quarrel. The steamer was impatient—we could hear the loud hissing of her steam—and yet we were not nearing her. Some of us would have paid ten passages sooner than be left behind; but the idea of being cheated by force was very disagreeable, so we tried to arrange matters between the contending parties. It was at last agreed that we should pay when we reached the ship if the captain did not, and the boat proceeded. I suppose the boatmen intended to detain our luggage if they were not paid; but as soon as we touched the ship's side, the boat was grappled, we were called on to ascend, and some of the steamer's hands jumped into the boat, and handed out our luggage. Hot words and strong blows passed; and at last, I am sorry to say, the boatmen were cast off apparently empty-handed. One of the officers of the steamer, however, assured me that it was all right.

I slept well in my berth on board the noble Bruges. At four o'clock next morning, after a run of about five hours, we awoke in the Thames. The banks were flat and uninteresting until we approached Gravesend, when they began to rise, and the country on each side swelled away in beautiful undulations. Above Gravesend, the scene rapidly changed. The river was thronged with shipping.—The banks were lined with villages and towns. Presently piles of dingy buildings were seen in every direction, and a thousand tall chimneys rose into the air, vomiting forth their contributions to the dense canopy of smoke which expanded itself wider and higher in the direction of London. Scores of small steamers shot by us, loaded

with men, women, and children escaping from the murky atmosphere and steaming streets of the great city.

As we approached Blackwall, our steamer was more and more impeded by the floating world of shipping. We took a pilot on board to guide us through the labyrinth. After passing the London docks, we were fairly entangled in a throng of ships, barges, and steamers. It seemed impossible for our large vessel to extricate herself. Five steamers were puffing around and pressing us, and the hurrying tide of the river was vexed by ten thousand keels. As I looked upon the burdened Thames, not wider than many of our nameless creeks at home, I thought of our mighty Mississippi as a more fitting channel for so vast a commerce. The day may come when she shall bear as many ships upon her waters; they will have space and verge enough. The river became more and more gloomy from piles of ugly buildings pressing down upon its slimy shores. Rude wooden platforms often projected from these into the water. The movements of the masses in the river were performed in sullen silence, a striking contrast with the cheerful noise of the Continental harbours.

Just as the Dome of St. Paul's became visible, our vessel was forced to make a retrograde movement to get out of the way of a large Scotch steamer. She passed, and we advanced again, slowly enough. The blackened pile of the Custom-house appeared, and directly also, the lofty Fire Monument. I noticed four low, round towers above the crowded roofs; they crowned the *Tower of London*. In a few minutes we reached St. Catharine's Dock, and the steamer came to. Our baggage was carried on shore, and underwent the ordinary custom-house investigation. For the first time on such an occasion, we paid the officer for his trouble, the fee being sixpence for each package. We were somewhat surprised on being required to call at the "Stranger's Office" in the Custom-house, that our names might be registered. I remarked to the officer that I had expected nothing of this kind in England. He replied that "he did not know what it was for; but it was an old statute of George III. revived." By the regulation, not only are all strangers arriving in London required to report themselves, but masters of vessels coming into any port of the kingdom must deliver a list of their *alien* passengers at the Custom-house. A certificate of arrival was handed to us, to be retained during our stay in the kingdom, and delivered to an officer of the customs at our departure.

I had secured lodgings, before visiting England, at Mr. J. Randall's, No. 7, King-street, Cheapside. I found the character of Mr. R.'s house fully sustained during my stay in London, and I take great pleasure in recording the kindness and care with which he and his estimable family contributed to our comfort and enjoyment.

Shortly after our arrival in London we called on Mr. Everett, our minister at the court of St. James. We were received with great cordiality, and subsequently had frequent instances of the politeness and good feeling of our accomplished minister during our stay in the city. Having been provided, by his courtesy, with tickets for the houses of Parliament, we took an early opportunity to see the "assembled wisdom" of the British nation.

I had the good fortune to hear Lord Brougham on my first visit to the House of Lords. When he rose to speak every noise in the hall was hushed. The crowd of spectators rose simulta-

neously to their feet, and listened to every word that he uttered with breathless attention, though the question was devoid of popular interest. It was the Dissenters' Marriage Bill. The question was concerning the validity of marriages performed under certain conditions in Ireland by Presbyterian clergymen. The courts had decided against their validity; and the question now discussed by the House of Lords was, whether a declaratory act should be passed, affirming the legality of the marriages, or whether they should be *made* legal by a legislative act. It is easily to be seen that this question involves the cardinal point now in controversy between England and America, of the apostolical succession of ministers. If these marriages had been performed by a Catholic priest, or by a clergyman of the Established Church, no question would have arisen. Lord Brougham took the ground that there could be no discussion as to the legality of the marriages, as that point had already been settled by the courts, and he therefore advocated an act to legalize them. I was sorry to find him maintain this position. Lord Brougham's dress and movements were careless, and even negligent. His air was that of a man who felt himself to be fully equal, if not superior, to those around him.—While I admired the *novus homo* who stood thus proudly among the old nobility of England, I could not but think that plain Henry Brougham, leading the party of the people in the House of Commons, would have been a nobler sight.

I had a good view of the Duke of Wellington. He stoops under the weight of years, and his physical powers are gradually yielding. His countenance is strongly marked: firmness and decision are clearly written there. It is not strikingly intellectual, however; there is no expanse of forehead; nor is there any light of genius in the eye. This last may have been different in his younger days. I heard it frequently remarked in London that there is a strong likeness between the duke and Bishop Soule. The duke certainly would have no reason to be mortified by the comparison.

From the House of Lords we proceeded to the House of Commons. The lobby leading to the gallery was crowded, and a number of persons were waiting there for admission, as their names were called to supply the places of those who had retired. In three quarters of an hour we were summoned. There were four of us in company, and we had but two tickets, yet we passed the first inspector without difficulty. At the second door, however, the sturdy keeper said that two tickets, *even* though signed by the American minister, could not admit four persons. I was trying to devise some arithmetical process to solve the problem, when one of my young companions said that "Parliament was about to be dissolved, and that we lived about three thousand miles off, and ought to be admitted." At the word we passed forward; and, whether the doorkeepers were moved by my friend's appeal, or startled at its impudence, they made no farther opposition. We were hardly rewarded for our pains and for the time we spent in the House, as none of the distinguished members spoke. A report of an election committee on a case of corruption was talked about, not debated. The amount of the matter was, that both parties had been guilty of the vilest corruption according to the testimony, and the only question was their comparative guilt. One of the speakers remarked, jocularly, "The only point in dispute is, which of us used the most money."

I looked with more interest for Daniel O'Connell than for any other man in the House. A stout, well-built, plain-looking man, walking up and down among the benches and talking familiarly with the members, was pointed out to me. It was the member for Clare. Here was the man who for years had controlled the British House of Commons. I say *controlled*, for, in reality, O'Connell held the balance of power between the two great political parties. For the present, his power in the House is at an end, and there is supposed to be a temporary check to the influence of Catholicism in Parliament; but we have Mr. O'Connell's own authority for saying, that he expects yet to see high mass celebrated in Westminster Abbey. In a late speech at Freemason's Hall, Mr. O'Connell said, "I am a moderate man, easily contented, and you will all think so when I inform you that all I want by coming here to-day is to hear high mass celebrated in Westminster Abbey (applause); it has often been celebrated there before; it was built for that purpose, and it would be a pity to disappoint it from returning to its original object. I do want to hear high mass in Westminster Abbey, and I am deeply convinced, as far as man can judge from surrounding events, that the period is approaching fast when we shall have high mass performed in Westminster Abbey. It will be a glorious day for England when the anointed priests of God shall put on their sacred vestments at the old altar tomb, where they used to vest themselves, the tomb of Edward the Confessor, a man not more venerated for his love of religion and good practices, than for those foundations of British liberty which he instituted. I do hope to see that day, when the priests, descending from the stairs leading from that chapel, with their acolytes and thurifers, sending up incense as a token that they have returned to that altar which ought never to have been desecrated. Yes, I believe that happy period is returning, when England shall again be in the one fold, under the one Shepherd."

In reference to a late Charge of the Bishop of Oxford, which favoured the Oxford Tracts, Mr. O'Connell remarked:

"Let us remember that those men who are aiding us are not as yet altogether Catholics; we must remember that it is our duty, by love to our fellow-creatures and charitable affection, to increase our exertions, and take heed, by our constant endeavours, that the work of God may not be half done, and that those who are now only half Catholics may not continue so, but become entire Catholics. Only two years ago the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp was in that position; but where is he now? He is a minister of the Catholic Church. There is many an incipient Sibthorp—there is many a half-formed Sibthorp—who is now in his second birth, labouring for the truth, and who might be turned back if any repugnance were shown to him, but may yet become an entire Catholic if he is not forsaken. But there are passages in the Bishop of Oxford's charge which fill my mind with consolation: he acknowledges this great movement."

The conduct of Mr. O'Connell is perfectly consistent with the fundamental principle, to which all others must be subservient in the mind of a true Romanist, viz, that there is no salvation out of the Roman Catholic Church. Every honest man holding this doctrine must feel himself bound in conscience to use every effort in his power to extend the means of salvation—that is, to extend the influence of the Romish Church. Mere political questions must be subordinate in

the estimation of such a man. If he be in Parliament, his religious interests will overbear all others, and control his votes. On the other hand, the Protestant admits the possibility of salvation in any church, even the Catholic; and therefore, it cannot be possible that his conscience should be so constrained when he comes to give his vote. Political preferences sway him; and when they require it, his religious opinions and connexions yield. It is obvious that, on this principle, a Catholic faction in any constitutional government may, with skill and good management, exert a political influence out of all proportion to its numbers. Though Catholics form a very small minority either in Great Britain or the United States, the balance of political power may easily be obtained by them, if they have but skilful leaders, trained to the arts of Democratic politics, and acute enough to trim well between the parties that divide the country. Daniel O'Connell was courted and caressed by the late Whig ministry, although they hated both his person and his principles. He has always had a strong foundation for his power, however, in the truth and justice of his claims for Ireland. The wrongs and evils of Ireland have made him what he is—the most remarkable demagogue of all time—the *subject* of Victoria, but the *ruler* of Irishmen, wielding, in the very face of the most powerful government on earth, an *imperium in imperio*. I may allude to him again when I speak of Ireland.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LONDON.

The Tunnel. How to know an American. The Docks. East India Docks. West India Docks. Commercial Docks. London Docks. Tobacco Warehouse. Wine Vaults. St. Catharine's Dock. The Tower. Horse Armory. Raleigh's Cell. The Regalia.

We took passage at London Bridge, the lowest on the Thames, in a small steamer for the Tunnel, two miles lower down the river. As a mode of transit was much needed from Wapping to Rotherhithe, and a bridge could not be erected without too great an interference with the immense commerce at this point, the Tunnel was proposed, and has been carried through. Various attempts of the sort had previously been made at different points on the river, without success; the present project, however, commenced in 1824, and carried on under circumstance of unparalleled difficulty, bids fair to be completely successful. Arriving at the opening of the shaft on the Wapping side, we descended to the bottom, and the western half of this great subfluvial thoroughfare opened before us, like a long-drawn aisle vanishing to a point in the distance. The bed of the Tunnel descends a little from each shore towards the centre of the river, in order to preserve sufficient thickness of ground for safety under the deepest part of the bed. A range of heavy brickwork, pierced with arched spaces, runs through the whole length of the Tunnel, dividing it into two carriage-roads, with foot paths on each side, and over each is a vaulted ceiling, the inner edges of which rest on the partition wall. The sides, floor, and ceilings are of hard-burned brick, laid in Roman cement, and

plastered, except the floors, with the same material. The carriage-ways are to be approached by circular ways, commencing about one hundred and fifty feet from the river on each side, and descending gently to the mouth of the Tunnel. Foot-passengers enter by winding stairs, in shafts nearer the river. The height, from the floor of each carriage-way to the ceiling, is sixteen feet four inches; the width of each, at the base of the arch, thirteen feet nine inches, but less at the floor, the exterior side-walls dipping inward as they descend.*

Walking slowly through the brilliantly-illuminated archway, we found our progress stopped at last by a temporary bar placed across the way, designed to prevent visitors from approaching too near the workmen and engine. We expressed our regret at being thus arrested to a man standing behind the bar. "Thomas," said he to a little boy near him, "we must let these American gentlemen pass." "And, pray, how do you know we are Americans?" we exclaimed with one voice. "Oh," said he, "I knew that you were Americans as you came towards me: your walk showed it; I can tell an American by his walk as far as I can see him. And then, besides, when you spoke, the first word that you uttered was '*well.*'" So much for national traits. I believe no man in America would hesitate a moment to declare an Englishman's country in the same way.

DOCKS.

The greatest wonders of London, perhaps, are its docks. Without these vast receptacles the port would be incapable of accommodating the unnumbered vessels that carry on its immense commerce. To a stranger, coming up the river for the first time, they present the singular appearance of forest of masts springing up in the midst of the fields. The American reader, to conceive of them properly, must lay aside entirely his notion of a dock as occupying the space between two adjacent wharves, and thus forming a simple opening for the reception of vessels. The docks of London (and the same is true of those of Liverpool) are vast inland harbours, cased solidly in stone, and connected with the river by canals, which are closed by heavy gates as the tide ebbs, so that the shipping in the docks are always afloat, even at the lowest water.

Coming up the river, the first that appear are the *East India* Docks, on the right bank of the Thames, at Blackwall. These were commened in 1803, and opened in 1806. As the name implies, they belong to the East India Company. There are two docks, the import and export, of which the former covers eighteen acres of ground, and the latter nine; and, as the water is deeper at this point than higher up, they accommodate vessels of heavier burden than any other docks on the river. The docks communicate with the city by the Blackwall railway, which is a little over three miles in length.

At the distance of half a mile from the East India Docks, the Thames bends suddenly southward, and, by an extensive curve enclosing the Isle of Dogs, returns again almost into the line of its

* When I returned to London the following year, the Tunnel was finished, except the carriage-ways, and millions of foot-passengers were passing under the river at a penny each.

former course. Between the points of flexure lie the *West India Docks*, which werethe first and most extensive in the port, opened in 1802. The Export Dock is 870 yards long by 135 broad; the Import of the same length, and 166 broad: the south dock, used for the wood and timber trade, is 1183 yards long. Six hundred vessels may be accommodated here. The quays are built up in spacious warehouses. The whole area covered by the docks and warehouse is about 300 acres. The two principal docks communicate with the river by a basin and canal at each extremity.

Passing round the circuit of the river, you see the *Commercial Docks* on the south side. The extent of these docks is even greater than that of the last described, but they are not on so expensive a scale, being intended chiefly as a harbour for vessels, and for the unloading of timber and such commodities as do not require warehouses.

Ascending the river to Wapping, we arrive at the *London Docks*, on the north side of the Thames, which were the first commenced in the port, but not opened until 1805. At present they consist of three docks: the Western Dock, with a superficies of twenty-five acres; the Tobacco Dock, adjoining the first, covering over an acre; and the Eastern Dock, lately added, containing about seven acres. The eastern and western canals, opening into the river, are nearly a mile apart. Immense ranges of sheds are erected along the quays for the removal of cargoes; and behind them are lines of warehouses, solidly, and even splendidly built of hewn stone. The tobacco warehouse alone occupies nearly four acres of ground, and will store twenty-four thousand hogsheads of tobacco. But the most remarkable feature of this immense establishment are the extensive vaults under the warehouses, principally devoted to the storage of wines and spirits. We had the curiosity to ramble through the largest of these, the east vault, appropriated exclusively to the storing of wines. The foreman, Mr. B. Randall, conducted us, with great civility, through its hundred subterranean streets. This single vault covers nine acres of ground, intersected by ranges of pillars, sometimes of masonry, but frequently of cast-iron, on which the arches of the ceiling rest. In the compartments thus formed the casks are piled up, generally three in height, leaving a space of three or four feet to the ceilings. Between the ranges a space of a few feet is left for convenience of access to the different pipes and casks. The main avenues, about eight feet wide, are laid with railways to facilitate labour, and strown with sawdust. The lamps are suspended along these avenues. The casks and ceilings are covered with a thick, whitish mould, almost in the form of a jelly, which is never removed, but even carefully protected. The height from floor to ceiling is about fifteen feet. As we walked through the dimly-lighted streets of the vault, each with a small lamp in his hand, we could hear the thundering noise of heavy hogsheads rolling over the warehouse floors above us. There is no idleness in any part of these *penetralia* of commerce.

Any vessel, British or foreign, except those engaged in the East or West India trade, may enter the London Docks. The profits of the company arise from wharfage and storage. Casks of wine sometimes remain for many years, paying storage all the time. The activity of business about the docks, and the immense amount of merchandise in

store at the time of our visit, struck us with amazement; and yet we were told that business was dull and the stocks small!

The last of the series of docks are *St. Catharine's*, situated just below the Tower. They were opened in 1828, and lie near the Custom-house, the Bank, and the principal business points of the city. They consist of two docks and a basin, covering, perhaps, ten acres with water; the whole enclosure, warehouses included, containing nearly twenty-five acres.

I believe this system of floating docks is little employed in any country but England. Indeed, there are few others with sufficiently extensive commerce to need it. Works of this kind were first commenced in Liverpool, but they were speedily adopted in London and several other commercial ports in the United Kingdom. It will be observed, that hardly forty years have elapsed since the erection of the first in the metropolis.

TOWER.

From the docks we proceeded to the Tower of London. What a crowd of recollections throng upon the mind at the very mention of the name! Those massive walls have immured royal prisoners, factious nobles, ambitious prelates, devoted martyrs, and incorruptible patriots. "That dark and gloomy pile," says Hallam, "affords associations, not quite so numerous and recent as the Bastile, yet enough to excite our hatred and horror. But standing, as it does, in striking contrast to the fresh and flourishing constructions of modern wealth, the proofs and rewards of civil and religious liberty, it seems like a captive tyrant, reserved to grace the triumph of a victorious Republic." The great interest which a stranger feels in the Tower does not lie in its architectural pretensions, for these are trifling; nor in the motley collection of odds and ends, of arms and antiquities, of paste and jewels which it contains, but in the memories of a Howard and an Essex, a Lady Jane Grey and a Raleigh, who found within its walls and dungeons their prisons or their death.

The collections in the Tower are uninteresting to one who has seen the museums of the Continent. The Horse Armory contains twenty-one equestrian figures, in the armour of their respective periods, beginning with Edward I., A.D. 1272, and closing with James II., 1685. The genuineness of the costumes, however, is questionable. Above the room in which they are displayed is Queen Elizabeth's armory, in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. Opening into this apartment is a little closet, in which it is said that he was locked up nightly; a cold, gloomy cell, into which not a ray of light or breath of air could penetrate. The large room contains antiquities chiefly connected with Elizabeth and her times, especially relics of the Spanish Armada. At the upper end of the hall she is seen in her proper costume, mounted on a palfrey led by a page as fantastically dressed as herself. A large block was pointed out to us, with a heavy broad-axe hanging over it: it was the execution block. Noble heads had fallen there.

The jewel-room is in a new building recently erected. In it are displayed the regalia of England. They are kept in a large glass case, and consist of crowns, sceptres, saltcellars, tankards, wine fountains, staves, sacramental service, globes, &c., all of gold, set off with

diamonds, the products of royal wealth for a succession of centuries. The richness and value of these articles are inconceivable to a stranger. He looks upon the group as arrayed upon a pyramid of steps crowned with the present queen's coronet, resting upon a rich velvet cushion, with bewildered surprise, and it is some time before he can separate the articles and examine each by itself; when he does, he will look with wonder on the golden wine-fountain, three feet high and three in circumference; the imperial crown with its golden orb, six inches in diameter, edged with pearls and girded with precious stones; the golden baptismal font, in which the royal issue is christened, together with golden tankards of great size. The value of the whole within the case is said to be about ten millions of dollars. It is doubtful, however, whether all is gold or real diamonds that glitter here. But the display tends to exasperate the common people, millions of whom are suffering for bread within the three kingdoms. At the very hour of our visit to the Tower, the starving population of the manufacturing districts were banding, in the depth of their despair, to break the laws of the land.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LONDON.

The Queen. Royal Procession. Appearance of Her Majesty. Want of Enthusiasm. Duke of Wellington. Marshal Ney. Prorogation of Parliament Newspaper Accounts of the Court. Prince Albert. Fondness of the English for Gossip about the Royal Family.

The queen came from Windsor on Thursday, August 11th, in order to prorogue Parliament the next day. I saw the passage of the cortège from Constitution Hill. After waiting an hour, I came near losing my patience, but at two o'clock, a low, suppressed murmur among the mass of people that thronged the way announced the royal approach. A squadron of horse swept rapidly by in advance of the royal carriage, which rolled by also so quickly that I had but a glimpse of her majesty. She was dressed in mourning for the Duke of Orleans.

I had a better view, on the next day, of the royal passage from the Palace to the House. Arriving at the Horse Guards, I found a ragged fellow occupying a very eligible position, from which I easily dislodged him by the aid of a shilling. By one o'clock the carriages of the foreign ambassadors and the nobility began to pass: among them some of the most splendid equipages I had seen in Europe. Presently a state carriage passed slowly, drawn by four horses with postillions, a guard on each side, and outriders, in liveries stiff with gold lace. In a few moments some one near me cried out, "Here come the beef-eaters." I found that this elegant title belonged to the Yeomanry Guards, who marched slowly by, exhibiting their round, ruddy faces, the product of roast beef and plum pudding. Next appeared a royal carriage, drawn by six horses, with a man in livery, on foot, by the side of each. Several carriages followed, with members and officers of the royal household. At last the royal

carriage appeared. It was a heavy but splendid affair, rich with gilding, and drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, with coachman, postillion, and an attendant at the side of each horse. The corner panels were of glass, and the centre squares were down, so that we could see the persons within perfectly well. The carriage passed within six feet of me, and as her majesty was on the same side, I saw her distinctly. Her face is good on the whole; a fair complexion—honest English red and white; a round and by no means elegant contour; and a benevolent, but not very intellectual expression. She can make no pretensions to beauty. She was evidently excited and anxious; her face flushed at intervals, and even her neck was suffused with a deep red. Prince Albert, the Earl of Jersey, and the Duchess of Buccleugh were with her in the carriage.

There were no demonstrations of joy or even of good feeling among the queen's loyal subjects as she passed. Once or twice there was a feeble attempt to cheer, but it could not become general. There was much curiosity—perhaps some bad feeling—but no enthusiasm whatever. Yet I could hardly repress my own emotions as I gazed upon the countenance of that youthful woman, and remembered that she was the representative of that mighty sovereignty which rules one fourth of the population of the world, and holds a greater proportion of its moral power!

Far different were the manifestations of popular feeling when the Duke of Wellington's carriage passed. When he was recognised by the crowd, they surrounded his carriage and huzzaed enthusiastically. I looked upon the emaciated yet noble old man with mingled feelings; with respect and admiration for his brilliant talents, with esteem for his firm adherence to his principles, but with abhorrence for many of those principles which have led to the degradation and wretchedness of the people. One revolting association clings to my mind in connexion with the duke—the death of Marshal Ney. In the face of a solemn treaty, that noble soldier was judicially murdered after the capitulation of Paris in 1815. A word from the Duke of Wellington might have saved his life; but he chose not to utter it—nay, rather to utter a word that in effect was his death-warrant. Many acts of the Duke of Wellington have given glory to his name; but this one dark spot is enough to throw a shade over them all. Vindictiveness, indeed, seems to be part of the duke's character. His reputation will gain nothing, in the eyes of posterity, from the injudicious comparisons which his admirers are fond of drawing between himself and Napoleon. The blindness of national partiality may prevent Englishmen from seeing the absurdity of such a comparison, but in the eyes of all the world besides it is little less than ridiculous.

I extract the following account of the mode of prorogation from one of the papers of the day.

"At a quarter after two, her majesty entered the House, preceded by the heralds and pursuivants, and by the lord-chancellor, bearing the purse containing the great seal; the Duke of Buccleugh, bearing the crown on a velvet cushion; the Earl of Shaftesbury, bearing the cap of maintenance; and the Duke of Wellington, with the sword of state. Her majesty, who was attired in her robes of state, and who wore a tiara of diamonds, was handed to the throne by Prince Albert, her train being borne by the Duchess of Buccleugh and Viscountess Jocelyn. Her majesty on being seated on the throne, said, 'Your

lordships will be seated,' upon which all present resumed their seats. Sir Augustus Clifford, the usher of the black rod, was then commanded to summon the Commons to the bar of the House, and shortly afterward the speaker, attended by a great number of the members, appeared at the bar."

After the speaker's address to the queen, requesting her assent to various bills, the assent was given, and her majesty read the speech from the throne. At the conclusion of her speech, the lord-chancellor said,

"It is her majesty's gracious will and pleasure that this Parliament should be prorogued to Thursday, the 6th day of October next: and the Parliament stands prorogued to Thursday, the 6th day of October next, accordingly.

"Her majesty then left the House, preceded by her great officers of state, as on her entrance."

Such is the ceremony of the prorogation, in which the monarch of England acts pantomime among the real rulers of the land, the members of Parliament. The newspapers always give full accounts of these exhibitions; and perhaps it is well, particularly in reference to the opening and closing of Paliament; but one can hardly help smiling at the accuracy with which they detail the daily movements, the walks, rides, excursions, up-risings, and down-sittings of the royal family. Even the Watchman, a politico-religious paper, which, I believe is considered the organ of Wesleyan Methodism, prepares a weekly journal of these important matters for the edification of its readers in the manner following:

"THE COURT.—On Wednesday morning the queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Saxe Coburg, walked from Windsor Castle to Adelaide Lodge. In the afternoon Prince Albert drove her out in a pony phaeton. . . . On Thursday, her majesty and the court returned to Buckingham Palace from Windsor. . . . The queen and Prince Albert walked to Adelaide Lodge on Saturday morning, and returned to the castle in a pony phaeton and pair. . . . Yesterday morning the queen and Prince Albert took their usual walking exercise. In the afternoon, her majesty, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, and their suite, rode out in the park in pony carriages," &c., &c., &c.

My readers at home will be amused by these records of matters apparently so trivial; but they are anything but trivial or absurd in England. The practice is not without its use, so far as it assures the public of the health and welfare of persons in whom the whole community is so deeply interested; but it is carried to a minuteness which evidently is only given to gratify a curiosity which must appear childish to strangers. Yet no secular paper could be sustained without it.

I had a good opportunity of seeing Prince Albert, the "sire of England's hopes," at a later period, on an excursion to Windsor Castle. A grand review of troops took place in the Park, in presence of the Archduke of Austria, then on a visit to the castle. I had the opportunity of standing near the prince for a considerable time as he sat on horseback. He is of slender make, youthful, delicate, and even fragile in appearance. He certainly looked pale and sickly when I saw him. He wore thin mustaches, and a sprinkle of whiskers, straggling down under the chin, somewhat relieved his delicate face. His countenance has a kind and gentle expression, but is destitute of intellect or

animation. He sat his horse badly. On the whole, his appearance is quite in keeping with his general reputation, which is that of a good-natured, unambitious young man, with no great abilities, not likely to do England any harm, and not capable of doing her any good, except as the obedient husband of her queen.

I find the English people quite fond of gossiping about the royal family. One of the current stories is, that when Albert was affianced to the queen, Lord Melbourne asked him what amount of money he should need for his private purse. "Oh, I suppose about a hundred thousand francs," said the happy youth, in all the inexperience of German poverty. "Poh! poh!" said the noble lord, "the husband of our queen must have fifty thousand pounds." So the queen, in the fulness of her affection, ordered it. But Parliament demurred, and thought £30,000 enough. The story runs that the queen, being informed at breakfast of their disobedience to her wishes, in a sudden pet overthrew the table, breakfast and all!*

Another story is told, which, if true, shows that Victoria, if she is in general amiable, can be a little obstinate at times, especially in regard to her spouse, for whom she cherishes quite a laudible anxiety. It is said that she does not suffer him to leave her presence without her express permission, and without fixing the time for his return. The prince was engaged, on a certain occasion, to meet a musical association, of which he is a director, at the Hanover Rooms. The queen insisted on his staying at home; and when he persisted, there was quite a scene! Notwithstanding her anger, however, he told Lord Melbourne, who interfered at the command of her majesty, that he was "a director, and *would* go." And go he did. These little outbreaks, however, are dangerous; and the prince and his advisers are wise enough to avoid them, well understanding that even the royal husband ought to be a loyal subject.

I have given these stories, not from any value in themselves, but to show that the loyalty of the English does not prevent their making free with their rulers. But they like to have the exclusive privilege of talking of these family matters. I remember once very innocently making a remark to an officer in the British army (a very amiable and intelligent man who was my fellow-traveller in part of my tour in the East) which he supposed to be derogatory to his queen, and could not take very kindly. Some days after, at the dinner-table, the very same remark in the identical words which I had used, was made by Colonel ——, a member of one of the oldest and noblest families in Britain, and it was heartily laughed at by the English gentlemen present.

* Since the birth of a Prince of Wales and some princesses, Prince Albert has received an additional allowance, which, together with his appointments as field-marshal, &c., amounts to £50,000 a year—about 240,000 dollars.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Blue-Coat School. History of the School. Boys at Dinner. St. Paul's. Ball. Gallery. Monuments. Westminster Abbey. British Museum. Mr. Horne. Number of Churches and Chapels in London. Impressions of London. Vastness. Wealth. Contrast with Paris.

I PAID a vist to that most celebrated of English charitable schools, Christ's Hospital, or the Blue-Coat School. Its name is familiarly known to multitudes from the fact that Coleridge and Charles Lamb were both educated there. Many of its scholars have become distinguished men; indeed, the system of selecting the most promising boys for a university education can hardly fail to secure such a result. The charity was founded in 1552 by King Edward VI., and it is at present the richest in the kingdom, its annual income being over three hundred thousand dollars. It supports over thirteen hundred boys, at an annual expense of about two hundred dollars each. The system of education is excellent for the accomplishment of the purposes at which it aims; but whether its aims are the best possible is more questionable. I give no detail of the affairs of the institution, as I did not make a personal examination of the operations of the establishment, and especially as a full account of this and similar institutions, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, are given in Dr. Bache's valuable and elaborate report on education in Europe.

It was a curious sight to see these boys assembled at dinner in the immense hall of the Hospital. They were dressed in an antique costume, said to be that of the common people in Edward VI.'s time; long blue coats, with standing collars and full skirts, reaching nearly to the ankle; a band round the waist; short knee-breeches; yellow hose; shoes and buckles. A steward superintended the meal, and the portions were distributed by nurses to certain of the boys who acted as waiters and supplied the rest. The trenchers, plates, spoons, mugs—everything, in short, except the knives and forks, were wooden. While the boys were eating, the scene resembled a beehive in activity and buz; but quiet was suddenly obtained by three loud raps on the desk, and one of the larger boys returned thanks, the whole host responding with a prolonged *amen*, which made the vast hall resound. The little fellows looked happy and healthful. Long may Christ's Hospital stand—a glorious specimen of the noble charities of Old England.

ST. PAUL'S.

I spent a morning at St. Paul's Cathedral. So much has been said about this splendid temple, that I will say but little in detail. Second only to St. Peter's at Rome in magnitude, it is not behind that celebrated structure in external dignity, but greatly inferior in magnificence within. The effect of the exterior of St. Paul's, however, is sadly broken by its miserable position, shut in on all hands by buildings, except from Ludgate Hill. This front has a double portico of twelve Corinthian columns below and eight Composite above, ranged in pairs, supporting a pediment, sculptured in bas-relief, with the

Conversion of St. Paul. From the angles rise two chaste and symmetrical towers, which harmonize well with the general features of the edifice, and heighten, by contrast, the effect of the lofty dome. The form of the building is that of a Greek cross; in extent it covers over two acres of ground. Over the space where the lines forming the cross intersect each other, springs the dome, the height of which, to the top of the cross that surmounts it, is four hundred and four feet. I ascended to the ball before exploring the area of the church below. The wind whistled around, and even through the copper orb, which vibrated very sensibly; I had expected a tremulous movement, but it was real shaking; for at that height the wind blew a little hurricane, while it was scarcely felt in the labyrinth of streets and houses below. A gallery surrounds the dome at the base of the lantern, which affords, on a fine day, the best view that can be obtained of the world-metropolis. From it the crowds of men and women in the streets below appeared like the swarms of a disturbed anthill. From the cross I descended to the Whispering Gallery, so called because sounds uttered in low tones, close to the wall on one side, can be heard distinctly on the opposite, one hundred and fifty feet distant. This gallery affords a good view of the dome above and the area below. The effect of the vast concavity over head is truly grand. It was covered, by Thornhill, with a series of paintings in fresco, illustrative of the life of St. Paul; but time and the moist climate have wrought havoc among them, and they are fast becoming unintelligible.

The impression made by the body of the edifice, seen from the ground floor, is that of vastness, chiefly because it is not broken by numerous chapels, as in Catholic cathedrals. The stony nakedness of walls, pillars, and arches makes a very chilling impression. In Westminster Abbey this feeling is relieved by the multitude of monuments that crowded the place, and seem to fill it with life; but in St. Paul's they are too few to produce such an effect. The heroes and scholars sculptured here appear deserted and lonely.

The monuments are principally those of military and naval heroes, recently erected at the public expense. Few of them struck me as being in good taste. I noticed but two churchmen, Bishops Heber and Middleton; and but two scholars, Dr. Johnson and Sir William Jones. There is a statue of Howard, by Bacon, in which the Philanthropist is represented with the key of a prison in his right hand, and in his left a scroll, inscribed, "Plan for the Improvement of Prisons and Hospitals." Among the military and naval monuments are those of Nelson, Collingwood, Cornwallis, and Earl Howe, besides several of minor characters, among which I noticed those of Generals Pakenham and Gibbs, who fell at New-Orleans, and of General Ross, who fell at Baltimore. Over the entrance to the choir is a simple slab, with a Latin inscription to the following effect: "Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public. Reader, do you seek his monument? Look around!" Truly a fitting memorial.

THE ABBEY.

From St. Paul's I directed my course to Westminster Abbey; and by the kindness of our minister, Mr. Everett, who wrote a note to Dr. Milman, asking permission for me to spend a few hours in the chapels, I spent the afternoon amid the memorials of the mighty dead. No descendant of the Anglo-Saxon race can look upon the gray towers and time-worn walls of the Abbey, as he approaches it, without feeling the most intense interest. But when he passes through the rude, unpainted oaken door which leads into the *Poets' Corner*, and finds himself amid the tombs of those that have contributed to make England and the world what they are, then it is that he becomes sensible of the power and majesty of the place. It does not impress you as the temple of God, but as the resting-place of the mighty dead. The crowd of worshippers is not there, but a little company of strangers from afar, gradually dispersing themselves amid the chapels, and along the aisles, and pausing before the monuments of the great. They linger long in the southern transept, where the poets are enshrined together. Thence they repair to the eastern end of the Abbey, where are the royal chapels, in which are the tombs of the kings and queens of England. Some of these are much despoiled, partly by time, but chiefly by violence. Royal avarice plundered them of their sceptres and jewels, and Republican violence defaced them in wantonness. But some are well preseved. The stranger will pause longest at the tombs of Alfred, of Edward the Confessor, of Henry the Seventh, of Elizabeth, and Mary of Scotland. The last three he will find in the magnificent chapel of Henry the Seventh, whose fretted ceiling, wholly wrought in stone, is not the least curious object of the place.

From the Royal Chapels the visitor usually finds his way to the western portion of the building, where the long-drawn aisles and lofty nave, with their ranges of majestic columns, are literally incrusted with monuments. But only here and there does he find one bearing a name which illumines the pages of history or the progress of science. The names of Pitt, Newton, and Wilberforce will arrest attention; but he hastens back to the Poets' Corner, that he may again breathe the inspiration of the place ere he goes to mingle again with the busy crowds which sweep incessantly along the thoroughfares of the metropolis.

Just before I left London I paid a visit to the British Museum, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the frieze and metopes which Lord Elgin caused to be taken down from the Parthenon at Athens, and transported to England. As I used to sit beneath the shades of that venerable ruin on the Acropolis, and look up at the blank surfaces which these inimitable sculptures once adorned, I felt the full force of Byron's "Curse of Minerva" upon the noble spoiler of the ancient remains of noble Greece.

> "First on the head of him who did the deed
> My curse shall light, on him and all his seed:
> Without one spark of intellectual fire,
> Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
> If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
> Believe him bastard of a brighter race;

Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate;
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell:*
To sell and make—may shame record the day!—
The State receiver of his pilfered prey."

My friend and host, Mr. Randall, accompanied me to the Museum; and through him I had the pleasure of an introduction to the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, author of an Introduction to the Bible, and who has long held an honourable office in the library of that institution. He showed us through the library, and accompanied us to the Egyptian room, to point out the celebrated Rosetta stone, which led to a knowledge of the hieroglyphics of Egypt—as it contained the same subject written in the Greek, Egyptian, and hieroglyphic characters.

During our conversation, the subject of Popery was mentioned, which led Mr. Horne to allude to Dr. Elliott's work on Roman Catholicism, and he said he had read it, and that it was the best and most effective work ever produced to meet the present state of the controversy. He seemed delighted to speak of it in the highest terms, remarking that he had called the attention of the Book-Room in London to it, and that it was now in course of republication by them. I mention this conversation with Mr. Horne on the subject of Dr. Elliott's volumes mainly to aid in their circulation, and partly as a proper tribute to the industy and learning he has displayed in their composition.

Mr. Horne was once a Wesleyan Methodist; but, not being gifted with the power of extempore eloquence, it seemed he had not much prospect of doing great good among them. He had already gone far in the preparation of his "Introduction," and finally repaired to Oxford, took his degrees, and entered the Established Church, and has since been settled in a small parish in London. He is a genuine Christian man and minister, and much opposed to Puseyism. When to a friend I confessed my surprise that neither of the universities had conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, when all the world knew that he was worthy, the reply was, he had not risen in the regular way; and this, perhaps, was the cause.

The number of religious edifices, including churches and chapels, is far greater in London than in Paris, though the accommodation for worshippers is far less extensive than in American cities. According to a table made from minute and detailed surveys, and published in the *Congregational Magazine* for December, 1838, the whole number of sittings in the city of Westminster in the Established, Wesleyan, and Dissenters' churches, was 60,787, for a population of 202,460.† The number in the whole metropolis was 517,614, for a population of 1,434,868. And yet even these are not all occupied. The Rev. B. N., of London, remarked to me in conversation, that "if all the churches

* Lord Elgin received from the British government £30,000 (150,000 dollars) for his collection of Grecian marbles. They are now arranged in five saloons in the British Museum.

† The number in Philadelphia, for about the same population, is, I think, over 140,000.

and chapels in the metropolis were filled up, a large proportion of the population would be without a place to worship in." "Why, then," said I, "do not the parishes erect more?" "The number is increasing," he replied, "and yet those already built are not well filled." I found this to be the case whenever I attended either church or chapel. It will be observed that the part of the metropolis which has the fewest sittings, as stated above, is the *city of Westminster*, "the favoured abode of the royal family, the bishops, and nearly all the members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, with the choice of the gentry of the land, and possessing the advantage of a dean and chapter, who have large revenues."

I had intended to give some details in regard to the morals of the metropolis, and collected materials for the purpose, but deem it best to omit them. If great cities can only exist under such conditions as have produced the demoralization of the European capitals, it is a serious question whether they are desirable in any country. London is, perhaps, not worse than Paris, but in open, shameless profligacy there can be no comparison between the two cities. Swarms of lewd women cross your path in any of the principal streets, from ten at night until two in the morning. Their numbers may not be greater, in proportion to the population, than those of other large cities; but certainly they are more bold, reckless, and degraded than are to be met with in other capitals.

Intemperance is still a crying sin of the British metropolis, as it is of the British nation. Nowhere else in the world, except, perhaps, in Russia, is it so universally prevalent. We have read much of the magnitude and splendour of the gin-palaces of London; but in regard to their destructive *popularity* the half has not been told. These are the resorts of the common people. The temperance movement has made but little impression upon the lower orders, and the better classes delight in their wine too much to think of *teetotalism*. I should wrong the English, however, were I to say that it is the love of wine solely which keeps them aloof from the movement; many do not believe in its principles; many doubt its feasibility in practice; and many more are prejudiced against it from its great success in Ireland. To take the cause up vigorously now would be to follow Irish example, and the movement in Ireland is regarded by many in England as a semi-political and almost wholly Roman Catholic enterprise.

The first impression of London is usually wonder at its *immensity*. I received this impression in its full force, as the reader will have already perceived, in coming up the Thames. Nor did it diminish in the course of my rambles through the great metropolis, subsequently. When the stranger first leaves the river, and plunges into the thronged streets, he absolutely becomes dizzy in the whirl of busy life around him. Men sweep by him in *masses*; at times the way seems wedged with them: waggons, carts, omnibuses, hacks, and coaches block up the avenues, and make it quite an enterprise to cross them. Every day my amazement increased at the extent, the activity, the wealth of London. The impression was totally different from that of Paris. The French capital strikes you as the seat of human enjoyment. You find the art of life, so far as mere physical good is concerned, in perfection there. No wish need be ungratified. Your taste may be gratified with the finest music, the most fascinating spectacles, the most splendid works of art in the world. You may eat and drink

when and where you please; in half an hour, almost any delicacy that earth has produced or art invented is set before you. You may spend days and weeks in visiting her museums, her hospitals, her gardens, her cemeteries, her libraries, her palaces, and yet remain unsatisfied. In London everything is different. Men are active, but it is in pursuit of wealth. In general they do not seem to enjoy life. The arts are cultivated to a small extent by a small class of society; the mass seem hardly to know that arts exist. No splendid collections are open, without fee or reward, to the public, or to you. You can purchase gratification, but of a lower order than in Paris, and at a higher price. Except a few *lions*—the Docks, the Tunnel, Westminster Abbey, &c.—nearly everything that the city has to show to a stranger can be seen as you ride along the streets. When you leave Paris, you have just begun to enjoy it, and desire to return again; you leave London convinced, indeed, of its vastness and wealth, but tired of gazing at dingy buildings and thronged streets, and are satisfied without another visit. Such, at least, were my own impressions. Apart from private friendships and professional interests I have no care to see London again.

CHAPTER XXX.

METHODISM IN ENGLAND.

City Road Chapel. Introduction to the Conference. Mode of doing Business. The Legal Conference. Mode of stationing Preachers. Church edifices. Worship. Liturgy. Style of preaching. Comparison of English and American Methodism. Efficiency of their Financial Measures.—Funds. Missionary System. Education. Circulation of Books. Comparison. Social Intercourse.

I WAS much gratified with my first introduction to Methodism in England. "Let us walk up to the City Road Chapel," said Mr. R.; I "wish to present you to the Conference this morning. It is now in session there." City Road Chapel, Mr. Wesley, and the first periods of Methodism had always been associated in my mind. As I passed up the thronged street, my eye was constantly throwing its glances forward to catch a glimpse of the building. A space opened on the left; it was a burial-ground, in which slept the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, and he whose sacred poetry is sung in all Protestant churches. Immediately opposite to it, on the right, a small space, enclosed with iron railings, opened far up from the street, and disclosed a dark-looking brick building, nearly square, and too low to be imposing, with a small portico at the door. It was the City Road Chapel. We entered through a side door, and immediately ascended the platform, on which were seated the president, secretary, fathers of the Conference, the delegates of the Irish Conference, together with the venerable Bishop Soule, our representative, and his companion, Rev. T. B Sargent, and some distinguished foreign clergymen. Five hundred preachers were seated in the pews below, and scores of the junior preachers in the galleries. In a few minutes an occasion offered, and the Rev. Richard Reese presented me to the president, the Rev. Dr. Hannah, who rose as I advanced towards him, and shook

me long and heartily by the hand, expressing on the part of the Conference, who had risen to their feet, the kindest congratulations. He then requested me to be seated. The English mode of presenting a stranger appears, unlike ours, to be an introduction to the president rather than to the Conference.

Their mode of doing business strikes us technical and *parliamentary* people strangely. Any member may send a resolution to the secretary, but it is not often that one is offered except by committees, occasionally by prominent members. When a resolution is read, any one may speak, and it often happens that half a dozen speak at a time.* Indeed, it sometimes seems to be merely a free conversation, until, out of the apparent confusion, the penetrating mind of the president seizes the prevailing opinion and announces it as the sense of the body, and very rarely indeed is any objection offered. In this way the decision of the president rests, doubtless, on the enlightened judgment and great experience of the wiser and older brethren, rather than upon the weight of numbers, which might, perhaps, be upon the other side. It is a fixed custom with them to avoid, if possible, coming to a vote on any question. They have no by-laws to direct their action, but rely upon prescription, the wisdom of the fathers, and the acquiescence of the junior members. This gives experience great weight, and enables it to control new members, while the younger are taught to submit to the elder. The government of the Conference thus rests in persons rather than in officers, and is guided rather by usages than by written rules. This practice has come down from Mr. Wesley, who used to hold his conferences in the form of conversations with his principal preachers, by whose experience and observation he was assisted in forming his conclusions.

A farther explanation of this singular mode of transacting business is found in the existence of the Legal Conference of One Hundred as distinguished from the general body of ministers which constitutes the Conference popularly and practically. Mr. Wesley, seeing that the body of preachers had no legal existence, and that in law there was no Conference, executed, some time before his death, under the advice of able counsel, a "Deed of Declaration," which he caused to be enrolled in the High Court of Chancery, declaring one hundred preachers, whom he named therein, and their successors as therein provided for, to be the Conference forever.† All the powers which he

* It occasionally happens that there are loud cheers on the one side, and what might be called hisses, certainly strong marks of disapprobation, on the other. In regularity and decorum in transacting business in Conference we certainly excel them.

† By a resolution of the Conference in 1814, three out of every four vacancies are filled by seniority, and the fourth by nomination, by ballot of the preachers in full connexion with the Legal Conference, and then the nomination is rendered legal by a formal vote of the "Hundred." Thus it will be seen that the One Hundred do not, in fact, perpetuate their own body, but satisfy the law by formally admitting the three oldest and confirming the fourth, the nominee of the great body of preachers. In the same manner the nomination of the president and secretary rests with the body of preachers, and their legal appointment is made by the Hundred, but they must be of the Hundred. By a resolution of Conference in 1792, the same person cannot be re-elected until after eight years, though the Deed of Declaration does not forbid his annual re-election. These generous resolutions show that the Conference desires to make all privileges common to the preachers, and is restrained only in a few instances by the Deed.

himself had exercised, as far as possible devolved by this deed upon the Legal Hundred. In the eye of the law, every resolution and act of the Conference is taken as the resolution and act of the Hundred; the other members in connexion with the Conference, but not of the Hundred, having no positive legal right to sit in consultation or to vote at all.* They sit by courtesy, and in pursuance of a special charge of Mr. Wesley left to the Conference as his dying request; and on the same ground they speak on all subjects and vote on matters not named in the "Deed of Declaration," and hence not considered as the legal business of the Conference, but rather as incidental. Prudence, therefore, requires that matters come to a vote as seldom as possible; for, strictly speaking, the vote must be confined to the Hundred. But the sense of the Conference being gathered by the president, entered on the minutes by the secretary, and then read publicly and subscribed by the officers, is taken to be the act of the Conference "without the aid of any other proof."

I am not called upon to defend this peculiar organization of the Wesleyan Conference. To the candid and intelligent it is sufficient to say that no legal existence could be given to it without naming a fixed number of persons and providing for their succession. Mr. Wesley could not name a number greater than was at the time in connexion with him. He therefore fixed the medium number, sufficient to ensure counsel and efficiency, yet not too large to transact business with expedition. He had to trust to their continued piety and fidelity that they would not exclude their brethren from any privilege which they enjoyed, and that they would only consider themselves as depositories of the precious trust which he was obliged to commit to some persons and their successors. Their conduct for more than fifty years since his death has proved that they are worthy the important trust.

There is nothing more remarkable in English Methodism than the mode of stationing the preachers. By the rules of the Conference, the Quarterly Meeting of each circuit may open a correspondence, after the March Quarterly Meeting, with any preacher, to obtain his consent to serve them the following year. If he agree, the Quarterly Meeting then sends a formal petition to the Stationing Committee, which meets a few days before Conference; and unless there be grave reasons against the arrangement which is made between the preacher and Quarterly Conference, it is allowed to stand. But in these negociations there are three general rules to be observed, or the arrangement will be set aside: 1. Regard must first be had to the accommodation of the "aged preachers." 2. The "married preachers" must be provided for, one "married preacher to 450 members, two to 900, and three to 1350." The junior preachers are make-weights to adjust the fractions of 450 members, and fill up the chinks; and thus, by serving faithfully as sons in the Gospel, they grow gradually into respectability and strength, and become fathers in their turn. By this private action, which goes on for six months before the Stationing Committee meets, the general stationing is accomplished, and awaits only the concurrence of the committee, and then the final sanction of Conference.

* The members in full connexion, but not of the Legal Hundred, attend the Conference or not, as their several district meetings shall determine from year to year. Some are required to remain in their circuits to take care of the work.

This Stationing Committee is constituted in the following manner: The whole work is divided into districts; towards the close of the year the preachers in each district meet together, and appoint one of their number to be their representative for the preachers and people of the district. These representatives, together with one to represent the young men in the Theological Institution, and one to represent the missions, meet together at the place of the ensuing Conference, about ten days before it sits, and constitute the "Stationing Committee," of which the President of the last Conference is chairman, and the Secretary of Conference is secretary. The committee proceed to station the preachers, according to their judgment, after receiving all the information they can get. As soon as the list is prepared, the information is transmitted by each representative to the circuits and stations, so that the people may know who is proposed to serve them the following year. If they have any objection to make, they transmit it to the representative of their district, who lays it before the committee. The people and the preachers both communicate through their representative. With these aids the committee prepares a list of the appointments, which is read in the Conference about ten days after its commencement, and the Conference proceeds to revise the list, during which each preacher may object to his appointment, or may express his desire to go elsewhere, and assign his reasons in either case; the people also may object by their representatives, and the whole is settled by the general sense of the Conference. I was present in Conference during the revision of the appointments, in which great freedom of speech was used, and sometimes much personality, which appeared likely to produce irritation; but, upon inquiry, I learned that the irritation is inconsiderable, and what there is soon passes away, and general satisfaction is attained. To me this system at first seemed impracticable, yet the more I saw of it in England, the more I was convinced of its adaptation to *their* preachers and people; but it is entirely at variance with the theory and practice of Methodism among us. The momentary confusion and cross-firing in their conversations about the appointments seem to threaten an explosion, but all quickly becomes quiet, and courtesy and good feeling reign.*

The sacred edifices used for public worship by the Methodists in England and Ireland are not called churches, but *chapels*, the word church being exclusively appropriated by the Establishment. The distinction seems to have arisen from considering the houses of worship used by other denominations as simply preaching places, and not as edifices consecrated for the administration of the sacraments, the exclusive right to do which was and is claimed by the Episcopal clergy. The Methodist chapels in general are plain, capacity and convenience being chiefly regarded in their construction. Mr. Wesley's advice in this matter has influenced the connexion in almost every case. Yet the increase of general wealth, and occasional cases of great individual wealth, are gradually overcoming the controlling considerations of capacity and convenience, and architectural taste is

* I find, in Grindrod's Compendium of Methodism, just published in London, that violent remonstrances are often made to appointments, and much private acrimony is occasionally the consequence. He says, "There is often the appearance of much moral guilt involved in the remonstrances which are got up against good and faithful ministers" (p. 134, note).

beginning to appear in some recently erected chapels. The interior of City Road Chapel is neat; so, also, of Great Queen-street; but there is no taste displayed in either. The same is true of the principal chapels throughout the kingdom. But there is a new era commencing among the Wesleyans in this respect. Mrs. Heald, if I recollect correctly, erected a chapel at Bolton which I did not see, but which was spoken of in the public papers at the time as displaying taste and elegance. Mr. Garstang, of Manchester, has since erected a beautiful Gothic chapel in the vicinity of the town, which is an object of admiration. The society of Great Thornton-street, in Hull, have just completed a beautiful and classic chapel, an account of which may be found in my notice of a visit to that town. To these I may add the Centenary Chapel in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, the beautiful Grecian portico of which was in progress when I visited it in company with the Rev. Mr. Waugh. It is an ornament to the aristocratic square upon which it fronts. This good taste is displaying itself in the public institutions of the English Methodists, as the reader may see in the prints of the Theological Institution at Richmond, and the Wesleyan Proprietary School at Sheffield.

The congregations are not so crowded at their ordinary services as is commonly the case in our cities and towns; but they are generally more select, owing to the introduction of pews. In some of the chapels, as in Carver street, Sheffield, the free seats are at the lower end of the chapel, and are benches rather than pews. A low partition separates the two classes of seats. The people enter more generally into the public service than with us. The whole congregation rise and seem to participate in the singing, and kneeling, take part more generally in the public prayers. There is less carelessness, and a pervading air of seriousness and strict propriety. No singing is allowed after the sermon, and all remain kneeling for perhaps half a minute, in profound silence, after the benediction is pronounced. This is commendable. Upon the whole, they come nearer than we to perfect obedience to the apostle's injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order." In respect to this, we are now where perhaps they were forty years ago.

The morning service of the Church of Englnnd is read in most of the chapels in London, and generally in the principal chapel in the chief towns, and in those chapels where a wealthy and intelligent family has the almost sole influence. But it is not in general use, nor are the masses of the people in favour of it. Perhaps the preachers are; certainly the older and more influential. It is not adapted to the conversion of sinners, but is well calculated to cherish piety where it already exists in an intelligent mind. It gives dignity and respectability to worship, but does not alarm the conscience or quicken the multitude. It is a beautiful and edifying service, truly acceptable to God when devoutly performed, and might well occupy a place in any mature congregations as an introduction to the sermon; but it now occupies far too much space in the public worship and confidence of the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is gradually encroaching on the dominion of the Bible and the pulpit. This is their error. Perhaps the error of other Protestant churches is, that the people depend too much on the pulpit and preachers, and do not themselves worship God as they ought in the public service. The preacher should instruct the people, but the whole con-

gregation should publicly worship God; and in this view a stated service is not unreasonable, perhaps desirable.

The style of preaching among them is mere methodical than ours, and perhaps their sermons are more elaborate. They are more calm and staid; neither so discursive in their matter, nor so free and energetic in their manner as we. We have less uniformity of manner and more naturalness; they more mannerism, both in gesture and voice.* Their general pitch of voice is low, and their modulation solemn; we not only use a higher pitch, but a more varied and sprightly modulation, imparting great vivacity to the expression. They have been influenced somewhat by the tone of the Established Church; we by the spirit of our republican institutions.

The general topics of pulpit discourse must, of course, be the same in both countries; but I think it may be said with truth that they preach the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, repentance, justification, and sanctification, with more frequency and power than we do. With them there is more instruction and less excitement. What we call revivals are scarcely known among them; and, perhaps, for this reason, while their numbers do not increase so rapidly, their societies, as a whole, sustain their profession better, and exclusions from membership are not so frequent, in proportion to the relative numbers in church-fellowship.

My general impression of the Wesleyan preachers was very favourable. They clearly comprehend their great work, which involves the spiritual interests of a multitude of people; to the tasks which it imposes they devote their energies, and aspire to nothing more. In looking over the body of preachers assembled in Conference, I could see the stamp of genius, according to the great world's idea of it, upon hardly a single face or form; but everywhere the expression of good sense and of regular habits of subordination to authority. They are generally men of fine physical health. Trained for action rather than speculation, they are better adapted to promote the ascertained interests of religion and common life, than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge and to advance society to its highest forms of liberty and cultivation. Though not distinguished, as a body, for great abilities or acquirements, they are richly endowed with the wisdom of experience, with a ready perception of the best means to attain valuable ends, with great benevolence of heart, with perfect willingness to work, and that steadfastly, and with an unshaken confidence in their cause. They have not the enthusiasm of young apostles, commencing the conversion of the world; but they exhibit the regular activity of men labouring according to the surest rules, with undoubting anticipations of success. To such a body of men are the interests of English Methodism intrusted. Thus far they have nobly fulfilled their high vocation.

The Methodists in England may be said to constitute a community almost mature; we are yet in the first periods of an adventurous

* There are exceptions to this remark; Dr. Newton, Dr. Bunting, and Dr. Dixon may be mentioned. I referred to this matter of mannerism once in a social circle, with the remark that I believed they were improving, "Yes," was the reply. "Perhaps," said I, "Dr. Fisk's book has aided in causing the improvement." This was only answered by a smile.

youth. They reached their maturity much earlier than we shall, because their work lay in a comparatively small compass, in the midst of a dense population; ours spreads over the almost inconceivable space of 4000 miles one way, and 2000 the other, including a scattered population, much of which is actually involved in the wilderness. They have had an island to cultivate, we a continent. Their well-framed building, now a century old, "fitly joined together" and instinct in every part with spiritual life diffused through its 450,000 members, is in many respects a fitting model upon which we may fashion our own vast edifice, now in progress, with a million of members, not yet sufficiently well "compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part."* We have the frame work on a larger and more perfect scale; but their details are more complete. The efficacy of their plan depends upon personal efforts and influence, and they always accomplish their proposals; our action depends more upon constitutions, bye-laws, and speeches, and we are better at making resolutions than in carrying them out. In respect their action is English, ours American. We need more system and energy in our financial plans for missions and education, and more personal efforts to carry them out successfully. In these things they excel us greatly.

In regard to the personal relations of preachers and people, I think it may be said that they secure more respect—we more love; they command more veneration from the people, and exert a greater influence by means of their office than we; perhaps, on the other hand, the degree of personal, in proportion to official influence, is greater with us. Upon the whole, their entire influence with the people is far beyond ours. The tone of public feeling in regard to the differences of rank, which grows out of the very structure of society in the country, pervades the relation of preachers and people in the Wesleyan connexion, and gives the former a relative influence which would be impracticable in America.

FINANCES.

The financial results obtained by the Wesleyans have long been a matter of astonishment to the world and of pride to themselves.—Their missionary operations cost them 500,000 dollars annually. They give a decent and even respectable support to 1268 travelling preachers and their families, engaged in the work in the United Kingdom. They provide, also, for the education of the sons and daughters of their ministers, for which purpose they have built two schools, Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove; and when the pupils cannot be admitted to these, a regular appropriation is made to assist their education elsewhere, under the direction of their parents. They

* The Rev. Dr. Dixon, in his "Origin, &c., of Methodism," remarks that, "taking into account the present numbers and position of the 'American Methodist Episcopal Church,' the wide area of the United States, the rapidly increasing population of the country, the adaptation of this system to meet the wants of a scattered and new population, and above all, the completeness of their church order, which is evidently looked upon with affectionate and loyal veneration on the part of the people, we are furnished with moral data for the conclusion, that the American Methodist Church must, in the ordinary course of things, become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, united Protestant body in the world."—P. 342 N. Y. edition.

have liberally provided for the instruction and support of the young men admitted on trial, during the time of their probation, by the establishment of two Theological Institutions, placed under the direction of able men. To all this we may add the erection, repair, and alteration of chapels, and the extraordinary expenses of any preachers who are visited with affliction in their own persons or their families. These require in the aggregate at least 1,500,000 dollars annually; which, added to the 500,000 dollars for missionary operations, makes the sum of two millions of dollars contributed yearly by 360,000 members and 1268 preachers in Great Britain and Ireland.—There can be but little doubt that the regular annual contributions by the 360,000 members and 1268 preachers, composing the British and Irish connexion, actually exceed those of the American connexion, composed of more than a million of members and four thousand preachers.*

The solution of this difference is not found in the superior wealth of the British connexion; in this respect we far surpass them. There are, perhaps, a few individual Methodists in England more wealthy than any in America; but the mass of their people are far poorer than ours. There is this difference, however: the capital of the more substantial English Methodists is employed almost altogether in trade, or invested in productive stocks. Hence they have ready money always at hand, or regularly accruing. The capital of the American is, for the most part, invested in real estate, which produces more slowly.—The poorer people among them, who make up the vast bulk of the church, live by their weekly labour, which produces ready money, however small the amount, enabling them to contribute their penny a week regularly, and their shilling a quarter, because they always have it at the time, and have no engagements to meet; they divide their pittance cheerfully between their two great wants, their daily bodily subsistence, and the supply of spiritual food for their souls. The state of society and the arrangements of trade are such that the common people cannot enter into speculation; hence they make no contracts, to meet which they are required to save every penny; and as their weekly earnings are nearly all required for their subsistence, they have no opportunity to lay up in store against anticipated wants. Hence they give freely and regularly, and more in proportion to their means than any other class; and instruction and custom have rightly impressed them with the feeling of duty in these matters. But that portion of the American connexion which now lives by its weekly or monthly earnings, whether men or women, owing to the constant openings for trade or speculation, look forward to becoming proprietors of some valuable interests, and hence have a powerful motive to save every penny to accomplish their personal projects, which, from a train of past circumstances, easy of explanation, they have been led to judge the first duty they owe to any body or any interest. Hence the support and enlargement of the institutions of the church is much less felt as a moral obligation by the American than by the English Methodist. But these facts do not give a com-

* It is scarcely necessary to add here their occasional efforts, such as a million of dollars raised at their centenary collections, and now a proposition to raise a million more, to found seven hundred schools within seven years. The collection is now in progress.

plete solution of the great difference in the amounts of money raised by the Wesleyans in Europe and the Methodists in America. The chief cause is doubtless to be found in their more perfect system of finance, into which they incorporate the private members more closely and actively than we. There is not, perhaps, a more wisely and perfectly digested system of financial operations in the whole world. Its fundamental principles are the following:

1. Their several funds do not consist in money at interest, or property yielding a revenue, but arise annually from the "living Church," under special regulations, and each for its own particular objects.

2. These funds are divided into two general classes. (1.) The circuit funds, raised annually, and appropriated by the stewards to meet the quarterage and subsistence of the preachers stationed within their bounds. (2.) The connexional funds, raised for objects of common interest to the whole connexion, and placed under the direction of mixed committees, composed of equal numbers of preachers and laymen.

3. The plan of raising the circuit funds is to *require* each member to contribute at least a penny (two cents) a week and a shilling (twenty-five cents) a quarter.

4. The plan of raising the connexional funds is by a private subscription and a public collection for each fund at a *fixed time* in the year. Sometimes there is an average assessment for each member, as sixpence a year to the Preachers' Auxiliary Fund. These several connexional funds are farther augmented by occasional donations and bequests; and some of them by regular grants from the profits of the Book-Room.

5. The institution of a connexional fund is a matter of great importance to the people, as the "living Church" is the capital which must produce it annually. The suggestion to create such a fund may come from the Conference or from the principal private members; but in either case the deliberations take place in large, select meetings of preachers and members, which mature the plan and refer it to the next Conference, which generally adopts it with scarce an alteration, and places it under the direction of a mixed committee, usually of fifteen preachers and fifteen prominent laymen, with two general treasurers, one a preacher and one a layman. This combination of clerical and lay counsel and action is carried into every financial operation, from the General Missionary Fund to the smallest class collection.

6. Each committee, treasurer, secretary, superintendent, and steward, is required to proceed exactly according to the rules prescribed for their several trusts, and to accomplish their work precisely at the times prescribed.

There are several of these connexional funds, among which the following are the most important:

1. *The Contingent Fund.*—It contributes to assist poor circuits, answering to our domestic missions. From it also are paid any expenses which arise to a preacher or his family by affliction: travelling expenses incurred in obedience to resolutions of the Conference, and in some other cases also; expenses of lawsuits, and what may in general be called the incidental expenses of the connexion. It amounted to some 50,000 dollars in 1843.

2. *Children's Fund*—Appropriations are made from this fund towards the subsistence of the children of preachers. The number of children chargeable upon the fund is carefully ascertained at Conference; even those who are expected to come into the list during the year being counted in anticipation. The whole number of children is divided by the whole number of members in the connexion; the result in 1843 was, "one hundred and forty-four members shall provide the allowance for one child" (*Eng. Min.* for 1843, p. 109). The "allowances," then, and not the children, are chargeable to each district throughout the work, according to its number of members. Thus, for instance, the London district has 23,555 members, and is charged with 164 children's allowances. But if, in stationing the preachers, 164 children should not fall within the London district, the district must still raise 164 allowances, and the surplus is transferred to the general treasurer of the fund, to be appropriated to other districts where there may be more children than belong to them, according to the ratio of their numbers. When the districts are informed of the number of children's allowances charged to them severally, each district farther distributes the allowances among its circuits according to their respective numbers. And thus the fund is raised.

3. General Chapel Fund, for the relief of embarrassed chapels.

4. Preachers' Auxiliary Fund, for the special relief of aged and worn-out preachers.

5. The General School Fund, from which appropriations are made towards defraying the expenses of the education of the sons and daughters of preachers.

6. The Missionary Fund, which is the great glory of the connexion, and is strongly intrenched in the hearts of the preachers.

We in America, I am persuaded, might learn something from these general principles. We do not draw the people into sufficiently close union with us in devising and executing our extraordinary financial projects, such as the founding of academies and colleges. Perhaps this is one cause why they are so feebly supported. A complete financial system should be devised and incorporated in the discipline, and made a duty binding on every one, under authority of the General Conference.

THE MISSIONARY SYSTEM.

As the stranger passes from the Bank eastward along Threadneedle-street, upon approaching Bishopsgate-street he will see before him a commanding edifice, upon whose noble front may be read, "WESLEYAN CENTENARY HALL AND MISSION HOUSE, A.D. 1839." Not only the eye of the British Wesleyan and of the stranger Methodist from the New World rests upon it with pleasure, but the hearts of a hundred thousand Christians in Asia, Africa, and in destitute parts of Europe and America, beat responsive to the joyful sound of the Gospel sent to them from that noble edifice.

Perhaps it may be said of the British Wesleyan connexion, what cannot be said of any other church in the world, that more than one fourth of her members, ministers, and money, belong to her missions. She has 1268 preachers and 359,028 members at home, and 370 preachers and 92,258 members in foreign stations. She expends, according to our calculation, 1,500,000 dollars annually in her home work, and 500,000 dollars in her foreign missions. Her mis-

sionary correspondence is with kings and princes abroad, and her communications with the nobles in high places in her own land. The information which she collects from her missionaries cheers and opens the hearts of her people at home, and is sought after and relied on by committees of Parliament appointed for the express purpose of collecting such information. The regularity, energy, and success of her missionary enterprises are matter of wonder to other churches, and have provoked very many to emulation. This is not the least of her precious fruits. The secret of this success lies, first, in the missionary spirit with which her whole population is imbued, and has been since the days of Wesley, so that each one, from the man of wealth to the little cotton-spinner in the mills, feels that it is a first duty to make the annual contribution to the missionary cause. So powerful a hold has this sense of obligation, that the missionary funds for the last year or two have not diminished, notwithstanding the long-continued stagnation in every branch of trade.

Secondly, the spirit among the people is kept alive by its prevalence among the preachers and the leading members, who postpone every consideration for the interest of the missions. The Conference provides for the anniversaries in the various districts by appointing "deputations" for each, and the district meeting arranges the times and places. These occasions are great missionary festivals, in which the people participate with intense delight.

Thirdly, there is a centralization of power in London, at the Mission House, where four able secretaries direct the whole movement, assisted by fifteen ministers and fifteen laymen. The work is divided between these secretaries, so that each one is specially appointed for a particular part of it: for instance, Dr. Alder, who spent some years in America, has charge of the missions there; Mr. Hoole, those of India, and its dependences, where he spent some years; Mr. Beecham, the other foreign missions, particularly in Africa; and Dr. Bunting is a father among them, aiding by his advice rather than by his labour.

Fourthly, the missionaries are selected, by the Conference, from those who offer themselves to go to foreign stations. When the class of preachers is admitted on trial, the inquiry is made, Who will offer themselves for the foreign work? and the same inquiry is made of each class when admitted into full connexion. A list of all who offer is sent to the missionary secretaries in London, and they are placed more or less under their control, for the purpose of directing their studies in view of their employment abroad. They may be placed in the Theological Institution or engaged in the home work, but are never sent out to the missions until they have travelled four years, or filled up their period of trial, their residence in the seminary being taken into account to some extent. Thus the Conference selects the missionaries, and places them at the disposal of the secretaries and General Committee in London. This secures good and tried men. The secretaries, counselled by the committee, assign each missionary his work, requiring him to engage to remain abroad from eight to twenty years, according to the healthfulness and condition of the country to which he is sent. Thus wisdom and promptness are secured by the appointment of the missionaries by the secretaries, who are fully informed of the whole field of missionary labour. If the missionaries should prove unfaithful, the secretaries and com-

mittee have the power to order their immediate return home. Particular instructions are furnished to each for his guidance.

Fifthly. Their work is placed on such high and commanding ground that it is an honour to be prominently appointed on a foreign station. The results are so glorious that that the most satisfactory material is regularly obtained from which to compose the monthly missionary notices, by which the missionary flame is regularly fed throughout the connexion.

EDUCATION.

The plans of education among the Methodists in England are not so extensive and elevated as with us; but they are more strictly religious and theological, and a thousand times better sustained. They have no colleges and universities existing even by name and charter, as with us, with power to confer degrees in the arts, in theology, or in law. In this respect we have greatly the advantage of them. And although they have some men distinguished for classical, scientific, and theological learning, perhaps superior to any among us, yet we have a far greater proportion of well-educated men in our various conferences, with the probability of a more rapid increase. Their plan of education comprehends five classes of schools.

First. *Sunday Schools.*—These are better arranged and generally more efficiently conducted than with us. The Conference has prepared a digested system for their management; and the mature and intelligent members of the Church enter very generally into their service. Ours are left too much to the young and inexperienced.*

Secondly. *Day Schools*, under the supervision of the preacher in the circuit and a committee of the society. In these the teacher is required to be an approved member of the Methodist Church. The real estate, if any, connected with each school is settled in trust for the connexion, as are the chapels. The superintendent of the circuit is charged with visiting, and occasionally instructing the pupils. The instruction given comprehends the branches of a plain English education. There is now in progress a general effort to raise £235,000, or more than a million of dollars, within seven years, to enlarge the number and increase the efficiency of the schools, so as to make them equal to the wants of the whole connexion.

Thirdly. *Schools for the Education of the Sons of Travelling Preachers.*—These are two: Kingswood, near Bristol, and Woodhouse Grove, near Leeds. They accommodate about two hundred pupils, and contain classical and mathematical departments, each under the charge of a tutor, with assistants. A prominent member of the Conference is chosen as governor, who has a general oversight of the affairs of the school, and charge of the religious interests and conduct of the pupils.

Each preacher receives £12 from the school fund, and six guineas from the children's fund (about 80 dollars,) towards the support of his son at either school; or towards his education elsewhere, if he cannot be admitted to them. For their daughters, eight guineas are appropriated by the school fund, and six guineas, I believe, from the children's fund. These schools have furnished a number of ministers

* Their Sunday Schools in 1845 cost them 107,301 dollars 48 cents.

to the connexion, to the Established Church, and to the foreign missions.

Fourthly. *Proprietary Schools.*—In process of time, many individuals in the connexion, by their industry and frugality, became wealthy, and for the sons of these no suitable place of education was provided. Many were unwilling to send them to the universities, partly because they did not intend them for the learned professions, and partly because they desired to secure to them a sound religious education, which they judged could not be had at Oxford or Cambridge. It was finally concluded to found Proprietary Schools, on a highly respectable scale, and have them so constituted that their religious interests should be confided to the Conference, while the literary and pecuniary management should devolve on the trustees, who should all, however, be Methodists. The plan is of recent origin, and the Sheffield Wesleyan Proprietary Grammar School is its first noble fruit.

The edifice is built of hewn stone, with Corinthian porticoes, and and is situated in beautiful and extensive grounds in the immediate vicinity of the town. It will accommodate two hundred pupils, with the governor, teachers, steward, and matron; and cost, with its furniture 100,000 dollars. It has baths, sick-rooms, laundries, and every convenience for the instruction, health, and comfort of the pupils. Pupils of any religious sect are admitted, upon the payment of the fees and submission to the rules. The course of instruction embraces the classics, mathematics, natural sciences, and commercial branches; to which are added music and drawing. Thirteen gentlemen compose the Board of Instruction.

I visited this institution during the Sheffield Conference, in 1843, in company with Mr. Moss, Mr. Longden, and several other gentlemen. When we entered the great hall, the tyros were at their tea, which was served up in nice bowls; and Mr. Longden, without my being apprised of his intention, announced *The President of Dickinson College.* Upon which the whole corps of students commenced stamping, and then looked expectingly towards the president; but he spoke not. They commenced again, and so violently did some of them pound the floor and shake the tables, that their tea was thrown overboard; and then they stopped, and looked at the president again; but he held his lips closed, and only yielded the acknowledgment of a bow. They wanted a speech; had a right to demand it, and in this pleasant way; but the president had a right to decline, which he did, and then walked through the hall to the beautiful chapel. There was no time for a speech, as I had an approaching engagement in the town.

Fifth. *Theological Seminaries.*—The establishment of the Wesleyan Theological Institution for the improvement of the junior preachers formed an era in the history of Methodism. The institution at present has two branches; one at Didsbury, near Manchester, which will accommodate about forty pupils; the other at Richmond, near London, which has room for sixty students. I visited the Richmond branch in company with Rev. Mr. Jobson and his lady, to whom we were indebted for much of the enjoyment of one of the pleasantest days we spent in England. The edifice is an elegant specimen of modern Gothic, built of hewn stone, and is surrounded with beautiful grounds. The smoke of London, ten miles off, may be seen from the gardens. Just at hand is Richmond Hill, the long-celebrated *scene* of England.

Below, the Thames is seen, not larger than an American creek, winding its way through the rich meadows, and reflecting from its glassy surface the stately swans and the light boats of the fisher-boys. Every height in view is thickly wooded, and here and there noble mansions or gray church-towers appear embosomed in the parks or rising above the villages. It is in this magnificent building and amid such scenes as these, within hearing of the great metropolis, that the young men are educated who are to form, in generations to come, the Wesleyan ministry. The very appointments about them tend to elevate and refine their minds and hearts. Some have feared that an education under such circumstances might be injurious. No one would indulge such fears who could hear them speak of their religious experience in presence of the assembled Conference and a vast assembly, as they do before their ordination. I heard them at the London Conference in 1842, and again at Sheffield in 1843. Their uniform testimony to the great advantages they had enjoyed in the Theological Institution, in regard not less to personal piety than to mental cultivation, excited deep and irrepressible feeling in preachers and people.

The instruction in the seminary is given chiefly by two tutors, one in theology and one in classics, who are aided, as occasion requires, by assistants. The deportment and personal religion of the students are looked after by the governor, who meets them in class, and holds the most intimate personal relations with them. The present governors and the theological tutors (Rev. Thomas Jackson at Richmond, and Rev. Dr. Hannah at Didsbury) are among the most able men in the connexion. I had no opportunity of hearing Mr. Jackson preach; but should infer, from the propriety with which he read the morning service, that his manner is good. The manner of Dr. Hannah is not so commendable, and would be a bad model for the students. Yet his sermons are so thoroughly imbued with good sense and evangelical piety, and delivered with such a warm and penetrating earnestness, that he is deservedly one of the most esteemed of the English preachers.

The funds of the institution were chiefly derived from the Centenary collection, of which it was the first object. To these are constantly adding annual subscriptions and donations from the most wealthy and intelligent members of the Church, whose confidence in the school is becoming stronger every day.

CIRCULATION OF BOOKS.

The profits of the Book-Room, which is the property of the Conference, are several thousand pounds a year. They are divided, by order of Conference, among the connexional funds, and, by their committees, distributed to their appropriate objects. Their list of publications is smaller than ours; the chief works contained in it being those of Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Watson, Edmondson, Treffry, and Jackson. They do not circulate as many books as we. As far as appears from their catalogue, none of the works of Dr. Adam Clarke are published at the Book-Room; and I am sorry to say that I scarcely ever heard his name mentioned by the preachers, and never with the respect with which we in America have been accustomed to regard it. This is probably owing to his views on the eternal sonship of Christ, which brought out, as his antagonists, Mr. Watson and Mr. Benson, with whose opinions the Conference coincided. To this day every

young preacher is examined on the question before he is admitted, and this professedly because of Dr. Clarke's opinions. Certainly this opinion of Dr. C.'s need not have created such a stir; all that he has written on the subject is issued from our Book-Room, and yet is perfectly harmless. We are firmer, wiser, or duller than they. Dr. Clarke was eminently the man of the people, and they venerate his memory.

The publications of the Book-Concern are better got up, in respect to typography and general appearance, than ours; but the difference is not greater than is common between the publications of respectable English and American houses.

These are the *facts* of English Methodism. In stating them, I have occasionally made comparisons with the American connexion; there is one farther comparison which forces itself on the American Methodist when he visits England. He is struck with the fact that, although England is a monarchy and America a republic, the popular element is much more generally diffused in English than in American Methodism. I have already referred to the joint operation of ministers and laymen in the origination and management of all general funds; also to the great developement of popular influence in the stationing of the preachers; and to these may be added the law, that, though the class leaders are nominated by the superintendent of the circuit, they must be confirmed by the leader's meeting. Notwithstanding, it must be recollected that no legislative power is vested in the people or their representatives in any way: they are only more directly employed in the *action* of church machinery than with us. While in this respect they take an equal part, in many things at least, with the preachers, it is still the case that the authority of the Conference is decisive, either directly, as the body to whom all general plans are submitted for ultimate decision, or indirectly, by means of the inferior organizations, such as district conferences, &c.

One cause of the difference to which I have alluded between American and English Methodism lies in the comparatively small territory covered by the latter, and the compactness of society, which enables the people to act more conveniently in Quarterly and Mixed Meetings, and also to assemble more readily from all parts of the country at any central point. The annual meeting of Conference draws laymen from all quarters of the kingdom: our General Conference must hold its meetings at some point a thousand miles or more distant from sections of the work. The experiment of District Conferences failed among us from this very difficulty.

Again, our original organization was framed by Mr. Wesley, who in founding the general superintendency, endowed it with many of the powers which he himself exercised in England. But the best thing that he could do in England was to establish the Legal Confernce eof One Hundred Preachers. From the very nature of the case, difficulties arose after his death. Many of the preachers not of the Hundred became jealous of those who were, and many of the people shared and stimulated their feelings. Party strifes soon became violent. The vexed question of the administration of the sacraments heightened the excitement, and division seemed inevitable. In 1795 the Conference devised and issued the *Plan of Pacification*, which has led to much of the popular influence that I have spoken of. While it re-asserted all the legal rights of the Conference, it made special grants to

the people, and admitted them to a greater activity in the minor movements of the society, *e. g.*, in Quarterly and Mixed District Meetings, than they had before enjoyed. Farther concessions were made in 1797. The right of the Quarterly Conferences to petition for preachers was secured, I think in 1805.

Without recommending the adoption, specifically, of any of the measures of our British brethren, I cannot but express my conviction that it is expedient for us to invite our people to more immediate co-operation with us, especially in the formation and management of general financial arrangements.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

From various causes, I had taken up an impression that an American Methodist, although a minister, might not find an easy and cordial welcome among Methodists in England, unless accredited as a representative; but in this respect I was agreeably disappointed. As a mere traveller, I had no claims upon them except as belonging to the common family of Methodism, yet their invitations to the social circle and festive board were as hearty as the hospitality of my native land, and more numerous than I could possibly accept.

Although, in general, there is more ceremony in society than is usual with us, it never becomes troublesome, and, being in keeping with the usages of society generally, is not out of place. Precedence in age or office is rigidly observed. Office claims more respect than age, the president and secretary of the Conference being as commonly addressed by their titles as the bishops among us. Young persons are less obtrusive and more attentive than in America.

Breakfast parties at ten o'clock are very common, and afford opportunities of less ceremonious and more agreeable intercourse than at dinner, the ladies remaining all the while in the room. Those which I attended concluded with prayer by some aged minister, and with (what I had thought antiquated) subscribing names in the ladies' albums. The tone of conversation was generally lively, and pleasant, the dinner talk being varied discussions on political, religious, and social topics—not often heavy, and always good-humoured. The junior members of the company would listen to the conversation of the nearest group, and hardly ever spoke except to cry "Hear, hear," when some especially good thing was saying which they desired all the company to enjoy. In many of these parties I enjoyed, indeed, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." It will be long before I forget the dinner-parties at Centenary Hall (a select company of preachers,) at Dr. B.'s, Dr. A.'s, Mr. B.'s, Mr. R.'s, Mr. T.'s, and Dr. C.'s, in London; Mr. J.'s, in Sheffield; and Mr. G.'s, near Manchester.

There is one feature in which these parties differed from any we have in similar circles at home, and which recalled to my mind my earliest visits to New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, when sparkling wines graced the table and circulated freely, even among Methodist preachers. So it is still in England. It sometimes required a little nerve to decline the request of the lady whose guest you were, to "have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you," especially when, according to usuage, you should have made the request of her. After the ladies retire, the cloth is removed, and the wine moves round the table freely. I do not recollect ever to have preached a sermon in England without being offered a glass of wine afterward in the vestry.

Wine was frequently distributed in Conference during its active session. The Temperance movement has not taken hold of our brethren in England; and they see wine-drinking, not as we do now, but as we did twenty years ago. The custom is common in all good society in England.

The relative social importance and respectability of Methodists, as a body, is greater in America than in England. There are no offices, either in our State or General Governments, except the Presidency, that have not been filled by members of the Methodist Church. Her ministers are occasionally professors in state universities, and often chaplains to Congress and state legislatures. I have heard of no case in England of high office having been held by a Methodist.

CHAPTER XXXI.

METHODISM IN ENGLAND.

Origin of Methodism. Origin of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Question of the Sacraments. Relation of Methodism to the Establishment. Recent Modifications of that Relation. Policy of the Establishment. The Factory Bill. Dr. Dixon's View of the Position of Methodism. The Free Church of Scotland. Political Importance of the Methodists. Relation of Methodism to the Working Classes. Attachment of the Methodists to the Establishment declining.

THE character of John Wesley is settled by the verdict of the world. No man now attempts to deny his genius, to impugn his motives, or to question his sagacity. Yet some parts of his conduct are still represented, and perhaps with truth, as involving apparent discrepancy, if not contradiction. The key to these apparent inconsistencies is to be found in the fact that, during his whole career of a reformer, he was under the influence of two great forces, generally coincident, sometimes separate, and occasionally even antagonistic. They were his loyalty and attachment to the Established Church on the one hand, and his strong conviction, on the other, that he was called of God to be the founder of a religious society for the diffusion of scriptural holiness throughout the land. Throughout all his life he endeavoured to act without violating either of these obligations. In some cases this was impossible. He followed where Providence led him, and his obligations to the Church gave way to his sense of duty. But it is now seen clearly that, in some very important matters, he did not keep up with the leading of Providence, and countervailed his own conduct in some particulars by reiterating his injunctions to his people not to separate from the Established Church. For instance, he plainly saw it was the will of God that men not regularly educated for the ministry should, nevertheless, preach the Gospel; and when the question was presented to him to obey the Church or forbid them, and thus contravene the designs of Providence, he hesitated not a moment to disobey the Church. And when it was impossible for these men—and, shortly after, for himself also—to use the parish churches for preaching, he and they both retired to the fields, and preached to the multitudes in violation of the wishes and usages of the Church.

Yet, during all this time, his sole object was to bring sinners to re-

pentance, and lead them to the Church; and in order to secure this last result, he refused to allow his preachers to administer the sacraments, though he set them apart by solemn religious services, and authorized them to perform every function of the ministry besides. Yet he claimed the power to ordain by virtue of his ordination as presbyter in the Church of England, believing presbyters and bishops to be of the same order.* Yet, for a long time, he refused to exercise this

* In this opinion Mr. Wesley followed the Scriptures, the early Church, many of the schoolmen and canonists of the Middle Ages, all the Reformers on the Continent of Europe, and the most eminent of the English Reformers. The views of these last upon the subject of church orders have been strangely lost sight of, in late times, by many Episcopalians. In the Collection of Records appended to Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation may be found "A Declaration made of the Functions and Divine Institution of Bishops and Priests," dated A. D. 1537 or 8, which contains the following pregnant declarations: "This office (the ministry) was committed by Christ and his apostles unto certain persons only, that is to say, unto priests or bishops." "The truth is, that in the New Testament there is no mention made of any degrees or distinction of orders, but only of deacons or ministers, and of priests or bispops." This declaration is signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of York, London, and a number of others. Cranmer's opinions on the subject are sufficiently well known. The framers of the Articles of Religion held no exclusive or extravagant notions in regard to the Church and the ministry. "The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." "It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of public preaching, or ministering the sacraments in the congregation, before he be lawfully called and sent to execute the same. And these we ought to judge lawfully called and sent which be chosen and called to this work by men who have public authority given unto them in the congregation, to call and send ministers into the Lord's vineyard." The reader will perceive that the authority of bishops is [not *jus divinum*, but] "*public authority*" in the congregation, *i. e.*, in the visible Church of Christ. That by *public authority* was meant and intended the *authority of the state*, cannot be denied by any that know the history of the English Reformation. It is not for me to vindicate the propriety of the article, but simply to show that it inculcates no Divine right of bishops. "They who drew it," says Bishop Burnet, "had the state of the several churches before their eyes that had been differently reformed." The mature opinions of Mr. Wesley on the subject of orders were thus coincident with those of the best English reformers. It was on these principles that he listened to the call of 200 ministers and 60,000 members of the Methodist societies in the emancipated colonies (now the United States), where there was at that time no bishop at all, and ordained and sent over Dr. Coke as superintendent, with authority to ordain Mr. Asbury to the same office, for the establishment of the Methodist Church in America. The case of the Methodist societies was precisely such a one as Bishop Burnet puts in his remarks upon the Articles of Religion above referred to. "If a company of Christians find the public worship where they live to be so defiled that they cannot with a good conscience join in it, and if they do not know of any place to which they can conscientiously go, where they may worship God purely and in a regular way—if, I say, such a body, finding some that have been ordained, though to the lower functions, should submit itself entirely to their conduct, or finding none of these, should, by a common consent, desire some of their own number to minister to them in holy things, and should, upon that beginning, grow up to a regulated constitution, though we are very sure that this is quite out of all rule, and could not be done without a very great sin, unless the necessity were very great and apparent; yet, if the necessity is real and not feigned, this is not condemned or annulled by the article; for when this grows to a constitution, and when it was begun by the consent of a body who are supposed

power within the jurisdiction of the Established Church because there were bishops within those limits who were appointed to ordain; but he did exercise it for Scotland, where the English bishops had no authority, and for America, whose connexion with the English Church was dissolved by the Revolution.

The increase of his societies gave rise to a strong desire on the part of many of his people to have the sacraments administered among themselves, and this desire became more and more urgent wherever the parish ministers were notoriously worldly and wicked. At length, in the latter years of his ministry, he ordained three of his own preachers to assist him in administering the sacraments to those societies that demanded them. This he felt to be his duty, under the conditions of the case: yet it was a violation of his obligations as a churchman. He acted on this often avowed principle, that where the commandments of men conflicted with the will of God, he was bound to obey God rather than men. Yet he did not provide for a regular transmission of ordination in the Conference, by directing those whom he had ordained by the imposition of hands so to ordain others. This would have been to establish a regular church, which was not his intention, although he must have foreseen that to this result his own work strongly tended. Although, perhaps unfortunately, he left a solemn charge to his societies not to separate from the Church, there is evidence that he had some forebodings that, as he had conferred upon his preachers all the functions of a Scriptural ministry except the formal right, by imposition of hands, to administer the sacraments, they would be compelled by force of circumstances, and a sense of duty to their people, to fall back upon the well-established ground, that the right to administer the sacraments is implied in the Divine call to preach the Word, and, as regular pastors, to take the oversight of the flock, to which they were solemnly set apart by appropriate religious services after four years of trial in the ministry. This they were quickly compelled to do after his death, though they did not use imposition of hands until the Conference of 1837, when the abridged form of ordination to elders' orders, which Mr. Wesley had prepared

to have authority in such an extraordinary case, whatever some hotter spirits may have thought of this since that time, yet we are very sure that not only those who penned the Articles, but the body of this church for half an age after, did, notwithstanding these irregularities, acknowledge the foreign churches so constituted to be true churches in all the essentials of a church, though they had been at first irregularly formed, and continued still to be in an imperfect state, and therefore the general words in which this part of the article is framed seem to have been designed on purpose not to exclude them."

I do not quote this passage as expressing the views of Methodists fully in regard to the organization of their church, but to show that, in the opinion of Church of England Episcopalians (except the "hotter spirits,") Mr. Wesley was fully justified in his ordination of Dr. Coke, and the American Methodists in inviting him so to do. Our church was thus organized in America in 1784, some time before the establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Our ordination, according to the Scriptures and usages of the ancient Church, is Presbyterian: our government, according to the same usages, Episcopal. This is precisely the case with the Reformed churches of Denmark and Sweden. The other Protestant churches on the Continent have not adopted the Episcopal form of government, and have no apostolic succession in the High Church sense; yet Bishop Burnet says the English Church did "acknowledge the foreign churches to be true churches in all the essentials of a church."

for the American connexion, was introduced. It appears, therefore, that all the Wesleyan ministers who were admitted to full communion prior to 1837 have not been ordained by the imposition of hands; but their being solemnly set apart to the work by appropriate religious services in the assembly of the people was taken, and is held, to be valid ordination, for the purpose of authority in the Church, while the Divine warrant is contained in their "being moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them this ministry."

The difference between the English and American connexions in respect to ordination lies in the fact that, in the latter, ordination by imposition of hands has been regularly transmitted through Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and others. The validity of the sacraments, according to the opinions of our British brethren, is not affected by this variation from the common outward form of ordination; but it renders their position somewhat more difficult of defence before the public, owing to the ancient and deeply-established association in the common mind of the authority conveyed in ordination with the formal imposition "of the hands of the presbytery." The essential authority does not inhere in the imposition of hands, but in the Divine call to the ministry; and the imposition of hands, is a decent and primitive recognition of it publicly in the Church. It is to be much regretted that Mr. Wesley did not formerly ordain the preachers in connexion with him. Could he have lived twenty or thirty years longer, there is no reasonable ground to doubt but he would have seen the necessity of formally authorizing the administration of the sacraments in his societies by his own preachers.* The judgment of the whole connexion since his death, both preachers and people, is to this effect; and however I may venerate the greatness and character of Mr. Wesley, I am bound to believe this judgment is a wise one, and that he himself would have come to the same conclusion in the same time.

At Mr. Wesley's death, the Methodist ministers were in the regular exercise of all the functions of a perfect Christian ministry except the administration of the sacraments. It was soon found that they could not avoid taking this last step. Their people longed to partake of the "communion of the body and blood of Christ," administered by their own faithful pastors; and, though constantly urged to do so, could rarely be induced to commune constantly in the parish churches, especially where the clergy were men of ungodly lives. The imperative necessity of the measure pressed upon the minds of the preachers; they did not doubt their authority to take it; and at last their filial reverence for Mr. Wesley's advice yielded to their sense of duty, and to their assurance that he would have approved their conduct had he been alive to judge of it. The Conference accordingly authorized those ministers who had been, or should be, regularly called and set apart to the work of the ministry, by peculiar religious exercises in the congregation, even without the imposition of hands, to administer the sacraments. This completed their organization as a *Church*. It was not deemed expedient, however, to change

* It would have been in the power of the Conference to secure a regular succession of ordination from Mr. Wesley, "by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery," if they had, immediately upon his death, called the three presbyters he had ordained, and received ordination at their hands. Perhaps it would have been the part of wisdom, certainly of prudence, to have done so.

their name from that of "the People called Methodists," as declared in the Deed, to that of the "Wesleyan Methodist Church," which is the designation which occasionally appears in the public prints, and will finally prevail.

Thus the Wesleyan connexion insensibly became in reality a church, though without the name. Spurned, neglected, and even sometimes persecuted by the Establishment, the Methodists grew strong in their unsought-for orphanage. Yet, in the spirit of their founder, they "returned not evil for evil," but retained their love for their unkind mother, and defended her, again and again, from the assaults of her most violent foes. Though they did not adhere to the forms, or fully submit to the authority of the Establishment, they revered it as the bulwark of the national religion, and willingly devoted their tithes for its support. In this respect they differ from Dissenters, whose distinctive characteristic is hostility to the union of Church and State.

Such was the relation of Methodism to the Established Church until within a few years past. But the events of that period, if they have not produced a real change of *position*, have effected a great alteration in the general tone of feeling in the Methodist Church, and in the language of her people, her journals, and her official sermons, with regard to that position. A systematic plan appears to have been formed, and to a great extent carried out, to attack the institutions of Methodism, and to attempt a reduction, if not an annihilation, of its power.

This settled policy of the Established Church towards Methodists and Dissenters was adopted some eight or ten years since, particularly with respect to the Methodists, after the great struggle of the Church against the simultaneous and combined attack of the Dissenters in which contest the Wesleyans stood manfully by the Church, and did her essential service, if, indeed, they did not save her: for the opinion in England is quite general, that if the Wesleyans had joined the Dissenters at that time the Church would have been overthrown, or very materially modified in her constitution and powers. A calm succeeded the struggle, and left the Church at leisure to contemplate the dangers through which she had passed, and, at the same time, to become sensible that she owed her safety, in a very great degree, to the aid rendered her by the Wesleyan societies. The conflict and its consequences clearly established these two facts: 1. That the Church had a deeper hold on the affections of the English people, and a greater power in the nation, than was expected, at least by her enemies; and it was readily perceived that her influence would be much increased by an impro vement in the morals, activity, and piety of her clergy. It ought to be conceded by every generous enemy to the Establishment, that in these respects it has vastly improved within the last ten years, and is still rapidly improving, gaining thereby an increased influence in the British government, and with the British public, without a reduction, perhaps with an increase (also) in the interests and influence of the Dissenters and Methodists. 2, That there existed in the nation a body of people of such numerical force, and so distributed in the manufacturing and mining districts, as to be of vast political consequence in Church matters and to whom the Church was too deeply indebted to be easy under the obligation, which was a clear evidence of her danger: for if that people were very conve-

nient, if not necessary to her safety in the hour of conflict, there could be no doubt but their weight on the side of avowed dissent might procure her fall. The reduction of this people became an object of anxious deliberation; but, as they had ever been friends to the Church the means of reduction must not be violent, or even clear to the common comprehension. It was necessary that the plan should be laid deep in "Divine authority," and then be followed up by a far-reaching and skilful legislation.

This resolution, on the part of the master-spirits of the Church, necessarily regarded the Wesleyans as Dissenters; and to destroy the foundations of both Methodism and Dissent at a blow, and to dissolve their hold on the religious affections and confidence of their people, the bold plea of the exclusive apostolic succession, and the gracious influence of the sacraments only when administered by the regularly ordained clergy, was revived; and hence the Oxford Tracts, or Puseyism.* Although it is well understood that there were long and anxious deliberations in high places, it was not deemed wise that the authority of the Dissenting and Wesleyan ministers to preach God's Holy Word and administer the holy sacraments should be tired by individual authority setting forth the plea, thus leaving the Church to act as circumstances should dictate. In this way the shock on the public mind was not so violent; the leaven worked privately and on private responsibility, and was left to gain respectability and permanence by Episcopal changes, Episcopal appointments, and by the of action the government, if it were found that the public mind would bear it.

In the early part of this movement another event drew attention to the Wesleyans, and increased the desire of the High Church party to reduce them. This was the Centenary Collection, which produced a million of dollars, and showed that this people, to whom the Church had been so much indebted for her safety, was not only numerous, but had the command of more wealth than had been supposed.

The plan for the reduction of Dissenters and Methodists, founded on the plea that they had no Divine authority to preach the Gospel or to administer the sacraments, worked slowly; and while it strengthened the Church within herself, it did not carry conquest into the Dissenting population; nor could it be made sufficiently to bear against the palpable and generally acknowledged good which the great mass of the poor people had received from their ministry and benevolence. It was necessary, therefore, for the Church to extend her influence among the manufacturing and labouring classes; and the more so, as the right of suffrage was much extended to them, by which

* Archbishop Whately, in his "Kingdom of Christ," gives an account of "Church Principles" (Puseyism) very similar to the view here suggested. "But, as there are some persons who are too ready to separate from any religious community on slight grounds, or even through mere caprice, to 'heap up to themselves teachers, having itching ears,' it has been thought—or at least maintained—that the only way of affording complete satisfaction and repose to the scrupulous, and of repressing schism, is to uphold, under the title of 'Church Principles,' the doctrine that no one is a member of Christ's Church and an heir of the covenanted Gospel, promises, who is not under a ministry ordained by bishops descended in an unbroken chain from the apostles" (p. 181).

means they could influence Parliament; and hence the great and successful effort to increase the number of churches; partly by grants of money from government, and partly by private subscription. In the single parish of Shoreditch, London, ten churches have recently been built, chiefly by the influence of the Bishop of London. But churches would not recover the people; and they had been so long under the influence of the Dissenting and Wesleyan ministers, that it was not likely they could be extensively withdrawn by the abstract, and, to them, strange plea of the invalidity of the blessings they had so long enjoyed. It was necessary to make it their interest and their duty to come under the teachings and influence of the Church; and to accomplish this, the agency of the Legislature was essential, in addition to the influence which rich proprietors could exert over their tenants, and, through these, over the labouring people in their employ. This was the state of matters in 1841, when I wrote the following paragraphs from the Conference room in London:—

"It is now beyond a doubt that the established clergy are intent on practically enforcing their Divine and legal claim over every body within their respective parishes. They are beginning, aided by the wardens, to insist on all the parochial funds passing through their hands; they are visiting the proprietors of lands and masters of houses, and saying, 'We do not see your tenants or workmen at church.' They call on the tenants and say, 'We do not see your servants at church.' This is well understood. The power of the Church is to bear against these delinquents, and the proprietor signifies his wish to the tenant, and the tenant to the servant; the heads of houses signify their wishes to those in their employ, and the poor are told they cannot enjoy the benefit of the parochial funds, as they do not attend the church. The seminaries, and schools, and all places in the universities, are rigidly shut up from every one not a Churchman. And this whole movement is based on the revived pretension of the apostolic succession. It requires no prophetic power to see how this will bear on our young men and on the poor. And the question is,—Can the Methodists retain their neutral ground, placed between the double fire, of the Church on the one hand, and the Dissenters on the other? If they do, they will surely give evidence of greater patience and piety than usually fall to the lot of men. Time, and not a very long time either, will solve this question; and I hope our beloved Methodism in England will stand."

The slowly but steadily developed policy of the Church towards the Wesleyans, as well as Dissenters, had gradually imbued the minds of most of the private members of the societies with dislike to the Church, amounting to a willingness to oppose her; while the effect on the mind of the ministers was slow and painful distrust, together with an unwillingness to change their friendly position to the Establishment for one of indifference, if not of opposition. The people were in advance of the ministry, if not clearly to perceive and comprehend their danger, at least to make prompt resistance. They felt the plain, palpable wrongs and ingratitude of the Church, and were ready to resist; but their habits of respect for their most excellent ministry kept them in check. The preachers were, as their great father, long suffering under the unjust policy of the Church towards them, and began to imitate resistance only when the progress of Puseyism made it a question of conscience, and seemed to require them to

break up their alliance with the Church, and "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints."

It was easy to perceive that, if they were to make successful resistance to Puseyism in the Church—which they regarded as Roman Catholicism, in fact—they must lower, if not extinguish, their respect for the Establishment, and declare themselves to be what they were in fact, a true Church of Christ, fully and richly endowed for the instruction, edification, and salvation of the people. Symptoms of a tendency among the ministry to declare this position appeared at the London Conference of 1842, and found its way into the Pastoral Address.* There the matter rested until the meeting of Parliament, and the introduction of Sir James Graham's Factory Bill, containing a scheme of education for the manufacturing and labouring classes, which placed them, by compulsion, under the exclusive instruction of the clergy of the Established Church. The origin and progress of this bill will be an era in the moral legislation of England, and in English Methodism; and from it I date the formal independence of the Methodist Church in England.

The preliminary arrangements to make way for the bill were long in progress, as it was deemed necessary to lay its foundations deep in the public benevolence and sympathy, by procuring, under warrants from the queen, the statistics of the manufacturing and mining districts, showing their utter degradation, and that the people were "a fearful multitude of untutored savages," as Lord Stanley declared, on the 28th of February, in his speech which preceded the indication of the bill by Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary. The reports of these commissioners startled the nation; so much so that the noble lord's motion, "That an humble address be presented to her majesty, praying that her majesty will be graciously pleased to take into her instant and serious consideration the best means of diffusing the benefits and blessings of a moral and religious education among the working classes of her people," was received everywhere with acclamation. The public were impatient to hear what reply her majesty would make to such a noble request. At length it came forth in the form of a very voluminous bill from her Home Secretary, entitled, "For regulating the employment of children and young persons in factories, and for the better education of children in factory districts." The title abated somewhat the public enthusiasm; it was found to be applicable only to "factory districts;" it did not take in the nation. Still it was considered a great boon, and the people were inclined to be duly grateful for it; and hence the Dissenters and Methodists were somewhat slow to perceive its full bearing upon their vast and complicated interests and institutions in the manufacturing districts. At length they became fully sensible of the effect of the few short educational clauses, almost smothered in the huge document, and drawn with a tact and skill that indicated more address than could reasonably have been accorded to Sir

* "We claim, both for our own sakes and yours, all the rights of true Christian pastors; a right which the Head of the Church has repeatedly sanctioned and sealed. This involves a right not only to publish the Word of God to you, and to provide for its publication in the destitute world around, but also to administer the Sacraments. As ministers, then, *of our common Methodist* Church," &c.—*Pastoral Address*, 1842. The London Watchman, the organ of the Wesleyans in England, since the Conference of 1842, frequently speaks of their *Wesleyan* Church.

James, the Home Secretary, in such matters. It was well made out, that the paternity of the educational provisions was to be accredited to some of the Puseyite clergy; and the people of Leeds will have it that Doctor Hook, of their town, was honoured with the revision of the clauses.

The Dissenters and Methodists, once awake of their danger, analyzed the bill with such acumen and power as to make its Jesuitical provisions start into life before the mass of their people, and in a short time thirteen thousand petitions, with two millions of signatures, oppressed the tables of Parliament, and made the legislators sensible that there was a deep and general feeling of resistance among the people, amounting well-nigh to indignation. But what surprised and alarmed them most of all was the fact that the *Wesleyans, as a body*, were, for the first time, arrayed against the government and the Church. The educational clauses were revised but not purified, or, rather, not rectified, and the bill was presented in an amended form. In this form it was met by twelve thousand petitions; and the Wesleyan deputation from Leeds said, in a letter to their member for Yorkshire, "We shall, with the same alacrity as before, and with patient, untiring, and increasing exertions, oppose the bill at every stage, up to the very foot of the throne." The bill was finally driven out of Parliament, at least for the time; and its friends, whether right or wrong, charge its loss mainly upon the opposition of the Wesleyans, on whose support they had counted as usual. That the reader may know how just was this first and great opposition of the Methodists to the government, let him remember that the Established Church has comparitively little interest in the manufacturing towns and mining districts, while the Methodists and Dissenters have watched over these neglected people, and taught them nearly all they know of morals and religion: and now the Church, in her recent zeal, it is feared, for exclusive principles, rather than for religion, seeks, through the agency of the government, gradually to transfer this whole population to herself, by a system of coercive instruction of the rising generation. This will appear from the following analysis of a portion of the bill, which I take from a letter of Edward Baines, Jr., of Leeds, to the Right Honourable Lord Wharncliff:

1st. The bill, *for the first time*, enacts that schools shall be *built* and *supported*, where any of the great manufactures are carried on, partly out of the *Poor's Rate*. *Two thirds* of the sum required for building a school may be advanced out of the *public money*, viz., one third from the Parliamentary grant, through the Committee of Council, and *one third* out of the *Poor's Rate*. Whatever deficiency may exist in the means for the annual support of the school is also to be paid out of the *Poor's Rate*.

2d. The rate-payers are not, directly or indirectly, to have any species of control or influence over the schools, nor any check upon their expenditure.

3d. The bill not only for the first time authorizes the building and maintenance of schools out of the Poor's Rate, but it also for the first time places schools thus paid for out of the public money under the control and management of the clergy of the Established Church, and with such provisions as would make them exclusively Church schools.

4th. The bill provides no assistance whatever for any other class of schools.

5th. It actually forbids the employment of a child in any manufacture who does not attend one of these Church schools, except only, that children may attend a national school, a British and foreign school, or a school within the factory where they work, but only after those schools shall have been reported by an inspector of schools to be "efficiently conducted" (of which he is the sole judge); and it gives no pecuniary aid to such schools.

6th. It makes it unlawful for factory children to attend any Wesleyan, Independent, Baptist, or other denominational day school.

7th. It enforces the attendance of the children at the Church schools, by penalties both on the mill-owner and on the parents, unless there should be a national or British school in the district, or a school within the factory.

8th. The schools to be built and supported out of the Poor's Rates are to be under the management of seven trustees, of whom the only permanent one is to be the clergyman of the parish: two others are to be church-wardens, chosen (when there is a greater number of church-wardens than two) by the clergyman, and the remaining four to be annually appointed by the justices for the place or division.

9th. The Clerical Trustee is to be the permanent chairman of the trustees—to have a casting vote—to have the sole and exclusive superintendence of the religious instruction—to direct the master as to the religious instruction to be given—to have the exclusive selection of the religious books to be used—to instruct, catechise, and examine the children in the principles of their religion—and in all this to be IRRESPONSIBLE—the inspector of schools being expressly forbid even to inquire into the religious instructions given, to examine the scholars upon it, or to make any report thereon, unless he receives authority for that purpose from the archbishop or bishop.

10th. The master and his assistants are to be approved by the bishop.

11th. The schools are to be Sunday schools as well as day schools, and the scholars are to attend the Established Church once every Sunday; but with the following exceptions, namely, that a child may be exempted from receiving religious instruction in the day school, from attending the school on the Sunday, and from attending the church, if "the parent shall notify to the master that, on the ground of religious objection, he desires such scholar not to attend the worship of the Church of England," or to receive religious instruction on week days, or to attend the Church school on Sunday.

12th. The Church Catechism, and such portions of the Liturgy as the clergyman may select, may be taught for one hour out of three every morning and every afternoon, except to the children whose parents shall object.

13th. A mill-owner, having a school within his own premises, is obliged to have the Church Catechism and Liturgy taught there to any child being a "member of the church of England."

It requires but little reflection to see that these conditions in the bill, when they should have taken full effect, would have drawn all the children of the manufacturing districts under the exclusive instruction of the clergy of the Established Church, and broken down most, if not all of the day and Sunday schools which Methodists and Dissenters had erected with so much care and expense.

It is not to be disguised that the great body of the Wesleyan

societies rejoiced that an occasion occurred so opportunely that required their ministers to take a stand in favour of religious liberty and equality, and the pure doctrines of the Reformation; and it is a matter of some surprise, and much congratulation, that the whole body of preachers, without an exception, as far as I heard, proved themselves equal to the emergency. The movement has made them independent of the Establishment, and increased their respectability and strength in the eyes of the nation. They believe themselves no longer called on to assist in fighting the battles of a church which is imbued with the corruptions, as they believe, of Roman Catholicism, and has showed itself the mover and supporter of the defeated Factory Education Bill; yet they do not feel themselves called upon to combine with Dissenters to overthrow the Church as constituted by the English Reformers. They mean to defend their own rights and privileges in particular, and to maintain religious liberty for all; and, if I mistake not, formally and firmly to take their stand as a church among the Evangelical churches of Great Britain.*

So absorbing was this subject, and so remarkable the new position in which the connexion felt itself placed, that it gave tone to almost everything that was done in Conference, and most of the public exercises. Indeed, it constituted the chief difference between the Conferences of 1842 and 1843, both of which I attended. The official sermon at the latter, by the president, the Rev. John Scott, looked wholly to some great ulterior result; his text comprehended the words, "On this Rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell

* The views here taken of the present *status* of Methodism are strongly confirmed by Dr. Dixon's sermon on the "Origin, Economy, and Present Position of Methodism." I extract the following specimen: "The times are most ominous. For the last few years a spirit has been abroad most hostile to the principles of the Reformation, and threatening the religious liberties of the country. We seem to be marked out as the first victim of this crusade. The peaceful exercise of our religious principles and attempts to do good are suddenly and everywhere opposed and assailed; we are, from the pulpit and the press, denounced as heretics, as well as schismatics; a quiet grave is refused to our dead; and exultation and joy are expressed at the prospect of breaking in upon our tranquil borders and scattering our people. How soon and how suddenly are the tables turned! But a few fleeting years have passed since we were counted as allies, our assistance sought in the emergency of the Church, and our position allowed to be the very opposite of antagonist. In that dark day we did not not forget our Founder and his principles. A ready, frank, and willing, *friendly* assistance was accorded. This was not ineffective. If we did not hold the balance in our hand, which, in the circumstances, is extremely probable, yet it was in our power greatly to have swelled the flood, and to have rendered resistance a more difficult task. We sought no favour—we asked for no compromise—we expected no sacrifice to be made to us. *But we had a right to expect peace.* War, however, has been proclaimed. This, it will be said by some, is not from authority. It is replied, authority does not even attempt to stop or mitigate its course. No one can mistake the object sought. They are evidently designed to maintain the Church, not merely as the Establishment of the nation, but as, *per se*, the Holy Catholic Church; and that other bodies are no churches at all, but only heretical and schismatical rebels, to be hunted, harassed, beaten down, and overthrown by such weapons as the Constitution allows. The issue is with God. In the mean time, we take our position—we trust in the spirit of prayer, meekness, and Christian love, but firmly, resolutely, and unalterably, as a branch of the one true Church of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."—P. 227, 231.

shall not prevail against it." The general discussion of the subject looked towards the Methodist connexion as a "Church;" and near the close he said, "The Wesleyan body are a true and proper Church, wanting only the name; and why they should not have this is not to me sufficiently apparent." This was very significant, coming from the president in his official sermon. Another decisive indication appeared twice in the reading of the morning service, before the sermon of the president on Sabbath morning, and that of the ex-president, Dr. Hannah, before the conference on Monday morning: that passage in the service which says, "Send down upon our bishops and curates, and the congregations committed to their charge, the healthful Spirit of thy grace," &c., the Rev. Mr. Jackson read both times, "Send down upon all thy ministers, and the congregations committed to their charge," &c., thus omitting the distinctive acknowledgment that the prelates and their curates of the Establishment were "our bishops and curates;" and claiming, according to the true genius of the Christian religion, the grace of God to all his ministers, and to the congregations committed to their charge. In this change in the reading of the service, which I must presume was done with advice, there was not only an overlooking of the "bishops and curates," but there was a solemn assumption that the Methodist ministers were ministers of God. To this last point the whole of Dr. Hannah's sermon tended.

Having contributed largely to the defeat of the objectionable government measure for the education of the manufacturing districts, both people and preachers felt called upon to devise and support a more comprehensive system of education, not only for their young men about to enter the ministry, but also for their people generally. This is wise, and worthy of commendation.*

That the Established Church has entered upon a systematic effort to absorb all church power to herself, there can be no doubt. She openly claims the exclusive Divine right of giving religious instruction to all the people, and of performing the office of the priesthood for them; denying that any Protestants in Europe, out of her communion, are in holy orders, or have the right to administer the sacraments. An interesting question arises here, whether the state government is a party to the effort of the Church?

That the government is a party from conviction that it is their duty to the Church of Christ to aid the Establishment in her plans, cannot be affirmed—perhaps ought to be denied; but that it feels itself called upon to sustain the Establishment in this matter, as a constitutional part of the government, and by this means indirectly strengthen itself and the throne, I think cannot be doubted for a moment. It has been found in Europe generally, that the progress of Protestantism and of popular liberty are coincident; and in Great Britain, that the extension in dissent in any form, and of the liberty and suffrage of the people, are coincident. Hence there is a steady movement among the sovereigns of Europe to ally themselves again closely with the hierarchy, as a part of the machine of government, and thus gradually check the advance of liberal principles, and finally much circumscribe, if not extinguish, the liberties of the people. The

* After the adjournment of Conference they opened a subscription of a million of dollars to establish seven hundred day schools within seven years.

history of Christendom clearly shows that the dominion of the hierarchy in the Church, according to the high-church principles, is incompatible with private judgment and political liberty. The same cause which is now leading France to a close alliance with the Romish hierarchy, is inclining England to extend the claims and strengthen the power of the English hierarchy; and, it is said, moving the King of Prussia to wish that the Protestant churches in his dominions were one, acting under an episcopal form of government, according to the model of the Church of England, which would establish a hierarchy in Prussia. We have here, perhaps, an explanation of the great increase of Roman Catholicism in Europe generally within a few years past, and the decided approximation of what seems to be the present policy of the Church of England towards Roman Catholicism.

With these views agree some momentous and some minor facts which have occurred within the United Kingdom during the last year or two. Take, for instance, the legal decisions obtained in the case of Presbyterian marriages in Ireland, by which a large portion of them in the province of Ulster are declared to be illegal, because not performed by ministers of the Established Church, but by Presbyterian ministers. There are a million of Dissenters in Ireland alone who have enjoyed, without molestation, for more than a century, the privilege of solemnizing the marriages of their people. Why is this privilege called in question now, and obsolete statutes made to bear upon it; and this, as has been publicly charged, at the instigation and expense chiefly of the Dean of Derry, a high-toned Puseyite? Take the case of the Scotch Church, in which the government determined to enforce the claims of presentation of ministers to the parishes, over and against the judgment and wishes of the presbyteries and people of the Church of Scotland. The consequence has been the secession of about five hundred of her ablest and best ministers, who have given up their livings and cast themselves upon their people, who have gone with them *en masse*. There has not been in the whole history of Christianity a more glorious example of devotion to the cause of religion than this secession from the Established Church of Scotland for conscience' sake. They have given up their whole substance for Christ's sake, and have forsaken a church which the government aimed to make subsidiary to its plans. Sir Robert Peel must cast about him and see whether he can now afford to lose this army of martyrs for the unadulterated Gospel of God, since, a year ago, when the queen was in Edinburgh, he declared to the Rev. Dr. Muir, who still remains with the Establishment, that the government could not afford to lose twenty ministers, and such ministers as were mentioned, the number which he was informed would probably secede if the government pressed their measures. This secession from the Established Church of Scotland, which has constituted itself under the title of the Free Church of Scotland, has the sympathy of a large portion of the British nation, and the admiration of more; and may yet shake the English hierarchy to its centre, and make the government feel the need of the Wesleyans, whom it has alienated by the tenacity with which it pressed the odious Factory Bill of Sir James Graham. It is worthy of remark, that collections are allowed in the Wesleyan chapels for the benefit of the Free *Protesting* Church of Scotland.

If we look at little matters near the throne, we shall see the same

tendency in the government to favour Puseyism. The queen's non-attendance at the Church of Scotland during her visit in 1842 is mentioned in my notice of Edinburgh. Her "conscience" would not allow her to unite in Presbyterian worship, and therefore she must have a Puseyite to preach for her in the Duke of Buccleuch's dining-room! Similar indications may be seen in the service of the Royal Chapel in London.

There are several clergymen who have the honour of being chaplains in ordinary to the queen. Some of them are known to be favourable to Puseyism, and some not; among the last is the Right Hon. and Rev. Baptiste Noel, one the ablest and best men in the Church: he has scarcely ever (if ever) been called upon to preach before her majesty, while the Rev. Theodore Hook, of Leeds, has served repeatedly. It will be remembered this is the gentleman whom the people of Leeds closely connect with the Factory Bill. I may add, what will sound strange to most of my readers, the Rev. Charles Wesley, D.D., grandson of the Rev. Charles Wesley, is the domestic chaplain to the queen, and is remarkable for his High-churchism. Finally, which seems to be conclusive of the case, the Rev. Archdeacon Wilberforce, a most prominent Puseyite, is appointed tutor to the Prince of Wales, the future sovereign of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

The views which have been presented are intended to show the new position which the Wesleyan Connexion in England appears to be taking in reference to the Church, and the causes which are impelling them thereto. They do not wish to be hostile to the Church, but are certainly indifferent to her fate, as compared with their former zeal in her favour. Whether the connexion will enter the lists of dissent actively against the Establishment will depend, I judge, upon the progress of Puseyism. That it has spread, and is still rapidly spreading in the Church, seems to be the general conviction in England; and should it become dominant, then, beyond all doubt, the Wesleyans will be found arrayed against the Church: not otherwise. In this case, the fall of the Church as a national establishment would follow; for divided within herself, with the Free Church of Scotland, the Presbytrians and Catholics of Ireland, the whole body of Dissenters in England, and the Wesleyan Connexion in the three kingdoms combined against her, it would be impossible for her to stand. Her reformation is far preferable to her fall; for the strength of England and the weight of Prussia are momentous considerations on the side of Protestantism in the mighty conflict which it is to wage with Roman Catholicism in the present half century, the result of which will determine the moral, religious, and political condition of Europe and America perhaps for many centuries to come.

Under the action of the Reform Bill, the position of the Wesleyans, in a political point of view, standing, as they do, between the Established Church and the Dissenters, has greatly increased in importance. By that law every male person paying a clear rent of ten pounds per annum is entitled to vote in the elections for Parliament; and the Wesleyans have many such persons in their communion, especially in the manufacturing districts. In the rural districts the great landed proprietors can easily control the elections, but among the manufacturing population, where dissent and democracy flourish,

the government needs friends. It has generally found them among the Wesleyans, especially the preachers, who, following the example and advice of Mr. Wesley, have been more remarkable for their loyalty than for their enlightened and independent examination of the political measures of the government. This course of conduct has secured them respect and even influence with the government, and obtained for them various privileges, over which, however, they have to keep a strict watch.*

But while the political importance of the Wesleyans, and their influence among the middle classes, have been increasing, their hold upon the *operatives* in the manufacturing and mining districts, and even upon the agricultural labourers, has been gradually loosening. It is to be feared that the glory of primitive Methodism, in this respect, has nearly departed from them. The truth is, that the labouring population of England is sunk in a depth of immorality and ignorance of which we can hardly form any conception in America. An eminent minister told me, in 1842, that within twelve miles of Manchester there was a population of 12,000 operatives in a manufacturing village and its vicinity, among whom there was only *one small chapel*, and that not well attended. "At least," said I, "the chapels in Manchester and the large manufacturing towns are crowded with the operatives?" "No," he replied, "few of them attend regularly;" and this, he said, was the case in Dissenting as well as Methodist chapels. He remarked that Methodism had acquired a population of its own, which it had greatly elevated, and which filled the chapels and supported the work; but that the *real working people* seldom attended any place of worship, but spent the Sunday at the taverns or news-rooms, in visiting each other, or in attending lectures on Socialism and kindred topics.†

I found the prevailing sentiment in private circles to be that the factory system, under the conditions in which it exists in England, is destructive of the minds, souls, and bodies of the operatives, while it creates a monied aristocracy more proud and imperious to the poorest classes than the titled nobility. Different opinions from this, I know, are published in various quarters. I have it, not from newspapers, reports, or placards of either or any party, but from the well-considered expressions of intelligent and conscientious men, who have the opportunity to judge, and have no interest in deceiving or being deceived.

Two reasons may be assigned for the diminution of Wesleyan influence among the labouring classes. The first grows out of the corn-law agitation. From the very nature of the case, the operatives desire the repeal of the corn-laws, believing them to be the chief cause of their distress and poverty; and, in their ignorant earnestness, they are alienated in feeling from all who do not espouse their views and aid their cause. The Methodist ministers, always distinguished for their loyalty, have generally kept aloof from exciting political questions; and their peaceable policy is construed by the corn-law leaguers into hostility to the interests of the operatives; a construc-

* A "Committee for guarding our Privileges" is appointed by the Conference yearly, consisting of about fifty ministers and as many prominent laymen.

† Rev. B. N., a distinguished clergyman of the Established Church, made the same remark to me with reference to the lower orders of the population of London.

tion that derives plausibility from the fact that the majority of the Dissenting ministers in the kingdom take an active part in the measures of the league. The position of the Wesleyan preachers is thus a difficult, and perhaps a painful one. That they are generally opposed to the corn-law agitation cannot be questioned; but it is just as unquestionable, whatever their measures may be, that they are, in heart and purpose, true friends of the labouring classes. Under God, they have done more for the elevation of these classes than all other human agencies; and they should never be separated from them.

The second reason referred to is the general elevation of the Wesleyan body in wealth and respectability, a necessary result of their superior moral training. But this progressive improvement has led to the gradual adoption, both among preachers and people, of habits and customs unfavourable to a direct influence over the lower classes. Among these I may notice the general introduction of the system of renting and selling pews in their houses of worship, a system which, by whatever arguments it may be defended, cannot but tend to produce the very result I am now discussing, viz., the exclusion of the poorest classes from the house of God, and, of course, their alienation from the Church itself. I cannot but believe that the barrier which separates the free seats from the pews, in some of the English Wesleyan chapels, is a barrier also against the hearts and sympathies of the poor.

The increase of wealth among the Wesleyans I have spoken of as a natural result; it as naturally leads to the formation of a ministry adapted to the altered state of society. While the successors of the preachers who formerly sought out colliers and miners are now faithfully preaching the Gospel to their well-established societies, the Primitive Methodists, a body already numbering, perhaps, 70,000 members, are principally performing the very work, as far as it is performed at all, which Wesleyan Methodism once accomplished.

The same result, as to the character of our people, will probably take place in America. It is the order of God's Providence that, when a church is established among the humblest class of the people, they shall be raised to the level of civilization; not that the church shall be degraded to theirs. But it is not necessary that our church, either in England or America, should lose for ever the glorious office of "preaching the Gospel to the poor," in order to feed and cherish the children of those who have grown up into affluence under her fostering care. She ought to do the one, and not to leave the other undone. She should have a well-organized system of home missions, employing her preachers, perhaps with helpers, under her admirable itinerant organization, more especially than heretofore, in the special duty of seeking out the poor, the outcast, the degraded, in the lanes and alleys of our crowded cities, among the masses of our manufacturing towns, in the wild regions of our mines and collieries, and among the "highways and hedges" throughout the land. Something of the sort is already in operation in two of our cities; I trust that the next General Conference will mature and ordain a system that may be applicable to the condition and wants of the whole country.

I have before observed that the Wesleyans have already been remarkable for their loyalty to the government and friendship for the Church. There *were* three reasons for this: 1st. They believed it to be the duty of the state to provide for the public observance of religion

and the instruction of the people in righteousness. 2d. They considered the Church of England, in connexion with the State, to be the bulwark of Protestantism. 3d. They judged Church and State to be so intimately connected, that they must stand or fall together. Their warm friendship for the Church certainly has been much abated by her failure to fulfil her high commission to instruct the people in righteousness, which created the necessity for their own existence and action; and their confidence must have been greatly impaired with respect to her being "the bulwark of Protestantism," when the Conference ventured to say to the people, in their Pastoral Address of 1843, that "her title to be so regarded has, of late, been grievously shaken. Opinions concerning the insufficiency of Scripture as the sole authoritative and universal rule of faith and practice, the exclusive validity of Episcopal ordination, and the necessarily saving efficacy of the Sacraments, which can only be distinguished from Popery by a practised observer, and which, in their necessary consequences, lead directly to Popery, have been revived when they were almost extinct, have spread with fearful rapidity, and are now held by a large number of the established clergy. As a natural result of such a state of opinion, an exclusive and persecuting spirit has appeared in many parts of the land." If to this we add the bitter denunciation and persecution on the part of the Church towards the Wesleyans as well as Dissenters, we shall be inclined to suppose some farther abatement in the respect of the Methodists for the Establishment. The following passage from a note in Doctor Dixon's sermon on the death of Mr. Galland is pregnant with meaning, both with respect to the past and the present: "One thing is evident, viz., it is now too late to entertain the idea of *amalgamation* [with the Establishment;] we must contemplate all our duties, interests, and institutions, under the impression that we *are* a Church of Christ. But a church cannot be merely spiritual; it has its platform on earth; is associated with other churches; *and stands by the side of the institutions of the State;* it is under great obligations in all these relations, and is bound to act on the principle of being '*the friend of all, and the enemy of none.*'"

The same writer, in his recent able work on the "Present Position of Methodism," says, "Perilous times have overtaken us; we need feel no surprise if our cause be subjected to a fiery ordeal. Why should we either hide the truth from ourselves, or hesitate to announce it? If this Church (the Methodist,) in connexion with the other parties referred to (*i. e.*, other evangelical bodies,) do not exert itself for the preservation of the truths of the Gospel, there is every probability that the nation must, ere long, fall again under the dominion of falsehood and superstition." He then recounts the features of the Puseyite movement, and adds, "We say all these considerations lead us to the deep conviction that the maintenance of the truth of God and the liberties of his people *rest in other hands than those of the Established Church*, except in the case of a very small remnant who refuse to bow the knee to this new incarnation of Baal!" All this indicates an inevitable tendency in the Wesleyan connexion to come "into direct and palpable collision" with the Establishment, as Doctor Dixon suggests. And to the unexcited and distant observer it appears that this result would immediately take place, were it not for the loyal apprehension which pervades the minds of the Wesleyan ministers and her principal members, that the fall of the Church would in-

volve a change in the structure of the government, and the introduction of Republican principles. Hence, whenever they have deemed it their duty to oppose any measure of government, as the late Factory Bill, they have made their opposition separately from that of Dissenters, lest they might be identified with them. The question is, Can they continue to hold their insulated position, receiving from one side the fire of the Established Church, and from the other that of Dissenters? Well might Doctor Dixon say, "What may be the ultimate position of our community it is impossible to foresee."*

CHAPTER XXXII.

LONDON TO MANCHESTER.

Outbreak in the Manufacturing Districts. Rapid Spread of the Discontent. Mobs. Queen's Proclamation. Departure from London. London and Birmingham Railway. Birmingham. Wretched Appearance of the Operatives. Manchester Mob-law. Chartists. Their Proclamation. The Workmen. Messrs. Wood & Westhead's Factory. Suppression of the Mob.

DURING my stay in London, in August, 1842, the extensive riots of that year commenced in the manufacturing districts. The London papers were filled with accounts of disturbances, turn-outs, attacks on mills, and combats, with loss of life, between the operatives and the military. The movement commenced on the eighth with a turn-out of spinners, weavers, colliers, labourers, and work-people of all de-

* Since writing the above, I have noticed the following passage in a petition presented to the House of Lords in behalf of the Scotch Establishment, and headed by the names of Richard Reece, and Jabez Bunting, D.D.:

"The distressing and injurious results of a final refusal of the Legislature to afford the desired relief . . . will not be confined to Scotland and its Church, but must eventually lead to consequences which will endanger the stability of other churches, and weaken the other Protestant institutions of the Empire; inasmuch as, in the opinion of your petitioners, it will be impossible to defend, on Scriptural grounds, the Establishment principle itself, if it once become plain and unquestionable that the advantages of an Establishment, whatever those advantages may be, will only be conceded by the state on the condition that a church so specially countenanced . . . shall purchase its distinctive honours and privileges by the necessary sacrifice of its spiritual liberties, and the violation of its spiritual allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ." The crisis is over; the Scotch Church was sacrificed. Can the Establishment principle now be defended on Scriptural grounds by Wesleyan Methodists?

I find also the following declaration in a "Letter to Rev. Hugh M'Neile, by Rev. Wm. Vevers: "Forbearance has its limits. Contumely has its bounds. It is possible—it is probable, considering the anti-Protestant principles, of many of the clergy, and the semi-popish character of their teaching, that the Wesleyans, impelled, as they have hitherto been restrained, by Protestant principles, may be led to unite with Dissenters against the Church: and, in that case, the moral influence which will be brought to bear upon the Establishment, solely on account of its anti-Protestant character, will constitute a phalanx which cannot be resisted."

These extracts give additional proof that the inferences which I have drawn from existing facts in regard to the present tendencies of Methodism are correct, in the estimation of our British brethren themselves, whose language as quoted is stronger than any that I have used in stating my own views.

scriptions, at Staleybridge, who marched to the several mills, stopped the engines, and turned out the hands. This mob was said to be about 5000 in number, about one third of whom were females. They carried a banner, inscribed, "The men of Staleybridge will follow wherever danger points out the way. They that perish by the sword are better than they that perish of hunger." They proceeded to other towns in the neighbourhood, everywhere stopping the mills and causing the operatives to join them. On the next day the movement commenced in Manchester, and, indeed, throughout the whole of the manufacturing districts. So rapidly did the insurrection spread, that many of the journals declared the plan had long been maturing for a simultaneous outbreak. Said the Manchester Guardian of the 13th, "Those who look upon this outbreak as a mere turn-out for wages, an attempt to resist a reduction of a half-penny per piece in weaving calico, and who suppose that it might be brought to a termination by acceding to the present demand for an advance of wages, fall into a mistake which is exceedingly dangerous. What is now taking place has not come upon us by surprise. We know that it has been agitated for several months past. Indeed, we know, on very good authority, that a leading Chartist, one of the very few men of considerable property who belong to that body, said about two months ago, to a gentleman with whom he was conversing on the state of the country, 'Wait till August, and you will then see what will happen.' Disguise it as we may, the present movement is a rising against the government and the law. Call it by what name we please, it is really an insurrection."

Other papers considered the outbreak as the natural fruit of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and even charged the leaders of that body with having designed insurrection from the beginning. Of course this charge was groundless. One thing is certain, however, that a deep sense of *wrong* pervaded the mass of the operatives in the manufacturing districts, and when the spirit of resistance first showed itself, it spread like wildfire among them. There was suffering—poverty —despair among the wretched masses of the population, and it is not hard to rouse such men. But the results showed that there was no conspiracy, no well-arranged plot of rebellion, no determination to destroy life and property. Few acts of violence were committed on the part of the mob, other than closing the mills and causing work to cease in every quarter. So successful were they in this, that within a week "the great seat of the cotton manufacture of England, instead of presenting its usual aspect of busy industry, exhibited the unusual spectacle of empty workshops, unproductive machinery, and bodies of workmen roaming about the streets in listless idleness."

The first demonstration was made in Manchester on Tuesday, 9th of August. On that day many mills were attacked by the mob, and compelled to stop. In one of these attacks the inmates of the mill threw down stones, pieces of iron, and other missiles from the roof, with such fatal effect that several persons were hurt, and a young girl, it is said, was killed on the spot. The riots continued for several days, but a strong police force was organized, and troops poured in from various quarters, so that all fear of danger from the mobs speedily subsided. But they continued the strike, and still met in large bodies, demanding "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," and effectually intimidating any of the operatives who might be disposed to

work from entering the mills. Meantime, disturbances had broken out in almost every part of Yorkshire and Lancashire, as well as in the Staffordshire potteries, and among the collieries. Some of them were attended with the most lamentable results. At Preston the mills were stopped, and the mob made such threatening demonstrations that the most energetic measures were taken to disperse them. After the reading of the riot act, the mob, instead of dispersing, commenced throwing stones at the military and police. At last, the word was given to fire, and it was supposed that twelve or fifteen persons were wounded, some of them mortally. A similar tragedy was enacted at Blackburn, where the rioters attempted to rescue some prisoners on their way to the barrack-yard under a strong military guard. They made a rush at the coach and hurled a shower of stones upon the soldiers, when the order to fire was given, and immediately obeyed. A fine young woman, who was present, was struck by two balls, and said to be mortally wounded. Many others were seriously injured. These events greatly inflamed the hatred of the rioters, though they also damped their courage.

Of course such events as these were not viewed without alarm and distress in London. In the city itself large meetings of Chartists were held, and bodies of them marched the streets at night with the avowed object of showing sympathy for their brethren in the manufacturing districts, and also of "*keeping the troops at home.*" But the active efforts of the magistrates and police soon put an end to these meetings and marchings in the metropolis. On Saturday night, August 13th, the following proclamation appeared in a supplement to the London Gazette:

"*By the Queen—A Proclamation.*

"VICTORIA R.—Whereas in divers parts of Great Britain great multitudes of lawless and disorderly persons have lately assembled themselves together in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and have, with force and violence, entered into certain mines, mills, manufactories, and other places, and have, by threats and intimidation, prevented our good subjects therein employed from following their usual occupations and earning their livelihood: We, therefore, being duly sensible of the mischievous consequence which must inevitably ensue, as well to the peace of the kingdom as to the lives and properties of our subjects, from such wicked and illegal practices, if they go unpunished; and being firmly resolved to cause the laws to be put in execution for the punishment of such offenders, have thought fit, by the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this proclamation, hereby strictly commanding all justices of the peace, sheriffs, under-sheriffs, and all other civil officers whatsoever, within the United Kingdom, that they do use their utmost endeavours to discover, apprehend, and bring to justice the persons concerned in the riotous proceedings before mentioned. And, as a farther inducement to discover the said offenders, we do hereby promise and declare that any person or persons who shall discover and apprehend, or cause to be discovered and apprehended, the authors, abetters, or perpetrators of any of the outrages above mentioned, so that they, or any of them, may be duly convicted thereof, shall be entitled to the sum of £50 for each and every person who shall be convicted, and shall also receive our most gracious pardon for

the said offence in case the person making such discovery as aforesaid shall be liable to be prosecuted for the same.

"Given at our court at Windsor, this 13th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1842, and in the sixth year of our reign. God save the Queen."

On the next day (Sunday), 700 of the Coldstream Guards, with some artillery, were despatched from London to Manchester by railway; and, on the same day 600 men of the Fifty-eight Regiment arrived in that place, so that there was now a strong military force, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, in the heart of the infected district.

I determined to hasten my departure from London in order to visit the mauufacturing districts during the excitement, and left the city in the train for Birmingham at eleven o'clock on the morning of August 16. It was a sweet day, and I felt cheered and enlivened by a sight of the green fields and the comparatively clear sky, after so long a confinement to the murky atmosphere of London. I say comparatively clear, for the brilliant skies of my native land are unknown in England. This day gave the nearest approach to it that I ever saw there; and it was very much like the delightful days of our Indian summer, when the heavens are veiled in a dim, gauze-like haze. It would be impossible to make a Englishman believe the truth in regard to our bright skies, our glorious autumnal sunsets, our brilliant moon-light, any more than he will believe you when you tell him of the majestic floods of the Ohio and Mississippi. Perhaps, indeed, he ought not to be blamed for his incredulity if he has never wandered from his native island; for how can he there form any conception of bright skies, or mighty rivers, or primeval forests?

As for the cities in England, the atmosphere is generally so dense, and so loaded with smoke, that you cannot, from any elevation, obtain an extensive view. From the dome of St. Paul's, in London, you can generally only see the streets and houses near at hand, the distant parts of the city, in every direction, being hidden by the smoke. It is this same sooty coal smoke, pervading the whole atmosphere, that begrimes the buildings, and gives the city the gloomy and even dismal aspect that is so insupportable to a stranger, and which would infallibly give him the blues but for the busy life that animates the vast hive of men around him.

The London and Birmingham Railway is constructed in a style of elegance and durability almost unknown in America. The station-houses are not only strongly, but neatly and tastefully built. The arrangements for taking up and setting down passengers are also excellent, though more time is necessarily taken up with this matter than on our best-conducted railways, owing to the fact that the cars have three doors in the side instead of one at each end. The cars are divided into three classes. Those of the first class are far more splendid than is common among us. They are divided into three separate apartments, after the manner of the cars thrown aside in America some years ago, and well padded, glazed, and carpeted. This class of cars, on all the English railways, is inaccessible to the middle and lower classes, owing to the high rates of fare. We paid between London and Birmingham thirty shillings each, about double the rate between Philadelphia and New-York. The second class of cars is far more inferior to those in use on our roads at home, being generally without cushions or glass, so that they are exceedingly un-

comfortable. The third class are nothing but boxes, affording standing room for the human cattle that cannot afford to pay for a better place. Leaving the first-class carriages out of the account, the accommodations for travellers are vastly better on American than English railways.

The country was indeed beautiful. It is not the garden of England, but yet the cultivation seemed to be almost perfect. It is a gently-rolling country, with but little water, hardly any, except small serpentine canals winding amid the pastures, fields, and hedges. The cattle, horses, sheep, and every living thing that feeds on grass, and can be sold for money, were in the finest condition. The grass had a deep luxuriance that is rarely seen in America. It seemed like a thick tufted carpet, and the lazy sheep, sleek, fat cattle, and well-conditioned horses, like figures wrought upon it. The swells of land were crowned with the golden grain. Lines of green hedges diversified the picture. Ranges of elms and groups of other trees abounded everywhere, giving the whole scene the appearance of a rich pleasure-ground, delightfully varied with light and shade. I remarked this peculiarity of rural landscapes on the Continent: it is even more strikingly characteristic of England. I reiterate the conviction before expressed, that our farmers at home would not only add to the the beauty of their farms, but to their productiveness, by planting rows of trees along the fences, and scattering single rows of trees and groups among the fields. They would contribute to protect the soil from drought, and afford grateful shelter to the cattle during the summer heats; and, more than this, they would help to give us, what we certainly have not now, beautiful landscapes.

It was a lovely journey, indeed, on that fine summer's day, from London to Birmingham. Even in the deep cuts of the road, when the landscape was shut out, the slopes on either side were prettily sodded with grass, and hedges were beginning to spring up on their summits. But the fields—the rich, luxuriant fields—what pictures of comfort and happiness they were! One could believe the boast of England to be the happiest and best of nations while gazing on these sweet fields, the image of repose, content and plenty. And yet we were passing through these Arcadian scenes from a metropolis where thousands were in want and almost in rebellion, to a district all teeming with life the wretchedest and most unhappy, to a district where despairing men, goaded on by starving women, were jeopardingtheir lives in hopeless, objectless, criminal insurrection! Such are the contrasts which England everywhere presents.

As we approached the iron and coal region, the everlasting smoke again appeared, loading the atmosphere with its dense vapour. As we came nearer Birmingham the sky was almost hidden. Arriving in the busy town, we took lodgings at the Queen's Hotel, which turned out to be a good, comfortable house. We spent the remainder of the day and part of the next looking around in this great *toyshop* of the world, and would have remained longer to examine its workshops, but that they they were all silent and deserted. The miserable populatiou thronged the streets, walking about in their wretchedness apparently without any object. Many were gathered in groups about the taverns and gin-shops, conversing anxiously, their pale, haggard faces and attenuated frames attesting their assertions that want had driven them to combination. Women and children, ragged, dirty,

and emaciated, sat in the doors of comfortless dwellings, with despair written upon their wretched countenances. The whole appearance of the people satisfied me of the correctness of a remark made to me by a gentleman from Yorkshire, whom I met in London: "Sir," said he, "the mob have not the physical power to resist, even if they were well organized and had skilful leaders. Three years of want, added to the slow but sure hereditary deterioration of a factory population, has deprived them of the physical strength necessary to resistance; a single squadron of horse would cut 20,000 of them to pieces and not lose a man." This fact, of the deterioration of the factory population, appears to be indubitable, if the reports made to Parliament are to be trusted. When the government are seeking recruits for the Guards, they never take a man from among the operatives in the manufacturing districts; so, at least, I was informed by a gentleman in Birmingham, and I found the statement confirmed in the Sanitary Reports. My own eyesight was proof enough for me that, in Birmingham at least, the operative Englishman is a degenerate being in point of size, activity, and physical strength.

The appearance of the town is unprepossessing. There are few public buildings with any pretensions to beauty. The modern-built houses are generally small, and appear to be mere shells, run up for immediate use, without any eye to comfort or durability. The brick used here is of the meanest kind, and they are laid rudely enough. In none of our American towns of yesterday are as poor houses and streets to be seen as in Birmingham.

I have to acknowledge the politeness of the Rev. Mr. Ingle, whose intelligent conversation and kind attentions in Birmingham were very pleasant to us. We left the place in the cars for Manchester, on the 17th, and in an hour reached Wolverhampton. The whole region is filled with smoke from countless chimneys scattered over the fields, where engines are employed to raise the coal from the mines. Approaching Manchester, we found the air less heavily charged with vapour than usual, as all the mills in the town were stopped.

The town had been under mob-law from Tuesday until Friday of the preceding week. The magistrates, either fearing or sympathizing with the rioters from Ashton and Staleybridge, who, as I have before said, first appeared at Manchester on the 9th, foolishly permitted them to enter the town upon their promise to conduct themselves peaceably. Of course this promise was not kept, and mob-law was the result, for some days at least, in Manchester. But the arrival of so many troops strengthened the municipal authorities, and before the close of the week many arrests took place; though the mob, by dividing their force, were enabled to prevent the resumption of work in any of the mills, without coming into collision with the police. On Monday, 15th, the town was comparatively quiet, but not a single mill was at work. On Tuesday, the day before our arrival, the Chartists advertised a meeting and processsion, which, however, was prevented by the police. Several small meetings were held, however, in and about the town, where resolutions, proclamations, &c., were prepared, to be circulated among the people. In these meetings the Chartists had the majority, and were enabled to give the whole strike a Chartist colouring. The object of the Chartist organization is to obtain an entirely new constitution for the British Empire—an outline of which they have circulated for a year or two, called the *People's Char-*

ter—by which universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and other features of pure democracy shall be established as the law of the land. A large number of the operatives belong to this body, and they have succeeded in banding many of them by an oath never to resume labour until the People's Charter is recognized. Another of their favourite measures is to run upon the banks for gold. Placards were posted all over Manchester, some of them over the queen's proclamation, of the following tenor: "Run for gold! Labour is suspended! Public credit is shaken! Labour is worthless! Run for gold! Every sovereign is now worth thirty shillings! Paper cannot be cashed! Run, middle-class men, trades, Odd Fellows, sick clubs, and money clubs, to the saving's-banks and all banks, for gold! gold! gold!" The Chartist leaders assumed a bolder bearing on the 16th than at any time before, but yet enjoined upon all their followers the closest observance of public order. They knew well that acts of violence would put an end at once to the agitation by giving the authorities a pretext to fire upon them, as had been the case at Preston and Blackburn. It was asserted, indeed, that the authorities were desirous to entrap them in this way, but certainly such malignity could hardly exist among intelligent men in Old England. That the lower officials, however, were not free from it, I had evidences myself in conversation with one of them. Stopping near one of the stations on the evening of the 17th, I asked a special constable what was the condition of the town. "Pretty quiet, sir," said he. "Are the operatives likely to commit any acts of violence?" "We are only afraid not," said he; "that is all we are waiting for, and then we should shoot them down." In general, as far as I could learn, the movements of the public authorities were sufficiently forbearing.

I read a long proclamation from the Chartists to the people, that was posted up in almost every street in Manchester, from which I give some extracts:

"The Executive Committee of the National Chartist Association to the People:

"Brother Chartists,

"The great political truths which have been agitated during the last half century have at length aroused the degraded and insulted white slaves of England to a sense of duty to themselves, their children, and their country. Tens of thousands have flung down their implements of labour. Labour must no longer be the common property of masters and rulers. Intelligence has beamed upon the mind of the bondsman, and he has been convinced that all wealth, comfort, and produce, everything valuable, useful, and elegant, have sprung from the palm of his hand: he feels that his cottage is empty, his back thinly clad, his children breadless, himself hopeless; that undue riches, luxury, and gorgeous plenty may be heaped in the palaces of the taskmasters, and flooded into the granaries of the oppressor. Nature, God, and Reason have condemned this inequality, and in the thunder of a people's voice it must perish forever. He knows that labour, the real property of society, the sole origin of accumulated property, the first cause of all national wealth, is not possessed of the same legal protection which is given to those lifeless effects, the houses, ships, and machinery which labour has alone created. He knows that, if labour has no protection, wages cannot be upheld or regulated until every workman of twenty-

one years of age, and of sane mind, is on the same political level as his employer . . . therefore, we have solemnly sworn that the golden opportunity now within our grasp shall not pass away fruitless; . . . that we shall never resume labour until . . . the enactment of the People's Charter.

"Englishmen! The blood of your brothers reddens the streets of Preston and Blackburn, and the murderers thirst for more. Be firm, be courageous, be men.

"Countrymen and brothers! Centuries may roll on, as they have flitted past, before such universal action may again be displayed; we have made the cast for liberty, and we must stand, like men, the hazard of the die.... While you are peaceful, be firm; while you are orderly make all be so likewise: and while you look to the law, remember, that you had no voice in making it, and are therefore slaves to the will, the law, and the price of your masters."

Other placards of the same character were freely distributed through the town. During the time of my stay in Manchester, the mob was obviously under the control of the Chartist leaders, although the mass of them cared nothing about the Charter. Indeed they hardly knew what to ask, although they very well knew what they suffered. The magistrates, many of whom were members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and whose sympathies were therefore with the distressed people, were unwilling to proceed to extremities against them; but when it was found that the Chartists were inflaming their minds continually, and that acts of violence were committed daily, they could not but act energetically. Arrests were frequent while I remained in the place, but the town was generally quiet. As at Birmingham, the operatives, men, women, and children, thronged the streets, and crowded about the public houses, presenting the same wretched appearance of poverty and ill health. A cheerful countenance would have been startling amid that mass of misery. Yet they were not ragged, as the poor that I have seen in Ireland; but with clothes threadbare, patched, and darned, showing that their habits were not always improvident.

Some few of the smaller establishments, such as dye-works and machine-shops, resumed work on Thursday, 14th, but only one cotton factory was open. Understanding, however, that the large mill of Messrs. Wood and Westhead had commenced running, I visited it with the permission of Mr. Wood. This is an extensive establishment for the manufacture of fringes and trimmings, and has sustained a high reputation for the excellence of its arrangements. An attentive and polite foreman conducted us through the establishment, and answered all our inquiries freely and sensibly. I was highly gratified with the neatness and cleanliness of the rooms and machinery, and somewhat surprised at the appearance of the operatives, who were generally decent, cheerful, and healthy. The contrast between them and the wretched masses that I had seen in the streets was so striking, that I could not refrain from asking our conductor to explain it. "The explanation is simple enough," said he; "our people are well taken care of, have not been out of work, and have been regularly paid.—Besides, we allow no persons of immoral character or evil habits to work in the mill. The people generally are respectable in their conduct, and comfortable in their circumstances." I found, on further inquiry, that the operatives in this mill had not relinquished work of

their own accord, but had been driven into the strike by the mob, as was the case at many other factories in Manchester and elsewhere. In Messrs. Wood and Westhead's factory a day and Sunday school are regularly kept up, and well attended by the children. On the whole, our visit to this excellent establishment was highly gratifying.—Doubtless, at another season, I might find many others through the manufacturing district equally deserving of praise; but I am constrained to say that, according to all the information I could gather on the spot, they form the exceptions, not the rule.

The issue of the strife between the operatives and the authorities could not long be doubtful. A week of idleness brought to their senses the ignorant masses that had been involved by Chartist leaders in this senseless insurrection. The alternative was submission or starvation. The ringleaders of the mobs in various places were arrested; the feeble bonds that held the mob together were sundered; the mills were gradually opened: and in a few weeks work was generally resumed throughout the manufacturing districts. Such must ever be the result of an insurrection of the *lower* classes in England. A different story would be told could the interests of the *middle* classes be united with those of the lower in a struggle against the aristocracy. It would require no prophet to foretel the issue of such a contest.

The causes of this outbreak have been already partially developed. The immediate occasion of it was a reduction of wages at Ashton; but this was only an occasion: the real evil lay far deeper. The commercial revulsions in America caused a vast diminution of the demand for British goods from '39 to '42; great depressions ensued throughout the manufacturing districts; many failures occurred among the mill-owners, throwing some 40 or 50,000 operatives entirely out of employment; while, at the same time, the necessaries of life were higher than they had been for years. Here was inflammable material enough; Chartist and Socialist doctrines increased it; it only needed the lighting of a match, and the explosion came.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MANCHESTER TO NEWCASTLE.

Sheffield Railway. Wesleyan Conference. Mr. Montgomery. Hull. Mr. Cookman. Great Thornton-street Chapel. Placards. Worship. York. The Minster. Law Courts. Wigs. Lord Denman. Cathedral Bells ringing for the Races. The Clergy. The Stage-coach. Newcastle. A Coal-mine. The Miners. "Honest John."

On leaving Manchester in the cars for Sheffield, I determined, for the sake of experiment, to try the second class of cars. One trial was enough. The carriage was fitted up with seats of plank, uncushioned, and was without glass or curtains at the sides; altogether as uncomfortable an affair as one would wish to travel in; far different from the neat, cheerful, cushioned, and carpeted cars that are used on our American railways. It was divided, like the carriages of the first class, into three compartments, each containing, I think, seats for ten

persons. Our compartment was full. Were I disposed to give specimens of the decency of travellers on English railways, I might make an edifying chapter on the subject. It is enough to say that, in point of intelligence and breeding, I never saw so low a company in a car on an American railway. Let it be recollected, too, that this was the *second* class car. What sort of humanity it was that was huddled in the third class, standing unprotected in the rude box of a carriage provided from them, must be left to conjecture.

In and around the different villages through which we passed—Oldham, Halifax, Huddersfield, Wakefield, &c.—we saw crowds of operatives, men and women, roaming about in idleness. At Normanton we changed cars. Several railways concentrate at this point, and about fifty trains pass it daily. In a few hours we reach Sheffield. The place was quiet, no difficulties having occurred among the operatives here. I spent a day in looking through the factories; but, as they have been so frequently described, I need not detain the reader with any account of them. In the following year I again visited Sheffield in order to be present at the session of the British Wesleyan Conference, and found a cordial welcome in the family of Mr. M., whom I had seen in New-York and Philadelphia. Of the Conference I have spoken in another place, and also of the Wesleyan Proprietary School at Sheffield, to which I paid a most gratifying visit.

On the day of my departure from Sheffield, I had the pleasure of dining at Mr. J.'s, with a delightful company, among whom were Dr. Newton and Mr. Montgomery, the poet. Conference business required that the company should sit down to dinner early, and it chanced to be before Mr. Montgomery arrived. As soon as he was seen through the window approaching the door, Mr. J. rose and went out to meet him, and led him into the room. All rose and stood while he passed round the table shaking each one by the hand, and then took his seat with Miss N. between him and myself. The conversation was interrupted but a moment; and the intelligence, vivacity, and piety of the poet instantly diffused a glow and elevation of thought and feeling which true, consecrated genius only can inspire. The topics were various—grave, gay, amusing, sometimes witty—but always marked with great propriety, and often with deep piety. He is now quite advanced in years, and nervous, his health not being good; yet, in company, he is very cheerful. He is exceedingly easy and agreeable in manner, and his whole bearing very gentlemanly. No man, in any community, was ever more respected; and he enters into all the great benevolent movements in his vicinity, and generally presides, at least once a year, at one of the principal missionary meetings of the Wesleyans in Sheffield. He is a truly religious man, the son of a Moravian missionary who died in the West Indies. Some time ago, there was a proposition to re-establish the mission on the same island; and, out of respect to Mr. Montgomery, all classes contributed, and the funds were immediately raised. He has a small income from his works, and a small pension from the government; and thus passes his days in sweet retirement, coming forth only to countenance the cause of religion and benevolence, or to shine upon his friends. I was obliged to take my leave of him and the company around him ere the dinner-party broke up.

Five hours in the railroad cars brought us from Sheffield to Hull. It had not formed part of our plan to visit Hull, but a letter from the

aged father of our lamented COOKMAN, inviting us to visit him, was not to be resisted. I had also the honour of an invitation to assist in the services at the opening of the Great Thornton-street Wesleyan Chapel. We had hardly taken our rooms at the Victoria Hotel, when Mr. Holmes, one of the stewards of the circuit, called on us, and kindly invited us to his house. Mr. Cookman shortly after called, and extended to us a similar invitation. I may once for all express my admiration of the hospitality of our friends in every part of England. Wherever we were known as Methodist preachers, we were welcomed with the same cordial kindness as we should have been in any part of our own country. The Wesleyan feeling we found to be one in England and America.

On Sunday morning we attended service at the new chapel. After the reading of prayers, in the Church of England forms, I preached to a large and attentive congregation. I have remarked elsewhere, that, in general, the assemblies in churches and chapels in England are not so crowded as with us; but on special occasions, such as the session of Conference, missionary anniversaries, and the opening of new chapels, large masses are collected. Every means is employed to give notice of the proceedings and attract attention; some, indeed, which appeared very odd to us at first. I was surprised, for instance, in passing to and from church, to observe large placards upon the corners of the streets, stating the order of services at the opening of the chapel, and giving, in large letters, the names of the ministers who were to perform them. The placard had precisely the appearance of a playbill. I find that this mode of publishing religious meetings prevails generally among the Wesleyans and Dissenters in England, but not among Episcopalians. Another peculiarity struck me quite as disagreeably. Eulogy of pulpit performances appeared to be common, both from the pulpit itself and in private circles. Doubtless personal acknowledgments may sometimes be made for a good sermon, with the best feelings and motives; but it strikes me that it is a custom "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

The congregation at Great Thornton-street presented a highly respectable appearance, and the worship was serious and solemn. I was especially pleased with the singing, which was not a mere *performance* by the choir, but a universal swelling up of praise from the whole vast assembly, assisted and sustained by the tones of a powerful organ. The congregation sung "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

The edifice itself is one of the most elegant Wesleyan churches in England. The front is adorned with a fine Corinthian portico, resting on a platform, to which you ascend by two banks of stone steps. It is flanked on each side by neat wings, projecting towards the street, and connected with the main edifice by arcades supported by fluted columns. Under these arcades are flagged passages, leading into grounds on either side of the church, neatly laid out, through which is the way to the vestry-room, in the rear of the building. The interior of the edifice is capacious, well arranged, and neat in all its appointments. The pulpit is advanced into the body of the church some ten or twelve feet, and behind it is a recess occupied by the organ. There is no full choir of singers, but a few good voices, accompanied by the organ, lead the congregational singing, which is far better than I have ever known to be secured by the agency of a formal choir. On

the whole, the chapel in Great Thornton street is a model worthy of general imitation.

My visit to Hull derived a melancholy interest from its association with the name of my departed friend, Rev. G. G. Cookman. His father resides about a mile from the town, in a neat and retired mansion. We talked with mournful pleasure of the virtues and the honours of his distinguished son, who found a grave in the deep, on his way to visit his venerable parent, in March, 1840.

Mr. Cookman kindly accompanied us from Hull to York. The town is of great antiquity. It was here that the legions bestowed the imperial purple upon Constantine the Great, A.D. 306. The city still shows vestiges of the Roman dominion. The principal object of interest for us was the Minster, or Cathedral, the finest monument of old architecture in the British dominions. The exterior appearance of the edifice met all my expectations. We could not judge of the interior, which is undergoing repairs and alterations. It has been greatly injured by two fires, the first of which, in 1829, was the work of Martin, a maniac, who escaped from confinement in the night, broke into the Cathedral through a window, collected the books, cushions, and seats into a pile, and set the whole on fire. Everything in the choir was consumed, and the ancient monuments and tombs were much defaced. The last fire, in 1840, greatly injured the nave and aisles. Brick walls are now built across them, so that a complete view of the interior cannot be obtained.

I visited two of the law courts in session at York. There was nothing noticeable in either except the wigs of the legal gentlemen. Standing behind them, you might think them all venerable men, as their wigs are equally large and white; but when you see their faces, you soon observe that youthful as well as aged brains repose under these solemn bags. There was a decent conformity between the grey hair and powdered wigs of some of the lawyers; but in their younger brethern, raven locks contrasted oddly with powdered horse hair. They reminded me of young chickens peeping out beneath the mother fowl on a rainy day. How strong must the habit be which makes such grotesque costumes tolerable! and yet many Englishmen and English travellers seem to think there can be no learned judges or acute lawyers in America because there are no gray wigs!

Lord Denman presided in one of the courts. His appearance and deportment are in keeping with his great reputation. The general conduct of the proceedings was similar to that of our own courts. A small matter was on hand—the case of a man who had disarranged a steam-engine, because he was turned out of his employment—and what was said and done, of course possessed no peculiar interest.

As we passed the Cathedral again, the bells were pealing away right merrily. Asking the cause, I found they were ringing for the races, and that Prince George was in town to attend them. Cathedral bells ringing for the races! Why may not the archbishop and his clergy attend them too? And then, why not the people? I find, by the English papers, that some of the clergy still attend the races, and I have noticed more than once, accounts of reverend gentlemen and their families honouring balls and dances with their presence. But it is matter of rejoicing that, within thirty or forty years, there has been great improvement in this respect; it could hardly be possible *now* that "six bishops and their families, six deans and their families

seven archdeacons and their families, and at least fifty other clergymen and their families" could be found attending a private theatre in one town, as was the case in Kilkenny in 1805.* I suppose this ringing of the Cathedral bells for the races is a relic of the old barbarism; improvement in individual manners and morals having outstripped established usages, as is generally the case in human society, Episcopalians as learning, to some extent at least, that the true interest as well as duty of their church can be best sustained by godly lives and faithful services on the part of the clergy. Had they always been what they should have been, Methodism and Dissent would never have reached their present strong positions; and even as things are, if the prelates and clergy of the Church of England were are all godly and faithful men, and the enormous revenues of the Church were divided among its ministers on some equitable scheme, instead of being lavished, as they have been, upon dignitaries and holders of sinecures, I can almost believe that Methodism and Dissent would vanish in a century. Piety, generally diffused among the English clergy, would bring them down from the giddy elevation of their self-styled apostolical position to the scriptural ground formerly occupied by many of her worthies, and at this day so nobly maintained by Archbishop Whately. Yet the late apparent revival of religious zeal, even under the dangerous form of Puseyism, has done much in renewing the confidence and affection of the people, in many parts of England, towards the Establishment. How much, then, might be accomplished by a *genuine* revival of scriptural Christianity, free from the absurdities of new Oxfordism?

From York we passed in two hours, by railway, to Darlington. Thus far, all our travelling in England had been in railroad cars, where all the variety might be summed up in one sentence: a bustle, a "bell, a shriek," a start, whisking under bridges, rattling over causeways, burrowing in tunnels, and paying an enormous fare. At Darlington, for the first time, we embarked in an English stage-coach. All that I had read of the superiority of English roads, coaches and cattle was fully realized. The coach is a neat affair, not by any means built on scientific principles, for the centre of gravity is alarmingly high; but yet, such is the excellence of the roads and the skill of the drivers, that this is a matter of no account. Inside the coach are seats for four passengers, generally ladies or gentlemen, at least men with money in their pockets; outside, in front, are seats for five and the driver; on the top, luggage is piled to a dizzy height: while behind, over the boot, are eats for eight more, generally agents, waiting maids, servants, or what not. The boot generally contains luggage, I suppose; but in our case it held a number of dogs belonging to some sportsman whose servant was taking them to the country. Before this medley of gentlemen, men, women, luggage, and dogs, were four as fine animals as ever wore traces. It was a splendid sight to see the noble beasts doubling back upon their haunches, ready to bound away at the slightest signal.

The inside of the coach was fully taken up, so that we had to take our places outside; no loss, however, as it afforded us an opportunity of seeing one of the finest districts of England. There is no rural scenery in the world like that of England. The fields, as we passed,

* London Christian Observer, January, 1843.

were ripening for the harvest, and groaned under the precious grain; the pastures, with the same deep, luxuriant growth that I have before noticed, were covered with herds of the finest cattle; and now and then appeared one of the noble mansions of England embosomed in its magnificent park. Well may an Englishman be proud of his native isle when he travels through her unrivalled agricultural districts.

We made ten miles an hour from Darlington to Newcastle, where we arrived at nine o'clock, and took rooms at the Turf Hotel. But I advise all travellers to avoid the Turf; it is a bad place, either in field or city. After a good sleep, we made an excursion to the Longbenton colliery, the principal coal-pit in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. It was necessary for us to obtain permission from the superintendent, Mr. Wood, at Kenilworth, before we could visit the mines; so we drove to the place, but Mr. W. was absent. We were relieved by the politeness of Mrs. Wood, who sent a servant to the overseer, directing our admission, and suggesting that we should put on extra dresses, which would be furnished us at the office. Arriving at the office, we acted on this suggestion, and soon were so completely metamorphosed that it would have been dangerous to swear to our identity. A pair of coarse blue linsey pantaloons, an immense Quaker coat of the same material, without form or comeliness, with a close leather cap, completed the array of my friend S.; another of the company was adorned with pantaloons too short by twelve inches; a pair of somewhat better dimensions, struggling in vain to reach the skirt of a short blue roundabout, made up my equipment. In this guise we commenced our explorations. Arriving at the top of the shaft, we found it perpendicular and divided into four compartments, each forming a distinct shaft, lined with plank from top to bottom. The coal-boxes fit into these, and one set of boxes is brought up one compartment while another set descends another, by steam power. Two of the boxes were taken out, and we, with our guide, put into their places. The word was given, and we made the descent in a minute and a quarter, twelve hundred feet, through total darkness, which was suddenly dissipated by the gleam of the miners' lamps when we reached the level of this nether world. We found ourselves on a smooth iron pavement, over which the coal-boxes were rolled on wheels to the frames suspended from above to raise them up the shaft. The thunder of the descending frames as they struck upon the heavy springs below; the noise of coal-boxes rolling over the iron floor; the bustle of trams of cars arriving and departing over the subterranean railways that branched off for miles in every direction; with the dimly-defined forms of the coal-blackened workmen, whose eyes and teeth glistened from their begrimed faces, presented a scene as wonderful as it was novel.

We were each furnished with a tallow candle stuck in a piece of soft clay, and thus set out on our subterranean excursion. The first half mile was through a *stone-drift*, that is, an avenue cut through the rock to the lower edge of the coal vein. Near the working ground was a large stable formed by cutting away the coal and exposing the rock formation above and below; it was semicircular, and contained about forty stalls. Twenty horses and ten jacks and ponies are employed in the mine, the former being used in the main tracks, and the latter in the side drifts, where the vein of coal is not more than five feet thick. We now passed into the midst of the mines; and as

every man, hurrying to and fro, carried a light, and every picker had one stuck on his forehead, or in the coal seam before him, it was indeed an unearthly scene, heightened by the incessant thundering of the moving trains in wild uproar, made still wilder by the occasional explosion of a miner's charge, blasting off the mass of coal which he had undermined with his pickaxe.

We now approached the little companies of pickers on each side of the main avenue. The seams did not average more than four or five feet in thickness; of course the workmen could not stand erect, and we had to approach them in a stooping posture. I gazed at the poor fellows with pity. Their faces, arms, and legs from the knee to the ankle, were bare, but perfectly black, except the eyes and teeth, which, as I have before remarked, glistened remarkably by contrast. Under the loose flannel shirt which covered the shoulders and chest, I could see the strongly-developed pectoral muscles, which are unnaturally strengthened by their peculiar work. Their feet were uniformly well defended by yarn socks and heavy iron-nailed shoes. The men were cheerful, and even jovial at their work; and perhaps my sympathies were thrown away. Yet I felt, in looking at their wretched toil, that I would prefer to lay all my boys, while young, in one common grave, rather than consign them to such a living tomb as this. I had the same impressions in the cotton-mills in Manchester in regard to my daughters. Yet the men seemed cheerful and contented; doubtless they are so. I talked freely with them, and was amused with their uncouth yet honest language. An old man acted as guide for us, and we had much conversation with him. He had been in the mines for thirty-five years, and was at this time overseer of the men employed below. I found that his name was Joseph, and that he was a Wesleyan Methodist. When informed that two of us were Methodist preachers from America, he was greatly pleased, and his old eyes almost lighted up the horrible darkness around. He shook us heartily by the hand, and insisted on making us known to the Wesleyan Methodist, the New Connexion Methodist, and the Primitive Methodist men, as we passed through the works. Each of these classes of Methodists has a chapel in the little village of some 400 families, above the mines.

I asked Joseph what preacher they liked best. He answered promptly, "Honest John, of Newcastle. Ah! but he's a brave lad, is honest John. He came here often with Sammy Hicks, the blacksmith." Once turning short upon me, he asked, "Have you any teetotallers in America! Are you one! Ay! ay! then give me your hand; I would not drink a glass of ale for a sovereign." Everything about Joseph was hearty and honest. It is a pity that Wesleyan Methodists should lose their hold upon this class of people.

We made our way back to the shaft, and were soon again enjoying the sweet air and the bright sky. After laughing heartily at the odd figure we cut in our sooty garments, and gratifying Joseph's heart with a gift for his Sunday-school, we departed, much gratified with our visit to the mines.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EDINBURGH.

A lying Agent. Annoyance of Servants in England. Bolting a Breakfast. A dirty Village. Alnwick. Arrival at Edinburgh. General Appearance of the City. Origin of the New Town. The Old Town. Holyrood Palace. The Barber in the Abbey. Bones of the Kings. Queen Mary's Apartments. Rizzio's Closet.

I WENT to the coach-office in Newcastle on the night before our departure, and had our company booked for Edinburgh. The clerk engaged to give us the four front seats outside, and it was expressly on this condition that he received our money and entered our names. Coming to the office next morning at 7 o'clock, the hour appointed, we found the coach ready, but lo! our seats were occupied by four stout men, who seemed as much at home in them as if they were their own. I went into the office and asked my honest clerk to keep his promise, and give us the seats we had paid for. "You should have been here and seized them before any one else; it can't be helped now," was the fellow's reply, though he had expressly promised us the seats the very night before. Had he told us that seats could not be secured, and that each passenger had the right of helping himself, we should have understood the matter, and no harm would have been done. However, as we were in haste to reach Edinburgh, we had to submit. If there be any man in Christendom whom you are not to believe, even in the most solemn (professional) promises, it is the agent of an English coach. It is not so on the Continent, where you are free also from another English annoyance—the perpetual, mean, horse-leech cries of servants of all ranks, let loose on the traveller, to get their pay, by extortionate masters. I have even understood that in some cases the coachman and guard pay their master for the privilege of plundering travellers, or abusing such as refuse to be plundered. The demands of the guard and coachmen from Newcastle to Edinburgh amounted to eight per cent. of the passage-money paid to the proprietors. The same system prevails at the hotels. It would be a vast improvement if the servants were paid, as they are in other civilized countries, by their masters, and the expense added to the traveller's bill; and there are few, I am sure, who would not be willing to pay more in this way rather than be annoyed at every turn by "Remember the chambermaid, sir;" "the waiter, sir;" "the boots, sir;" "the porter, sir;" to the end of the chapter. Some hotels, I find, as the Queen's at Birmingham, have adopted the better practice, and it is generally followed on the railways.

The coach stopped for breakfast at Morpeth, fourteen miles from Newcastle. We had taken the precaution to breakfast before leaving town, and it was well we did, for if the passengers succeeded in accomplishing the meal in the ten minutes allowed them, they must have had greater capacities for *bolting* food than even Americans can be charged with. I employed the few minutes in looking at the village street. It was market-day, and the *sidewalks* were literally covered with bullocks on one side of the street, and on the other with

pens containing sheep and lambs! Some of these were directly adjoining the houses. A cleanly practice truly.

As we passed on, the fields were alive with labourers, gathering in the harvest. So far as we could judge, they looked hale and cheerful; but in general the condition of the agricultural labourers of England is wretched in the extreme—worse, even, as I have remarked elsewhere, than that of the operatives in the manufacturing districts. At noon, I noticed a neat column rising amid a clump of trees, surmounted by the British lion, and, as we approached, read on the base the motto, *Esperance en Dieu:* I learned from the coachman that it was erected by the tenantry of the late Duke of Northumberland, in honour of his memory. It stands near the entrance of Alnwick, an ancient walled town, on the north side of which is the feudal castle of the same name. The duke resides here much of his time, and the estate is kept in fine order. No wonder the nobility of England hold to their privileges with an iron grasp. If any class of men are to be envied, either for power to do good or evil, for their high position as a body, and their opportunity of enjoying life to the utmost, it is the English nobility. Pity that so fair a structure should rest upon no better basis than the wrongs and misery of the bulk of the people!

In the dusk of the evening we reached Edinburgh, and found comfortable lodgings at the Royal Hotel.

EDINBURGH.

Under the guidance of Messrs. F. of Edinburgh, who kindly gave up their time to us, we saw almost everything of interest in and about the beautiful city. Beautiful, indeed, it is—perhaps more so than any other city in Europe, though possessing no magnificent public buildings, nor any of the fine parks which so frequently adorn the Continental cities. It is built upon three ridges which descend towards the Forth, the most northerly of which is occupied by the New Town of Edinburgh, which is as different from the Old Town as if the two districts were in separate hemispheres.

The streets in the New Town are wide and well paved; the houses large and built of hewn stone, generally three or four stories high, of chaste architecture, moderately ornamented. No one house attracts particular attention, nor does any square or place particularly excel the rest; but the effect of the whole is highly agreeable. Perhaps Moray Place affords the best collection of buildings, and Princes-street the finest view.

Edinburgh has no commerce or manufactures, but owes its prosperity principally to the University and the law courts. The former has about one thousand students on its books; and the number of judges, advocates, writers to the signet, &c., amounts to perhaps fifteen hundred. The attraction of so learned a society draws many strangers from abroad, and many of the Scotch nobility reside here during the winter. It was for the accommodation of this population that the New Town was erected, mostly within the last half century; and the Old Town has been left mainly in the possession of the college, and of the "particularly dirty" population commemorated by our countryman Willis. But it has many, perhaps most of the objects for which a stranger asks in Edinburgh—Canongate, John Knox's house, and Holyrood bringing up more associations than almost all the city beside.

One of the most remarkable features of Edinburgh is the height of the houses on the slopes of the ridges which divide the city. Many of them are five, six, and even ten stories high on the declivity of the hill. You will observe, in passing one of these lofty erections, eight or ten separate bell-handles at the door, with a name attached to each; there are as many families residing in the house as there are bells; and if you wish to see any of them, you ring the appropriate bell, the front door is opened, and you ascend until you see upon a door the name you are seeking. Each story is called a *flat;* not unfrequently there are as many families as flats; and what is more remarkable still, it is often the case that the holder of a flat owns it in fee, with right of way on the common stairs. The *highest* owner possesses right upward *ad infinitum*, and may sell the right to erect a flat above him, and so on in succession. Most of the passages in the Old Town are narrow "wynds" of these lofty old houses, which rise like rocky walls, through which the crooked avenues seem to have been hewn. The filth of these wynds is beyond description.

Holyrood Palace lies at the eastern extremity of Canongate street, in the Old Town. The building is a quadrangle, enclosing an area of over ninety feet square, and has nothing remarkable in its appearance. All the parts of the palace were not accessible at the time of our visit, as great preparations were making for the reception of the queen; but we were admitted to the north-eastern part, containing Queen Mary's apartments. Before ascending these we passed into the ruined chapel of the abbey—all that remains of that vast religious edifice. The roof has fallen in and carried away one range of pillars forming the aisles: the broken walls and columns stood desolate and overgrown with ivy. An old ragged barber was cutting a beggar's hair near the spot where had stood the high altar before which the Queen of Scots had plighted her faith to Darnley! In the south-west corner is an iron door; looking in at the grating, I saw a few bones lying on some coarse boards, with an inscription above: "Only remains of the kings and queens of Scotland, David II., James II., Arthur, James V., Magdalene, queen of James V.; Arthur of Albany, Lord Darnley." Of all these, only two skulls and some scattered bones remain. In the times of the commonwealth, the royal tombs were broken open, and the bones scattered over the abbey: all that remained were afterward gathered up, but being undistinguishable, were placed here as they now are seen. Truly, "the world passeth away and the glory thereof."

The apartments of Queen Mary retain her bed and furniture just as she left them. We were shown the closet in which Rizzio was murdered, and the veritable bloodstains at the door of the apartment. There can be no doubt about the spot where the murder was committed; but the stains are rather apocryphal.

Many other localities in Edinburgh deserve to be mentioned, but I cannot delay to speak of them. The days that I spent in the beautiful city were among the pleasantest that I enjoyed abroad; and for this enjoyment I am principally indebted to the kindness of the two Messrs. F., writers to the signet, who extended all possible courtesy to our party during our stay in the city. Here, as elsewhere, I do not speak of private hospitalities; but I cannot omit to mention the attentions of Doctor Abercrombie, to whom Mr. S. had a letter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EDINBURGH.

Preparations for the Queen's Visit. A Disappointment. The Queen gets up too early in the Morning. Tragi-comedy. Mortification in Edinburgh. The Queen refuses to attend the Presbyterian Church. General Excitement caused by her Conduct.

Upon our return from the Highlands to Edinburgh, we found the town in a fever on account of the expectation of a visit from the queen. Everything was *a la* queen: silks, badges, ribands, and even hats. I noticed on a sign-board, "Alex. Craig & Co., Hatters to the Queen." The city was rapidly filling up with visitors, and lodging-house keepers were in great spirits—rooms commanding from half a guinea to a guinea per night. The whole country appeared to be in motion. All this may be very well; but would it not be a good thing, too, for her majesty to pay a visit to the manufacturing districts, and throw the light of her countenance upon the perishing millions whose hands have coined the gold which supports her splendour? A single glance at the people of Birmingham, Stockport, and Manchester, in their wretchedness, would excite far more feeling in her young and generous heart than all the petitions of Chartists and Dissenting clergymen which reach her at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle, if they reach her at all, only through the hands of those who live by the oppression of the devoted *people* of England. To be sure, the queen is of little account in the British government, according to the present working of the "glorious" Constitution; but could her eyes only be opened, and she be led to declare herself in favour of liberal opinions, she would be more than a match for the English oligarchy, backed, as she would be, by the masses of the people.

I went down to Granton Pier, three miles from the city, where the queen was to land, at the time appointed for her reception. Scotland had poured down from hill, vale, and city, to greet her majesty and see the pageant. The long pier, projecting a thousand feet into the Forth, was covered with living masses; gala-boats, with gay streamers, filled the Frith; while on the whole way to the city, two miles long, galleries were erected, with seats rising above each other, to occupy which for a day, and enjoy a moment's glance at the sovereign, thousands paid from two to ten shillings each. Temporary arches, covered with garlands, were erected at intervals along the road: the streets of the town were alive with people; and the prominent buildings were covered with banners, inscribed in gilt letters, "Welcome Victoria and Albert;" "Hail to Scotland's Queen," &c.

There was bustle of preparation enough then; for weeks all Scotland had been in a fever getting up this grand reception. And now, at last, it was to come off! As I have said, her majesty was to land at Granton Pier. From early dawn the people had sat and stood patiently. Hour after hour passed away, anxious eyes looked long and earnestly down the Forth to catch the first glimpse of the royal squadron; yet there was no murmuring, for the queen would surely land *then*, and had promised to land *there*, and there could be no dis-

appointment. Alas! queens may make mistakes as well as other good people! At four o'clock, when the anxiety of the people was at its height, the lord-provost gave notice that her majesty would not land until next morning. I never saw so sudden a revulsion of feeling. Had the lord-provost thrown a sheet of snow over the assembled thousands, he could not have given them a more effectual damper. Enthusiasm was gone, and loyalty, in many instances at least, went with it; the people knew that they were fatigued, and feared they had been imposed upon. However, it was announced that everything would go on well next day, her majesty would land, cannons would be fired, there would be a grand procession, and everybody could see the queen. This was a crumb of comfort at least.

But it seemed as if fortune and Victoria were determined to disappoint and annoy the Scotch. The night before, the whole border mountains had been illuminated by bonfires in honour of her majesty's arrival, while her majesty had not set foot upon the shore; and now, in the morning, what did she do but land before the poor people, worn out with the fatigue and disappointment of the previous day, had got out of their beds! Who could imagine that the Queen of England would rise at so unqueenly an hour as seven o'clock in the morning? And yet she did, it appears; and, according to the common rumour, though she was told that the arrangements of the city authorities contemplated her reception at ten o'clock, she was tired of the boat, and land she would, and land she did, to the utter discomfiture of the right worshipful the magistrates of Edinburgh, and to the infinite annoyance of the multitudes, who only awoke from their dreams to learn that her majesty had landed, passed through the city with her own attendants, and that there was an end of it.

Oh! what strange, ludicrous, miserable, angry, and mortified faces I saw in Edinburgh that day. So dissatisfied a city was hardly ever known in the memory of man. Above all, the poor lord-provost and the civic authorities were to be pitied for the tragi-comical absurdity of their position. They had determined to meet her majesty at the barrier, make an address, deliver the keys of the city, and then join the royal procession. In order to do this in a guise worthy of their ancient and honourable city, the worthy gentlemen had arrayed themselves (according to the Glasgow Herald) in the following becoming attire:

"White stock and white kid gloves. Single-breasted black coat, with bag annexed. Lace ruffles at the breast and hands. No shirt-collar to be seen. Single-breasted black cloth waistcoat, with lappets. Black breeches, with white buckles. Black silk stockings. Shoes and white buckles. A cocked hat."

The following account of the scene which ensued is given in the paper referred to:

"About nine o'clock the lord-provost, magistrates, council, and other public bodies began to assemble at the Council Chamber in High-Street, opposite which their carriages were drawn up—half an hour, it will be observed, after the royal procession had commenced from Granton, but of this important fact the civic dignitaries were, unfortunately, entirely ignorant. The seeming security of the magistrates imparted a similar feeling to the large body of the people around, as well as to the strangers and citizens in other parts of the town, that there would be ample time allowed for taking up places, and seeing the royal party

to advantage. In the mean time, a deputation, consisting of Bailie Richardson and Mr. Black, proceeded to Granton to learn her majesty's pleasure as to the time of her landing, intending to have immediately issued placards announcing the hour to the inhabitants generally. While the deputation was absent the parties stood chatting around, congratulating each other on the fact that the weather was clearing, and that everything seemed to favour the royal landing; the civic robes were ready to be donned; the silver keys were ready for the lifting, and though about half past nine the Castle guns boomed a royal salute—which was, in fact, the intimation that her majesty's carriage had passed the city barrier—it was only believed to be part and parcel of the rejoicings of the day, and the chit-chat went on as before. Immediately, however, the intimation reached the Chamber that the royal party had in reality passed the barrier, and was rapidly moving on Princes'-street, an intimation which at first could scarcely be credited, but was immediately found to be too true. The whole royal party was, in fact, slipping through their fingers in the very heart of the city, while the authorities were calmly waiting the signal for landing. Then all those who had carriages rushed to them with the speed of desperation, and those who had none took to their heels as if pursued by the evil one. The only chance of obtaining a sight of the queen seemed to be to gain the top of the Abbey Hill, so that they might intercept the royal party at the end of Regent Terrace, before it passed on to Jock's Lodge, on the road to Dalkeith. The lord-provost's carriage took the lead, and, with every one else, and their name was legion, it became a hot-footed race, or scamper, of the most furious energy down the steep High-street and Canongate, and then skirting Holyrood, up the Abbey Hill—a race, we should say (having run it), of fully a mile over the roughest turf imaginable. At the same time, the crowd, which had been disappointed in seeing the sight at Prince'-street, came pouring over the North Bridge, and being met by the masses from the south side of the city, all joined the Canongate *raid* at breakneck speed. There were people of every age, form, and degree, all intent on the race, jostling, squeezing, and running forward with might and mettle. Bare-legged laddies ran alongside of well-shod men, and the silk stockings of some of the officials went smashing and plashing through the Canongate mud, alongside of the Newhaven fish-wife, who was running at the top of her bent. Fruit stands were overturned, and in the case of one old woman, who crouched down the better to preserve her little store of apples, and turned her back to the human torrent, not a few of the two-legged racers leaped right over her head. In fact, it had all the appearance of a death-and-life race alike by gentle and simple, and was altogether a scene that will not soon be forgotten, but, when the fatigues are over, afford food for merriment for many a day. For some time the pace was tremendous. All appeared to be aware that the point for which they were making was their only hope of gaining a sight of her Majesty; and even that presented a faint hope. Before they were half way down the Canongate, the pace of many began to flag, and, as they passed Holyrood, a great many halted, in the vague hope that her Majesty might, after all, visit the palace of her ancestors. A large section of the most persevering of the runners gained the top of the Abbey Hill, at the junction of the Regent Terrace, just

as the royal *cortége* was approaching it; and as there were some splendid ranges of platform which had been erected to overlook the road, they seized possession of it without fee asked or given, almost as wildly as an infuriated soldiery would rush into a besieged town, and there they were gratified by the sight of the royal pair, which amply repaid them for all their rapid toil. By others, the race was kept up through the Park behind the Abbey, down the lane that opens upon Comely Green, on the Portobello road, where their staunch enthusiasm was at last rewarded by finding that they were a few yards in advance of the royal *cortége*, that was coming slowly past in the same order as before; the Royal Archers, which had met them on the road, grouped around the royal carriage in somewhat broken order, her Majesty and the Prince bowing gracefully to the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs that greeted them as they passed. The return from witnessing the royal procession was of an amusing description. Many who had struggled desperately to get forward were now making their way into the city at a wearied pace, with garments which bore sad marks of jostling, and faces which had assumed a flaming ruddiness. Many there were with hat in hand, who were wiping the perspiration from brow and countenance, and endeavouring to erect shirt-collars which had once been stiff, but were softened and fallen from the moisture."

The mortification occasioned by this chapter of accidents in Edinburgh cannot be described. The chop-fallen authorities tried to mend the matter by proceeding in a body to Dalkeith, to express their disappointment, and entreat that the Queen would gratify the inhabitants by a subsequent entry on the following day. But it was in vain. They had to swallow their disgrace, and it soon changed into indignation.

Nor was this the last or worst of the evils of this unfortunate journey. When I visited St. Giles's Cathedral, just before the arrival of the Queen, it was in an uproar of preparation for the reception of her Majesty at worship on Sunday. It was universally believed that she would join in the service of the Established Church (the Presbyterian) during her stay in Scotland. Least of all was it imagined that she would choose such a period as that of her royal progress—a period, too, when the Scottish establishment itself was on the verge of rupture—to inflict an open insult upon the religious feeling of the nation. Yet so it was. On the very first Sunday after her arrival, instead of attending public worship at St. Giles's, though she was informed that the authorities had gone to much trouble and expense in preparing the church for her reception, she had service privately performed in the Duke of Buccleuch's private room by a Puseyite clergyman, as truly a dissenter in Scotland as a Presbyterian minister is in England. The indignation of the people knew no bounds. It was currently asserted that if the Queen came into Edinburgh, she would be hissed and scoffed by the populace. Nor was this bitterness of feeling confined to Edinburgh, or even to Scotland. Wherever I went in Scotland, I met with complaints, loud and deep, at the want of regard for the feelings of the citizens of Edinburgh, which had been manifested by the mode of the Queen's entrance, and the affront put upon the Presbyterian religion, by her refusal to join in its religious worship. It was, in effect, telling the people of Scotland what the Bishop of London, in a subsequent charge, told the people of England, "that the

clergy of the National Church (of England), AND THEY ALONE, are entitled to the respect and obedience of the people, as their lawful guides and governors in spiritual things. They alone are duly commissioned to preach the word of God, and administer the sacraments."

The conduct of the Queen was defended in England by High-Churchmen, of course. Her royal *conscience* would have been wounded by attendance at the Presbyterian Church of Scotland! Truly, the "Jews can have no dealings with the Samaritans." But among all other classes of the community, this gratuitous declaration that (save the Church of Rome) there is no church in Great Britain but the Church of England, met with deserved reprobation. It was believed, indeed, that the course of the Queen was marked out before she left England, and that it was by deliberate forethought that the happy measure for attracting Scottish hearts to the National Church was hit upon. The *Times* (I think it was) had remarked that a complete and perfect union of the two nations under one head would not be possible, "until, by a long-continued legal union, the habits, the manners, the institutions, and *the religion* of the two people became more and more one and the same. This has been gradually the case with Scotland and England. We doubt not that it will ultimately be so. Doubtless a royal progress, such as that now made by Victoria, has the very best effect in tending to promote, though insensibly, this desirable consummation.

Never did royal progress fail more signally. Whatever differences existed at that time among the clergy of the Church of Scotland, there was none in their feelings with regard to the conduct of Victoria. Miserably did she and her advisers mistake the spirit of the clergy and the people of Scotland. And in England, universal sympathy of feeling was developed among all classes but High-churchmen; a feeling which was heightened by the general excitement of the public mind on the subject of Puseyism, or Popery in the Church of England. As this refusal of the queen was an entirely new manifestation of the royal conscience, it was believed that the Puseyite opinions had been infused into her mind, even to a greater extent than had been before supposed, and that the weight of royal example would be thrown into the scale of popish doctrines and practices. There was some reason for the inference.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

FOR several years past Scotland has been agitated from the centre of her capital to the extremity of her most retired glen; even to the loneliest of her Hebrides. The spirit of John Knox has been evoked from its rest by the infringement of the civil power upon the lawful dominion of the spiritual courts: and it has become a question whether the State or Christ shall be the Head of the Church in Scotland. The issue raised was, Has the State or the Church, through her proper courts, the right of creating the pastoral relation between the minister and the people he is to serve? Since the reign of Queen Anne, the

State has claimed it for the patrons of the different livings, and enforced it repeatedly through the civil courts against the violent protestations of the people. For more than a century was the strife continued, though with different degrees of energy. At first, the regular protest, recorded by the General Assembly, year after year, against the act of 1712, was a document of some meaning; but in the process of time it came to be a matter of form. By degrees, of course, the character of the Assembly was changed, as the old ministers fell off and the new supply, furnished by patronage, filled their places. The Moderates, as they were called, who vindicated patronage, were the majority. But the people were not easily subdued. The old Scottish spirit remained. They sometimes took the presentee captive, and detained him until the time for ordination and installation had passed. At other times the government sent a detachment of soldiers to ensure the installation and possession of Kirk, and glebe, and tithes.

But the mighty movement of the religious mind of Christendom, caused by the blessing of the Spirit of God upon the labours of Wesley and Whitfield in the last century, had reached Scotland, and the Church awoke from the lethargy of moderatism. A Chalmers and a Gordon arose. They saw the abuses of patronage; they saw bad men placed over the people as ministers, against their wishes, and against the decisions of the Church courts. They resolved to fall back upon the Treaty of Union, which secured the independence of the Church of Scotland; and the General Assembly in 1834 passed an act ensuring to each congregation that no minister should be intruded on them against their will, though the patron should insist in favour of the presentee. This was the *veto act*, giving the people a negative in the case of presentation. All who maintained it were called vetoists, or *non-intrusionists*, because they would not suffer a minister to be intruded upon them against their consent. Under this act of the General Assembly, the spirit and piety of the people revived; but the interests of the patrons declined. Their right of presentation was not so valuable, as the presentee might be rejected by the people, and most assuredly would be required by them to lead a reasonably exemplary life; in default of which he might be arrested, tried, and deposed from his ministerial office, and, of course, ejected from the living. These dangers to the interests of patronage were increased in proportion to the growth of the evangelical party in the ministry and among the people. The patrons applied to the civil courts to protect them in their rights according to the act of Anne; and the people looked to the General Assembly of the Church to protect them from the rapacious wolves in sheep's clothing presented to them by the patrons, and forced upon them by the civil courts. The Assembly not only fell back upon the Treaty of Union, but upon the act of 1690, giving them a *liberum arbitrium*, or final jurisdiction over all spiritual cases. They took their stand nobly for the rights of the people, the rights of conscience, and the independence and glory of Christ in his Church. The battle was now fairly begun between the true spirit of the Reformation, which had set Scotland free three centuries before, and that secularized church power which, unfortunately, is incorporated closely with the British Constitution.

There was much at stake on both sides. The government saw clearly that, if the communicants in the Scotch Church had a right to exercise a veto power over the presentee, it might not be long be-

fore the communicants in the English Church might discover and claim their rights, too, in this matter. Perhaps they saw, also, that the triumph of the Scotch Church would be, and truly, too, held to be a dangerous encroachment upon the "vested rights" of patrons or great families. This would have been throwing a bomb into the citadel of the aristocracy, whose foundations are laid in vested rights, *i. e.*, rights which they themselves have created in their own favour, and which time has consecrated, and thus protected from the vulgar touch. On the other hand, the Church felt that she was called to preach the Gospel to the poor, and to protect her flocks, at all hazards, from devouring wolves. On the one hand was the civil power, through the courts, putting whole districts under interdict, forbidding the preaching of the Gospel and the administration of the sacraments under the authority of the Church; restoring wicked men, whom she had excommunicated, to the holy office, and protecting them in the exercise of it; and appointing others to the pastoral charge whom she declared never to have been ministers. On the other hand, the Church stood on her principles and her integrity, and appealed from the civil courts in her own midst to the House of Lords for protection. The answer of the government to her powerful and eloquent petitions too clearly showed that she had nothing to hope from the peers; and with a decision and prudence worthy of the best ages of the Church, she took preliminary steps peaceably to separate from the Establishment.

The people saw their shepherds preparing to lead them forth from spiritual bondage; and their hearts beat quick and strong as they looked to their coming deliverance, and comprehended clearly that it would cost their pastors their salaries, churches, manses, and glebes—in short, their homes—and cast them wholly upon the voluntary support of the people. All Scotland became one volcano of excited feeling. Whether those deep earthquake throes pervading the community should issue in an explosion or not, depended upon the fate of the appeal sent up to the House of Lords. During the progress of these events, the Queen and her government made a tour through Scotland; but they could not discern the spirit of the people, nor of their pastors. They made inquiry, but not of the right persons, as to the probability of any secession if the government persisted in enforcing the pretended right of patrons, and if any, whether it would be to such an extent and of such persons as ought to give the government any concern. Unfortunately, the conclusion was that there would be but a trifling secession, if any. So the government and the Queen rambled through the Highlands and returned to London.

In the mean time, the House of Lords decided against the Church, and maintained the rights of patrons. The civil courts vitiated the elections to the General Assembly. The resolution of the people and pastors grew firmer, and the attention of all Scotland was turned towards the capital as the month of May, 1843, advanced. The General Assembly was to meet on Thursday, the 18th. After the duties of the Sabbath were over, on Monday, the 15th, and following days, the people thronged the highways leading to Edinburgh. The crowd in the city became greater and greater, and on Thursday morning, the popular interest rivalled that which had been felt on the preceding August upon the advent of the youthful Queen and her court.

The morning of the 18th had scarcely dawned when noble ladies

and pious men were knocking for admittance at St. Andrew's though the Assembly was not to meet before three o'clock, P. M. Scotland gathered around the sacred pile, and awaited the coming of the representatives of her truly reformed church. As the venerable men who stood at the head of the Assembly advanced, a chasm opened in the masses of people, and the Canongate receled under the rounds of applause with which they were greeted. As the moderator, Dr. Welsh, entered, followed by Drs. Chalmers, Gordon, Candlish, and others, the vast and massive edifice shook with the reception which the people gave them. Scarce had the applause died away, when the most noble the Marquis of Bute, her majesty's lord-high commissioner, entered with his suite. He was received standing and in silence. The cause of his mistress and the patrons had no hold upon the hearts of the people. The moderator rose in a few minutes, and no one breathed, lest a single word from him should be lost. He said, "A Free Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in accordance with the laws and constitution of the said church, cannot now be holden, for reasons set forth in the following paper, which, with the permission of the House, I will read." It was a protest, in which the wrongs done to the Church by the government were recited; and the document concluded by declaring "that we are not responsible for any consequences that may follow from this our enforced separation from the Establishment, which we loved and prized, through interference with conscience, the dishonour done to Christ's crown, and the rejection of his sole and supreme authority as king in his Church." A pin might been heard to fall amid the three thousand persons who listened; and the vast multitudes in the streets observed a profound silence, as if, by sympathy, they understood what was going on in the House. When the moderator ceased to read, he handed the paper to the clerk, took up his hat, and advanced to the door, followed by Drs. Chalmers, Gordon, Candlish, Cunningham, three hundred ministers, and a host of elders. The audience, struck with the sublimity of the act, burst into tears, and were silent; but when the band of martyrs for liberty in the Church emerged into the streets, they were received by the people with such thunders of applause as shook the Hills of Fife beyond the Forth, and startled the House of Lords for the first time to a sense of their danger. The seceding Assembly walked four abreast to Tanfield Hall. As they passed, the streets were thronged, windows were full, house-tops were alive, and the air was rent with succesive shouts, accompanied with the waving of handkerchiefs and the approving smiles of women.

The deed was done; the separation was made. Israel had escaped from Egypt; and there was as much consternation and disappointment in the residuary Assembly as formerly in Pharaoh's dominions, when he and his ministers became fully sensible that the Jews had escaped from them.

The Free Assembly was constituted by choosing Dr. Chalmers moderator. They proceeded to business. Spirit and dignity marked their transactions. I have not room to note the evangelical and patriotic speeches made on the various occasions. Every hour that the Assembly sat, day after day, other ministers who had faltered or had not been present, came to the Free Assembly and gave in their adherence. Upon its adjournment, a noble roll of five hundred true and faithful pastors, embracing the learning and the worth of the clergy, was made

out and distributed throughout the kingdom. The Assembly—having taken steps to prevent the scattering of their flocks, and for building some six or eight hundred churches by voluntary subscriptions, which poured in from all parts of the kingdom, and from England and Ireland—dissolved, and the pastors returned home to preach the last sermon each in the kirk where he had so often fed the people. Now came the reality of separation. The churches were closed against them, and their people stood at the doors or wandered amid the graves of their forefathers. But where the Spirit of God is, there is liberty. They sat under a tree, or by the wayside, or on the margin of the stream, and heard the Gospel from their faithful shepherds. On Monday, notices were served to many of them to quit the manses. Their wives and children now became sensible what had been done to them. They were called on, without a day's notice, to quit their happy homes, and go forth they knew not whither. Some of them were sick, some old and infirm; but no matter they must go. They went forth, and God tempered the winds to the shorn lambs. The poor received them: the people provided for them, either sharing their own humble dwellings with them, or providing others for them. They lived with the people, and in their hearts.

But as the Sabbath morning dawned, the people sighed for the kirk. It was closed against them, or occupied by one intruded on them, and whom they disdained to hear. They essayed to assemble in barns, or shops, and sometimes on the highway, or by the water's side, but the lairds forbid them. Wherever sites could be obtained, they commenced building churches; but in many parishes they could not obtain a foot of ground to build on, either for love or money. The lords of the soil had no sympathy with the *Free Protesting Church* of Scotland, because it rejected their unhallowed claim to supreme rule in the house of Christ. Where new tenures could not be obtained, some good man or poor widow gave up their lease of a little spot for the erection of a plain church. His grace the Duke of Buccleuch refused to allow a free church to be built anywhere on his vast estates. He would take no money. An old woman had a long lease on a little spot. The duke offered her hundreds of pounds for it: but she refused, and said she would give it for a church to the Free Church of Scotland.

Upon a survey of this great movement in the Church of Scotland, I am persuaded that nothing more glorious appears in the history of Christianity since the days of the Reformation. There was a body of five hundred ministers, followed by their people, going out voluntarily from a richly-endowed establishment, throwing away their salaries, and homes, and schools, and all for conscience' sake. But they have been abundantly rewarded, and their conduct has given a new impulse to piety and freedom, and struck a blow at the union of Church and State from which it will not soon recover. The judgment and sympathy of Europe are with the Free Protesting Church of Scotland.*

* I am aware Dr. Chalmers and many others still maintain that it is the duty of the state to provide for the religious instruction of the people and to furnish revenues therefor. But they insist that the Church must not thereby be brought into bondage, and subjected, in spiritual matters to the control of the State. They will gradually give up this opinion, as Dr. Burns and many able ministers of the Free Church have already done. They will see that, if the Church is paid by the State, she must obey the State. The Free Church can triumph only on the voluntary principle.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE HIGHLANDS.

Excellent Roads. Loch Leven. Perth. Pass of Killicrankie. Dunkeld. Sunday in Scotland. Worship. Grounds of the Duke of Atholl. Forest Trees planted. Immense Estates. Labourers. Taymouth Castle. Return to Edinburgh. Glasgow. Growth of the City. Manufactures. Buildings. Education. Paisley.

At four o'clock on a fine afternoon in August, we left Edinburgh in the mail coach for Perth. The road was even better than those we had seen in England; and I think, in general, the preference must be given to those of Scotland. The horses went on at the top of their speed, up hill and down; yet so firm and smooth was the road that I could read with ease, and my friend, Mr. S., wrote up his journal in a fair, legible hand. Men were at work upon the road in places which in America would have been considered in perfect order. Crossing the Forth at North Queensferry, we reached Inverkeithing, a little village of great antiquity, once the royal residence of David I. Here we saw a bonnie lassie" *"swimming"* in a little bay on the right of the road. Though encumbered with a bathing-dress, she ducked and dived like a mermaid. A dozen of her companions full of glee, guarded the shore.

Passing a number of country-seats, some of them beautiful, but none splendid, we reached Loch Leven a little before sunset, and as we approached Kinross, our eyes wandered eagerly and rapidly round upon the neighbouring hills, the scenes, in former days, of the strifes of the Earls of Morton with the neighbouring clans. We forgot the beauty of the lake in gazing upon the mouldering ruins of the Castle of Loch Leven, upon a little island in it, the prison-house of Mary, Queen of Scots, after her surrender at Carberry Hill.

In the evening we went on from Kinross to Perth, seventeen miles, in an hour and a quarter. The road for a mile or two out of Perth has fine sidewalks, and we found many respectable people enjoying their evening promenade, among whom were females, apparently decent and well-behaved, unattended by gentlemen. The town itself had a cheerful look, being well lighted with gas; and we had a very pleasant night at the George Hotel. There was great commotion in Perth, as had been the case at Edinburgh, in anticipation of the queen's visit. The town is pretty, and has many picturesque scenes in its neighbourhood, worth a visit.

Next day we drove to Dunkeld, left our luggage at the Queen's Arms Hotel, and ascended to Blair Athol, seventeen miles, to see the famous Pass of Killicrankie, through which the Garry runs to join the Tummel, a mile below. Had we not seen Switzerland, we should have been in raptures with this pass; as it was, we were deeply impressed by its gloomy grandeur. The pass is formed by the sudden descent of the mountains on each side, at a fearful angle, until they meet in the glen, far below the road, which passes up on the right side, supported by a parapet wall, and overhung by the spreading branches of the old trees, which actually interlock their mighty arms from the opposite sides of the gorge. Entering the pass from the

sunny vale of the Tay, was like passing from the plains of Italy to the forests of Norway. At the north end of the pass, on the right of the road, stands a rude stone marking the spot where Dundee fell, by a random shot, in the hour of victory over the English forces under Mackay, in 1689.

We spent a Sunday in Dunkeld, and found it truly a Christian Sabbath. Although the town lies on the great road from south to north, over which, during "legal days" (as the advertisements have it), coaches and post-carriages are whirling every hour, yet during this entire Sunday no carriage passed my window excepting the mail-coach. The Sabbath is closely kept throughout Scotland, except on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway; and the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland have protested strongly against this. Many private persons have also sent in remonstrances to the directors. The question was pending before the board when I left; how it was decided I have not learned, but I fear that the petitions have met with the usual fate of such applications.

At eleven o'clock we went to the kirk, and heard a sermon from Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie, son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers. The congregation was not large, but quite decent in appearance and demeanour. There was little apparent feeling either in preacher or people; but a proper reverence for the house of God and for his worship seemed to pervade their minds. The psalmody was not of the best. This church was formed out of the old choir of the Cathedral some years ago by the late Duke of Atholl. The Cathedral itself is now a venerable ruin; the walls and western tower are standing and the fractured, lonely pillars within are overgrown with ivy. The tower is cracked, yet still shelters the old clock, whose deep tones, coming from that hoary ruin, fell startlingly upon our ears like a voice from the grave. And graves were there, filled with the dead of many generations. It was a place for melancholy thoughts.

One of the principal attractions of Dunkeld are the grounds of the Duke of Atholl. We strolled through them until we had walked five miles: we might have walked forty more, and then driven over the fine carriage roads, all within the grounds, for thirty more! The late duke had a passion for planting trees on his vast mountainous estates. The hobby was wisely chosen. There is but little arable land among the Highlands; they are generally either bleak moors or hills, sometimes precipitous; and whether moor or hill, they are covered with grass, moss, or heather, without a single tree to relieve the dreary desolation. The waste is somewhat relieved by the gray rocks that peep out occasionally above the heather, and by the many flocks of sheep, scattered like specks of snow over the steep hill-side. But the Duke of Atholl, many years ago, commenced planting trees on his bleak hills. I saw two larches in his park at Dunkeld which he brought from Norway fifty years ago. Twenty-seven millions of these trees, besides millions of other varieties, were planted by his orders; and now the larch woods alone cover 11,000 acres of ground. In our walk through the grounds, I saw many of these felled, and ready for market; they make fine timber.

Before the introduction of forest trees, the principal wealth of the Highlands consisted in the flocks, and this is still the case in many districts. The sheep occupy the highest parts of the hills during summer, descend as the cold weather comes on, and pass the winter

in the glens, around the solitary abodes of the peasantry. These are generally placed near a peat-bed, for the sake of fuel, and have small fields affording them potatoes and a little grass.

The size of many of the Scottish estates is almost incredible. The Marquis of Breadalbane's stretches from east to west ninety-nine miles, and averages fifteen miles wide. These vast tracts are cut up into farms, larger or smaller according to the character of the soil, which are leased for definite periods. I heard of some farmers supporting 50,000 sheep and paying £1000 rent. In conversing freely with the country people, I found that the farmers were generally prosperous, and sometimes wealthy; while the labourers are poorly paid, and live wretchedly. About thirty-five cents a day in summer, and twenty-seven in winter, are the average wages of a farm labourer. The relation of the large farmer to the agricultural labourer is very similar to that of the mill owner in the manufacturing districts to his operatives. In some respects the labourer is better off than the operatives; in others, worse. His employment is perhaps less fluctuating, and his wants are fewer; but, on the other hand, his position debars him from society and improvement. The introduction of timber will make an alteration—perhaps a favourable one—in their way of life.

The domains of the Dukes of Buccleuch and Sutherland are still more valuable than those of which I have spoken; I have heard their income estimated at a million of dollars per annum. It is these enormous estates that produce and keep up at once the splendour of the higher and the misery of the lower classes in Great Britain. You may travel for days and weeks in England and Scotland, and unless you chance to meet a *titled* man, you will hardly find a single person who can call a foot of land his own. While we were traversing the Breadalbane estates, a hot-headed Scotchman gratified himself with railing at America and American institutions. I asked him, in reply, if he had seen, for days, a Scotchman whose free step pressed upon *his own* Highland soil, or who dared to level his firelock at one of the thousand hares or birds that sported on the moors around him, or preyed upon his little patch of corn? He was silent, and his mantling cheek showed that he felt the degradation of his countrymen.

Taymouth Castle, the magnificent seat of the family of Breadalbane, is situated at the lower extremity of Loch Tay. For two miles before we came in sight of the castle, we were passing through parks enclosed with walls of fine masonry, stocked with deer and with the bisons of North America. We were received at the gate by a Highlander, in the dress of the Campbell clan, the kilt, the tartan hose, and a wolf's skin round his waist, part of the leg and thigh being naked. He conducted us to the castle. The situation is beautiful. The building itself is of gray sandstone, four stories high, with round towers at the corners; a Gothic arcade surrounds the lower story, and its roof forms a promenade, on which the upper windows open. The grounds about the castle are admirably kept.

Of our tour among the Highlands I shall say nothing farther. The beauties of the lakes, the glens, and the mountains, made classical by the genius of Scott, have been so often described that I need not add my own descriptions to the number. I may record the general impression, however, that was common to myself with most travellers,

that the interest of these scenes springs far more from the associations with which genius has hallowed them, than from their own intrinsic beauty. We were far more excited in looking at the birth-place of Rob Roy, at the scenes of Roderick Dhu's exploits, at the Goblin's Cave and the Lady's Island in Lake Katreen, than in gazing upon the natural features of the localities themselves, which, though often beautiful, and sometimes wild and striking, are yet surpassed in these respects by many scenes in Ireland and Switzerland.

I returned from the Highlands to Edinburgh in order to be present at the time of the Queen's arrival. What occurred on that memorable occasion has been mentioned in a preceding chapter. From Edinburgh I went by railway to Glasgow.

Glasgow, the third city in Great Britain in trade, wealth, and population, lies upon the Clyde, about twenty-four miles from the Atlantic. The suburbs on the opposite shore of the river, forming quite a town of themselves, are connected with the city by three handsome bridges. It is a very ancient city, dating its origin as far back as the sixth century. Up to the eighteenth century, however, it was a place of no great importance, and was known only for its cathedral, its university, and its filth. Its population in 1651 was only about 14,000; but, owing to the establishment of manufactures, it increased to 43,000 by 1780; and since that period, its rapid growth has been more like that of an American than a European city, its present population being estimated at over 270,000.

As early as 1730 the manufacture of linen goods was commenced in Glasgow, and formed for half a century the principal business of the place. Much wealth was also gained by a heavy trade in tobacco, carried on principally with Virginia, which was arrested by the American Revolution. The manufacture of cotton goods by hand-loom weavers was introduced in 1785, and power-looms in 1792. At present there are 40,000 hand-loom weavers, and about 17,000 power-looms in operation. The value of the annual manufacture of cotton goods is estimated at over two and a half millions sterling. Cotton spinning, the manufacture of silk goods, and calico printing are also carried on largely. There are also extensive dye works, bleach works, iron forges, and chemical manufactories. The coal trade is enormous, and steam-vessels and the machinery for steam engines are largely manufactured. The whole aspect of the place and its suburbs is that of the manufacturing towns of England, with the exception of a few good streets in the new city, and the relics of antiquity that are still standing in the old. George-street, Buchanan street, and a few others make a very pretty appearance.

Among the public buildings, the Royal Exchange is, perhaps, the most imposing. It has a showy colonnade composed of a double range of Corinthian columns, and contains a fine news-room, one hundred feet long by forty broad. The courthouse and some of the banks and churches make a good deal of architectural pretension, but none of them deserve any special mention. The Cathedral is a venerable relic of antiquity. It has fallen much into decay, but plans for its renovation have been proposed. It was saved from the general destruction of the old Gothic churches in Scotland during the Reformation by the boldness of the tradesmen of Glasgow, who threatened to kill the man that should pull away the first stone.

Though the tone of literature is much lower in Glasgow than in

Edinburgh, there is still an elevating influence diffused by the University, and by the various educational institutions of the place. The University was founded in the fifteenth century, and has long maintained a distinguished reputation. The number of students is generally, over one thousand. Anderson's University affords lectures on physical science to the citizens generally, as does also the Mechanics' Institution. The Glasgow Educational Society has under its charge an infant school, a training school, and a normal school; and its efficient management is well known to all who are interested in education.

Like all overgrown manufacturing cities, Glasgow has sent colonies into all the neighbourhood. Every stream that affords water-power is bordered with mills, and every village has its manufactures. Paisley, seven miles from Glasgow, though an old town, owes its present large population to the excess of the city, to which it bears the same relation that Stockport does to Manchester. It is observed that these small towns in the neighbourhood of large manufacturing cities are the first to feel the effects of a revulsion in trade, and the last to recover from it. The operatives in this Scottish region had long felt the same ills, starvations and disease, that drove their British brethren to their desperate rebellion, and had participated in the general movement; but at the time of my visit, they had generally recommenced work. I noticed the same general appearance of physical debility and stunted size among these miserable beings as in Manchester. Some farther views of their condition will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE LABOURING CLASSES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Co-existence of National Wealth and National Misery. The Power and Wealth of England. Wretchedness of the Mass. Poverty of the Habitations and General Condition of the Labouring Classes. Illustrations in Stockport, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow. Lodging-houses. Agricultural Districts. Liverpool. Moral Depravity. Illustrations. Ratio of Mortality in different Classes of Population. Distress in Times of dull Trade. Conclusions.

A STATE may become rich and powerful while the great mass of the people that compose it are in misery. Their condition may not only be improved, but may clearly be made worse in the ratio of the increase of national wealth. England presents at this day the spectacle of overflowing national wealth along with the almost universal wretchedness of the people.

Never was England so rich and so powerful at this hour. Her government was never more firmly established nor more vigorously administered; its machinery was never so thoroughly diffused over its territory, nor worked with so much precision and promptness. By its ubiquitous police, by its well-appointed regiments, its forts and garrisons, and by the splendid system of railways, it can concentrate an amount of force at any given point sufficient to crush an insurrection in the bud. The naval armaments of England are the wonder of the world. Her ships are familiar with every sea. Her dominion is established in every quarter of the earth.

But it is not in the resources of the government, extraordinary as they are, that the wealth of England displays itself most strikingly. The stranger beholds in the Thames ships enough, he would think, for the commerce of many nations, and might imagine that London was only a city of merchants. A ramble in Hyde Park on some pleasant afternoon convinces him of his mistake. He sees around him evidences of wealth not sprung from commerce. Equipages, any of them rich enough for royalty in other countries, whirl by him in scores. The beauty of the horses, the perfection of the harness, the richness of the whole array, and the multitude of liveried servants, dazzle and confound him. If he pass into the abodes, not merely of the aristocracy of blood, but into the other almost equal aristocracy of wealth, he will find a profusion of costly furniture which no other city in the world can match.

Yet he might think that all the wealth and splendour of England is confined to the metropolis. Let him travel through the land and learn his error. Wherever he may go, it is over costly railways, in costly cars, or over smooth turnpikes with trimmed hedges, such as, in other countries, might be the walks in a rich man's pleasure-grounds. Noble edifices strike his eye at every turn of the road. Rich fields are cultivated in the very perfection of agriculture, and large towns present themselves at intervals of but a few miles. In these towns he still finds the wealth of England. If they are in an agricultural district, the church, the parsonage, and the squire's abode are all on a superior scale. If they are in a manufacturing district, his very imagination staggers under the idea of the vast capital employed in the thousand factories and ten thousand houses around him. Go where he will, he cannot escape from the evidences of the wealth of England. They are the strong points of light in the foreground of the picture. They *must* strike the eye of the most hasty observer: they *may* so absorb his attention that he will not notice the gloomy background at all.

And yet, if the common voice of society, the statements of the public press, and the official reports made to Parliament are to be believed, the splendid edifice of England's wealth rests upon the darkest foundations, in the hopeless, helpless, and almost fathomless wretchedness of the mass of the people, upon which national glory was ever founded. Nor is the curiosity of prying foreigners needed to pick out the details of this wretchedness, or their prejudice to exaggerate its horrors. The official papers of the nation have abounded for years with hideous accounts of the want, the immorality, the ignorance, and the degradation of the labouring classes of England. Nor is this story of misery told only of any one portion of the labouring population. It is true of the rural districts, and of the commercial as well as the manufacturing towns.

The statements which follow are made with unfeigned regret. Founded, as they are, upon official documents alone, they cannot be charged with prejudice or exaggeration. Most of them are drawn from a report on the "Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, July, 1842." Many other documents are extant, containing facts enough to illustrate the wretchedness of these poor people; but as this report has been recently made, and has re-

ceived high commendation in England for its accuracy and impartiality, I prefer to quote mainly from it.

It might be supposed that a report of this kind would only exhibit insulated cases; exceptions, not the rule. That this is not the case, I was sadly convinced by my own personal observation in England, as well as by the language of the report itself. "If only particular instances or some groups of individual cases be adduced, the erroneous impression might be created that they are cases of comparatively infrequent occurrence. But the following tabular return will give a sufficiently correct conception of the extent of the evils in question."* And again: "The various forms of * * * disease caused or aggravated, or propagated chiefly among the labouring classes by atmospheric impurities produced by decomposing animal and vegetable substances, by damp and filth, and close and over-crowded dwellings, prevail among the population in every part of the kingdom, whether dwelling in separate houses, in rural villages, in small towns, or in the larger towns, as they have been found to prevail in the lowest districts of the metropolis.

The first class of extracts which follow give a view of the *poverty of the habitations, and general condition of the labouring classes.*

"In the manufacturing towns of England, most of which have enlarged with great rapidity, the additions have been made without regard to either the personal comfort of the inhabitants or the necessities which congregation requires." "Of the five hundred and eighty-six streets of Leeds, sixty-eight only are paved by the town; the remainder are either paved by owners, or partly paved, or are totally unpaved, with the surfaces broken in every direction, and ashes and filth of every description accumulated upon many of them.†

In Stockport there is a locality called "Shepherd's Buildings," containing "forty-four houses in two rows, and twenty two cellars all of the same size. The cellars are let off as separate dwellings; these are dark, damp, and very low, not more than six feet between the ceiling and floor. The street between the two rows is seven yards wide, in the centre of which is the common gutter, or, more properly, sink, into which all sorts of refuse is thrown. In many of these dwellings there are four persons in one bed."‡

In Manchester, "of six hundred and eighty-seven streets inspected by a voluntary association of that town, two hundred and forty eight were reported as being unpaved, one hundred and twelve as ill-ventilated, three hundred and fifty-two as containing stagnant pools, heaps of refuse, ordure," &c. Of the district of Little Ireland, in the same town, it is stated that, "in some of the streets and courts abutting, the sewers are all in a most wretched state, and quite inadequate to carry off the surface water, not to mention the slops thrown down by the inhabitants in about two hundred houses. The privies are in a most disgraceful state, inaccessible from filth, and too few for the accommodation of the number of people, the average number being two to two hundred and fifty people. The upper rooms are, with few exceptions, very dirty, and the cellars much worse, all damp, and some occasionally overflowed. The cellars consist of two rooms on a floor, each nine or ten feet square, some inhabited by ten persons, others by more; in many the people have no beds, and keep each

* Report, p. 1. † Ibid, p. 40. ‡ Ibid, p. 18.

other warm by close stowage, on shavings, straw, &c.: a change of linen or clothes is an exception to the common practice. Many of the back rooms, where they sleep, have no other means of ventilation than from the front rooms. Some of the cellars on the lower ground were once filled up as uninhabitable, but one is now occupied by a weaver, and he has stopped up the drain with clay to prevent the water flowing from it into his cellar, and mops up the water every morning."* "The expense of cleansing the streets of the township of Manchester is £5000 per annum. For this sum the first class of streets, viz., the most opulent and the large thoroughfares, are cleansed once a week, the second once a fortnight, and the third once a month. But this provision leaves untouched the courts, alleys, and places where the poorest classes live, and where the cleansing should be daily."† Says Sir Charles Shaw, "I sent an inspector of police to examine a lodging-house. He came back to state that he had never witnessed such a sight. He came to one room, totally destitute of furniture, three men and two women lying on the bare floor without straw, and with bricks only for their pillows. I observed that I supposed they were drunk. 'Yes,' said the inspector, 'they were; and I found the lodging-house keeper himself in a tolerable bed, and in another room were bundles of fresh straw. I blamed the man for not giving the straw to his lodgers. He answered, "I keep that for the people who prefer purchasing it to gin: those above stairs prefer the gin."' It is, I find, a common thing for lodging-house keepers here to have straw for sale."‡

In Glasgow, the poorer people have their abodes in the *wynds*, or narrow streets and courts, because lodging is there cheapest.—Doctor Arnott says, "I examined these wynds, and to give an idea of the whole vicinity, I may state as follows. We entered a dirty, low passage, like a house door, which led from the street through the first house to a square court immediately behind, which court, with the exception of a narrow path round it, leading to another long passage through a second house, was occupied entirely as a dung receptacle of the most disgusting kind. Beyond this court, the second passage led to a second square court, occupied in the same way by its dunghill; and from this court there was a third passage, leading to a third court and third dungheap. The interiors of these houses, and their inmates, corresponded with the exteriors. We saw half-dressed wretches crowding together to be warm; and in one bed, although in the middle of the day, several women were imprisoned under a blanket, because as many others, who had on their backs all the articles of dress that belonged to the party, were then out of doors in the streets. This picture is so shocking that, without ocular proof, one would be disposed to doubt the possibility of the facts; and yet there is, perhaps, no old town in Europe that does not furnish parallel examples."§

The reader may desire to know something more of the *lodging houses* referred to in preceding extracts. The constant influx of poor labourers from all parts of the kingdom into the manufacturing towns keeps the accomodations always below the demand, so that multitudes

* Report, p. 39. † Ibid, 55. ‡ Ibid, 135.
§ Report, p. 21.

make their lodgings nightly in houses specially used for the purpose. "To those who have not visited them, no description can convey anything like an accurate idea of the abominable state of these dens of filth, disease, and wretchedness." "In some of these houses [in Manchester], as many as six or eight beds are contained in a single room; in others, where the rooms are smaller, the number is necessarily less; but it seems to be the invariable practice in these 'keepers of fever beds,' as the proprietors were styled by Dr. Ferriar, to cram as many beds into each room as it can possibly hold; and they are often placed so close to each other that there is scarcely room to pass between them. The scene which these places present at night is one of the most lamentable description; the crowded state of the bed, filled promiscuously with men, women, and children; the floor covered over with the filthy and ragged clothes they have just put off, and with their various bundles and packages, containing all the property they possess, mark the depraved and blunted state of their feelings, and the moral and social disorder which exists. Even if the place be inspected during the day, the state of things is not much better. Several persons will very commonly be found in bed; one is probably sick, a second is perhaps sleeping away the effects of the previous night's debauch, another is probably dozing away his time because he has no employment, or is taking his rest now because he obtains his living from some night work."*

Of Newcastle, Sir John Walsham writes: "I have frequently had occasion to complain to the magistrates against the lodging-houses taking in so many lodgers; but the law is so defective in this respect that they could render me no assistance. I went to see a man very ill of the smallpox. The house contained four small rooms, and was situated in a back yard, in a very narrow, confined, dirty lane. There were forty people in the house, and they were not all in that lodged there. Four months ago I went into a room in the same yard; the room was very dirty; it was nine feet broad by fifteen feet long, and contained four beds, in which slept two men, four women, and thirteen children.

I found in one of the beds two children very ill of scarlet fever; in another, a child ill of the measles; in another, a child that had died of the measles the day before; and in a fourth, a woman and her infant, born two days before; and the only space between the four beds was occupied by a tinker, hard at work."†

The extracts heretofore given refer exclusively to places in the manufacturing and mining districts. The condition of the agricultural labourers is no better. The report gives details in regard to Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and other rural counties, quite as painful as those I have presented. In Dorset, a case is stated where "a house, formerly a poor-house, was occupied by nearly fifty persons upon the ground floor; the rooms neither boarded nor paved, and generally damp; some of them occupied by two families. The up stairs rooms are small and low, and separated from each other by boards only. Eleven persons slept in one room." "The following shocking case occurred in [Mr. Fox's] practice. In a family consisting of six persons, two had fever; the mud floor of their cottage was at least one foot below the lane; it consisted of *one* small room only, in the centre of

* Report, p. 359 † Ibid, p. 362.

which stood a foot-ladder reaching to the edge of a platform which extended over nearly half the room, and upon which were placed two beds. The head of one of these beds stood within six inches of the edge of the platform, and in this bed one of my unfortunate patients, a boy about eleven years old, was sleeping with his mother, and in a fit of delirium leaped over the head of his bed, and fell to the ground below. He lived only a few hours after the accident."*

The Rev. Dr. Gilly, canon of Durham, says of the dwellings of the border peasantry, that "they are built of rubble, or unhewn stone loosely cemented; and from age or badness of materials, the walls look as if they would scarcely hold together." "The general character of the best of the old-fashioned hinds' cottages in this neighbourhood is bad at the best. The average size of these sheds is about twenty-four by sixteen. They are dark and unwholesome. The windows do not open, and many of them are not larger than twenty inches by sixteen; and into this place are crowded eight, ten, or even twelve persons."†

Nor are these miseries confined to the manufacturing and agricultural districts. The most flourishing *non-manufacturing* towns abound with them. In *Liverpool*, "the cottages [of the labouring classes] are generally built with a view more to the per centage of the landlord, than to the accommodation of the poor. The houses generally consist of three apartments, viz., the day-room and two bedrooms, one above the other. The cellar is let off, either by the landlord or tenant, to a more improvident class of labourers. The rooms above the day-room are often let separately by the tenant to lodgers, varying in number from one or two to six or eight individuals in each." "In 1836–7, I attended a family of thirteen, twelve of whom had typhus fever, without a bed in the cellar, without straw or timber shavings, frequent substitutes."‡ "From the absence of drains and sewers, there are, of course, few cellars entirely free from damp; many of those in low situations are literally inundated after a fall of rain. There are upward of 8000 inhabited cellars in Liverpool, and I estimate their occupants at from 35,000 to 40,000." "The mean chances of life in Liverpool, where one in twenty-five of the population are annually attacked with fever, appear to be still lower than in Manchester, Leeds, or among the silk weavers in Bethnal Green."§

II. I shall now offer a few instances of the *moral depravity* which ensues from the condition of the labouring classes in England.

In Leighton, "there are a number of cottages without sleeping-rooms separate from the day-rooms, and frequently three or four families are found occupying the same bedroom, and young men and women promiscuously sleeping in the same apartment." "In a cellar in Pendleton, there were three beds in two apartments, without a door between them, in one of which a man and his wife slept; in another, a man his wife and child; and in a third, two unmarried females. In Hull I have met with cases somewhat similar. In a cellar in Liverpool, I found a mother and her grown-up daughters sleeping on a bed of chaff on the ground, in one corner of the cellar, and in the other corner three sailors had their bed. * * * I have met with instances of a man,

* Report, p. 8,9.
† Ibid, p. 22.
‡ Ibid, p. 18, 19.
§ Ibid, p. 31, 159

his wife, and his wife's sister sleeping in the same bed together. * * * I have frequently met with instances in which the parties themselves have traced their own depravity to these circumstances. * * * In all of these cases the sense of decency was obliterated."* "There is a considerable number of lodging-houses in Newcastle, some of which are frequently occupied by from fifteen to twenty persons each. In these cases the most deplorable scenes of profligacy and depravity are met with, both sexes being crowded together in a manner most injurious to both health and morals."

It will be observed that the above statements embrace agricultural counties and commercial towns, as well as rural districts. It appears clear that these several portions of the population are about on a par in point of degradation and immorality. Mr. Baines, of Leeds, in his essay on the "Manufacturing Districts in England," quotes, from a volume of "Reports on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture," made to Parliament, as follows: "The morality of the women in general of the agricultural labouring class cannot be considered as high. * * * A state of ignorance affecting the daily welfare and comforts of their families is *nearly universally prevalent*." "It is quite common to meet with boys engaged on farms who cannot read or write. The unity of God, a future state, the number of months in the year, are matters not universally known." There is "a particular deficiency in the feelings of the women as to chastity: in many instances they seem hardly to comprehend or value it as a virtue." Mr. Gee, of Brothertoft, in Lincolnshire, says that "field work is a very bad thing for girls: out of fifty of them there are forty-nine cases of delinquency."†

It is not, of course, to be supposed that *all* the labouring population are as degraded as these specimens. Without doubt there are many, very many, decent and religious people among them; but yet it is lamentably evident, from the vast amount of proof afforded, that the *general* condition of the people, in point of morality, is wretched indeed.

III. In order to exhibit the effects of the condition of the labouring classes upon health and life, I present a few specimens of tables which abound in the Sanitary Reports, showing the ratio of mortality in different classes of the population.

In *Derby* the proportions are as exhibited in the following table;

No. of Deaths.	Occupation.	Av. Age of Dec'd.
10	Professional persons or gentry	49
125	Tradesmen	38

* Report, p. 124, 125, 362.

† Mr. Baines maintains that, in point of morality, the agricultural population are decidedly below the manufacturing, and offers the following as proof.

Counties.	Population in 1841.	Illegitimate Children registered in 3 yrs. 1839-40-41.	Proportion of Illegitimate Children to 1000 Inhabitants.
West Riding of Yorkshire .	1,154,924	3382	nearly 3
Lancashire	1,667,064	6172	3 $\frac{2}{5}$
Norfolk	412,621	2422	nearly 6
Herefordshire	114,438	681	6

752 Labourers and artisans. 21

In *Manchester:*

Professional persons and gentry, and their families . 38
Tradesmen and their families 20
Mechanics, labourers, and their families . . . 17

In *Liverpool:*

No. of Deaths.

137 Gentry, professional persons, &c. 35
1738 Tradesmen and their families 22
5597 Labourers, mechanics, servants, &c. 15

It is to be remembered that this official account of the condition of the labouring classes of England was not drawn up with special reference to a period of dull trade or unusual distress. At such periods, we are to add to the miseries already recited, nakedness, want of food, and, in many instances, starvation. This was the case during my first visit to England, in 1842, as I have before mentioned in my notice of the outbreak in the manufacturing districts. The following statement, along with many others equally painful, appeared in a Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, printed by order of the House of Commons. It is taken from a circular issued by the mayor, clergymen, magistrates, and principal manufacturers of Stockport.

"The borough of Stockport, the working population of which is engaged almost exclusively in the cotton manufacture, has suffered, in common with other towns, from its general and long-continued depression. * * * It is believed that there are, altogether, about five thousand operatives, of various trades, unable to obtain employment. The consequences of this suspension of labour are extensive loss and suffering among all classes dependant upon trade, and unexampled distress and privation among the working population. * * * Families, two or three together, are crowding into one house, or leaving their cottages for cellars; some are quitting their native land; numbers, having exchanged all but the last articles of their wearing apparel for the means of sustaining life, are on the verge of destitution; honest men, willing to work, are compelled, with their entire families, to become street mendicants, or to live, day by day, on the precarious charity of their neighbours; and besides an increase, of disease, arising, in a great measure, from a deficiency of food, *many, it is to be feared, are literally starving to death.*"

I find the following conclusions drawn by the Secretary of the Poor-Law Commissioners from the evidence before him, and presented in the ninth chapter of the Sanitary Report, before quoted:

"That the annual loss of life from filth and bad ventilation [in England and Scotland] is greater than the loss from death and wounds in any wars in which the country has been engaged in modern times.

"That the ravages of epidemics and other diseases do not diminish, but tend to increase the pressure of population. (This is a remarkable and universal fact.)

"That in the districts where the mortality is the greatest, the births are not only sufficient to replace the numbers removed by death, but to add to the population.

"That the younger population, bred up under noxious physical agencies, is inferior, in physical organization and general health, to a population preserved from the presence of such agencies.

"That these adverse circumstances tend to produce an adult popu-

lation short-lived, improvident, reckless, and intemperate, and with habitual avidity for sensual gratifications.

"That these habits lead to the abandonment of all the conveniences and decencies of life, and especially lead to the over-crowding of their homes, which is destructive to the morality as well as the health of large classes of both sexes."

Such is the condition of the labouring population of England, as stated by native authorities.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EVILS OF ENGLAND.

THE condition of the *extremes* of society in England has been indicated to some extent, in the preceding pages. While the lowest class is wretched beyond conception, the highest is in the most favourable circumstances possible, so far as what men consider the goods of this life are concerned. Their circumstances allow the fullest physical development. Considered in this light only, the aristocracy of England, male and female, is perhaps, the finest race of beings in the world. They have, also, the best opportunities of intellectual and social cultivation. All the discoveries of science and all the products of art are at their command. The treasures of a thousand libraries are theirs, with leisure to use them if they will. Their constant intercourse with the best society in the world gives them grace and polish of manners. So far as outward things go, then, while the labouring classes of England are at the depth of human misery, the aristocratic classes are at the height of human happiness.

But between these there is a large body which may be called *the middle class* in respect to the two extremes. Here may be classed professional men who have not reached distinction or preferment, whether in the Church, in medicine, at the bar, or in the army or navy, many merchants and manufacturers, and the great majority of shopkeepers, all of whom may be said to be just within the pale of solvency. Farmers and graziers are classed with shopkeepers in the Sanitary Report before quoted. The competition in trade among the shopkeepers, and for land among the farmers, reduces their profits to the lowest possible point; and it is only by the most extraordinary good fortune, than one in a thousand can secure a competency.

The contrast of splendour and squalor presented by the highly artificial society of England excites the indignation of most American travellers and politicians. It might, perhaps, be better for us calmly to inquire into its causes, and gather, from the bitter experience of others, some lessons of wisdom for the conduct of our own affairs.

The great estates of England were created by William the Conqueror, by the distribution among his followers of confiscated property, and the introduction of the feudal law. Amid all the changes of the English government, these estates have been preserved. In the course of time the yeomanry or farming intrest grew up, a body not possessed of lands, but holding by long leases under the great proprietors. Under these, the agricultural labourers constituted the mass of the people. The present operative class of England is of

more recent origin. The introduction of manufactures, the invention of machinery, and, finally, the application of steam to machinery, called for the labour of a vast multitude of persons in the employments thus created, but, at the same time, limited their gains only to the bare means of a subsistence. The consequence has been, the manufacturing labourers are almost in the form of a *caste*, while many of the manufacturing capitalists—*cotton lords*, as they are called—are in possession of immense wealth, and of the means of increasing it almost indefinitely.

The extension of manufactures in England has, of course, greatly increased the commerce of the country, and this, in turn, has caused a vast extension of the naval power of the state. After all, the glory of Great Britain depends upon her navy; her navy would be nothing without her commerce: her commerce depends almost wholly upon her manufactures. It is the interest of the British aristocracy to maintain them all. Manufactures and commerce have given rise to great mercantile wealth, which is in the hands of the few, because the operations on which it is founded require the outlay of much capital.

Formerly the cottages of England were not, as now, mere huts to shelter weary labourers after a day of toil, but homes to shelter happy and industrious families. The spinning-wheel gave out its cheerful hum, the hand-loom produced its fabric, and the nearest town supplied the market. This was "merry England," All this has passed away. The towns in which machinery for manufactures was first introduced have suddenly become densely-populated cities. High wages seduced the agricultural population from their poorly-paid toils. It was found that the lighter parts of the processes wrought out by machinery could be conducted by children as well as adults; and parents consented to part with their offspring at eight or ten years of age for a livelihood. The sheltered work and comparative freedom of the factory was more attractive to young girls than the drudgery of field labour or the restraints of domestic service. Multitudes of young persons have thus been thrown into the lodging-houses of the manufacturing cities without education or parental restraints, and in this new heathendom have grown up in immorality and degradation.

The rapid increase of population has increased the value of landed property by an unprecedented demand for the means of subsistence. Lands in some parts of the country have risen in value, independently of any foresight or outlay on the part of their proprietors, from two hundred to a thousand per cent. The landholders are thus enriched by the results of the system which has reduced the poor to the humblest level of humanity. But the poor rates and mendicity have steadily increased.*

Six or seven millions sterling a year (more than the annual expense of the United States government) are raised by poor rates, and dispensed to keep the labouring population from starving. The amount given to mendicants annually, throughout the kingdom, in private charity, is, perhaps, half as much. The progress of society, under the present system, tends to increase with rapidity the number and poverty of the poor, as well as slowly to augment the number, and rapidly

* The number of strolling beggars in England, in the face of severe legal penalties, is absolutely startling. A writer in the Edinburgh Review states that 638 mendicants passed though thirteen small towns in a single day in 1841.

the wealth of the rich. The latter class absorb the few of the middle rank who acquire fortunes in trade, while the former receive into their ranks the much greater number of the unsuccessful in the middle class. Those that remain, combining small capital with unwearied industry, are called by some English writers, with great propriety, the *uneasy class.*

The "*condition of England*" question forces itself upon the attention of every thinking man in the kingdom. There is unanimity among all classes as to the unsoundness of the present state of things; there is none as to the mode of relief. No system will effectually remedy existing evils that does not contemplate a gradual redistribution of property.

The first step should be the abolition of the law of entail, which would gradually distribute the soil into small portions, owned by those who should dwell upon it and cultivate it. The policy by which large landed estates are tied up by the entail, and transmitted of necessity to the eldest son, is the root of the whole evil. It is the foundation of the hereditary nobility, and creates the necessity of maintaining the magnificent church establishment, and the armies and navies, that the appointments in these may provide for the younger sons of the aristocracy. Hence it is necessary to raise a large revenue, and as the power to lay and collect the taxes is with the aristocracy, they are laid so as to fall mainly on the middle and poorer classes, to the total exemption, in some material cases, of the rich.

If we except occasional cottages with their acre or two in the neighbourhood of large towns, and the properties which belong to the Church and corporations, there are not in England, with a population of seventeen millions, twenty-five thousand landed properties. The property in the cities and towns is almost all on leases, and at their termination all the improvements revert to the proprietor of the land.* Amid the crowds of London you shall scarcely meet with a freeholder: the whole population is a tenantry under some condition or other. And you may travel through the country and scarcely meet an owner of the soil once in fifty miles. All are tenants. There is no such class in England as our farmers; men who own the soil they cultivate; men who are free and independent, and feel themselves to be so. The absolute dependence of the rural population on the landed proprietors render them servile and mean-spirited to a degree unknown in America among the white population, and scarcely among the slaves of the South. And as there is a great excess of labourers over the number required for the cultivation of the land, their wages fall below the means of subsistence, and hence their habitations are bad, and their education totally neglected. Under these circumstances, they flock to the manufacturing towns, and fall into the condition already described.

The abolition of the laws of primogeniture and of entail would not cause the division of property at once, but would commence it by

* This is generally the case with public buildings, and even the churches of Dissenters and Methodists, with few exceptions. The City Road Chapel is on a lease, which will expire in a few years, and then it becomes the property of a nobleman or gentleman, upon whose will the trustees must depend for a renewal of the lease and the terms of the renewal. Whole quarters of London have been built up with magnificent houses on leases of from thirty to fifty years, all which revert to the noble landed proprietors, producing for them an income almost incredible.

distributing the estates equally to the children. Property would be farther divided and transferred to other families by purchase, and thus the way would be opened for the wealthy merchant and manufacturer to pass into the independent rural class, and gradually, by farther subdivisions, men of moderate means would become proprietors; and thus a substantial middle class would be created, in whom the government of the country would vest, instead of in the aristocracy, as now. This would purify the elections, as there would not be any individuals, as now, receiving an annual income of more than a million of dollars, and by their great wealth able to control the elections, under the Reform Bill, which gives a vote to each man paying a clear rent £10 per annum. This bill was thought to be a great boon to the country, and so it was to the manufacturing districts; but exactly the reverse to the rural. Since its passage the great landed proprietors have adopted a new policy. As the long leases and those for life expire they refuse to renew them, but divide the land into smaller portions, which may be rented each for ten pounds and upwards, year, by year, at the will of the proprietors, thus increasing the number of voters on their soil, and, at the same time, placing them directly at their mercy. And as a majority of the members of Parliament come from the rural districts, or are returned by the influence of wealthy families, it follows that the House of Commons is necessarily in the interest of the great landed proprietors. This enables them so to mould and administer the government as to protect themselves, and to provide for their younger children at the expense of the people, on whom they lay the great bulk of the public burdens. The immediate evil which oppresses the people is vicious and unequal legislation, and this is inherent in the system of large landed estates kept together and even increased by the law of primogeniture and entail. There is no permanent relief for the poor people of England except in their abolition, which would gradually place the legislation of the country in the hands of the people, and make the House of Commons their true representatives. This would secure the permanent prosperity of her people, *but would probably, at the same time, reduce the glory and power of the Empire.*

As it respects the vicious and unequal legislation of the aristocracy, I may mention the general fact that, whatever is the most indispensable to the people, is most exorbitantly taxed, because the articles must be had at any price; while the luxuries, which belong only to the rich, are taxed but lightly; and scarcely is there an instance on the statute-book where the tax is laid equally, and yet the scale is so ingeniously arranged, that if requires a little skill to detect its shameful inequality. The common people do not see it: they feel the pressure, but do not fully comprehend the cause.

Let us look at some of the duties on imports. Sugar, an article of prime necessity, pays a duty of 24s. on the cwt. without reference to quality. By this enormous duty, equal to a hundred per cent, on the value of the article, the poorest classes are nearly cut off from the use of sugar; and what they do use, of the coarest kind, is taxed as much as the prime quality used by the rich. This oppressive tax weighs most heavily upon the poor of Ireland.

Since 1836 a duty of 2s. 1d. per pound has been charged upon all teas, without exception, entered for home consumption in Great Britain. The poor labourer, who buys Bohea worth 1s. a pound, pays *two hun-*

dred per cent. duty; the shopkeeper, who can afford to buy souchong worth 2s. pays one hundred per cent.; while the rich man can drink his gunpowder, worth 4s., by paying only fifty per cent. duty; one quarter of that paid by the poor labourer.

The injustice of the window-tax has long been a subject of complaint. The scale is skilfully arranged so as to lay the burden of the tax on the middle classes, and to favour the rich. A house with sixteen windows pays £3 13s. 6d. duty—nearly five shillings per window. The scale rises gradually to thirty-nine windows, which pay £13 12s. —nearly seven shillings each. The middle classes generally dwell in houses with from twenty to forty windows, and up to the latter point the rate of tax increases. But as soon as the houses of the rich and the nobility are likely to be touched, the scale descends rapidly—by five windows at a time: thus a house of fifty windows pays between six and seven shillings each; with a hundred windows, between five and six shillings; and so on up to one hundred and eighty windows, when each pays 5s. 2d. Above this number, when the tax would reach the palaces of the aristocracy, each window pays 1s. 6d., though it be made of mahogony and plate glass, and worth £100; while the commoner who adds the thirty-ninth window of ordinary glass, must pay seven shillings a year tax for it. According to this iniquitous scale, no reference is had to the size and the value of the window, or of the house to which it belongs; and a nobleman's mansion, with three or four hundred large and costly windows, pays scarcely one quarter of the tax that a snug cottage of thirty-five or forty windows of moderate size and plain materials pays. In many cases, if the real cost of the windows were the test, the disproportion would be twenty times as great. The richer the man, the less his tax: this seems to be the general principle of English taxation.

Of many instances of iniquitous taxes, I shall notice only two more, the probate and stamp duties. If a nobleman die and leave a landed estate worth £25,000 a year, his heir, no matter how distant the relationship, takes possession without paying a shilling. But if a merchant die and leave an estate in money yielding £25,000 a year, his heir, without a will, comes into possession by paying from five to ten per cent. duty on the amount of the legacy—not on the annual income of it; and a heavy probate duty besides, amounting in all from £50,000 to £75,000 duty, accordingly as the heir was a near or distant relation, and whether the deceased left a will or not. The arrangement of this tax is such as to pass the landed property of the kingdom to the heirs successively, without any probate or legacy duty whatever; while the property of the merchant and manufacturer passes to their heirs with an enormous deduction in the shape of a legacy and probate tax.

The same iniquity is found in the scale of the stamp duties. On a receipt for five to ten pounds the duty is three pence; on a receipt for £200, four shillings; while one for ten thousand, or even a million sterling, costs only ten shillings! Thus the shopkeeper, in his petty transactions, pay a thousand per cent. more for his receipt than the capitalist for his of a million. The use of these stamps is ensured by a statute that makes payment null unless the receipt is stamped. "The principle on which the British Stamp Act, as respects the duty on the alienation of land, is founded, is monstrous. The duty is graduated *contra valorem*; the smaller the value of the property, the

higher, in general, the per centage of duty. Thus, a conveyance, where the price is £20, pays £1; where it is £150, £2; where it is £6000, £65. * * * To tax a man who sells a property worth £20 at five per cent. of its value, and the man who sells one worth £6000 at little more than one per cent.—this is to make poverty the basis of taxation."

To what has been said, the crowning oppression of the poor is yet to be added, and that is the duty on foreign corn, and other articles of common food. In general terms, it may be said the price of bread in England is double what it is in France; and the difference is still greater in comparison with some of the countries of Germany. This is owing chiefly to the heavy duty imposed on foreign grain imported into England, which is a bounty to the landed proprietor; but exactly in the same proportion a tax on the consumer.

From this series of heavy taxes, so adjusted as to fall chiefly on the labouring people, it results, that though a man may make six dollars a week in the mills, a girl four, and children over ten years of age each two, in a fair state of trade, yet when they pay their rents, and purchase their articles of subsistence, taxed exorbitantly, as we have seen, the result is, that they are still pressed with want. When trade is slack the pressure is greater, and when very dull, the condition of the labourers is distressing in the extreme. The manufacturing and commercial classes look for relief to the repeal of the corn-laws, by which the labourer would be enabled to subsist at not more than two-thirds of his present expense, and yet, by a great extension of trade, by allowing foreign nations to pay in corn and other products of their soil for English manufactures, full work would be constantly afforded them. But will the English aristocracy ever consent to the repeal, by which they would lose from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of their income? The progress of the Anti-corn-law League seems to indicate that the repeal may be enforced.* Should the Repeal League acquire sufficient political weight to hold the balance of power between the two great political parties, its objects may be accomplished; because either party would obtain or retain power at any price; only let it be demonstrated that a repeal of the corn laws is essential to obtaining or retaining the government, and either party will declare for repeal. Should they be repealed, we are too far away to come into competition with Germany in supplying the corn market of England, unless we shall have advantages by special reciprocal treaties.

There can be no permanent elevation and improvement of the labouring population of England until a national system of common education is devised, in which the children of the poor shall be educated at the public expense. If the Established Church would consent to a plan of education in which Dissenters and Methodists might equally participate, the whole youthful population of England might be brought immediately under efficient instruction, as far as money and teachers are concerned. But should such an equitable plan be devised and enacted by Parliament, there still remains one very great difficulty, the want of decent clothes and sufficient time on the part of the children. When trade is brisk they might have decent clothes,

* An Anti-repeal League of the landed proprietors has been recently organized. The battle, therefore, is fairly begun.

but then the mills would require all their time, or so much of it as to render them unfit to learn in the evening, after ten hours' close labour during the day. It is necessary to place the labouring population and the state of trade in such a condition that the parents and older branches of the family may be able to support themselves and the younger branches too, while the latter shall regularly attend the schools until they are fourteen years old. And this must be required of them by law, as in some of the states on the Continent.

But how can the labouring population and the state of trade be placed in such a condition? The movement must begin at home, by equalizing the public burdens so as to make the whole productive property of the kingdom, and the luxuries imported, pay, *ad valorem*, the public expense. This will produce a sufficient revenue, and allow the repeal of all taxes on the articles necessary to the comfortable subsistence of the poor. Of course the corn-laws would be repealed, which alone would be a saving of many millions of dollars annually on the expense of bread alone. This policy would accomplish the object, provided constant employment could be had, and what are now called fair wages maintained. These would depend on the protective policy of other nations, a policy which the conduct of England forced upon them, and has heretofore compelled them to maintain in self-defence. As they improved in their productions, less was wanted from England; and their success exceeding their own expectations, they very naturally conceived the idea of reducing her wealth, distressing her people, and humbling her power, by excluding her manufactures. The consequence is, France is increasing her tariff, Germany has entered extensively into a national Customs Union, with Prussia, at its head; and the United States, by necessity, has been obliged to increase the tariff, and must continue it, even if against her will.

What motives, then, can England offer to other nations sufficient to induce them to sacrifice their immense manufacturing interests, the growth of many years, by entering now into free trade? She has forced them into their present artificial state of protection, and they are not yet strong enough to compete with her on the principles of free trade. Her machinery is equal to a hundred millions of hands. She could manufacture for the world, but then the world would have to pay her for it; and what would she want in return but the deficiency, chiefly, in her bread-stuffs? A moment's reflection will satisfy any one that this would go but a very little way towards balancing the account for her manufactures, and the deficiency would have to be supplied in cash. It would require a long time, and gradual and reciprocal reduction, to bring in free trade among nations, nor could it be established at all except on the basis of unlimited reciprocity. This England cannot hope for. It seems to me, then, that her only hope for continued prosperity is in her colonies and foreign possessions, to the first of which she should induce some half a million of her people to go annually. This would reduce her surplus population about two hundred and fifty thousand a year, and create a market abroad, from which she would receive, in return, a supply of bread-stuffs for her labouring population.

After reviewing the condition of England, the American naturally adverts to his own country, and asks, May the same results be expected among us? Certainly not. We are not acting under the same

conditions. There is no privileged aristocracy in our country who make the laws, and by this means lay the public burdens on the labouring population, and fill their own coffers. There is no excess of capital to combine with labour to such an extent as to cut off the possibility of the intelligent and active artisan becoming himself a proprietor and capitalist. There is not an excess of population over the ability of our soil to support it, thus compelling the people to resort to the manufactories for subsistence, and at prices under the control of the proprietors. But, above all, our soil is not owned by a few thousand large landed proprietors, who, by the law of entail, may transmit it to their eldest children, thus reducing the active population everywhere to the state of tenantry. On the contrary, in the agricultural parts of our country it is as rare to meet a man who is a tenant on the farm he cultivates, as it is to see the face of a landed proprietor amid the thousands one meets daily in travelling in England. The great excess of our soil over our population acts like a safety-valve to our manufacturing operations, and effectually prevents the production of such a population as the operatives of Great Britain. Besides, the general diffusion of education among our operative population is a material element in our favour. Compare the condition of the manufacturing population of Lowell and Lynn with that of England. There is not a people on the earth that can manufacture so much to their own advantage as we, provided the system is not forced, but sufficiently encouraged to develope skill and enterprise equally with the same developments in the agricultural and commercial portions of the community. A just combination of these three great interests, containing as they do the elements of permanent independence, is the only basis on which the true prosperity of our country can be founded. Under the relations which at present subsist among the different nations, it is folly in the extreme for us to talk of free trade. Free trade principles are practicable only under perfect reciprocity in everything between the nations mutually practising them.

CHAPTER XL.

IRELAND.

Steamer to Belfast. Shearers. Belfast. Sunday. Primitive Methodists. Abundant Population. Trade. Lord Donegal. Antrim. Round Towers. Opinions as to their Design. Jaunting Cars. Cottages. The Giant's Causeway.

On a fine evening in September we embarked in the steamer Aurora at Glasgow, and took leave of Scotland. After a short delay at Greenock, we stretched away across the North Sea. Though the night was stormy, the noble steamer wrestled gallantly with the waves, and carried herself so well that we slept soundly through the night; and when we rose at eight in the morning, we were in the Lough of Belfast, with the green fields of the Emerald Isle on either hand. In a couple of hours we came alongside the quay at Belfast, and had an Irish greeting from a fearful host of porters, loungers, and labourers. But they did not all come down to honour our landing. Many of their friends were on board, returning from their *shearing* tour in

Scotland, and the crowds of ragged men, women, and children on the quay were waiting to welcome them home again. What we call reaping they denominate *shearing* in some parts of Great Britain, and well may it be so called, for the stalk is cut so close to the ground that you could hardly tell any had grown there; and after the operation the field looks smooth like a lawn, as the young grass, which had been concealed by the crop, shows itself above the short stubble. The shearers must almost break their backs in stooping, or else work on their knees.

We had been recommended to stop at the Donegal Arms, and though our countryman Willis did not give the house a very good name, we concluded that we might fare worse rather than better, and accordingly took lodgings there. The place was not so bad as it might have been, after all. To be sure, the accommodations were but tolerable, and the charges were high; and the house was such a labyrinth of crooked passages and walls built at all kinds of angles, that it was hardly possible to find your room or any other room without a guide; and yet we were not half as uncomfortably lodged as we had often been in Scotland and on the Continent.

The day after our arrival was Sunday, and the sun rose bright and clear. The day, though not so quiet as in Scotland, was very much like Sunday at home. When the hour of worship arrived, the streets were filled with well-dressed people flocking to the different churches. I went out to seek a Methodist church, and found one, but the service was over, and I proceeded to the nearest Presbyterian church, whose pastor, Dr. Cook, is a man of good reputation. I was disappointed in not hearing him preach, as his pulpit was filled by a novice, who declaimed, but did not preach. In the afternoon we attended the opening service of a little brick chapel for the Primitive Methodists. The place was humbly fitted up with wooden benches, generally without backs. An honest Lancashire man delivered a plain, earnest sermon, with much feeling; though he talked in the usual low-English style of "hany horders of hangels" and the "keys of 'ell." In some of the English counties it is almost impossible to comprehend the barbarous dialect of the labouring people.

This humble, but evidently devout congregation, recalled to my mind the early days of our own form of Methodism, and made me reflect on a pregnant passage in one of Mr. Wesley's sermons: "If you shall become fat and proud, and forget the poor, and love the world, then God will raise up another poor and humble people; for he will have a people in the earth."

In the evening we took a walk through the north-western part of the town. The streets through which we passed were generally built up with ranges of small two-story brick houses, with two small doors close together in front, one leading to the lower (earthen) floor; and the other, by a narrow stairway, to the upper room. Though I had expected to find Belfast a neater town than is common in Ireland, it was better than I had supposed, especially in the suburbs. As it has grown up rapidly within twenty or thirty years with the increase of trade, the poorer streets are mostly new, and there are none of those dismal, filthy wynds and old store-houses of dirt and disease that disgust the stranger so much in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

But what struck me most was the multitude of human beings that inhabited these streets. It really seemed as if the very ground on

which they romped and rolled must have produced the swarms of ruddy children, some well dressed, some half naked, but all full of life and health, that thronged the way. We could not get on at all upon the sidewalks, and therefore took the middle of the street. All the windows and doors were alive with happy, dirty faces. The tenements seemed like warehouses overflowing with goods—the excess being piled up outside. But I suppose, as it was Sunday evening, they were generally gathered about the doors of their dwellings to enjoy their day of rest.

Belfast is to Ireland what Glasgow is to Scotland. It is famous for its linen goods, and has extensive manufactories of other articles. The first cotton factory in Ireland was built here in 1784, at which time the population of the place did not, perhaps, exceed 10,000; but so rapidly did its trade increase, that in 1821 the population amounted to 37,000, and is now estimated at about 70,000. But the linen trade soon outstripped the cotton manufacture, and many of the cotton mills are now employed in spinning flax. Though much of the spinning and weaving is done by hand, there are about fifteen steam mills for spinning flax, and perhaps as many more driving looms. The superiority of the Belfast manufacture of linen, especially in regard to bleaching, seems to be established beyond risk of competition; and the goods find a ready market in all parts of the world.

One of our first objects in Ireland was the Giant's Causeway. Taking the Londonderry coach at Belfast, we commenced our journey northward. The country near Belfast is highly fertile, and capable of much better cultivation than its receives; as it was, the people were cutting and gathering an abundant harvest as we passed. The road was good, and the view on every side agreeable. On our right, the Lough of Belfast stretched away to the sea; before us ran a range of hills, all cultivated, terminating on the right in a bold headland projecting far into the bay; and at the base of this promontory lay the ancient town of Carrickfergus, with its castle washed by the waves. But, though the landscape was rich and beautiful at a distance, it did not bear close examining.

The territory belongs principally to Lord Donegal, and might be made almost a second Eden, if its proprietor were such a man as the Duke of Northumberland; but he is hopelessly embarrassed, principally by gambling debts, and has made some kind of arrangement with his son, by which the estate is partially under the control of trustees for the benefit of his creditors. Although he resides on his estates, because he has not money enough to live anywhere else, he is not thought to add much to the comfort or prosperity of the neighbourhood: the traders of Belfast consider him the worst of all customers; for, though he buys when he can get credit, the prospect of pay is almost hopeless.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

The estate of Lord Templeton, near Templepatrick, appeared to be in better condition; the ditches were clean, the hedges neatly shaven, and the fields smooth and well cultivated. Men were at work preparing drains for the fields: a necessary piece of husbandry in these islands, where moisture is in excess.

Two miles from Templepatrick lies the old town of Antrim, on the edge of Lough Neagh, the largest sheet of fresh water in the three

kingdoms, covering an area of near 100,000 acres. About a mile from the town stands one of those mysterious remains of antiquity, the Round Towers of Ireland. The Antrim tower is in good preservation, and about ninety-five feet in height. I saw a number of others in my journey through the kingdom, but shall set down here all that need be said upon them.

The origin and uses of the Round Towers seem to be wrapped in impenetrable mystery; but there is abundance of learned conjecture upon the subject. The facts in regard to them may be very briefly stated. There are about sixty of them remaining in the kingdom, in different degrees of preservation, but generally nearly sound. Their height varies from twenty-five to one hundred and thirty feet, and their diameter from twelve to eighteen feet. The only apertures are a door, at some distance from the ground, and four small windows near the top, opening towards the four cardinal points. They are very strongly built, evidently at a time of much architectural skill, as the perpendicular is very accurately maintained, and it is almost impossible to separate any portion of the walls. In a few instances they stand upon high ground, but most frequently in retired situations—sometimes even in deep valleys, and in the neighbourhood of ecclesiastical edifices.

Such are the principal facts in regard to these singular structures. Of the many antiquarian theories in regard to them, I shall allude to the most prominent. It has been affirmed that they are purely ecclesiastical buildings—perhaps belfries, from the fact of their always standing near churches or abbeys; but this opinion is untenable: their ordinary diameter would not admit the swing of a bell; and, besides, the church edifices with which they are generally connected were manifestly built at later periods. It is far more likely that the churches were built near the towers than the towers near the churches. Others suppose them to have been intended for warlike uses—for watch-towers, or something like a chain of telegraph stations round the island. This theory is sufficiently refuted by their ordinary position in low valleys; watch-towers in such situations could serve no purpose. There is no military use which the towers could possibly serve.

The opinion of many Irish antiquarians, which coincides with the popular tradition, is that the towers were originally erected for the fire-worship, said to have been brought into Ireland at a very early period by the Phœnicians. Moore advocates this theory in his History of Ireland. "As the worship of fire is known, unquestionably, to have formed a part of the ancient religion of the country, the notion that these towers were originally fire-temples appears the most probable of any that have been yet suggested. The part of the (Persian) temple called the Place of Fire is accessible only to the priest; and, on the supposition that our towers were, in like manner, temples in which the sacred flame was kept free from pollution, the singular circumstance of the entrance to them being rendered so difficult by its great height from the ground is at once satisfactorily explained." Mr. Moore farther corroborates his view by the fact that, while in no part of Continental Europe has any building of similar construction been discovered, two towers have been found in Hindostan, bearing an exact resemblance to those of Ireland. It seems to be well settled that the worship of fire was once practised in Ireland, and the Round

Towers certainly may have been connected with it, though the proof adduced in support of the theory is slender indeed.

I learned, in conversation with the Rev. Mr. Waugh, in Dublin, that a new theory has recently been started in regard to the design of the towers, which has some show of plausibility and some support in recently-discovered facts. Mr. W. informed me that excavations had been made in several of them, under the pavement, and that a human skeleton had invariably been found beneath the floor. A very intelligent lady, whose brother-in-law, a clergyman near Belfast, had caused the first of these excavations, informed me that she herself had seen the skeleton thus exhumed, on the very spot. Should farther explorations establish the universal presence of skeletons in the towers, it will go far to settle the question of their design.* It is not at all improbable that these massive pillar-towers may have been erected as the monuments of early kings or noted chieftains. In this case, like the pyramids, they will have survived the fame of the proud men whose memory they were intended to perpetuate.†

From Ballymena to Ballymoney the country is flat and uninteresting. Both these towns are engaged in the linen trade quite extensively. At Ballymoney we entered, for the first time, an Irish *jaunting car*. This curious vehicle, known only in Ireland, has two wheels, on the axle of which two carriage springs are balanced, supporting a wooden frame with seats placed longitudinally, facing on opposite sides of the machine. The feet of the passengers rest on a narrow platform outside of the wheel. It is drawn by one horse, sometimes two, tandem. Our sprightly pair carried us merrily on, about thirteen miles in an hour and a half.

A little beyond Ballymoney I noticed one of the labourer's cottages worse even than the ordinary hovels of the Irish poor that I had seen. A dirty pool, rich with manure, washed the very door-sills; fine fat ducks were dabbling in it, and children as fat and dirty were looking on. "Why in the world," said I, addressing our cheerful car-man, "do your people place their manure heap in front of the house instead of behind?" "Faith," said he, "they like the smell of it, and think it's wholesome. Our people thrive better in the dirt than other clean

* I find, in the "Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland," the following note, taken from an Irish journal: "We learn that, some time since, Mr. O'Dell, the proprietor of Admore, in the county of Waterford, intended to erect floors in the tower there, and explored the interior down to the foundation. With difficulty he removed a vast accumulation of small stones, under which were large masses of rock; and, having reached as low down as within a few inches of the external foundation, it was deemed useless and dangerous to proceed farther. A letter from Sir William Betham was forwarded to Mr. O'Dell, intimating that farther exploration would be desirable, upon which the latter gentleman, at great peril, commenced the task again. He now found another series of large rocks, so closely wedged together that it was difficult to introduce any implement. At length, a perfectly smooth floor of mortar was reached, underneath which he found a bed of mould, and under this, some feet below the outside foundation, was discovered, lying prostrate from east to west, a human skeleton."

† Eras are often marked by the prevailing style of the tombs of the great. The pyramids have been mentioned; and I may add the many lofty mounds in Asia Minor, particularly at the ancient Sardis, and on the Plains of Troy. These last struck me as remarkably as the Round Towers of Ireland, and recalled the remark of Mr. Waugh.

folks." Verily, he was not far out of the way, if ruddy cheeks and bright eyes are any tokens.

We were now approaching the object of our journey, the Giant's Causeway. Two miles from the coast lies the town of Bushmills, the property of Sir Francis M'Naghten, whose son, Colonel M'Naghten, was killed in 1841 in Cabul. The town and neighbourhood have a thriving appearance. Here we were set upon by a host of guides and boatmen, who annoyed us with their offers of service. Among them was a drunken fellow, who introduced himself as the "Irish poet, Alexander M'Millan M'Cock," and insisted that we should tell him our names, that he might make a stanza on each. We shook him off at last by the aid of a few pence, and drove on to the coast, where we found a comfortable hotel, Miss Henry's, and discharged our cars.

The afternoon was calm, and we seized the opportunity to row out to sea, turn a headland to the west, and enter the remarkable cavern, one of the greatest curiosities of the coast. We had four rowers and a gallant little boat that "rocked lightly o'er the tide." In ten minutes we doubled the perpendicular cape to our left, and a natural arch, ninety-six feet high and about twenty feet wide at the base, opened before us. It was high tide, and the heavy swells of the sea were rolling under it into a cavern which seemed of interminable length. The reverberation of the rushing waves was truly sublime. As our boat glided under the majestic portal, we could not restrain the wild hurrah; and the boatmen, catching the enthusiasm, repeated the acclamation with inspiring effect. We all paused, held our breath, and felt the slow but omnipotent swelling and sinking of the sea, as if it were the heaving of the lungs of the world.

Gliding out from the dark cavern, we rowed along the coast eastward, just near enough to have a good view of the successive ranges of well-defined basaltic columns, like palisades inserted in the face of the cliffs, which were broken into headlands and coves, and rose from 300 to 400 feet to the table-land, which gradually declined towards the country. The ranges of columnar basalt were parallel to each other, and separated by strata of sandstone and coal. Men were working the coal seams high up in the face of the cliffs.

The small coves which lie between the headlands are full of basaltic rocks; and their banks rise precipitously in the form of amphitheatres, and were covered with grass, on which flocks of sheep were feeding.

The lowest columnar formation is at the water's edge and partly covered at high tide. It is in three divisions, and the upper ends only of the columns appear, like piles of timber driven into the earth. The surface is not even, some parts being higher than others. The columns are of different shapes: a few are triangular, the majority five or six sided, and occasionlly octagonal. They are closely fitted to each other, and articulated in joints, like a nest of saucers, the joints being from twelve to thirty inches in length.

CHAPTER XLI.

IRELAND.

Dunluce Castle. Colcraine. Lough Foyle. Londonderry. Strabane. Newton-Stewart. Omagh. Leinster. Wretchedness of Peasantry. Beggars. Drogheda. Arrival at Dublin.

After leaving Bushmills, we turned aside from the road to Coleraine to see the ruins of Dunluce Castle, of old the residence of the Earls of Antrim. There is nothing remarkable about the ruin but its position on an insulated rock, washed by the sea, and divided from the mainland by a chasm, varying from 50 to 100 feet deep, and from 30 to 100 wide. An hour's drive brought us to Coleraine, the second town in the county Derry, famous for its excellent manufacture of linens. The weaving, however, is not done to any extent by power-looms, but principally by the peasants of the neighbourhood in their cottages, so that the place has not the air of a manufacturing town. It is said to be an improving place, and there is need of it, for there is but one good street, and even in that grass is growing in some places. But it has a more decent appearance than the towns generally in the county Antrim. I found that the decayed condition of many parts of the town was attributed to the nature of the leases on which the property was held; most of it, as, indeed, a great part of the county, being held under a grant made by the crown, in the early part of the seventeenth century, to a company of London merchants. All over Great Britain and Ireland may be seen the miserable results of the oppressive tenures under which property is held from titled families and chartered companies. There can be no real, permanent prosperity for the poorer classes, until, in some way or other, a distribution of landed property is made. May the legislators of England learn wisdom from the bitter experience of their French neighbours, and not put off this great work until the people take it into their own hands.

The route from Coleraine to Londonderry has nothing of special interest. The country improves beyond Newton-Limovaddy—the bog-land disappears; and as we passed, the reapers were gathering an abundant harvest. Lough Foyle affords some pretty views. A ridge of highland runs directly towards it, increasing in height until it terminates in a precipitous headland, looking down upon the land-locked lake. They call it a mountain; but there is nothing in Ireland to which a Switzer or an Alleghanian would give the name.

Londonderry is finely situated on the Foyle, which is navigable, at high tide, for vessels of 1000 tons. There is a beautiful bridge over the river, 1000 feet long, built by Mr. L. Cox, of Boston, Mass., who has erected several other bridges of the kind in Ireland. The city is built on a hill falling off on the east and north towards the river, which makes a bold sweep around the town. The surrounding country is beautifully diversified with hill and valley, highly cultivated, and adorned with many handsome country-seats. The old gray walls still surround the town proper, which is compactly built, yet not crowded within them, and even the suburbs are neatly built.

There is none of the appearance of wretchedness, so common in Irish towns, to be seen at Londonderry. It has the air of a prosperous place, and everybody seemed to be employed and contented.

Though there are no manufactures of importance in Londonderry, it is a place of considerable trade. It is the point of departure for most of the emigrants from the north of Ireland to America. The principal exports are grain, butter, and provisions generally. The amount of exports is over a million sterling per annum, and the trade is said to be increasing. Londonderry is a bishop's see—and a wealthy one, too—now held by one of the English Ponsonby family. But a small part of the population are Roman Catholics.

Leaving Londonderry, we kept along the Foyle for several miles. The country was low, but well cultivated, and the people appeared healthy and comfortable. The town of Strabane, in the county Tyrone, is an apparently flourishing place, though not remarkably neat. It carries on a brisk linen trade. The whole town belongs to the estate of the Marquis of Abercorn. Passing through the vast domain of that nobleman, we came to the little town of Newton-Stewart, pleasantly situated on the Strule. Some seven miles farther on lies Omagh, the county town of Tyrone, whose principal street runs down the side of a steep and inconvenient hill. As far as this place the road was fine and much travelled. We met many carts laden with butter and provisions, on their way to Derry. Beyond Omagh the road was not so good, nor did the country present the same indications of prosperity.

Stopping all night at Castle Blaney, in the county Monaghan, we took seats on the outside of the Dublin coach at nine o'clock in the morning. An intelligent physician sat by my side, and talked freely and sensibly about the condition of Ireland. I found his opinions in regard to the causes of the wretchedness of the country to be like those of most men in the middle ranks of life in Ireland, ascribing it to the unequal division of property, to absenteeism, to the peculiar improvidence of the Irish character, and to the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion. I shall allude to this point again in another place.

I did not need to be told when we passed out of the province of Ulster into Leinster. Miserable mud cabins, more wretched than I could have conceived, soon convinced me that the accounts which I had often read of the condition of the Irish peasantry, and which I had supposed to be generally exaggerated, did not tell half the truth. No description could. Had I left Ireland after visiting Ulster alone, I should have had no conception of the depth of poverty and wretchedness in which this noble population is sunk.

The number of beggars increased with every mile of our advance southward. At Drogheda they surrounded us in swarms. Their quick wit and ready replies were characteristic. They soon discovered that we were strangers in Ireland. Most of the passengers paid little attention to their clamorous entreaties, and they directed all attacks towards us. A few pennies brought a shower of blessings upon our heads.

The custom which I have mentioned as prevalent in England with hotel-keepers and coach-proprietors, of letting their servants loose upon travellers, instead of paying their wages themselves, is found also in Ireland. The sum thus extorted amounts, I think, to full twenty-five per cent. of the fare at the hotels and upon the roads; at London-

derry, for instance, our bill was nine shillings, and fees to servants four shillings. From Londonderry to Dublin, the gratuities to coachmen, guards, &c., amounted to one fourth of the passage money.

We reached Dublin at seven o'clock in the evening. The northern approach is the worst—through lanes of dirty hovels and thatched cabins—but when you get into the city, it is like passing from darkness into light.

CHAPTER XLII.

IRELAND.

Dublin. View from Carlisle Bridge. Public Buildings. Trinity College. Phœnix Park. Beggars. Temperance Reform. Sunday in Dublin. Route to Limerick. Peasantry. Hovels. The Pig. Round Tower. Rock of Duanmase. Limerick. The New Town. A Walk through the Old Town. Chapel. Filth and Poverty. The River Shannon.

Dublin is indeed a beautiful city. Its squares, its parks, some of its streets and public buildings, are unrivalled in the British dominions. It lies upon both sides of the little River Liffey, about a mile from its mouth, in the beautiful Bay of Dublin: and eight bridges over the stream add not a little to the beauty of the town. On the south and west the environs are delightful; a fine range of hills, extending south-eastwardly to the coast, with adjacent lowlands, studded with villas, makes a pretty view from any elevated point of the city. Dublin is much better built than London, in proportion to the size of the two cities: there are fewer wretched streets and squalid houses in it; and more streets in which taste and architectural skill are exhibited.

Hardly in any city is there a finer view that that from Carlisle bridge, the lowest on the Liffey. To the north, Sackville-street, two hundred feet wide, exposes its lofty ranges of buildings, the column of Nelson, and the noble Ionic portico of the postoffice. Westmoreland-street opens on the south, flanked by the chaste edifice occupied by the Bank of Ireland; farther south appears the granite front of Trinity College, with its Corinthian portico; westward you look up the Liffey, adorned with bridges, and enclosed on each side by well-built granite walls, and bordered by interminable ranges of building; while to the east, the majestic front of the custom-house overlooks the stream, which expands towards the estuary, where a forest of masts appears in the distance.

Many of the public edifices of Dublin deserve minute description, but I must pass them by. Trinity College is one of the most wealthy institutions of learning in Europe, and has buildings and accommodations superior to any except those of Oxford and Cambridge. The buildings consist of three separate quadrangles of granite, each enclosing a green. East of the college is a park of about twenty acres, for the recreation of the students on the books, but many of them are non-residents. The library, of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, is arranged in a noble room two hundred and twenty feet long, and over forty broad.

Dublin is celebrated for its public squares, among which are St.

Stephen's Green, Merion Square, Mount-joy Square, &c., all neatly laid out, and adding greatly to the beauty and healthfulness of the place. But the pride of the city is Phœnix Park, and well it may be. Seventeen hundred acres of ground, enclosed with a stone wall, affords such a pleasure-ground, as no other city in Europe can boast. Smooth roads traverse it in every direction; old forest trees are there, and newly-planted ones are springing up; ravines, in their native wildness, entangled with furze and hawthorn, and green plots, with walks and blooming flowers, make it a lovely scene indeed. Herds of beautiful cattle and fine deer roam in it at pleasure. The best of it is that it is open to all comers, who may ride, drive, or walk where they please. In the midst of the park are the mansions of the lord-lieutenant and of the chief secretary; also an institution for the education of sons of soldiers, and many neat little lodges for the porters and keepers. A part of it is also appropriated for a zoological garden.

Dublin, then, is a beautiful city; but there is a sad drawback. While you pass along Sackville-street, or St. Stephen's Green, admiring the aristocratic mansions before you, upon the side-walk, or upon the very stone steps of some splendid building, you see beggars in rags and filth, in comparison to which the wretchedness of other lands is comfort. Miserable women, carrying still more miserable children, arrest you at every turn with their plaintive lamentations or their clamorous demands. Men of strong frames, but gaunt with hunger, beg charity of you for the love of God. Coming from a land where begging is almost unknown, I could hardly enjoy the fine sights of Dublin, amid the squalid wretchedness of the mendicants that thronged its showy streets. The inhabitants of the city are used to it; and seldom did I even see the most importunate beggar aided by charity from a native hand. God help the wretched poor of Ireland: man, it seems, can or will do little for them.

In the suburbs of Dublin you may notice over the door of many a little hovel, "A. B., licensed to retail spirits, ale, and beer." I saw the same kind of notice in similar districts of every Irish town I visited. Even at Londonderry its prevalence was remarkable. I asked an intelligent citizen of the place whether Father Matthew had been there. "No, sir, he never enters a diocese without the consent of the bishop, nor a parish without that of the priest: the priests of Londonderry, under the influence, it is supposed, of some rich distillers, refused their consent." I have been happy to see, elsewhere, the Catholic priests cordially co-operating with Father Mathew in his benevolent enterprise.

I spent a Sunday in Dublin, and a delightful Sunday it was. The Abbey-street Wesleyan Chapel presented as fine a congregation, as well dressed and intelligent in appearance, as I had seen in Europe. The Methodist Church has about one thousand five hundred members in the city, with nine church edifices, counting the beautiful one now erecting on St. Stephen's Green. I found an Irish welcome among them; and that is everything that need be said to characterize a generous hospitality. I was much indebted to the Rev. Mr. Waugh for his kindness during our stay in Dublin.

Our route from Dublin to Limerick took us through the counties of Kildare, Queen's, and Tipperary, containing some of the most wretched and unsettled districts in the kingdom. The towns were of the same description, only much more filthy, and with a population

much more ragged and miserable than those we had seen north of Dublin. There are generally a few good houses in the centre of the town; but the cross streets and lanes are lined with wretched, thatched hovels, without floors, with but one window, and generally with a dungheap before the door. Out of the large towns I do not recollect having seen, on the roads or about the peasants' huts, any persons, male or female, whose clothes seemed to have been made for them; all were old, patched, and ragged, apparently the refuse of Monmouth-street. The women were generally barefooted and barelegged; and many of the children had hardly even rags to cover their nakedness. Yet, amid all their destitution and all their filth, I never saw a more ruddy, healthful, and apparently cheerful population. The interior of the Irish peasant's cabin is even worse than I had imagined. Furniture, properly so called, they have none: an old chair, a broken table, and a few pieces of crockery, with straw for the "childer's beds," make a very respectable establishment. In one cabin I saw "the pig"—weighing, perhaps, two hundred pounds—lying in the middle of the floor, and affording a comfortable footstool to an old man who sat by in a rickety chair. By-the-way, I have corrected my foolish notions about pigs in peasants' cabins. I used to think it a mark of poverty and degradation to see his swinish majesty stretched upon the same earth floor with the women and children; but I have learned that his presence is a sign of superior comfort and prosperity. The pig eats what the children cannot; and, when fattened, is not killed to make dainty food for the family, but sold to pay the "rint." Pity is it, indeed, of the poor labourer who has no pig, and has to feed his family and pay his rent out of his pittance of tenpence a day for wages.

At Kildare we saw another of the ancient Round Towers, in a high state of preservation. It stands, as many of these mysterious buildings do, near the ruins of an old church, and being one hundred and thirty feet high, is a prominent object for many miles round.

In passing from Monastereven to Maryborough, in Queen's county, we passed the Rock of Dunamase, crowded with the ruins of an old castle of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, which was demolished in the time of Cromwell. The most flourishing town on the road from Dublin to Limerick is Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary; there is a military barrack, and the place seems to enjoy a good deal of trade. Yet, with the exception of the business streets in the centre of the town, it is nothing but a collection of filthy hovels.

We reached Limerick at ten o'clock at night, and I succeeded in obtaining a sofa bed at Truce's Hotel. The house was full; but, as it was well kept, we had no cause of complaint.

Limerick lies at the head of the estuary of the Shannon, about sixty miles from the Atlantic. It is divided into two parts, the Old and New Town, by a branch of the Shannon. The contrast between the filth and wretchedness of the two divisions is even stronger than at Edinburgh. The New Town has grown up within the last sixty years, and contains all the places of business and the residences of the wealthy inhabitants. The principal street is wide and well built; there are many dwellings of considerable pretensions, and the shops are very well furnished. The trade of Limerick is flourishing, the annual exports being estimated at about a million sterling.

I traversed the whole of the Old Town. At six o'clock in the morn-

ing, crossing the Shannon by the lower bridge, I found myself in a miserable suburb on the opposite side, worse than the worst in Dublin. An humble Catholic chapel stood in the midst of a collection of mud hovels, and the poor people were thronging into it for morning prayers. I went in and saw them kneeling on the rude stone pavement, some half naked, and others covered only with rags. Poor wretches, how I pitied them. It was consoling to see that they could at least look for a better world, if they could have no joy in this. They derive comfort from the very cause of much of their ignorance and wretchedness—the Roman Catholic religion. I remained until the priest, whose tattered robes were in keeping with the appearance of his flock, had finished the service, and the miserable worshippers departed. Passing on to the upper bridge, we crossed it into the Old Town. I had often thought that Radicals and Repealers exaggerated their statements of Irish distress, and that the pictures of tourists were always too deeply shaded, but after what I saw that day I shall hardly dare to disbelieve any thing on the subject. The whole truth *cannot* be told; and could the disgusting recital be made, no man would believe, that had not seen the like with his own eyes. I walked up and down those dismal lanes until I was sick at stomach and at heart; I stepped to the doors of the wretched huts, and talked with the still more wretched inmates; and what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, I will not venture to narrate. In whole streets there was not a hut with any other than an earthen floor; few of them had any door but the one opening upon the narrow street; and windows and glass are luxuries unknown. In most of the houses at which I stopped there was neither bed nor table; the furniture generally consisted of a broken chair or two and a rude box or barrel. Even straw was a rarity. Yards or gardens there were none: all the filth of these thronged dwellings was thrown into the little streets, of some twelve or twenty feet wide. Let it be recollected that all these hovels, and there are hundreds and hundreds of them, are closely packed with men, women, and children, and the reader may have some faint idea of the condition of the streets in the Old Town of Limerick.

The Shannon is the finest river in the British Isles. Its length, from its source in Lough Allan to the Atlantic, is about 240 miles; and for great part of this distance it is deep enough to admit of navigation by small steamers, with a little artificial assistance by short canals. The Irish people glory in the Shannon; and to people who know nothing more of rivers than can be learned by actual observation in the United Kingdom, it is indeed a mighty stream. To those, however, who are familiar with the majestic rivers of our Western World, it is but a small affair. I believe if all the running waters in Great Britain and Ireland were poured at once into the Mississippi, in the time of the spring floods, fifty miles above New-Orleans, the good people of that city would not know that anything unusual had happened. I made a remark like this in the presence of a company of intelligent English gentlemen, and it was amusing to see the incredulous expression which every face around the dinner-table assumed. It was set down, of course, as a fair specimen of Yankee exaggeration. Englishmen are unwilling to believe anything of any country, that goes much beyond the standard of things around them at home. In general, too, they are strangely ignorant of the geogra-

phy, and statistics, and actual condition of other countries. In regard to America this ignorance is intense, even in classes of society where better things are naturally expected. Mrs. Trollope is quite an oracle among them on American affairs.

CHAPTER XLIII.

KILLARNEY.

Killarney. Victoria Hotel. No Bedroom. The Lakes. Muckruss Abbey. A Resting-place. Peasant Girl. The Upper Lake. The Channel. The Eagle's Nest. Echoes. Weir's Bridge. Turk Lake. The Lower Lake. Ross Island. Innisfallen Island. Lord Kenmare. Evils of Ireland.

From Limerick we went immediately to Killarney. The road lay, for the first thirty miles, through a level country, rich, but generally ill cultivated. There were fine seats, dirty villages, old abbeys, Roman Catholic churches, and miserable peasants. Below Newcastle we travelled for some miles amid vast but gentle swells of bog land covered with heather. Castle Island, in the County Kerry, a broken-down village, contains the ruins of an old castle built in the thirteenth century. The country from Castle Island to Killarney is more varied and picturesque than above. I had the good fortune to have the company of an intelligent lady from Belfast, who had much acquaintance with Ireland, and had very correct views, as I thought, of its present condition. Our talk at last turned on America, of which I found she had no other notions than she had learned from Mrs. Trollope. Arriving at Killarney, which is a pretty good town, as towns go in Ireland, of some 8000 inhabitants, we at once took a jaunting-car down to the Lower Lake, a few miles distant, and took up our abode at the Victoria Hotel, beautifully situated on a green that slopes down to the edge of the water. But it was one thing to get into the house and quite another to get beds, as every room was occupied. After some bustle and many kind words, the landlady discovered that the sitting-room of a party visiting the lake could be stolen for us, after they had retired for the night; and cots were soon arranged for us in their neat little parlour. We slept soundly, but were called rather early in the morning to make way for the breakfast-table of the rightful occupants. I doubt whether they knew, when they sat down to their dainty morning's repast, that not an hour before their breakfast-room had been occupied as a bedchamber. But agreeables and disagreeables are brought into close proximity in Ireland. The centre of a showy town, the nobleman's mansion, or the seat of a rapacious middleman, are often not five minutes' walk from the most revolting scenes of human wretchedness.

The lakes of Killarney lie in a semicircle around the base of a range of mountains, the highest in Ireland, called Macgillicuddy's Reeks, whose moss-covered sides and towering peaks add greatly to the charms of this beautiful spot. The lakes are three in number: the Lower Lake, Turk Lake, and Upper Lake. The two former are properly one sheet of water, being on the same level, but nearly separated from each other by a promontory that juts out from Muck

russ. The two latter, three miles apart, are connected by a long, winding channel. Our hotel lay upon the northern shore of the Lower Lake; but as the best views are to be obtained by taking boat at the upper or southern extremity, we made our arrangements for a car to convey us to Dina's Island, at the end of Turk Lake, engaging a boat and rowers to meet us there. After an early breakfast we set off, and enjoyed what is rather rare at Killarney, a fine day, with a slighly hazy sky; the very atmosphere for the enjoyment of lake scenery.

Before arriving at Dina's Island, we turned in from the road to see the ruins of Muckruss Abbey, which lie upon Mr. Herbert's grounds, near the edge of the Upper Lake. Entering the grounds through a neat iron gate, we found a clean gravel road leading to within a hundred yards of the ruins, which are surrounded by fine old trees, with their roots twisted about the moss-grown rocks. A crumbling square tower still rises above the old walls, some of which remain in pretty good preservation. A thick mantle of ivy throws a richness and softness over the whole ruin: a perfectly-preserved Gothic window in the northern wall was overhung with its deep-green masses. One of the chapels is filled with vaults raised a few feet above the ground, covered with a tangled growth of flowers and ivy. I had seen the costly tombs of Pere la Chaise; I had stood among the monuments of the dead in old cathedrals and gorgeons Pantheons; but never before had I seen a spot which inspired me with a wish that my last resting-place might be *there*. Around me lay the graves of Irish chieftains in the chapel where, centuries before, the prayers of holy men had been offered night and morning; and now its shattered walls were covered with flowers, where bees gathered sweetness, and seemed, with their soft hum that filled the quiet air, to prolong the requiem for the departed. In one of the courts was one of the finest yew-trees I had ever seen. Its old arms stretched over the walls, and the upper branches formed a green dome for the entire court.

The ruins, especially of ecclesiastical edifices, in Ireland, lie generally amid scenes of great natural beauty. The old unworldly fathers certainly had an open eye for the loveliness of the earth.

We left the abbey, and returned to the road through Mr. Herbert's beautiful grounds. Just as we entered the car, a little girl of twelve or thirteen ran up to us with pears to sell; and though the car moved on rapidly, she kept up with us with ease, urging us to purchase. Unfortunately, I had no small money, and I told her so; when she replied, in a breath, "*May your honour's word niver be doubted.*" We stopped, took her fruit, and promised to leave the money with the driver; and her ready acquisence in the arrangement showed that she was willing to trust our "honour's word." Arriving at Dina's Island, we found our boat ready, embarked, passed through the channel, and in an hour were in the Upper Lake. Closely hemned in by the mountains—clothed nearly to their summits with rich purple heather—and thickly studded with islands, some of them naked rocks, and others covered with rich flowering shrubs, noble ash trees, and, more striking than all, the beautiful arbutus, this little lake combine, a variety of lovely scenes that cannot be surpassed. Throughout all the lakes, nothing struck me more than the wonderful richness of the foliage and the bloom of the wild flowers. The arbutus, elsewhere but a shrub, here often becomes a large tree, and, with its

many coloured leaves and tempting berries, adds greatly to the beauty of the little islands on which it flourishes so luxuriantly. A number of neat cottages built by the proprietors around the banks of the lake add to the picturesque effect.

The narrow channel between the Upper and Turk Lakes affords a pleasing variety of river scenery. The Eagle's Nest, however, is the great point of attraction; it is a rugged mountain, some twelve hundred feet high, in whose craggy peaks the golden eagle has his eyrie. One of the finest echoes for which Killarney is so celebrated is heard at this point. We had two buglemen with us, and their sonorous notes awoke a thousand echoes from the winding hills, that prolonged the sounds with magical effect. A cannon was fired upon shore, and its continued reverberations were like bursts of thunder among the mountains. Passing down the channel, we approached Weir's Bridge, a picturesque old structure, thrown accross the stream near its mouth in Turk Lake. The channel runs with great rapidity; and, as there is but one passage for boats, it sweeps wildly through this narrow way, and some skill is required to effect the shoot without accident. One of our company, who had the helm, was hardly quick enough in his movements, and the boat was hurled with such violence against a projecting rock as to throw one of the boatmen off his balance, and almost to give us all a plunge into the rapid stream. At last we shot through, and soon emerged into the open lake below.

Turk lake is less striking than the Upper Lake, but yet abounds in beauty. But the charms of the Lower Lake eclipsed both of the others. What a sweet spot is Glena, with Lady Kenmare's pretty cottage, embowered with shrubs and flowers, by the water side, and the high peak of the mountain behind it! But the chief attractions of the lake are the island of Innisfallen and Ross Island. The approach to the latter by water affords a more exquisite scene than I remember on any of the lakes of Switzerland; but Innisfallen is a perfect paradise. Its noble ash and yew trees, its thickets of arbutus, its wilderness of flowers, its sunny lawns and shaded dells, and the crumbling ruins of its old abbey, make up a scene of varied loveliness, within a compass of thirty acres, that cannot be rivalled, I believe, in the world. I could hardly tear myself away from the spot, and adopted heartily the words of Moore:

> "Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
> May calm and sunshine long be thine:
> How fair thou art let others tell,
> While but to *feel* how fair is mine.
>
> Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
> And long may light around thee smile.
> As soft as on that evening fell
> When first I saw thy fairy isle."

I had but one day to spend at Killarney, and could have enjoyed weeks; but our plans could not be altered, and we reluctantly bade adieu to the lakes and returned to our hotel.

On the east of the lakes are the domains of Mr. Herbert and of Lord Kenmare. To the latter the town of Killarney belongs; and I was disposed to form a bad opinion of him from the pauperism and

wretchedness that I saw there, until I learned that the land is held by others under long leases. His domains generally seem to be improving; and, though many of the poor in the neighbourhood speak ill of him, I was told that he was making judicious exertions for the benefit of his people. This, of course, can be only said of him in comparison with others. A man that derives £40,000 a year from an estate, by means of the toil of his fellows, is bound to do a great deal for their comfort. It was a repulsive feature in all the fine domains about Killarney that they were encompassed by high walls, their paradisiacal beauty being thus kept out of sight of the wretched peasantry around. The lake shore cannot be seen except by permission to pass through the grounds of some of the rich proprietors. The boat that carried us over the lakes brings revenue to the Lord Kenmare. A noble crew we had: fine, full-chested fellows, with bright eyes and ready tongues; and my heart bled for them, toiling so willingly for their pittance of tenpence a day. Yet they are full of the sense of wrong: God forbid that it should ever be ground out of them! "We lead a dog's life here, so we do; and it'll never be better," said one of them, sadly, as, with his fellows, he was rowing us over their own beautiful lake. He spoke truth. At all events, it will never be better until the soil of Ireland shall be restored to Irishmen.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CORK.

Stage-coach. Want of Courtesy among Travellers. Conversation. Opinions of America. Mrs. Trollope. The Lee. Cork. Appearance of the City. Father Mathew. Taking the pledge. The Temperance Reform in Ireland. Adhesion of the Catholics. Conversation. Effects of the Reform. Question as to its Permanence. Dependent on their Political Regeneration.

Leaving Killarney for Cork in the mail-coach, I took my usual favourite seat aloft. Beside me was a well-dressed, blooming young lady—a rare companionship on the outside of a coach; but she had two children with her, and room could not be made for them within. A little attention on the part of my friend C. and myself was necessary to place them comfortably upon the seat, and she expressed her thanks very warmly for a civility so unusual. I say unusual, for the courtesy to ladies which is universal at home, among all classes of society, is unknown on the public roads of Great Britain. No man, of any condition, in America, would retain an inside seat in a coach if any woman, even the poorest, were exposed to the weather without; But I have seen passengers in English coaches secure their own comfort, in more ways than one, at the expense of all their fellow-travellers, ladies not excepted. So far as the manifestations of little courtesy and kindnesses go, there can be no comparison between the passengers in public conveyances in the two countries.

I found my lady companion very agreeable and intelligent. She was well acquainted with Ireland, and felt the wrongs and wretchedness of her country. I found, too, that she was familiar with the best writers of our own country, at least those of the lighter class. She

appreciated, justly, the merits of Irving, Cooper, and Willis, but talked with some severity of the bad taste and bad manners of the latter, in giving details of private conversations and accounts of private society which he had enjoyed in England. This kind of reproof my pleasant countryman has often received. I found the lady, like almost all others who had read of America at all, had made Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans her text-book; and she seemed surprised when I told her it was freely circulated in America, and as freely laughed at. After telling her what we thought of Mrs. T., I also told her a little of what we *knew*; and my revelations in regard to Mrs. T.'s speculations in trade at Cincinnati, her failure in business, and the kindness of the people in bestowing charity upon her, astonished her, as well they might, with the vulgar woman's base ingratitude. At home, we are so much accustomed to the ingratitude and mendacity of English tourists, at least those of the lower order, that we can be surprised at no manifestations of it. Of course, the representations of these writers are generally believed in England; but I found that nothing but clear, honest accounts were necessary to set the people right.

The approach to Cork showed us nothing remarkable except a relic of barbarity on the banks of the Lee, the treadmill in active operation. A prettier and more natural sight was a company of well-formed lads bathing in the clear waters of the little river; but, what would seem odd enough in any other country, a couple of sprightly lassies of thirteen or fourteen were enjoying the same luxury not a hundred yards off, while a bevy of their playmates, full of glee, kept watch for them on the grassy bank. We found no miserable suburbs in entering the city, and were delighted with the first glance of this well-built, thriving town.

Cork is a very ancient place, dating its origin as far back as the ninth century; but there are few or no remains of ancient architecture. Its present appearance is that of a commercial town; the streets are wide and clean in the centre of the the town; the houses more generally respectable than is common in a place of the size; and there is no painful contrast of splendour and squalor, as in Dublin. Not that there is not poverty and misery enough, but it is certainly less obvious than in any town I saw in the south of Ireland. There are no public buildings worth mentioning. The situation of the town is highly picturesque: and the heights that surround it, especially on the left bank of the river, present a lovely appearance, the deep hues of the woods blending with the light green of the lawns surrounding the pretty villas that stud the range of hills for the distance of a mile and a half. It is equal, if not superior, to the heights around Havre.

But among all the attractions at Cork, the Rev. Theobald Mathew, the apostle of temperance in Ireland, was to me the most attractive: and I had the good fortune to find him at his own house, just returned from Limerick. In reply to a letter which I sent him, he sent word that he would be pleased to see me at any hour. I waited on him at half past six o'clock. Upon entering the narrow hall of his plain, but commodious house, I found the room on the ground floor full of very humble people, standing around a secretary, who was making a most vehement speech to them on the benefits of temperance. He was showing how it increased the power of physical endurance, and illus-

trated it by a boat-race which had just taken place between three crews: one of whiskey drinkers, one of ale or beer drinkers, and one of cold-water drinkers. As he advanced in his animated declamation, he raised his huge fist aloft, saying, "The teetotallers came out first, the ale drinkers next, and the nasty, dirty, rum-and-whiskey drinkers last," which declaration he confirmed by bringing down his lion's paw with tremendous weight upon the huge record book containing the four millions of names of those who have taken the pledge from Father Mathew. It really was a novel and interesting scene.

I soon learned that the secretary was entertaining the crowd until Father Mathew could come down from his tea and administer the pledge to them. In a few minutes he came down, and having spoken to us with much kindness, he turned to the motley group, and asked if they wished to take the pledge. They came forward *en masse* and kneeled down before him. He said, "It is all for your good; many now are decent, well clad, and comfortable, who before they took the pledge, were naked, hungry, and wretched; say after me, 'I promise, by Divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and, by my example and advice, to endeavour to prevail on others to do the same.'" He then added, "May God give you grace to keep your promise; may God grant you all temporal and spiritual blessings." Then putting his hand on the head of each, he said, "God bless you." They rose from their knees, and he directed their names to be inscribed in the great book.

We witnessed the same scene next morning at ten o'clock in the same room. It was always full when he is in town, and a secretary is in waiting to record the names. The general impression is, that it is more sacred and binding to take the pledge from Father Mathew than from any other. Hence but few take it of others, and always take it again of Father Mathew, whenever he comes within from ten to thirty miles of them. There were persons present when we were in the room who had come thirty miles to take the pledge. He informed us that he had seen thirty thousand people kneeling before him at once in the open fields, and their repeating the pledge was like little thunder—like the sound of many waters. The pledge is understood to be *perpetual*, and the party may not dissolve the obligation at pleasure. He may disregard and violate it, as some do, but he cannot, as we express it, *withdraw*. There is evidently a religious obligation attached to the pledge, founded, to some extent, in the authority and sanctity of the party administering it, as well as the consent of the party taking it. This impression on the mind of the taker of the pledge is strengthened by the fact, that Father Mathew has no pastoral charge, and is not subject to any bishop or ecclesiastical authority in Ireland; but is, by special letter from the pope, *commissary apostolic* for Ireland, that he may prosecute his great work without let or hindrance from any church dignitary.

Thus the sanction of the pope is indirectly obtained to the cause of temperance in Ireland. I learned *these* facts at the table of Father Mathew from his brother, who sat next me, and from him also. Yet, so judicious is this truly benevolent man, that he will not enter the diocese of any Catholic bishop without his consent. I inquired of him why he was thus forbearing, when the people clamoured for his presence; and his answer was, that the success of the cause depended very much upon the countenance of the clergy, and he was anxious to avoid

producing discord in the Church. Upon particular inquiry, I learned from him that the Catholic Clergy were not generally favourable to the movement, as it seemed to imply the inefficiency of their influence and preaching, to suppose that a pledge was farther necessary to bind their flocks to temperate living; and, farther, the general adoption of the pledge by the people would lead them to condemn the practices of their priests. The Protestant clergy take no active part in the enterprise, but they are not opposed to it, as the movement is almost exclusively confined to Catholics, in the pledge form. Yet some of the dignitaries of the Established Church have been requested to give their sanction; and Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, declined, on the ground that the Gospel is sufficient, without a pledge, to restrain men from intemperance. I presume it might be, if his lordship and all others would preach it as did the Master and his apostles, and denounce, in such terms as are suitable, all intemperance and vice. But until they do this, they ought not to impede the good others would do.

I had as yet seen Father Mathew only by candle-light, when Mr. C. and myself took a cup of coffee with him, and, as he said, a company of teetotallers—ladies and gentlemen. After the party broke up, he walked with us to our hotel, taking each of us by the arm, and invited all of us to come and take breakfast with him next morning at nine o'clock. Of course we accepted the invitation, and as it was Friday, we had a meatless breakfast; but everything else, eggs, butter, honey, toast, bread, hot cakes, tea, coffee, chocolate, and nobody to interrupt our conversation. I had a good opportunity of observing the person of this remarkable man. He is little above the ordinary size, well built, square, and firm; aquiline nose, fresh colour, and a countenance expressive of benevolence and decision; very agreeable and even bland in his manners, with a most winning kindness of address. There is nothing of the Franciscan monk in his appearance: without being corpulent, he is in full health and flesh, and very neatly dressed. He would have been distinguished in some other way, if not in the most excellent of all ways, in benefiting the miserable population of his country by suppressing intemperance.

He showed us many little ballads, addresses, songs, &c., which had been published by various persons and societies, and gave us all a copy of each. He also presented each of us with a silver medal, about the size of a dollar, beautifully executed; on one side a company kneeling around him, taking the pledge, while he holds out his right hand towards them, and says, "May God bless you, and grant you strength, and grace to keep your promise." On the reverse, a cross, with rays of light, under which are, "He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" (Acts, chap. xxiv., verse 25,) surrounded with a wreath, containing the inscription, "The Apostle of Temperance"—referring to Father Mathew himself. I prize it highly, and shall bequeath it as a legacy to my children.

There are inferior medals struck, which are sold for a shilling each, and these produce money enough to pay all his expenses, and probably defray the expense of building a very magnificent marble church, now in course of erection in Cork. He took us to see it; he calls it *his church.*

I have said the Protestant clergy do not generally take any part in his temperance movements. But there are exceptions. He showed us a letter from a young Scotch clergyman, who had kneeled to him and

taken the pledge when he was in Glasgow, some weeks before, where he had administered it to thirty thousand in two days. From what we saw when we were there afterward, thirty thousand more ought to take it. The clergyman's letter was written in a truly catholic spirit.

Just before we parted, Father Mathew remarked, "I should like to administer the pledge to *you* all." But our American feelings of voluntary and personal obligation had the mastery, and we made no reply. Yet I am satisfied the pledge, in the form of religious obligation and priestly sanction, is necessary to Ireland, perhaps to Catholics everywhere.

No man, who does not choose to be blind, can pass through Ireland without seeing the good effects of temperance among the great mass of the people. I saw only a few persons drunk, or even disguised. The falling off in the excise duty shows a reduction in the consumption of whiskey from eleven to six millions of gallons in 1841; a circumstance noticed by the Lord-chancellor of England, while he said the loss of the revenue was a matter of moral congratulation. So said the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, whose property in Edgeworthtown had ceased to yield its accustomed rents, owing to the progress of temperance; for many of the houses had been rented for grog-shops. I have this from Father Mathew himself.

The gentry of Ireland are not opposed to the reform, though they do not assist it; they see its benefits to the poor people, and hence are glad of it. But they themselves still hold on to their whiskey punch and sherry wine. It is something not to oppose. The most violent opposition comes from the distillers, who often send the neighbouring priests a cask or so, and who generally have all the grog-houses under their control, by paying the rent, and putting a tenant in to sell their fire-waters. Mr. Mathew mentioned a single distilling establishment in Cork which paid £6000 per annum, or nearly 30,000 dollars rent for the thousands of wretched grog-shops through the country where their liquors were retailed. But the cause is onward, and it is hoped will triumph. No one, I believe, attaches any sinister motives to Father Mathew.

The beneficial results of the Temperance reform in Ireland are not only seen in the general absence of intoxication among the people, but also confirmed by the great falling off in the revenues from the spirit duty. Father Mathew's efforts commenced in the spring of 1838. In 1839 the spirit duty amounted to over £1,400,000: in 1840, to only a little over £1,000,000; a reduction of nearly a third in two years. The spirit duty in Scotland, for three millions of inhabitants, was, in 1840, over a million and a half sterling; one half more than that paid in Ireland for eight millions of people. The change is, indeed, almost miraculous.

It is a question with many whether this reform can be permanent. So far it has worked admirably, the proportion of violations of the pledge being not near so great as in the United States. But so far the movement has been onward; it has all the energy of an aggressive power, all the buoyancy of youth, all the attraction of novelty. But will the effects remain when the novelty is over? Will men adhere to their temperance pledge when Father Mathew's voice can no longer animate them; when the bustle of mass meetings, the din of temperance trumpets, the pomp of processions, the novelty of medals shall

all have subsided? This is indeed, a grave and difficult question, and I can only answer it hypothetically. Should there be no improvement in the political and economical condition of Ireland; should she continue oppressed and degraded as she has been under British misrule; should the high hopes of national, or, at least, provincial independence, which now swells the hearts of the people, be doomed to disappointment, then, indeed, will it be impossible for any social reform to live in Irish soil. If the people *must* be miserable, it will be impossible to keep them from the vice that was at once the cause and the solace of many of their ills. But if, on the other hand, there shall be a political regeneration of the Irish people, I believe it will be found that the majestic self-control which they have manifested in bursting at once the chains of an indulgence which seemed incorporated with the national character, is but a feeble indication of the moral elevation to which they may be raised. Hitherto they have been an anomaly among men. Brave to a fault, they have bowed their necks to an oppressive yoke for ages; generous beyond example, they have been their own worst enemies; kind and affectionate to a proverb, they have cherished enmities and feuds among themselves that have caused continual strife and bloodshed; energetic and enterprising, they have sunk to the very depths of poverty and degradation. But many of these inconsistencies many find their solution in the bondage which they have endured—not patiently, but with the constant remembrance of past wrongs, and a constant yearning for the day of vengeance. Men cannot develope a moral character in slavery; and, least of all, in a slavery like that of the Irish, which gives them the semblance of freedom, and allows them to cherish the hope of its reality.

On the other hand, if the moral regeneration of the Irish depends upon their physical and political condition, it is also true that the latter may be much accelerated by the beginning that has been made in the former. The prevalence of temperate habits, even for one generation, will make the mass of the Irish nation a different race. Hitherto they have been degraded even beneath British contempt; to *fear* the efforts of such a people never entered the mind of a British legislator. It has been safe to deny the rights of a wild, quarrelsome, and brutal people. But should these people cast out the devils that have possessed them, and stand up before the world, if not "clothed," yet "in their right minds;" should these men of strife learn, by subduing one propensity, the master-secret of controlling their own passions, England, which has so long refused justice to Ireland degraded, will not dare to refuse it to Ireland regenerated.

The Temperance reform has been sedulously separated, by its great apostle, Father Mathew, from all political movements. But, in reality, it is just such a movement. No man can look upon its mighty operations in Ireland, and not see it bearing upon the great questions now at issue there. Without it, no man can believe that O'Connell would have been able to gather his myriads of ignorant countrymen together, again and again, not merely without bloodshed, but with a tranquillity that astonishes even the Irish themselves. And though he has wisely seconded Father Mathew's views, by avoiding the employment of the Temperance organizations, as such, in his Repeal agitation, he has, with equal wisdom, adopted for himself, and urged all his countrymen to adopt the principles and practice of the reform.

Thus far, I know no reason to distrust the Temperance reform in Ireland; and freely, and from the bottom of my heart, do I wish it God speed.

CHAPTER XLV.

IRELAND.

General Interest in the Irish Question. Evils of Ireland. Poverty. Ignorance. Indolence. Religious Feuds. Romanism. The Protestant Church Establishment. Just Claims of Roman Catholics. Large Estates. Landlord and Tenant. Absenteeism. Slavery of the People. O'Connell. Repeal.

Irish questions are at this day commanding universal attention. The indifference of England towards the distresses of her neighbour has given place to an earnest anxiety, and even to genuine sympathy. O'Connell, explained, some years ago, that there was no feeling in English hearts in regard to Ireland but hatred; he has since retracted the unjust remark. Even in the highest Tory quarters kind and conciliatory feelings have found place to some extent. In my own intercourse with persons of all political parties, I found none who did not acknowledge the reality of the evils of Ireland, and express anxiety that something should be done to remove them. In America, there is general attention to the condition of Ireland, and universal sympathy for her sufferings. It may not be amiss, therefore, for me to occupy a few pages in stating the principal evils under which the noble Irish race are labouring.

I have already spoken of the poverty of the Irish peasantry. No descriptions could convey an adequate idea of it to American readers. A nation of rags is for us an impossible conception. And yet, without a figure, the Irish nation is in rags. Six millions of the whole people are without decent clothing, sufficient food, or comfortable abodes. It is estimated that, of the population of eight millions, two and a half millions depend for subsistence on charity. One of the evils of Ireland, then, the wretched poverty of the masses, lies upon the surface. But there must be evils deeper than this—its ground and root. The Irish people are active, hardy, and quick-witted to a proverb; the Irish soil is fertile and easily tilled; the island is most favourably situated for commerce and manufactures: and yet the Irish *people* are, perhaps, the poorest in the civilized world. What is the cause of this anomaly?

Its causes must be found either in moral defects attaching to the whole national character, or in vicious social and political institutions or in a false religion, or in all these together. Let us look at them separately.

As for the national character, it is in many points noble: but as I have repeatedly expressed my admiration of its best features, I may, without offence, allude to its chief defects as they *now* exhibit themselves. They are, indeed, moral evils resulting from unfortunate circumstances and vicious legislation, rather than native elements of character. One of the most striking of these evils is *ignorance*, the frightful parent of countless miseries. The Irish peasantry are, perhaps, more intelligent, and yet more ignorant, than any other pea-

santry out of Russia. It is not merely in book learning that they are deficient; it is not merely that they cannot read or write; this, of itself, were bad enough; but this is not all. They are ignorant of the very art by which their daily bread is earned, of agriculture, of handicrafts, of all the mechanic arts. What but the densest ignorance could have nourished the bitter strifes and feuds that have so long disgraced the Irish name? What but the densest ignorance could induce the insane strife against the laws of the land, which the lowest Irish consider it almost a virtue to violate? But their ignorance is not merely the privation of light, but the infliction of darkness. The Irish mind, clear, acute, penetrating as it undoubtedly is, has been perverted and darkened by false and evil teaching, until it has learned to believe darkness light and light darkness.

Indolence and improvidence are also striking features of Irish character. The poor labourer, who has to secure, by his daily toil, from a few acres of ground, the support of his family, as well as the rent for his landlord, will waste in idleness day after day, and month after month, until the possibility of securing his crop is irrecoverably gone. The disposition to *put off* the work of to-day until to-morrow seems to be almost universal. And with this indisposition to labour is connected an improvidence that is proverbial. To-morrow is left to take care of itself. That this state of things exists in *Ireland*, cannot be questioned, but it appears equally clear that it has been brought about by the general hopelessness of the condition of the lower orders. The poor cottier sees that his toil will not materially elevate his condition; that a greater degree of industry than he puts forth would only cause his landlord to raise his rent; and he subsides into a sluggish, almost indifferent way of life, working just enough to keep himself and his family from starving. With the prospect before him of securing a bit of land, even a farm and a comfortable home, he soon shakes off his his habits, works as diligently, and saves as carefully as any of his neighbours. The truth seems to be, then, that nothing but the *motive* is wanting to make the Irish industrious and economical.

One of the greatest evils with which Ireland is cursed is the spirit of Intolerance. Religious hatred has a bitterness there which is unknown in any other Christian land. The history of Ireland, indeed, is almost a history of the war of creeds—Romanist and Protestant—for ascendency; and it is hard to say, at least in regard to former periods of that history, which of the two parties has exhibited the most virulent animosity. It is lamentable, indeed, to read of the wholesale confiscations, the horrid penal laws, the unjust condemnations, the imprisonments and the hangings, by which Protestant sway was established in Ireland; it is equally sad to find that a worse spirit, if worse were possible, impelled the Romanists of that period to the most sanguinary revenge; and even at this day is cherished, or, at least not rebuked, by the clergy of the Papal Church. Could this foul spirit be effectually checked, could Catholics and Protestants learn to look at each other freely as men, to consent to differ about religion, and unite freely in the great work of political reform, with thorough confidence on both sides, the day of Ireland's regeneration could not be long postponed.

But, while I utterly abhor and condemn the persecutions with which Protestants pursued the Catholics of Ireland for centuries, I

must still express my sincere opinion, that the greatest moral evil under which that country labours is the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion. Protestants have persecuted Catholics; but it has been in spite of their principles, and has always brought down upon them the condemnation of the Protestant world: but persecution has been the *rule* of the Roman Catholic Church wherever she has had power, and flows necessarily from her very principles. But if, as it may be said, the spirit of the age would prevent the exercise of persecution, should the Catholics gain power in Ireland, there is yet enough in the debasing tendency of the Romish faith to prevent the fair developement of Irish character under its influence. The atmosphere of Romanism is the atmosphere of slavery. Freedom of thought it abhors. Private judgment it forbids. Standing between man and his Maker, it prevents the possibility of a spiritual communion with the great source of all wisdom. Assuming infallibility, it necessarily breathes intolerance. Founded in error, it necessarily checks the advancement of knowledge, and takes ignorance—at least in religious matters—under its special protection. Itself living by deceit, it cannot educe an honest, frank, national character. If the history of modern Europe has settled any question, it has shown that, under a Romish government, there can be no rational freedom.

I am not prepared, from personal observation, to express my opinion as to the actual character of individuals among the present Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland. Without doubt there are many faithful men among them. But from the best information I was able to gather on the spot, and making all due allowance for the possible prejudices of Protestants, I cannot believe that, in general, they are safe guides for an ignorant people. Indeed, facts which no man can mistake, daily prove this. The Catholic clergy control the minds and conduct of a large majority in Ireland; by their own showing they have the affection and confidence of the people to an extent unprecedented in history, and yet what has been the fruit of their labours?—Until within the last ten years their influence has been evil, only evil, and that continually. What might not such a body of men, wielding so potent an influence, have effected in purifying the hearts, elevating the minds, and improving the conduct of the people under their control? To be sure, Father Mathew has done wonders, but his is a solitary instance of virtuous effort, undertaken at first on his own responsibility, and carried on for some time without the co-operation, nay, in face of the opposition of a large proportion of the clergy. But in the great work of extinguishing the spirit of prejudice and intolerance, of educating the mass of the people in moral duty, of teaching them their true interests for this life and the next, I fear that the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have been lamentably deficient.

But whatever may be thought of the Roman Catholic religion in itself, it seems to me that no honest Protestant can vindicate the oppressive ecclesiastical system by which England binds a Roman Catholic people to the support of Protestantism. The Episcopalians of Ireland form, perhaps, *one tenth* of the population; and yet to them are given the fruits of the Catholic Church endowments of former ages; to them belong the cathedrals, the churches, the Episcopal palaces, the parsonages, and the glebes; it is for them that the tithe, that most iniquitous of ecclesiastical abominations, is levied; while the religion of the vast majority

of the people obtains nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of support from the state. It is impossible that permanent tranquillity should be realized in Ireland, while this enormous outrage upon the feelings, the interests, and the rights of the Roman Catholic majority remain. It is not in human nature to endure such oppression, hypocritically sanctified though it be under the guise of religion and Protestantism; and it *ought* not to be endured. Were I an Irishman, as I am an American and a Protestant, I should cease my efforts for the overthrow of the ecclesiastical system only with my life. Bad as is the effect of the Establishment in England, it is infinitely worse in Ireland. In the former country, a large portion of the population revere the Establishment itself, and all, it may be said, profess the Protestant religion which the Church represents; yet, notwithstanding this, so great are the grievances, so multiplied are the evils resulting from the union of Church and State, that the system appears to be tending to destruction. But the grievances of English Protestant Dissenters are absolutely nothing in comparison with those of Irish Catholics. They are the poorest part of the population, and yet must support not merely their own religious worship, which, from its very character, must be far more expensive than the Protestant system,* but also support the Protestant system itself, which they abhor as anti-Christian. The ecclesiastical system of Ireland has been an effectual barrier, if there were no other, against the spread of Protestantism in that country. The kingdom of Christ never has been and never will be advanced by the use of carnal weapons; it "is not of this world."

Whatever may be the ulterior views of the Revolutionary party in Ireland, they stand at present, with reference to the question of Church and State at least, upon right ground. They demand the overthrow of the ecclesiastical system, but do not ask for the establishment of a Roman Catholic system in its place. They profess to have no faith in establishments, and ask only that the Roman Catholics of Ireland may be freed from the intolerable burden of supporting Protestantism, and allowed to maintain their own pastors, and their own worship, by their voluntary efforts. Surely this is all right; and so far as *right* alone is demanded, no consistent Protestant can withstand the claims of Irish Roman Catholics. "Ireland feels the ancient and long-continued injustice of Ireland to her heart's core. The Catholic people of Ireland support and maintain a perfect hierarchy in

* I find the following estimate of the revenues of the Irish Catholic Church quoted in the Ecclesiastica, from the Congregational Calendar for 1844:

	Fees.			Aggr. Am'nt.
	s. d.		*s.*	
Confessions	1 0	to	5	300,000 dollars.
Christenings	2 6	to	5	33,333
Unctions and burials				60,000
Marriages	20	to	40	360,000
Purgatorial prayers	5	to	15	100,000
Collections at chapels				541,632
Curates' collection				22,500
Government grant to Maynooth College				9,000
				£1,426,465

their own church. They support four archbishops, twenty-five bishops, many deans, and vicars-general, with more than three thousand parish priests and curates, to administer to the spiritual wants of about seven millions of Christians. Can they, ought they to be content to be compelled to contribute anything to the support of a hierarchy with which they are not in communion? No! they are not—they cannot—they ought not to be content while one atom of the present tithe system remains in existence. If tithes be public property—and what else are they?—alleviate the burden on the public, and appropriate the residue to public and national purposes, especially to education. This is common sense and common honesty. We can never settle into contentment with less." Surely Daniel O'Connell speaks wisely.

I cannot allude to all the political evils under which Ireland groans. A volume would hardly suffice to recite them. The fundamental evil, perhaps, lies in the unequal distribution of property throughout Ireland. The whole country is divided into immense estates, acquired I will not say how, and held by noble families, who have no sympathies with the people, and who, in general, are their most severe oppressors. The revenues of many of these estates are incredibly large. In general, the great proprietor does not let the land immediately to the cultivators, but to a class of *middlemen*, who take large tracts on lease, cut them up and underlet them, mostly by yearly leases, to the occupying tenants. No system could be more effectual, if its very design were to prevent the improvement of the soil, and the condition of its cultivators. Instead of being stimulated to industry, in order to render his abode more comfortable, and his few acres more profitable, the poor cottier really fears that any improvement would only slip through his own fingers, and go to increase the rents of his landlord. In some quarters, the class of middlemen is passing away, and the large proprietors are beginning to grant short leases directly to the cultivators; but the demand for land is so great, that the rents are run up to a ruinous extent. The present rents for good land vary from £3 to £8 per acre, according to the quality, and nearness to market. As things go, if the tenant can pay his rent and keep his family from starving, he does well. A singular mode of renting lands, called the *con-acre* system, prevails extensively in the South of Ireland. The lessee of a tract of land manures, ploughs, and prepares it for seed, and then lets it out in small lots to different persons, who undertake to sow the seed, secure the harvest, and pay a fixed rent for the soil; usually, on good farms, £8 per acre. Under such circumstances, the tenant cannot hope to improve his condition; nor has he any encouragement to make the attempt. As for saving money from the wages of labour, an Irish peasant never dreams of it. In many parts of Ireland constant employment with sixpence a day cannot be had; the average price throughout the island is not over tenpence a day, and I do not believe it is so much. Of course, as the price of provisions is high, he never tastes meat: potatoes are his subsistence.

In travelling through Ireland, you will scarcely find a man in country, town, or city, that holds a farm or house and lot in fee simple. Much of the city of Dublin is in this predicament: Belfast belongs to Lord Donegal; this town belongs to Lord Limerick, that to Lord Kenmare, and a a third to lord somebody else. Whatever improvements a man may make upon his farm or town lot revert to the owner on the expiration of the

lease; and if the improvements are valuable, the man must actually pay an additional rent on account of what he himself has created, before he can obtain a renewal of the lease. It is obvious that, under this wretched system the country itself may improve, and the great landed proprietors increase in wealth, while there is no improvement whatever in the condition of the masses. Any additional value that may be given to a country by government measures, or by the *industry of its cultivators*, serves only to put additional rents into the pockets of the lordly owners. It follows from all this that there is no *middle-class* in Ireland, except the tradesmen and shop-keepers in towns and cities.

But, perhaps, the worst evil that can be mentioned in this connexion is *absenteeism*. It might be supposed that the revenues of these overgrown proprietors, expended among the people, would greatly relieve the public distress. Alas! the proprietors themselves know nothing in general, about their estates or tenants, except to wring the last penny of rent, to be spent in the debauchery and extravagance of London or Paris. Here and there, in Ireland, you may find a nobleman or gentleman living on his estate, and exerting himself for the improvement of his people; but in general, they live in England, and are rarely seen in their own territory. I know that many excuses are offered for this—want of good society, insecurity of life and property of Protestants in the midst of a Catholic population, &c.; but they are all in vain: men have no right to hold these immense estates who will not take the responsibilities that belong to the possession of property. That they have no sympathy with the people, is lamentably true; but this, instead of excusing absentees, is only one element of their criminality.

Competition in renting lands has been a fruitful cause of disturbance and bloodshed in Ireland. Severe punishments, even unto death, are frequently inflicted on *intruders*, i. e., persons who take a piece of land at a rent for the nonpayment of which a former tenant was ejected. A case occurred not long ago on Lord Dunamore's estate. His agent had turned off a defaulting tenant, and brought an active, industrious farmer (a Catholic) to take his place. On a Sunday evening, he was sitting at his door enjoying a mug of cider, when several men came up to him and told him he had taken land over the head of a tenant, and his life was the forfeit. He declared his willingness to depart from the farm immediately; but they murdered him in cold blood. Everybody recollects that Lord Norbury was shot in open daylight, on his own grounds, a few years since, because of the grinding oppression of his conduct towards his tenantry. Instances of this dreadful and and summary vengeance could be adduced in any number. Many suppose, erroneously, that most of these atrocities spring from religious animosities; that Catholics are the murderers, and Protestants the victims. If this were so, *all* the victims would be Protestants. I have mentioned the Catholic farmer who was murdered as an intruder: between Limerick and Killarney, I passed a field where two men, both Catholics, had met with a similar fate on the same ground.

From what stand-point soever we contemplate the state of Ireland, it is painful in the extreme. To see a nation, full of noble traits of character, and capable of great things, inhabiting a land bountifully endowed by Providence, fruitful enough to supply all their wants; to see such a people, on such a soil, living in ignorance, degradation, and beggary, is indeed a lamentable thing. And then to think that what the soil does produce, under the toil of these wretched millions, in-

stead of being applied to the supply of their own wants, and the improvement of their own condition, goes to pamper an idle aristocracy in another land, and to support an idle priesthood in their own—one can hardly refrain from asking, Is there no justice in man? And when we ask why should these things be? why cannot this ecclesiastical system be suppressed, these immense estates be divided, these ignorant millions be educated? we are answered with the stale pretence by which all the oppressions in the British Empire are defended—that Protestantism must be preserved, and vested rights sustained! For myself, I freely say, that if Protestantism can be sustained only by oppressions and abuses, the sooner Protestantism falls, the better. If the vested rights of a few involve the ruin of the many, the sooner vested rights are swept away, the better. But Protestantism, thank God, rests on no such sandy foundation. They who *thus* defend her, are her worst enemies. And vested rights, such as these referred to, will be found, on a careful analysis, to be vested wrongs. Englishmen taunt us with our Southern slavery; and when we tell them that, by the Constitution of the United States, the states in which slavery exists have sole jurisdiction in the matter, they upbraid us for our hypocrisy or cowardice. But here are evils as great in reality, if not in name,* as American slavery, resting upon no other basis than mere expediency, avowedly so; and yet they do not dare to touch them!

It is idle to think of restoring tranquillity to Ireland without affording her *justice*. The politicians of England are beginning to learn this truth. Would that they might not only learn it, but act upon it before it is too late. The wrongs under which Ireland labours, and the unwillingness of England to redress them, give constant occasion for agitation, and it is well. O'Connell is blamed for agitation, but he knows full well the strength of a *people's* voice in these days. He knows that by agitation alone have Irish people obtained the rights which they already enjoy, and he and his associates are wisely bent on agitation until the full measure of justice to Ireland shall be [accomplished. His present avowed object, the repeal of the union, is so obviously impracticable, that it is hardly worth while to speculate upon its possible results. Repeal cannot be demanded as a matter of justice in itself, but only as the surest means of obtaining justice. In staking all, therefore upon the question of Repeal, Mr. O'Connell loses the advantage of an impregnable position, and alienates from his ranks many of the best friends of his country. Multitudes in England would assist in obtaining *justice* who would resist *Repeal*, even at the expense of civil war. For the present, at least, I consider the whole scheme of Repeal as Utopian; but yet I am sure that the combinations to which it has given rise, and the universal agitation of the popular mind which it has caused, will result in great good. Agitation obtained the relaxation of the penal laws; agitation secured Catholic emancipation; and agitation, in the end, will overthrow the ecclesiastical system, put a stop to sectarian legislation, and secure to Irishmen at least a possibility of improving their condition. Yet, after all, I candidly confess that I do not expect permanent tranquillity in Ireland until the large

* Writers in distinguished British periodicals, when writing in earnest on the wretched condition of the labouring population of England and Ireland, do not hesitate to call them "slaves," to all intents and purposes.

estates are done away; and *that* can hardly come to pass without a revolution.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Prejudice in favour of the Church of England. Awakening of the Public Mind in regard to her exclusive Claims. Change of European Policy. No more Religious Wars. Policy of England favourable to Romanism. The Church of England a Political Institution. Patronage. Simony. Church Revenues. Enormous Incomes of Bishops. Inefficiency of the Church. Statistics.

I GAVE as much attention as possible to the condition of the Church of England during my stay in that country. Though aware of the many evils arising from her connexion with the state, and that she was far from occupying the commanding position as a powerful branch of the Church Catholic which she might have held but for that unfortunate connexion, I had always been disposed to cherish feelings of affectionate reverence for the Church herself. All my early prejudices were in her favour. The religious principles of my own Church were derived from her authorized standards. Her noble writers had furnished my favourite reading in theology; by a ritual, abridged from hers, I had always partaken of the Holy Eucharist, and by an office, obtained in the same way, I had been ordained to the work of the ministry. Accustomed to regard her as the bulwark of Protestantism, I heard the charges brought against her by her enemies with distrust, and was disposed, so far as feeling was concerned, to palliate her errors and abuses. Whatever I may say, then, at present unfavourably in regard to her real condition, cannot be set down to the score of prejudice.

Within the last ten years the minds of many of the friends of the Church of England have been painfully awake to the dangers that beset her from her connexion with the state; but the feeling was confined, until a very late period, to men who had given more than common attention to the subject. But of late the progress of Puseyism has startled the common mind. In 1842 the introduction of Sir James Graham's Factory Education Bill alarmed the fears of Dissenters and Methodists, and the sudden disruption of the Established Church of Scotland filled the nation with surprise. Everybody recurred to the question of Church and State with new interest; a thousand piercing eyes were turned at once upon the Establishment, intent upon examining her claims. Her exclusive pretensions to religious authority, reiterated with wonderful infatuation, provoked a keen and searching inquiry on the part of many who had before been disposed to regard her with indulgence, if not with affection. In some quarters the verdict is already pronounced; in others, the investigation is still going on; but the issue cannot be doubtful. There must either be a thorough reform of the Church Establishment, or it must fall.

The Church of England, in connexion with the state, might with some truth have been called the bulwark of Protestantism in Europe

from the time of the accession of Elizabeth to that of the peace of Westphalia; for, during that period, the wars of Europe were principally contests between Romanism and Protestantism as represented by states. When the Netherlands were fighting the battle of Protestantism, England contributed largely to their assistance. But since the period referred to, England has done little or no service to Protestantism, except as the glory of her arts and arms has reflected lustre upon it; and the Church of England has done little, except so far as she may have presented, if, indeed, she has presented, a barrier to the increase of Catholicism in Great Britain herself.

After the peace of Westphalia, the advances of the House of Austria in political power gave birth to a new policy in Europe. States began to regard their integrity and independence more than their religion; governments combined to establish and secure the equilibrium of power, and not to promote or defend religious systems. Protestant and Catholic states were now bound in amity, and their united armies were often led to battle under a common general. In the same camp the Roman Catholic priest celebrated the mass and gave absolution to penitents, while the Protestant clergyman preached justification by faith alone, and administered the Lord's Supper according to Reformed usages. Religion was left to defend itself with its own appropriate weapons. England adopted this policy as completely as the Continental nations; and the Church has ceased to derive any power to resist Romanism from the connexion with the State. Beyond all question, the policy of England, both foreign and domestic, for the last century, has been favourable to Romanism rather than Protestantism. She has fought for every Roman Catholic state except France; against France she fought for twenty-five years, and did not sheath her sword until she had restored the worn-out, bigoted, Romanist dynasty of the elder Bourbons. Nor has her domestic policy been less favourable to Roman Catholics. She has gradually relieved them from legal disabilities, until they stand on the same platform with their Dissenting Protestant fellow-citizens before the law; she has removed all restraints upon their advancement in political life; and she has secured their religious privileges on the same grounds as those of other Dissenters. In all this she has done nothing more than strict justice; but I am speaking now, not of the morality of her acts, but of the acts themselves.

The Church of England, then, must be examined as to its efficiency as a branch of the Church Catholic under its present organization, by which it is connected with the state, yet destitute of the power of directing the action of the state against Roman Catholicism.

A single glance at the constitution of the Established Church of England reveals its political character. The sovereign of the nation, though a queen, is the supreme head of the Church on earth. The throne of England would not be an earthly throne if it did not use the body of which it is the head—by virtue of its being head of the State—for political purposes. The main purpose for which a church can be used in such a relation to the State is that of strengthening the State; and for this purpose the Church of England is indeed a powerful engine. The prelates are members of the national legislature by virtue of their office; and as they are dependent upon the throne for promotion, it is impossible not to see their liability to sacrifice spiritual interests to political expediency. The rule of their

conduct must be the wish of the sovereign; or, according to the present working of the British Constitution, the wishes of the ministry, which is far worse, for the ministers are only the leaders of that political party which may have the ascendency for the time. The manifold evils of this state of things have attracted, of late years, much attention, not merely among the English people, but among the clergy of the Establishment themselves.

Says the Right Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, "As long as the right of patronage is unrestricted, the minister of the crown may nominate any adherent to a bishopric—the political nominee of the crown may appoint to the livings in his gift any clergyman who may suit his fancy—the lord-chancellor, for the time being, with any religious opinions, or none, may put whom he will, out of above twelve thousand clergy, into eight hundred crown livings—college livings may be obtained by classical and mathematical learning—sporting and gaming patrons may appoint to the livings in their gift their companions in the chase or at the card-table—and unscrupulous parents may enrich unprincipled sons with their family preferment. With this system of patronage, what reason have we to hope that any spiritual improvement of the Establishment, which may begin in one generation, shall be extended unto the next? At the very foundation of the Church there is a permanent source of worldliness, which seems to secure an endless succession of worldly ministers."

This is the voice of one of the first clergymen in the Church for rank, talent, and piety.

Says the Rev. Thomas Spencer, A.M. perpetual curate of Hinton, formerly fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

"The bishops are generally placed in their elevated stations by the patronage of the nobility and the government; and when so placed, they look to their patrons for farther promotion. A bishop, if he pleases the government, is removed to a more lucrative bishopric; so that the same diocese has two or three bishops within a single year, none of whom seriously attend to its welfare, but merely wait for a higher step, to obtain which, they are not unfrequently led to act as dishonourable a part in the House of Lords as the mere placeman or pensioner does in the House of Commons."

The same political influence is seen in the multiplication of sinecure offices in the Church, unknown to the Scriptures; such as those of arch-deacons, sub-deacons, deans, prebends, canons, minor canons, precentors, vicars choral, &c. These do no service to religion, and are only a charge upon the ecclesiastical revenue. They existed under the Roman Catholic hierarchy as provisions for favourites, and the members of wealthy families. At the Reformation under Henry VIII., they were simply transferred to the crown and the nobility, to be used for the same purpose. To these are to be added the parish livings, all available for the same ends. So that there are more than ten thousand places in the Church, in England and Wales, each to be given away by its patron, without any reference whatever to the wishes or welfare of the people to be served. I take the following table of livings, which are at the disposal of their respective patrons, from the *Ecclesiastica*, or Church Record, for 1844:

The crown has	952 livings to give away.
Archbishop and Bishops	1,248

Deans and Chapters	787
Ecclesiastical Dignitaries	1,851
Universities, Colleges, and Hospitals,	721
Private owners (of whom 2320 belong to the nobility)	5,096
Municipal Corporations	53
Not returned	279
	10,987

To these are to be added fifteen hundred livings in Ireland to be disposed of in the same way, making the total number of benefices in the gift of the government, directly or indirectly through the nobility, gentry, dignitaries of the Church, and corporations, above eleven thousand. The whole of this rich and powerful establishment is independent of the action of the people, and is regarded and used by the aristocracy as a vast domain for the special benefit of their younger sons and favourites. To but a very small extent indeed it is used to reward merit, or to cure the souls of the people. Among the five thousand private patrons are found even young ladies, widows, and trustees of deceased persons.

This system of patronage necessarily introduces to the rich livings many incumbents who have neither the inclination nor the ability to perform the duties of clergymen. To relieve them, the practice has obtained of employing curates to do their work at salaries of from forty to one hundred pounds per annum, while they reside in town, and, perhaps, scarcely enter the parish once a year. This practice divides the clergy into the resident and non-resident; the idle and dignified clergy, and the working and neglected clergy. Were I to say this on my own authority or that of Dissenters, the reader might not believe me. I quote, then, from the *Ecclesiastica* mentioned above.

Non-resident clergy	3736
Resident "	6699

These numbers do not include the 5230 curates who perform half the real work of the clergy for the aggregate sum of £424,695, while the incumbents who hold the livings, and for whom they perform the work, receive millions sterling for services which they do not perform.

But another result of this system of patronage and curacy is still more injurious to religion and the interests of the people. The right of presentation to a living is often sold, and the sale is frequently advertised in the public papers. The case stands thus: A certain parish living is worth £1000 a-year (about 4,500 dollars), and the patron who has the right of giving it away is a private gentleman, or even a young lady. The incumbent is old, and cannot be expected to live long. Another person has a son whom he designs for the Church, but he has not interest enough at court, or with the nobility or dignitaries of the Church, to obtain a good living for him. He therefore calculates the probable time the aged minister will live, and buys for a few thousand pounds, from the private patron, the right to make the next presentation to the living upon the death of the incumbent. Of course, when this event occurs, the purchaser presents his own son, who may be both a blockhead and a sinner. Yet he becomes the

rector; and as he does not wish to reside, nor to do the work of an evangelist, he bargains with a curate to do the work for fifty or one hundred pounds per annum, and retains the remaining nine hundred pounds, thus making a clear speculation of about 4000 dollars a year. Is not this simony in its worst form?*

The same system prevails in Ireland, only to a greater extent.

The revenues of the church, and their distribution, are attracting much attention, yet it is remarkable that the truth cannot be ascertained with respect to either of these points. Some estimates make the revenue about four millions sterling, others six, others eight, and the Westminster Review nine millions sterling, or about forty millions of dollars. Of this sum, two millions sterling are lay-tithes, that is, private property, having become such by some abuse in the administration. It has been computed that the ecclesiastical revenue of the United Kingdom is greater than the sum required to maintain the whole Christian ministry of the world besides. This may not be exactly true, but it is very near the truth. The expense of public worship in France, charged upon the treasury, for Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, in 1842, was only £1,480,000, which supports double the number of clergy that some five millions sterling is required to support in England. The difference is still more striking between the United States and England.

The distribution of this vast ecclesiastical revenue is becoming a subject of eager inquiry in England. Three classes of men are in the receipt of it: the prelates of the Church, who do some service; the sinecures and non-residents, who do none; and the resident rectors and the curates, who really do the work. With the exception of the curates, it is impossible to ascertain what is the salary of any churchman. The returns to Parliament show the nett proceeds of each living; but then there are tithes, fees, and parsonage houses and grounds not taken into the account. The amount and nature of the ecclesiastical revenue, and the apropriation of it, are so mystified by those who are interested in them, that the mass of the people cannot clearly comprehend the matter. It is agreed that much of it is appropriated to persons who render no service at all, or such service as is of no worth to the people. It is also agreed that the revenue is most unequally distributed: some prelates receiving as much as £25,000 to £30,000 (140,000 dollars) annually, while the average salaries of the resident clergy would not be more than £400, and the average of the curates quite under £100. Many of these excellent and laborious men receive not more than £40 to £50 each annually. The clergy list for 1840 sets down the salaries of the principal bishops:

Archbishop of Canterbury	£17,000	75,000 dollars
" " York	10,000	44,000 "

* "The smaller the stipends of the curates, the greater is the income of these wealthy incumbents. Is it on this account that many incumbents and patrons, in country parishes, refuse to allow more than one sermon to be preached every Sunday?

"Precisely so. They say that any increase of duty will diminish the value of the living; and *the price a purchaser will give them* will depend, in part, on the easy duty."—REV. T. SPENCER.

Sometimes the life interest of the incumbent clergyman is purchased together with the right of presentation, and then the purchaser enters immediately into the enjoyment of the living.

Bishop of London	. . . . .	11,700	51,948 "
" " Westminster	. . . . .	10,500	46,620* "

The remaining twenty-three bishops do not receive so much each; but graduate downward to his lordship of Sodor and Man, who receives only £2,000, and is denied a seat in the House of Lords.

But although these enormous sums are set down in the clergy list, there is no doubt but that the receipts are very much greater in each case. The dignitaries of the church themselves do not hesitate, in case of family quarrels, to abuse each other in regard to these revenues. The Bishop of London thus discourses in the House of Lords about the sinecures attached to St, Paul's Cathedral: "I pass the magnificent church which crowns the metropolis, and is consecrated to the noblest of objects, the glory of God, and I ask myself in what degree it answers its object. I see there a dean and three residentiaries, with incomes amounting in the aggregate to between ten and twelve thousand pounds a year; I see, too, connected with the cathedral, twenty-nine clergymen, whose offices are all but sinecures, with an annual income of twelve thousand pounds, and likely to be very much larger after a lapse of a few years. I proceed a mile or two to the east and north-east, and find myself in the midst of an immense population, in the most wretched destitution and neglect: artisans, mechanics, labourers, beggars, thieves, to the number of three hundred thousand."

The Rev. Sydney Smith, the wittiest of Whigs, happens to be a canon of St. Paul's and thus turns upon his lordship:

"This stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived for your lordship's speech; but suppose, my dear lord, that instead of going east and north-east, you had turned about, crossed London Bridge, and resolving to make your walk as impartial as possible, had proceeded in a south-west direction, you would soon, in that case, have perceived a vast palace, containing not a dean, three residentiaries, and twenty-nine clergymen, but one attenuated prelate, with an income, enjoyed by himself alone, amounting to £30,000 per annum, twice as great as that of all these confiscated clergyman put together; not one penny of it given up by act of Parliament during his life to that spiritual destitution he so deeply deplores, and £15,000 per annum secured to his successor; though all the duties of the office might be most effectually performed for one third of the salary."

The same excess in receipts of the prelates will appear from the following passage from the Examiner for June, 26, 1840: "Remarkable it is that, notwithstanding all the charities of the bishops, they die richer than any other class of men. By the probates at Doctors' Commons, it appeared in 1828 that the personal property of twenty-four bishops who had died within the preceeding twenty years amounted to the enormous sum of £1,649,000, an average of nearly £70,000 for each bishop. This was the sworn value of the personal property only, and some of the bishops are known to have had very large possessions of real property. Now we will venture to assert that

* The Archbishop of Paris has a salary of 100,000 frs. equal to 18,800 dollars. Each French cardinal receives 30,000 frs. equal to 5,640 dollars. Each bishop in France receives 15,000 frs. equal to 2820 dollars. The scale is graduated downward as the rank of the recipient declines; and all is paid out of the public treasury. This is at it should be, if the Church is connected with the State.

in no other profession will it be found that so large an average of wealth has been left by the heads: take the twenty-four last generals, the twenty-four last admirals, the twenty-four last judges, nay, the twenty-four last merchants, and their personal property will not equal that of the bishops, nor approach it. So that, after all, the charities of the holy men do not hurt them; and if they live poorer than other men, yet some how or other they die richer."

A church with such revenues, so administered, can offer but little security for the morality, not to say the piety of the clergy. Besides, her connexion with the government taints her with political vices; while the great inequality of her clergy establishes an aristocracy within the kingdom of Christ; a kingdom in which our Lord said, that he who would be greatest, must be servant of all.

Notwithstanding the Establishment had original possession of the population; notwithstanding its connexion with the government gave it great influence, and severe laws were long in force to repress dissent; notwithstanding her immense ecclesiastical revenue, and her exclusive possession of the universities and foundations of learning; yet it is now ascertained that she has scarcely one half of the population of England amd Wales in attendance on her ministry: while the other half is drawn under the instruction of the Methodists and Dissenters. This fact shows remarkable inefficiency in the Establishment, or great energy among the Methodist and Dissenters; or, perhaps, both.

The inefficiency of the Establishment, and the energy among other churches, may be still more strikingly seen in the relative accommodation which they afford the people in their churches and chapels. The Establishment had the ancient Church property as a foundation to build on; the other churches had nothing but what the people contributed, after bearing their portion of the expense of the Establishment. Yet, as early as 1832, the number of churches of the Establishment was 2533, and the number of chapels belonging to the Methodists and Dissenters was 3438. Since 1832, the increase of Dissenting places of worship over those of the Establishment is still greater. Even in the metropolis, the churches and chapels of the Establishment, according to a careful survey, published in the Congregational Magazine for December, 1838, would seat only 259,956, while the other independent churches together had 257,658 sittings; or, in general terms, the same number. But when we go into the manufacturing districts, the difference is much in favour of the Dissenters and Methodists. Take the great manufacturing counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, and, according to careful returns made in 1842, the number of churches and chapels of the Establishment was 383, accommodating 377,104 people, while the churches and chapels of other denominations amounted to 1258, accommodating 617,479 people. And, again, when the church accommodation in the manufacturing districts, where Methodists and Dissenters prevail, is compared with the same in the metropolis, commercial towns, and rural districts, the result is much against the Church. In the city of London, the whole number of sittings in all places of worship, as compared with the population, is 36 per cent.; in Westminster, the court end of the town, only 30 per cent.; while in Yorkshire it is 49¾ per cent.; and in the manufacturing districts, taken together, it is 45 per cent.

Thus it appears that the Independent denominations in England, on the voluntary principle, have procured greater results in everything for which a church ought to exist than the Establishment, with all its wealth and state.* These facts are becoming fully known to the people, and the conviction is gradually but surely spreading, that, as the Church of England is no longer the bulwark of Protestantism, by reason of her connexion with the State, and has recently shown a strong tendency to Romanism, and does not really feed and care for the people, as do the other denominations, she cannot be regarded in any other light than a rich inheritance for the young nobility and sons of wealthy gentlemen, and as an instrument of government in the hands of the ministry; and, from recent indications, it is clear that the great body of the Wesleyans would see that her reduction would be of immense advantage to the interests of religion, did they not believe that she is now so incorporated with the State that her destruction would be, if not the destruction of the State, at least a revolution in it—perhaps the infusion of a spirit of Republicanism into the great body of the people. If there were no State church, it is scarcely to be supposed that the Wesleyans would favour the creation of one, and, certainly, not one so strongly tending to corruption. If they should still think it the duty of the State to provide for the public observance of religion, they would find a much purer plan in the payment to each clergyman of a reasonable salary, according to his rank and work, out of the public treasury, and wholly destroy the system of crown, corporation, and private patronage.† This would set free several millions sterling annually towards paying the interest on the public debt, thus reducing the taxes in this respect one third.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

In Great Britain there are

Archbishops	2
Bishops	25
Incumbents on livings	10,987
Curates	5,230
Total clergy	16,217

Ecclesiastical revenue, about eight millions sterling.

* I have been very anxious to see Dr. Baird's book on Religion in America, but have not been able to obtain an English copy, and the American edition is not yet issued. I have seen a reference to it in an English paper, in which it is said, "The population of America is about 17,000,000, and the voluntary principle has provided church accommodation for more than 12,000,000, and thus in exclusive connexion with the evangelical denominations. Nor is this all: the same principle provides an evangelical minister for about 1200 souls. It is also providing for the annual increase of the population in the following ratio: Taking the increase from 1837 to 1840, it has provided an evangelical minister for every 690 souls, and a place of Christian worship for every 500.

"It annually raises, for the support of evangelical ministers, no less a sum than 4,480,200 dollars, while it annually erects about 880 sanctuaries!"

The same results have been obtained from the voluntary principle in Scotland. In a memorial of the elders of the Church, presented to Parliament in the spring of 1843, they say that the Established Church of the kingdom erected only sixty-three churches from 1734 to 1834, while the dissenting communions erected six hundred places of worship in the same time.

† Since writing the above, I see that a General Conference is to be held in England, composed of all who are opposed to the union of Church and State. This may produce an Anti-Church and State League.

In Ireland there are	
Parishes	2450
These are so combined as to form	
Benefices	1396
Archbishops	2
Bishops	10
Parochial clergy	1075
Prebendaries	180
Dignitaries	167
Assistant Curates	750
Total clergy	2182

The ecclesiastical revenue is about one million and a half sterling.

This arises in part from tithes, and in part from church lands, of which 90,000 acres belong to the parochial clergy and 670,000 to the bishops.

The population under the instruction of the Irish Church does not exceed a tenth part of the people of Ireland.

The Church of Scotland, before the great secession of 1843, had about 1100 ministers, all resident, and not a case of plurality. Five hundred vacancies were created by the secession, but many have been filled since; so that the number of ministers and churches will be much increased in Scotland by the secession. The revenue of the Scotch Establishment is, perhaps, £500,000; the salaries of the ministers would scarcely average £250; very few reach £1000, and not many fall below £200, including manses and glebes.

In the Ecclesiastica, I see the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland set down at "4000, including four archbishops, 24 bishops, 28 deans, 28 vicars-general, and 52 professors, besides the regular clergy, occupied among a population of 7,000,000." The same authority estimates the annual receipts of the Romish clergy of Ireland at £1,426,465—6,333,505 dollars.

If we consider the Roman Catholics as Dissenters, and count all other denominations, not within the communions of the churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the whole population of the three kingdoms will be divided nearly—

In the State churches	10,000,000
In all other churches	16,000,000

Thus it will be seen that only about two out of five of the population are in the State Churches; while three out of five belong to the other communions. If we deduct the Catholic population of the United Kingdom, then the remaining Protestant population is nearly equally divided between the State churches and the other Protestant churches.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

Increase of Romanism in England. The Roman Catholic Church a Missionary Church. Statistics. Historical Sketch. Energy of the Papal Movements. Elements of Power in the Roman Church. Ceremonies at Prague. Naples. Rome. Duty of Protestants.

I HAD intended to make but a few remarks in this place upon Roman Catholicism in England, reserving all general views of the subject to be connected with a notice of the city of Rome. Circumstances have compelled me, however, to defer, for the present at least, the publication of my Journal of Observations in Germany and Italy; and I deem it best to present here a few thoughts upon the present position of Romanism throughout the world.

The Reformation in England, as settled under the reign of Elizabeth, accomplished the destruction of the Catholic Church in the island. Not only were her sacred edifices converted to the uses of others, her congregations dispersed, and the offices of her priesthood prohibited, but the private Catholic citizen was weighed down by every civil disability. Indeed, only a vestige of the Catholic population could be found in the island. So late as 1767, the return made to the House of Lords showed a Catholic population amounting to only 67,916; and in 1780, it amounted to no more than 69,876. But in 1844 it amounts to at least two millions.* In 1790 there were not 40 chapels in England and Wales; in 1844, there are more than 500, besides 80 or 90 in Scotland.

If the reader is struck with surprise, at the covering of the land by Roman Catholic institutions, let him remember, also, that some of them are very large and very expensive, requiring for their completion and decoration from 300,000 dollars to 500,000 dollars. The sudden creation of so vast an amount of property, and the rapid accession of so large a population, indicate great resources and great internal vigour in the Roman system. Although the Roman Catholic population is very far from being rich, yet there are some wealthy and noble among them; and every one, from the kitchen-maid to the duchess, and from the peasant to the duke, feels it an imperative duty to contribute to the utmost for the re conquering of the world to the Roman Catholic communion. This is at present the most powerful impulse which the Catholic feels, and its effect is heightened by what he deems a sure prospect of success. The wealth of the Catholic world is at this hour at the service of the great enterprise she has set on foot, to recover all Christians again to her communion. The chief fields of her exertion are, the East, among the Greek, Armenian, and Nestorian Christians; and among the Protestants in Germany, Great Britain, and the United Sates. She not only proposes to bring the Christian population again within her pale, but also to enter into every open door, and pre-occupy the ground among the heathen, and

* This statement of the Catholic population of Great Britain is made on the authority of the Rev. Dr. Dixon of the Wesleyan Counexion, in a Lecture on Popery, delivered before several societies in England.

in all new countries. No sooner was the armistice concluded between England and China, than forty missionaries were dispatched thither; as soon as the French established themselves in Algeria, it was erected into a bishopric, and missionaries sent to instruct the population. Before the bill for the occupation of Oregon is introduced into Congress, the territory is divided into a bishopric, and an active, intelligent prelate appointed to take possession. The missionary policy of the Roman Catholic Church has been developed of late to a degree unparalleled in her history. She may, indeed, with truth be called *a Missionary Church.* Her vast population, of 160 millions, is, in reality, one enthusiastic missionary society, directed by a central power at Rome. And while Protestants have been biting and devouring one another, and thus wasting their strength and treasure, this Catholic Missionary Society has completed the adaptation of its machinery to its great enterprise; has distributed it over all the earth, and the astounding results of its perfect and powerful action have at length startled the Protestant world, and inspired it with apprehension.

The following statistics will show the missionary character of this church and the extension of her machinery. It will be observed that England is regarded as a missionary field, and that there are six hundred and twenty-four missionaries at work amid a missionary population of one million.

MISSIONS.

Consisting of Vicariates and Prefectures.

EUROPE.

States.	Vic. Apost.	Missionaries.	Population.
England	8	624	1,000,000
Nassau	—	—	180,000
Low Countries	5	1,712	1,304,890
Gibraltar	1	10	15,000
Sweden and Norway	1	2	2,000
Denmark	1	7	3,000
Scotland	5	86	100,000
Saxony	—	—	*28,000
Saxe-Weimar	—	—	10,174
Wittemberg	—	—	512,333
Bukovina and Neoplanta	1	—	14,000
Italo-Grecks	5	144	30,000
Constantinople	1	46	10,000
Turkish Dalmatia	—	7	7,206
Moldavia and Wallachia	2	30	64,000
Bosnia	1	106	128,672
Bulgaria	2	12	6,509
	29	2,816	3,413,584

ASIA.

States.	Vic. Apost.	Prefect.	Miss'ries.	Population.
Turkey in Asia	3	1	—	12,000
India west of the Ganges	7	—	—	758,000
India beyond the Ganges	6	—	179	457,000
China	10	—	160	360,000
	26	1	339	1,577,000

* Besides this, is the German Confederation, in which are three Vicars Apostolic, and a Catholic population amounting to 2,068,968.

AFRICA.

States.	Vic. Apost.	Prefect.	Mis'ries	Population.
Abyssinia	—	1	5	——
Bourbon, Island	—	1	12	100,000
Cape of Good Hope	1	—	4	2,000
Egypt	2	—	50	10,000
Guinea	1	—	16	——
Madagascar	—	1	6	——
Morocco, Empire	—	1	1	300
Mauritius	1	—	6	85,000
Senegal	—	1	2	25,000
Tripoli	—	1	4	1,300
Tunis	—	1	6	7,600
	5	7	112	231,200

AMERICA.

English Northern Possessions	2	—	—	73,000
French Possessions	—	1	—	1,300
Texas, Republic	1	—	5	10,000
Antilles	3	—	—	256,000
Hayti	1	—	—	1,000,000
Guiana	2	—	—	24,000
French Guiana	—	1	—	16,000
	9	2	5	1,380,300

OCEANICA.

Batavia	1	—	—	10,000
Western Ocean	1	—	—	50,000
	2	0	0	60,000

SUMMARY OF MISSIONS AND THEIR POPULATION.

Europe	29	—	2,816	3,413,584
Asia	26	—	339	1,577,000
Africa	5	7	112	231,200
America	9	2	—	1,380,300
Oceanica	2	—	—	60,000
Total	71	9	3,267	5,662,084

The United States are also regarded as missionary ground, and the Roman Catholic Church is established in our midst, and is incorporating herself with our population, as a great element of power. The extent of her operations in the United States may be inferred from the following summary, derived from the same authentic source:

Catholic Statistics in the United States.

Dioceses	21
Apostolic Vicariate	1
Bishops	17
Bishops elect	8
Number of Priests	634
" Churches	611

Other stations	161
Ecclesiastical Seminaries	19
Clerical Students	261
Literary Institutions for young men	16
Female Academies	48
Elementary schools everywhere throughout most of the dioceses	
Periodical publications	15

The preceding are the *missionary* statistics of the church, and show nearly four thousand missionaries acting upon a population of about seven millions. The following table will show the *established* population of the church, which may be called her home interest, and which, thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit, furnishes the men, women (religious sisterhoods), and money for the great enterprise of conquering the world.

General Statistics of the Roman Catholic Church.

EUROPE.

States.	Archb'cs.	Bish's.	Dioc's.	Population.
Albania and Epirus	2	4	6	88,788
Austria	9	24	33	15,555,916
Baden	1	—	1	852,824
Bavaria	2	6	8	2,977,675
Belgium	1	5	6	4,217,750
Cracovia	—	1	1	142,202
France	15	65	80	31,000,000
Greece	1	3	4	22,900
Honover	—	2	2	216,758
Hesse, Grand-duchy	—	—	—	205,632
Hohenzollern, Hechingen	—	—	—	21,000
Hungary	5	25	28	7,578,122
Ireland	4	23	27	7,500,000
Ionian Islands	1	1	2	2,650
Islands of Archipelago	—	1	1	160
Lombardy, Ven.	2	17	19	4,645,594
Lucca, Duchy	1	—	1	168,198
Malta and Gozo	1	—	1	109,000
Modena, Duchy	2	2	4	578,000
Monaco, Principality	—	—	—	6,500
Papal States	9	59	68	2,732,436
Parma, Duchy	2	4	6	476,187
Poland, Russian	1	8	9	3,887,315
Portugal	4	17	21	3,549,420
Prussia	2	6	8	5,612,556
Rhenish Provinces	1	4	5	—
Russian Empire	2	5	7	5,590,000
San Marino, Republic	—	—	—	7,600
Sardinia	7	34	41	4,650,350
Servia	1	—	1	10,000
Spain	8	51	59	12,286,941
Switzerland	—	4	4	882,854
Two Sicilies	22	80	102	8,156,310
Tuscany	5	18	21	1,436,785
Prim. Archb. Armenians	1	—	1	27,560
Total in Europe	108	469	577	124,993,961

ASIA.

Oriental Rite.

States.	Archb'cs.	Bish's.	Dioc's.	Population.
Armenians, Patriarchate of	1	2	3	8,000
Chaldeans, "	5	5	10	17,218
Greeks, Melch. or Cath. Patriarchate	7	5	12	50,000
Maronites, Patriarchate of	8	12	20	500,000
Syrians "	2	4	6	30,000

Latin Rite.

Asiatic Turkey	1	4	5	11,400
India, Portuguese	1	1	2	538,000
Persia	—	1	1	1,000
Total in Asia	25	34	59	1,155,618

AFRICA.

Algiers	—	1	1	75,000
Azores	—	1	1	225,000
Canary Islands	—	1	1	208,000
Cape Verde Islands	—	1	1	80,000
Ceuta, Tangier, &c.	—	2	2	17,071
Congo	—	1	1	
Madeira	—	1	1	112,500
St. Thomas	—	1	1	41,000
Total in Africa	—	9	9	758,571

NORTH AMERICA.

English Possessions	1	5	6	750,000
United States	1	15	16	1,500,000
Mexico	1	10	11	7,500,000
Central America	1	4	4	1,900,000
West Indies	1	2	3	1,020,862

SOUTH AMERICA.

United States of the South	1	8	9	828,000
Venezuela	1	2	3	945,548
Bolivia	1	2	3	1,300,000
Peru	1	4	5	1,700,000
Chili	1	4	5	1,400,000
Paraguay	—	1	1	250,000
Uruguay	—	—	—	250,000
States of the Plata	1	3	4	675,000
Brazil	1	7	8	5,000,000
Total in America	12	67	79	25,819,210

OCEANICA.

Philippine Islands	1	3	4	3,000,000
Australia	1	2	3	50,000
Total in Oceanica	2	5	7	3,050,000

Total of Diocesses, with their Population.

	Diocesses.	Population.
Europe	577	124,993,961
Asia	59	1,155,618
Africa	9	758,751
America	79	25,819,210
Oceanica	7	5,050,000
Total	731	155,777,540
To this add the missionary population		5,662,084
Population of the Catholic world		161,439,624

Here, then, we have a Roman Catholic population of one hundred and sixty millions. What is the force which Protestants can show in opposition? Strictly speaking, not more than fifty millions. And if to the Protestant side we add the Greek, the Armenian, the Nestorian, and other Christian communions in the East which reject the supremacy of the pope, we could scarcely make up one hundred and twenty millions. But in the contest with Romanism, the Protestants cannot derive any effective aid from the Eastern Christians; because, in the essential doctrines of faith which divide the Protestants and Roman Catholics, the Eastern churches are generally on the side of the Catholics. The main and almost only point in which they agree with Protestants is in the rejection of the Pope as the head of the Church on earth. The contest must lie, therefore, between the fifty millions of Protestants, strictly so called, and the one hundred and sixty millions of Catholics. It is important, therefore, that the Protestant churches should well understand the force and policy of the Roman Catholic Church, *considered as an external institution acting upon society.* The force, amounting to 1742 missionaries, employed in the Low Countries, ought to attract attention.

The ambition and licentiousness of the clergy, and the general corruption of the Church, had spread discontent throughout Europe, and prepared the way for the Reformation before the sixteenth century. So sudden and extensive was that great movement, that before the death of Luther all the North of Europe was completely reformed, and the Reformation established by law; and in the South its principles had penetrated every province, and seemed on the point of completely triumphing.

The Roman hierarchy suddenly started from its dream of licentiousness and power; and commencing a reformation of morals in the Vatican, diffused it instantaneously through all ranks of the priesthood, from the College of Cardinals to the curate of the miserable hamlet in the unvisited dell of the mountains. Simultaneously with this improvement of clerical morals was a revival of piety to some extent, and a zeal for religion unexampled in the history of the Church. By these exhibitions, showing herself worthy of help from her friends, she called upon Catholic princes to draw the sword in her defence, and the history of the thirty years' war on the Continent, and the long contest between Philip of Spain and Elizabeth of England, attest how willingly they obeyed her voice. In the religious wars of three generations the true spirit of Protestantism was almost extinguished. It became political, and, content with maintaining itself

within its own state limits, ceased to be aggressive. It has made no acquisition of territory since the death of Luther. The buddings of the Reformation, in the states where it was not established or protected by law, were crushed by the Inquisition, as in Spain; by intrigue, murder, and war, as in France; and by some one or more of these means in the south of Germany, in Hungary, and in Poland; all which countries had been Protestantized to a great extent, but were recovered again to the dominion of Rome. This was the relative position of the two great Christian parties at the peace of Westphalia. The fiery zeal for religion on the part of the states ceased when they saw themselves threatened by the rapid rise of the House of Austria. The principle of state combinations was now political instead of religious; and the war between Protestants and Roman Catholics was henceforth to be a war of their respective opinions and moral influences. The perfect organization of the Roman Church, by which every member moves in obedience to a common authority at Rome; the definiteness of her doctrine as ascertained by the Council of Trent; the impressiveness of the symbols by which those doctrines are exhibited to the senses and imagination of the people; the air of divinity with which her antiquity, reaching back into the twilight of Christian history, invests her orders and service; her connexion with the chivalrous and saintly history of the world, and with the fine arts, have heretofore sustained her. She has never lost in conflict, except when taken by surprise, having laid aside her armour. And when menaced, the facility with which she has resumed it, and the energy with which she has used it, indicate the vitality within her.

She has been twice surprised and deeply wounded. First, by Luther and his coadjutors; and again, by the spirit of infidelity and Republicanism, which is represented in Europe by the French Revolution. We have seen how far and how rapidly she recovered from the first: if ye will open our eyes, we may see how rapidly she is recovering from the second. Grown wise by past experience, she is aiming to perpetuate her renewed youth, and forever hereafter prevent surprise, and render herself secure against every assault.

I am aware that Protestants have been accustomed to consider the Roman Catholic Church as superannuated; as beneath the contempt of the liberally educated; as vanishing before the advancing knowledge of the age. Never have they committed a more fatal mistake; a mistake which has led them to misunderstand her true power, and to choose improperly their own measures of attack and defence.

The returning sense of religion in the Catholic countries of Europe, notwithstanding the general diffusion of knowledge, does not take the direction of Protestantism, but of Roman Catholicism; and the settled policy of the European States, since 1815, is to prevent the spread of liberal principles; and hence Roman Catholicism revives under the influence of political sympathy: for the history of the world and the nature of the case attest the truth of the maxim, "No bishop, no king;" that a religious hierarchy is incompatible with popular liberty and never prevails without being used as an instrument of government by the State. Protestantism is the symbol of individual liberty, intellectual, political, and religious: Roman Catholicism is the symbol of subjection, more or less, in all these respects.

But the essential power of the Roman Catholic Church is within

herself. Its chief elements have always been indicated. They influence her entire population of one hundred and sixty millions, under the direction of one common head, the Pope, by means of about eight hundred bishops and apostolic vicars, who have the government of the countless number of priests, missionaries, and monastic orders, both male and female, dispersed through all the earth, and occupying the most favourable positions for action. Attachment to their church, enthusiasm in their cause, the magnitude of the conquest proposed to themselves; the persuasion that success is at hand; freedom from the domestic cares, by reason of celibacy; their vows of obedience to their superiors—all contribute to promptitude and energy of action. Such is the extent and variety of their operations, that they afford room for the employment of every order of talent, and every eccentricity of disposition. The excess of population in the Old World; the difficulty of marrying with advantage in many instances, and the thousand private disappointments and griefs, contribute largely to fill the ranks of the clergy, and to people the monasteries and nunneries. The doctrine of merit in works disposes to the most dangerous and difficult enterprises; and the more dangerous and difficult, the more meritorious. No clime is so unpropitious, no work so revolting, no undertaking so hazardous, as to deter either men or women, if the voice of the church call them to action or endurance. Their state of celibacy reduces their expenses to a point where Protestant action could not be sustained. They ask but food and raiment, and these often of the plainest kind, and are therewith content. Formerly, many ecclesiastical persons in the Romish communion, from the Pope down to the humble curate, were anxious to amass wealth for personal indulgence, or for the benefit of their relations; but, under the new impulse, abstemious habits prevail to a great extent, and revenues arising are not now wasted on nepotism, but appropriated to the great missionary cause of the church.

Her policy and resources enable her to prepare persons to serve in every place where her interests or the interests of humanity may demand. She has men who may sit down in the cabinet and counsel kings; who may stand at the head of universities and direct the education of a nation; and others whose enthusiasm and devotion make them ready to tent under the burning sun of the tropics, or rest in the wigwam of the Indian: while her Sisters of Charity are ready to stand by the beds of the wretched in the fever or the cholera hospitals, and patiently administer to their wants. The brothers of Jesus (the Jesuits) are a flying artillery, ever ready for any service to be accomplished by any means. These, together with the other monastic orders and the various sisterhoods, are charged with obtaining the education of the world; and their success, even amid Protestant populations, is astonishing.

While the ecclesiastical ranks are thus enthusiastic and active, the lay population are constant and liberal in their contributions to support the cause. The Roman Catholics are truer to their principles than the Protestants, because they believe there is no salvation out of their communion; while Protestants admit that there are many true Christians in the Catholic Church. Hence the Catholic is bound in conscience to direct all his conduct and to cast his vote for the honour of his church. A Catholic would prefer his child should not know

the alphabet rather than be educated under the influence of Protestantism; but a Protestant will send his sons and daughters to Catholic schools, when the chances are many that they will forsake the religion of their parents, because he is willing to run the risk of his children becoming Catholics, provided they get a good education. Let man or woman marry a Catholic, and the Catholic consort cannot rest in conscience until his or her companion is safe in the church. From the very nature of the case, the Catholic is more attached to his faith than the Protestant, for he believes it essential to his salvation and the salvation of his friends. When did a Catholic prince become Protestant through political interests? Yet the great Henry of France renounced his Protestantism for a throne, and even the Elector of Saxony faltered in the Protestant cause when political considerations came in his way; and the Protestant Prince Maurice turned traitor to the Protestant league of Smalcalde, and played into the hands of Charles V., in hopes of obtaining the territory of his Protestant kinsman.* On the other hand, there are numerous instances of Catholic princes deliberately putting their thrones to jeopardy for the sake of their religion. Nay, instances are not wanting of Catholic princes renouncing their crowns because they could not wear them as Catholics.

While there is this steadiness in the faith and purpose of the Roman Catholic community, there is much worldly wisdom and flexibility displayed in their modes of exhibiting their faith. Their exposition of doctrine and their forms of worship are judiciously adapted to the different ranks of society.

At Prague, I saw a funeral procession pass before our hotel, attended by long lines of priests in their robes, and each carrying a lighted taper. Hundreds of boys and citizens carried them also. In the interior towns of Italy, over the doors of many churches, I read, "*Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana perpetua.*" No such advertisment as this could be found in the principal churches in Rome, if, indeed, in Rome at all. On Conception Day I was in Rome, and on accident-

* Dr. Dixon, speaking of the increase of Roman Catholicism in the British dominions, says, "The North American Colonies, the West India Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, the Continent of India, and Australia, are being regularly organized as popish sees, and are filling with bishops and priests. These establishments are, in part, supplied at the nation's expense. The public money is now employed to equip and send out bishops and priests, and partially to maintain them, in the distant colonies of the Empire. How this can be consistently done, it is difficult to divine. By what right any government can apply the public money, without act of Parliament, to set up a hierarchy which is avowedly alien to the religion and constitution of the country, must be determined by a more learned authority. The fact, however, is so; and these Protestant missionary societies which have, for a long series of years, been toiling in these distant regions, to sow the seed of evangelical truth, to plant in these infant nations the principles of British Christianity, and attach them to the parent state by the ties of a common religion, now suddenly find themselves confronted and opposed by regular establishments of popish priests, PAID, PATRONISED, AND PUBLICLY RECOMMENDED BY THE GOVERNMENT. Without debate, or even any kind of notice being taken of the matter in the British Parliament, or the least knowledge of what was going on by the people of this country, we are suddenly startled by the fact that, while Protestants were asleep or wrangling, the popish church, with silent and stealthy industry, has established her influence and authority in all the colonies of the Empire."

ally going to the Capitol at three o'clock, found a vast concourse of the common people, but few of the gentry there. I soon perceived that some popular display was to take place. Military bands and troops in uniform were seen amid the vast crowds. Standards were displayed, the most eminent of which bore a picture of the Virgin. Presently the crowd opened to make way for the procession, which began to issue from the Church of Araceli (built on the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus,) accompanied by hundreds of boys dressed in white, bearing lighted tapers, and followed by sixteen strong men in blue blouses, bearing on poles a gilded canopy, under which was a figure of the Virgin, large as life, in the act of blessing the people. The whole pageant moved to the Capitol Square, and descended the Clivus Capitolinus towards the Campus Martius, amid the ringing of bells, the prostration of the people, and clouds of incense. It made the circuit of the city in the same manner, returned to the east side of the Capitol, and entered the ancient Forum, which shook under the heavy tread of the long double lines of priests and of the populace. It then ascended by the Via Sacra under the lone columns of Jupiter Tonans, treading on the very stones which had been pressed by the prancing horses of the triumphing Cæsars, and disbanded at the door of the church, where the Virgin was received again amid inspiring music.

As Christmas morning dawned on Naples, I was awaked from my slumbers, and heard the measured chant of a company of priests, amid the discharge of rockets and the shouts of the multitude. I looked out of the window and saw hundreds of them clad in white, each with a torch, and surrounding a light silk canopy, under which were a cradle, the child, and the Virgin. I sallied forth, joined the crowd, and entered the church with the procession. It looked much more like an emporium of fashion than the house of God. The richness and brilliancy of the Virgin's dress and ornaments; of the pavilion over the cradle and child; and of the side chapels, fitted up like boudoirs, exceeded all I had imagined on such occasions.

On another evening I visited one of the churches, which was literally hung all round in festoons of various-coloured silk with gilded fringes and gold spangles. The altar was loaded with huge bouquets of flowers, made of silver-gilt paper, and high above it, in the alcoved ceiling, were the Virgin and child, half concealed in flowers. One hundred and fifty-four tapers burned upon the altar, and twice that number in the other parts of the church, which was crowded to suffocation. The priest elevated the host; the multitude bowed and worshipped, while a hundred guns were discharged, in rapid succession, in the street immediately before the church; the discharges becoming slower as the train advanced, but increasing in loudness until the final grand explosion as the priest returned the host to the tabernacle on the altar, when the people rose and departed.

This is the exhibition of Catholicism to the degraded masses in Catholic countries, to the great grief of the enlightened and independent of mind; and which an intelligent professional gentleman in Naples, in conversation with me, called "*our pagan worship.*" We Protestants generally rail at this, and denounce it. Yet we cannot deny but that Roman Catholicism does reach and influence these dregs of society, so

that they are better with it than without it. But what is the influence of Protestants over the vile populations that burrow in their cities and towns? What does it do for the 60,000 in Liverpool who never enter a church, and the three times that number in London, with a fair proportion in Manchester, and in our own great cities? These are questions which Protestants ought to be able to answer to their credit.

On the other hand, Roman Catholicism, in the midst of Protestant populations, and when addressing itself to intelligent persons, shows none of these superstitions. It exhibits itself as a plausible, if not a reasonable system. Thus it appears to us in America; thus it appears in England, in Prussia, and, to a great extent, in France and Ireland. We have seen how it appears in truly Catholic countries.

With these views of the power and progress of Roman Catholicism, it remains to inquire, What is the duty of Protestants? The first thing to be done is to waive the differences among themselves in matters of opinion and of church government. In the fundamental articles of faith the agreement is sufficient for common cause. Variety in matters of opinion and in church government is not a disadvantage, if warm, active brotherly love abound among us all. We have quarrelled long enough. Our bickerings should be laid aside, and we should present one unbroken front of Protestantism to the advancing legions of the Roman Catholic Church, which really seems to be renewed in youth, and is inspired with an energy and flushed with a hope of success unknown to her in past ages. Her spirit, her constitution, her history, require the bondage of the mind in matters of religion, and secure the submission of the many to the authority of the few. Protestantism represents freedom and independence of mind in matters of religion as well as in civil and political affairs, and is the basis of free government. Catholicism is a sacramental religion; the religion of the priesthood: Protestantism is the religion of faith; the religion of the individual. According to Catholicism, there can be no communion with God, except through the intervention of the priest: Protestantism teaches each man for himself to draw near to God and make known his requests in prayer, without the intervention or office of any mortal man between him and his Maker. The happiness and liberty of the world stand or fall as the one or the other of these religious systems shall attain dominion. Catholics have buried all their differences; have renewed their vows of fidelity to their church; have reformed their manners and morals to a great extent; and have devoted their worldly substance to their cause; and shall not Protestants show equal charity and wisdom among themselves—equal zeal—equal liberality?

Next to this unity in heart and action among Protestants, the most important measure is, the sound religious education of the whole Protestant population. The peculiar doctrines and ceremonies of Roman Catholicism give it dominion over the conscience and the imagination; by its admirable and energetic system of education, in close connection with the Church, it is seeking dominion over the mind.—If it succeed, it will have taken possession of the fortress of Protestantism, which dares not bind the conscience or captivate the imagination, but rests solely on the conviction of the understanding, and the faith founded therein. If we do not retain possession of the edu-

cation of the youth of our country, we shall be compelled to strike our colours at a day much less distant than the most apprehensive have imagined. The whole battle of the Reformation is to be fought over again. Protestantism has depended too much upon its internal spiritual power. This is great; but to this must be added all other moral means; and foremost among these is the thorough religious education of the youth, in conjunction with their literary, scientific, and common education. Religious instruction must be a prominent feature in the university, the college, the academy, and the common school.—To the religious community to which I have the privilege of belonging, I am bound to say, the number of our people, the uniformity of our faith and government, and our diffusion throughout the land, call upon the whole Church, through her general Conference, to devise a complete system of education, under her patronage and inspection, which shall meet, not only the wants of her own people, but the great exigency of the renewed conflict between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, which is to put in requisition the energies of Europe and America for the next half century.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

I WAS gratified to find, in all my intercourse with Englishmen, kind feelings towards my native country fully expressed. Though the tone of the public journals and of party pamphlet writers has been anything but friendly for several years past, I believe that all right-minded men in England deprecate hostile feelings towards the United States, not merely on grounds of political expediency, but from a real and earnest desire for the welfare of his country. Neither in England nor America can journalists be considered fair expositors of the true state of public opinion. So excessive is the strength of party spirit in both countries, that, in general, few newspapers or journals can be believed implicitly, in any assertions with reference to points that involve party considerations, or that may be used in party conflicts. Whatever ebullitions of *war spirit* may be found in newspapers on either side of the water, I am satisfied that the mass of the people in both countries desire not merely to preserve peace, but to cherish a closer and more kindly feeling than ever towards each other.

Certainly such ought to be the state of things. The two greatest nations on earth, mother and daughter, with a common language, common laws, the same literature, the same habits, the same religion —why should *these* nations, of all others, indulge in feelings of hostility? Dependent on each other in many respects, connected by a great and growing trade, why should they be ready, at the slightest word, to talk of strife?

But while I admit freely that I found in all companies the kindliest feelings towards America, I found them generally coupled with prejudices and erroneous views that went far to counteract them, and will certainly, if not arrested, in the end effectually destroy them.

The reason of all this is sufficiently obvious. Towards Americans themselves, as the sons of Old England, as Protestant Christians, and, what perhaps is not the least consideration, as the most extensive purchasers of British-goods, the English people desire to feel kindly. But the *government* and *institutions* of America are viewed with very different feelings by all but the Liberal party in England. They know well that the *party of the people* throughout Europe has started into being since the American Revolution, as its acknowledged fruit; that the experiment of Republicanism in America has not been made for America alone; that the suffering millions of the Old World have heard, or will in the course of time hear, that freedom is possible, and can be made to co-exist with good government. They know well that all the abuses and oppressions of European governments will be set forth in contrast with the benign institutions of the United States with terrible effect. They do not fear the spirit of propagandism from America—we are too remote for that—but the *example* of successful Republicanism. After spending "eight hundred millions in resisting Republicanism in Europe," the Tory party of England do not intend that the peaceful operation of the great principles of freedom in America, the admirable development of the best powers of the Anglo-Saxon race under a government of the people, and the rapid advancement of the American nation in wealth, intelligence, and cultivation, shall be allowed to produce their legitimate effects upon the popular mind of Europe. Hence, for a number of years past, they have followed a regular system of misrepresentation and falsehood in regard to the working of the political institutions of America. What is good among us has been overlooked or denied; what is evil has been exaggerated. Our social defects—the natural consequences of the physical conditions under which society exists among us—have been charged upon our political system. Evils which no human government ever did prevent or ever can prevent, and which exist in tenfold force and extent in the Old World, are charged upon America as peculiarly hers and as the legitimate fruit of her institutions. But besides all this, falsehoods of the most vile and absurd character are continually concocted in England, circulated through the island, and spread over the Continent. I might cite extracts in abundance from English newspapers in proof of this statement.

But if newspapers alone were guilty of this crying sin of habitually slandering a great nation, it would be well: men, generally, have learned how much credit is to be given to party newspapers, and the evil which they do is confined to narrow and temporary limits. But the higher English journals, the magazines and reviews, exhibit the very worst of this malignant spirit. That even these should make mistakes in regard to foreign subjects is natural enough, especially when we consider through what a medium of pride and prejudice such subjects are viewed in England; but it is not of mistakes that I complain. Let me give a specimen or two. I might take up the London Quarterly or the Foreign Quarterly at random and hardly fail to find slander enough. Take the following passage from an article in the former journal on *Railroads in Ireland*.

"Although men of property and intelligence in the great cities of the United States do not dare openly to utter a word of complaint against their tyrannical masters, the people, in talking of the said

'people' they do not hesitate in private to acknowledge to any intelligent English traveller that they are afraid, publicly, either to write their sentiments or to speak their mind; (!) that their property is insecure; (!) that they cannot luxuriously spend it as they like, or bequeath it in any way contrary to the mode approved of by the people; (!!) for though their bequest might be perfectly legal, yet that the jury would be sure to overrule it, as has been customary in such cases, by a verdict of 'insanity.' Suffering under this tyranny, it is quite easy to perceive that they look with secret admiration and envy on those noble British institutions (!!) which only protect the property of the few from the Briarean fingers of the many. They see that under this system no man in England is afraid to write or speak his mind; that property may be spent or bequeathed as the owner chooses; that neither the British judge nor the British jury fear anything but the guilt of injustice; that, strange to say, the bowie-knife is unknown throughout the British Empire," &c., &c.

These are specimens of the "proofs" given by this sapient reviewer of "the fatal results of Democracy, as they are already staringly exemplified in the United States;" and that, too, oddly enough, one would think, in an article on "Railways in Ireland." But the reader who is familiar with Tory journals or newspapers will not be surpised at this, for the same kind of slang is introduced into articles on all conceivable subjects; let the writer begin on almost any topic, it is soon "Monsieur Tonson come again;" and America must be abused. As to the assertions quoted from the Railway reviewer, they are *every one*—so far as they relate to America—false and calumnious. Nowhere, in the civilized world, is there more complete freedom of speech and of the press than in the free States of the American Union; nowhere is property more secure; nowhere can a man dispose of his property more freely at his pleasure; nowhere can a man bequeath it with such perfect license. On the points above cited, take Great Britain and Ireland together, and there is no comparison between them and the United States.

Take another specimen from the infamous article in the Foreign Quarterly for January, 1844, on the "Poets of America." "America has never produced statesmen, but teems with politicians. Hence the judges on the bench constantly give way to popular clamour, and law itself is abrogated by the lawmakers, and only violated by its functionaries. Hence the total abnegation of all dignity, earnestness, truth, consistency, and courage, in the administration of local affairs. Hence the ascendency of Lynch-law over state law; hence assassination in the daylight in the thronged streets; hence impunity to crime, backed by popular fury; hence the wild justice of revenge bearding the justice of the judicature in its own courts; hence the savage bowie-knife glittering in the hand of the murderer on the floor of Congress; and hence that intimidation from without, which makes legislation itself a farce; and, which, trampling upon all known principles of human rights, has prohibited the discussion of slavery in the chambers, where discussion, to be of any value at all, ought to be free and above suspicion." "The ablest men in America have preserved their own equivocal and insecure position by a servile obedience to the masses. No man in America stands clear of this rotten despotism. No man dare assert his own independence, apart from

the aggregate independence of the people. He has no liberty but theirs. So thoroughly and universally is this acknowledged, so implicitly is it submitted to, that it has long ceased to excite observation."

My readers will have seen before this time the chapter on America in Alison's History of Europe. In this elaborate work, the labour of twenty-five years, the writer has contrived to convey to posterity (if his book ever reaches posterity) a series of the most atrocious slanders against a whole people that ever were perpetrated. According to Mr. Alison, in the American States, "it is generally made an indispensable pledge, with every representative on the popular side, that he is to support the system of 'repudiation,' and relieve the people of the disagreeable burden of paying their debts;" "religion has become the mere re-echo of public opinion;" "original thought, independence of character, nervous opinion, are unknown;" "there is, in opposition to the will or passions of the majority, no security for life or property;" "murders and assassinations in open day are not unfrequent among the members of Congress themselves;" "all the state judges, from the highest to the lowest, are elected by the people, and are liable to be displaced by them;" and, finally, "the atrocities of the French Revolution, cruel and heart-rending as they were, have been exceeded on the other side of the Atlantic; for there the terrible spectacle has been frequently exhibited of late years, of persons obnoxious to the *majority* being publicly burned alive by the *people*, and to render the torment more prolonged and excruciating, over a fire purposely kindled of green wood."

It is enough to say of these statements, that every one of them, from beginning to end, is an unqualified falsehood; and there are many more such in Mr. Alison's book. Notwithstanding, it cannot be possible but that they will do a great deal to prejudice the minds of multitudes in England, who would have passed by the statements of newspapers and reviews with inattention, or even disgust.*

It will be seen from the extracts above given, that English writers dwell with frequency upon the absence of free thought in America. It is a favourable notion now in England, that no American can speak his mind on any topic, unless his opinion happens to coincide with that of the majority. I believe De Tocqueville first gave currency to this notion, and it has been caught up with eagerness by English writers on America. It would be easy to show from De Tocqueville's own book that his statements are generally hypothetical, and that he brings few or no facts to support them. His theory was, that in a Democratic government there *can* be no freedom of opinion; and it was an easy step from that to say that in the United States there *is* no freedom of opinion. But let the notion have originated where it may, it is totally destitute of foundation. As I have said before, nowhere in the world is there greater freedom of speech and of the press than in America. A man may write what he pleases and speak what he pleases, subject only to the just restrictions of law. "But," say these writers, "if a man advocate opinions unpalatable to the majority, he will be proscribed and driven from public life." This is

* What is here said is predicated of the European editions, for circulation in Europe.

true enough, and can it be otherwise? Is it not so in England? Will a large Tory landholder vote for Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright? Do the generous Whigs of England elect Tory members? Was such an absurdity ever heard of as that men should be called to support and elevate men whose political opinions they believe to be directly subversive of their best interests? This is the only proscription for opinion's sake known in America—that men will not support or countenance those men in public life whose sentiments they disapprove. By what code of morality they can be bound to do otherwise I cannot imagine.

The only exception that can be fairly adduced from the general remark made above in regard to freedom of speech in America, is the case of the discussion of slavery in some of the slave states. I freely admit that in some of those states the fundamental principles of American liberty have been violated; that freedom of speech has been suppressed, the press muzzled, and men proscribed, and even punished, for opinion's sake. I have no excuse to offer for these atrocities; but I earnestly disclaim, on the part of the majority of the states and people of the Union, all sympathy with the doctrines or the practice of those who violate the Constitution of the country. Their misconduct is no more chargeable upon the whole country than the excesses of Roman Catholics in Tipperary are chargeable upon the British nation. It would be as just to say that there is no freedom of opinion in Great Britain because Protestants cannot say what they will against Romanism in some parts of Ireland, as to say that there is no freedom of opinion in America because Abolitionists cannot publish what they will against slavery in two or three of the American states.

English writers are fond of saying that there is no justice to be had in America. I am well assured that the administration of the laws is as pure and perfect in America as it is in England, nay, even more so. I believe, notwithstanding, that the justice of the English courts is nearly unimpeachable; yet it would not be difficult, after the manner of English tourists, to make out a strong case against them. I find the following paragraph in a London paper of August, 1842:

"The following shows how much may be done by interest, and perhaps something else: Thomas Edward Johnson, Esq., who, on the 15th ult., was found guilty and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for a gross assault on Amelia Browning, the housemaid in the establishment, No. 131 Piccadilly, where he occupied apartments, obtained a commutation of his sentence a very few days afterward, upon the petition of his brother, and the payment of the nominal fine of £30. No communication was first made with the prosecutrix, who had been obliged to leave a good place in order to preserve her virtue, and was at the expense of some pounds in prosecuting her would-be seducer; and when her respectable solicitors, Messrs. Baddeley, of Lemon-street, represented the facts to Sir James Graham, the secretary of state for the home department, and suggested that the least recompense the poor girl could now receive, since she had got another place, and the offender was at large, was the making of the fine applicable to the payment of her expenses, the trite answer was returned, under the signature of H. Manners Sutton, that the request could not be complied with."

I might multiply such quotations, and then proceed to build upon

them a charge against the purity of the British judges; and in so doing, I should follow precisely the method pursued by British tourists, journalists, and historians to blacken the character of the United States.

In another paper of the same year occurs the following statment:

"Upward of six thousand tradesmen are said to have been convicted during the past four years, of fraudently using short weights and measures!"

In the matter of corruption and bribery in elections, I believe our English friends would hardly be willing to institute a comparison with us. According to their own showing, there is no restraint upon bribery, except the fear of being *found* guilty. The mere fact of corruption having been occasionally resorted to, would not be so bad; not only is the practice almost universal, but, what is far worse, it finds no correction in public opinion. I myself heard a debate in the House of Commons in regard to a case of bribery, and there was no attempt to deny the offence; the only question between the parties, as one of the speakers himself remarked, was, which of them was most deeply involved in the guilt. The whole tone of the debate showed that the matter was made light of by all parties. That this is the real state of public feeling on this subject in England, will be farther shown by the following passage from the London Watchman of August 10th, 1842. A new bill in regard to bribery had just been introduced into the House, and on it the editor remarks:

"However stringent and penal the law on the subject may be, we anticipate little benefit to the country at large, till there be especially among public men, a more correct feeling in regard to the practice. Were it considered to be, as it really is, both *dishonourable* and *immoral*, it would neither be lightly imputed, nor pertinaciously defended, as party purposes may seem to require. As it is, if by imputation an opponent may be unseated, there seems to be no objection to charge it on the most insignificent grounds; as, on the other hand, if a friend is to be kept in his place, the plainest evidence is either to be overlooked altogether, or some method is found of calling the practice by another name, and then, pronouncing the charge of bribery, under that term, to be not proved. We do not refer to such supposed instances for the purpose of illustrating the strength of party feeling, but for showing the real nature of the opinion which is entertained concerning bribery. Provided detection can be avoided, there seems to be, strange as the language may appear, no objection to engage in it, on the part of men generally honourable in their feelings, and who desire to maintain a spotless character among their associates. We fear there are only too many, of all parties, and among all classes, who look upon bribery only as an offence in the eye of the law. 'Your vote is your own, sell it to me,' says the man who wishes in this way to secure his object. 'My vote is my own; I will get as much for it as I can,' says the voter, who sees no evil in accepting money for his vote."

Of all the charges which British writers have brought against the American Congress, there is none so weighty as this. What a picture, indeed, is here presented of the members of the British Legislature—buying up their free and intelligent constituencies!

The system of falsehood pursued in regard to American affairs for some years past, then, by English Tory writers of all classes, has had

its effect upon the minds of the people; and although they are disposed to be friendly to America, they are generally full of ignorance and prejudice as to the character and working of her institutions. I found, commonly, in private society, that these prejudices disappeared before a clear statement of the truth; and there were but few of the topics generally selected for abuse of Americans that I could not dispose of readily. But there were one or two, the mention of which always caused me to hang my head with shame. Many a time have I had to blush for myself as a citizen of Pennsylvania, when the failure of the state to pay the interest of her debt was alluded to in company. True, I had no difficulty in vindicating my fellow-citizens, and the state authorities, from the disgrace of "repudiation." I could fearlessly assert that the people of Pennsylvania had no disposition to shrink from their responsibilities; I could promise, without hesitancy, that every dollar, both of principal and interest, would finally be paid; but then, there was still the decisive fact that the interest was *not paid*, while I could not venture to plead even inability as an excuse. I am well assured that if the state officers and Legislature of Pennsylvania had ever been condemned to feel, as I have felt, the deep dishonour which their neglect to keep the faith of the state unsullied, has fixed upon every man who bears the name of Pennsylvanian in the eyes of all men, of all classes, in every country in Europe, they would not suffer the national disgrace to remain another day. I could not deny the ability of the state to meet the interest upon her debt punctually; and there was nothing left but to admit either the incapacity or the want of firmness in our state government; and to admit either was to give a handle to every opponent of Republican institutions, which he would not fail to use most industriously. The "repudiation" of Mississippi, and the temporary failure of the other delinquent states, has been a God-send to all the upholders of arbitrary power in Europe. And many of them proclaim our disgrace with a savage exultation, as if rejoicing in it. In years past, they have been compelled to resort to their invention for both facts and arguments against American Republicanism; but *here* are both ready made to their hands, far more potent than anything they had dreamed of—a state dishonour that cannot be palliated—a state crime, without even the poor excuse of expediency—a state blunder so gross as to make Republicanism and stupidity, in the estimation of Europeans, synonymous words. In all former conflicts, the Liberal party in Europe have stood manfully in our defence; but now their mouths are stopped. I am clearly of opinion that the cause of liberal opinions in Europe has been put back twenty years, if not fifty, by the non-payment of the debts of the defaulting American states. The whole country suffers for the guilt of the few. It is not Pennsylvania alone that is disgraced, but the United States of America.

Another topic frequently came up in conversation while I was in England, almost equally painful. The gradual deterioration of manners in the American Congress is notorious, not only in America, but in Europe. True, the accounts given in England are generally exaggerated, and often false, but yet there remains enough of the evil to make an American abroad ashamed of the National Legislature. I could, indeed, tell my friends in England, who "spoke of bowie knives flashing in the halls of Congress," and "members assassinating

each other in open day," that these outrages existed only in the feverish imagination of London penny-a-liners and Quarterly Reviewers; but I had at the same time to confess that the Chamber of Representatives had been frequently desecrated by language unworthy of Billingsgate; and even, in one or two instances, by personal rencounters between men of unbridled passions; that the tone of good breeding and decorum that formerly characterized the house had gone, and there had risen up in place of it a spirit of blustering bravado, of rudeness and vulgarity, that made the atmosphere of the house often uncomfortable for men of decent manners. All this I had to admit, and in honesty I here record it. So long as these things are so, Englishmen may say almost what they please of us, and Europe will believe them.

The American Senate, I am proud to say, still retains its character as a dignified and honourable body of legislators. In point of decency, propriety, and good breeding, it falls in no respect below the English House of Lords; and, in point of talent, it has generally been far superior; certainly it was so in the palmy days of the Clays, the Calhouns, the Websters, and the Haynes. Indeed, scenes occur in the House of Lords, the like of which has never been known, as far as I have heard, in the American Senate. On a very late occasion Lord Brougham gave Lord Campbell the lie, almost directly. The same thing occurred not long ago in the House, when no less a personage than Sir Robert Peel honoured Mr. Cobden, the corn-law leaguer, with a like compliment. In many respects the House of Commons shows more ill-breeding than would be tolerated in our House of Representatives, *e. g.*, in hissing, coughing, scraping, imitation of animals, &c.; but insulting language, and still more, indecorous conduct, are rarely known. I trust that the public indignation which has been so freely expressed throughout the United States in regard to the breaches of decorum in the House of Representatives at Washington, will have due effect there, and that we have seen the last of the disgraceful occurrences to which I have referred.

Though the acts of lawless violence that are occasionally perpetrated in our Southern and Western regions cannot justly be charged upon the whole community, I had frequent occasion, while abroad, to meet the charge that human life is not guarded in America as in Europe. I met it generally with success, by stating that these occurrences mostly take place in the newly-settled districts of the country, where the laws have not had time to be incorporated with the habits of the people; where, indeed, owing to the great extent of country over which a small population is scattered, laws can hardly be administered in form at all; and where every man has grown up in habits of self-government and self-defence. I stated also, with confidence, that in the majority of the states of the American Union life and property are as secure as in any country in Europe, and in some of them far more so. It would be as unjust to say that in the British Empire no man can rent land over another without risking his life, because "intruders" are butchered in some counties of Ireland, as to say that life and property are insecure in America because of the lawless outrages committed in some semi-civilized portions of her territory. But our British friends, innocent of all knowledge of American geography, make no difference between Arkansas and Massachusetts, Iowa

and Pennsylvania. A murder is committed at the distance of fifteen hundred or two thousand miles from Philadelphia, and they imagine at once that the streets of the Quaker city are thronged with savages, and that bowie-knives are as common there as walking-sticks in Regent Street. As well might the police of London be held responsible for the misdemeanours of Van Diemen's Land.

It must not be supposed that I offer any apology for the crimes to which I have referred. The inhabitants of those states in which barbarous duels, street fights, bowie-knife rencounters, and all forms of individual vengeance are allowed, must consent to be regarded as only half-civilized until their laws are better enforced. Mankind will not give them credit for virtue or intelligence so long as these brutal evidences of the prevalence of evil passions are allowed to attest their infamy. That there are many good men in those sections of the country who mourn over these outrages, I am well assured; and I cannot but urge them to exert all their energies, as good citizens and Christians, to bring about a better state of society.

American slavery was, of course, a frequent topic of discussion among our transatlantic friends. Anti-slavery spirit is thoroughly diffused among the English people; it has grown up to be an earnest conviction of the whole nation; and they are so elated with the recent abolition of slavery in the British West Indies, that they can hardly look with patience upon any system that holds men in involuntary bondage, however mild and *patriarchal* may be its character. There is much ignorance among them as to the true character of American slavery; a number of the most extravagant and fanatical of our anti-slavery lecturers have been among them, and fed the public appetite for horrors even to satiety. I endeavoured always, without in the slightest degree attempting to hide or palliate the real evils of slavery, to remove the false impressions which these itinerant slanderers of their own country had succeeded in making. I presented, too, what I believed to be the real state of feeling of a vast majority of the citizens of the United States—their settled conviction of the evil of slavery; their unfeigned regret that it had been fastened upon us by our British ancestors; and their earnest anxiety for its abolition. Born in a slave-state myself, I spoke with *knowledge* and with confidence of the anti-slavery feeling that pervades a large class of the population, even in those states where slavery exists by law; and showed that measures had been taken years ago, which would—had they not been arrested by the ultra-abolitionists—in all probability have led to the abolition of slavery in several of these states before this time. I found it necessary, also, to explain the relation of our state governments to the General Government, and the constitutional impossibility of any interference on the part of the latter in the matter of slavery, in any of the states. In general, I found a great abatement of the severity with which our English friends are wont to judge of American slavery, when the true state of the case was fairly set before them. And when all other arguments failed, I generally found that a fair retort upon the evils of England and Ireland was enough to lower the tone of the most violent. "Why does not your American government put an end to slavery?" "Because the American government has no power in the case." "But the government must have power to do right; and if it has not, ought to

take it." "But the system has grown up with the people of the Southern States, is incorporated with all their institutions, is recognized by their laws, and a violent abolition of it would be a violation of rights guaranteed by the constitutions of the several states." "Ah, but those rights are founded in wrong, and are therefore no rights."

Let us turn the tables. "Why does your English government permit the territory of Ireland to be held by a few rich families, while the majority of the people are living in wretchedness?" "Oh! the government has no control over that matter." "But it ought to have control over it." "No, it cannot violate the rights of property." "Ah, but those rights are founded in wrong and are therefore no rights."

The truth is, that, under the present working of British institutions, the mass of the people are slaves, and the *few* are masters, without the responsibilities of masters. The physical condition of the greater part of the slaves in the Southern States of America is better than that of millions in England and Ireland; their moral and intellectual state cannot be worse.

I must not be understood as vindicating American Slavery. I have no sympathy with the system, and would abolish it to-day if it were practicable. But I am not, and cannot be blind to the difficulties that surround the question of emancipation; and while I would use every practicable exertion to hasten the day of emancipation, I must be permitted to doubt the tendency of measures such as those adopted by some classes of American Abolitionists, and of the abuse so freely heaped upon us by English writers, to bring on that happy day. Firmly believing that the religion of Christ is taking deep root in the Southern States and that the spirit of slavery is incompatible with that religion, I trust that, in the good Providence of God, the time of our deliverance from this evil may not be remote.

I left my reader at Cork. I must now take a hasty leave of him, simply stating that our party returned to London, spent some pleasant weeks again in England, and then departed for Hamburg, on the way to Germany and Italy.

FINIS.

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