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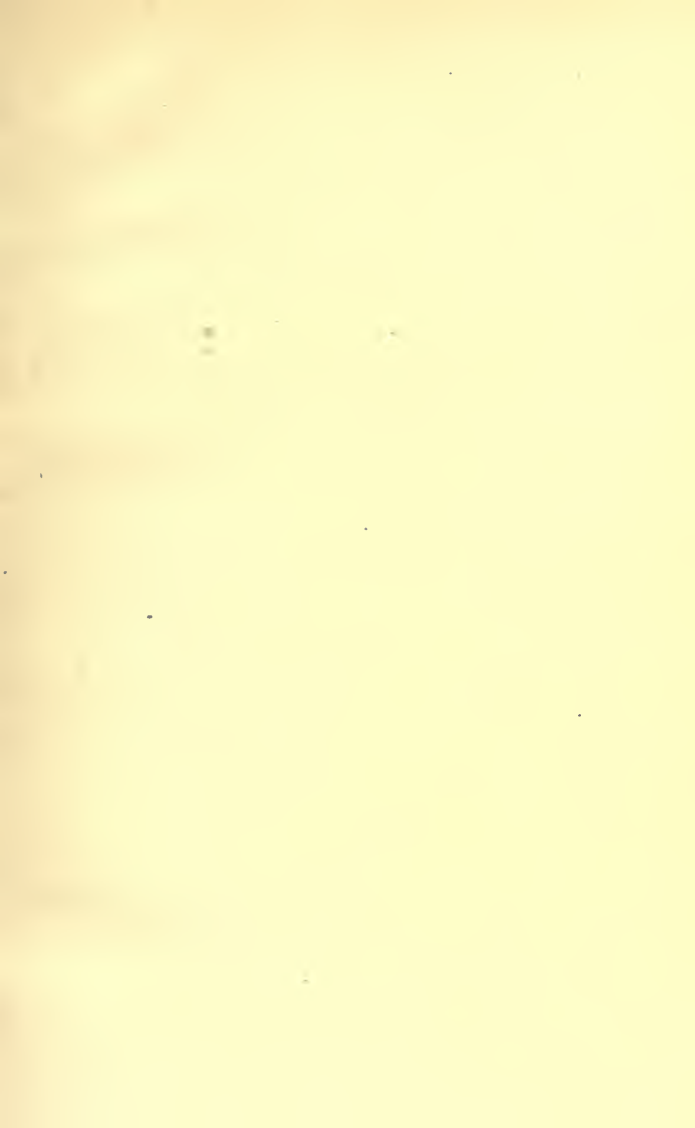


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THE CASTLES OF THE GLEICHEN.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

BAYARD TAYLOR



The worth village, Switzerland





Eldorado Edition

THE WORKS  
OF  
BAYARD TAYLOR

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VOLUME VI

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AT HOME AND ABROAD  
FIRST SERIES

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AT HOME AND ABROAD  
SECOND SERIES



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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# AT HOME AND ABROAD

A SKETCH-BOOK OF  
LIFE, SCENERY AND MEN

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

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FIRST SERIES

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AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN this volume I have collected together the various detached sketches of men and things, and the records of short excursions, or episodes of travel, for which there was no appropriate place in the narratives already published. Most of them have appeared, at intervals, during the past eight years—have, perhaps, been long since read and forgotten by many of my readers; yet I trust that there are few, the subjects of which are not in themselves of sufficient interest to justify me in thus reproducing them. At least they have the advantage of variety, and the volume, like the sketch-book of an artist, has figures for those who do not appreciate landscapes, matter-of-fact for those who dislike sentiment, and a close adherence to Nature as a compensation for any lack of grace in the execution. It is a record of actual experiences, and aims at no higher merit than the utmost fidelity.

**BAYARD TAYLOR.**

**NEW YORK, August 4, 1858.**



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# AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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## I.

### THE FIRST JOURNEY I EVER MADE

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MY friend, Ida Pfeiffer, relates, in the preface to one of her volumes, that the desire for travel was with her an inborn propensity. When a little girl, she was accustomed to watch the mail-coach as it whirled daily through her native valley; and when it had crossed the verge of the hill which bounded her childish world, she would frequently weep, because she could not follow it and visit the unknown regions beyond. In looking back to my childhood, I can recall no such instinct of perambulation; but on the contrary, the intensest desire to climb upward—so that without shifting the circle of my horizon, I could yet extend it and take in a far wider sweep of vision. I envied every bird that sat swinging upon the topmost bough of the great, century-old cherry tree; the weather-cock on our barn seemed to me to whirl in a higher region of the air.

and to rise from the earth in a balloon, was a bliss which I would almost have given my life to enjoy. Perhaps the root of the instinct was the same in both cases; but Madame Pfeiffer's desires shot off in a horizontal direction, while mine went up perpendicularly.

I remember, as distinctly as if it were yesterday, the first time this passion was gratified. Looking out of the garret window, on a bright May morning, I discovered a row of slats which had been nailed over the shingles for the convenience of the carpenters, in roofing the house, and had not been removed. Here was, at last, a chance to reach the comb of the steep roof, and take my first look abroad into the world! Not without some trepidation I ventured out, and was soon seated astride of the sharp ridge. Unknown forests, new fields and houses appeared to my triumphant view. The prospect, though it did not extend more than four miles in any direction, was boundless. Away in the northwest, glimmering through the trees, was a white object—probably the front of a distant barn; but I shouted to the astonished servant-girl, who had just discovered me from the garden below: "I see the Falls of Niagara!"

With increase of knowledge, this instinct took the definite form of a longing to see and to climb a mountain. My nurse was an old Swiss woman, in the background of whose stories stood the eternal Alps; some few of the neighbors had seen the Blue Ridge (the members of our community generally, were as thoroughly attached to the soil as the Russian serfs) and in our native region of softly-rounded hills and small intervening valleys—a lovely reproduction of English Warwickshire—the description of a mountain,

mantled with pine, faced with sheer precipices, and streaked with summer snow, seemed to be a fable, a miracle, an impossibility. So I determined—since it was difficult to ascend much above the top of the house at home—that my first journey should be in the direction of a mountain.

It was not so easy, however, to carry this plan into execution. A farmer's son—tempted on the one hand by books, knives, and breastpins, and on the other, by circuses, menageries, phrenological lectures, pea-nuts, and ice-cream—can rarely save enough from the sale of his rabbit-skins, walnuts, and sumac leaves, or even from his own cherished pig—the “runt” of the litter—to commence any serious undertaking. My private means were chiefly derived from these sources, and every succeeding spring I found myself in the condition of the United States Post-Office Department, in the year 1859. But when my seventeenth May came around, and I was formally apprenticed to the printing business, one stipulation in the paper of indenture opened an unexpected way for me. It was arranged that I should receive forty dollars a year for the purchase of my clothing, and as I entered on my apprenticeship with a tolerable supply, I at once saw the possibility of saving enough out of my first year's allowance to enable me to reach the nearest mountain.

The plan succeeded well. At the termination of the year, I found myself in possession of the enormous sum of fifteen dollars. But my ideas and desires had in the meantime expanded, and the amount of capital secured appeared sufficient to warrant me in undertaking a much more extensive journey than I had originally intended. New York,

the Highlands, the Catskills, Berkshire, and the Connecticut Valley! Of course, the tour must be accomplished mostly on foot; and I confess I counted a little upon the hospitality of the country-people for a meal or a bed, if my purse should get very low. A fellow-apprentice, of ample means (I believe he had twenty-seven dollars), agreed to bear me company; and about the middle of May, 1843, the necessary holiday was obtained from our employer. My scanty baggage was contained in a soldier's knapsack, borrowed from a private of the "National Grays"—the sole militia company in the place—and the gilded letters "N. G." upon the back proved afterwards to be a source of curiosity to the public—many persons, supposing me to be an itinerant peddler, taking them to mean "New Goods." My money was entirely in quarter-dollars, as the United States Bank was no more; and such things as drafts, exchange brokers, etc., were unknown to me.

My companion, on account of his extensive means, determined to travel by railroad to New York, while I, who was obliged to foot it across the sands of New Jersey, started a day in advance, the rendezvous being a small soda water shop in John street, kept by a mutual acquaintance. The steamboat from Philadelphia deposited me at Bordentown, on the forenoon of a warm, clear day. I buckled on my knapsack, inquired the road to Amboy, and struck off, resolutely, with the feelings of an explorer on the threshold of great discoveries. The sun shone brightly, the woods were green, and the meadows were gay with phlox and buttercups. Walking was the natural impulse of the muscles; and the glorious visions which the next

few days would unfold to me, drew me onward with a powerful fascination. Thus, mile after mile went by; and early in the afternoon I reached Hightstown, very hot and hungry, and a little footsore. Twenty-five cents only had been expended, thus far—and was I now to dine for half a dollar? The thought was banished as rapidly as it came, and six cakes, of remarkable toughness and heaviness, put an effectual stop to any further promptings of appetite that day.

The miles now became longer, and the rosy color of my anticipations faded a little. The sandy level of the country fatigued my eyes; the only novel objects I had yet discovered were the sweep-poles of the wells; and though I nodded to everybody I met, my greetings were not always cordially returned. I had been informed, you must know, that in the land of Jersey the inhabitants were inclined to be offended if you did not give them the short, silent nod, which is the ordinary form of country salutation in America. (People say “I nodded to him”—not “spoke” or “bowed”) The hot afternoon was drawing to a close, and I was wearily looking out for Spotswood, when a little incident occurred, the memory of which has ever since been as refreshing to me as the act in itself was at that time.

I stopped to get a drink from a well in front of a neat little farm-house. While I was awkwardly preparing to let down the bucket, a kind, sweet voice suddenly said: “Let me do it for you.” I looked up, and saw before me a girl of sixteen, with blue eyes, wavy auburn hair, and slender form—not strikingly handsome, but with a shy, pretty face, which blushed the least bit in the world, as she met my



gaze. Without waiting for my answer, she seized the pole, and soon drew up the dripping bucket, which she placed upon the curb. "I will get you a glass," she then said, and darted into the house—reappearing presently with a tumbler in one hand and a plate of crisp tea-cakes in the other. She stood beside me while I drank, and then extended the plate with a gesture more inviting than any words would have been. I had had enough of cakes for one day; but I took one, nevertheless, and put a second in my pocket, at her kind persuasion. This was the first of many kindnesses which I have received from strangers all over the wide world; and there are few, if any, which I shall remember longer.

At sunset I had walked twenty-two miles, and had taken to the railroad track by way of a change, when I came upon a freight train, which had stopped on account of some slight accident. "Where are you going?" inquired the engineer. "To Amboy." "Take you there for a quarter!" It was too tempting: so I climbed upon the tender, and rested my weary legs, while the pines and drifted sands flew by us for an hour or more—and I had crossed New Jersey!

There was the ocean! At least I thought so, for I heard the dash of waves on the beach, and the Neversink was invisible in the faint mist and moonlight. Instead of supper, I took a bath—tasted the water, and found it bitter salt. There was no doubt of it: I was swimming in the Atlantic. A deep sleep in some tavern followed; but, hearing at daybreak the sad sea-waves again, I was up, and down to the beach, hunting for shells. I expected to find

all the pearly and rosy marvels which I had seen in our County Cabinet of Natural Sciences, profusely scattered along the sand, and was greatly disappointed to see only a few clams. This did not prevent me from writing a poem entitled: "The First Sight of the Ocean," which I thought a very fine production. It never appeared in *Graham's Magazine* however (to which I sent it), and is now totally lost to the world.

The trip from Amboy to New York made a great impression upon me. The beauty of the shores, the breadth of the bay, the movement of the thronging vessels, gave me new and grand ideas of the life of Man, and for the first time I saw the place of my nativity, not as a world around which all other interests revolved, but as an insignificant speck, the existence of which was as unimportant as it was unnoticed. The magic of that first impression has never been weakened. Our stately harbor is to me now, as it was then, a type of the activity of the age, and after years of wandering I never return to it without the old thrill of admiration—the old instinct that here, of all other places in the world, is the great arena of labor.

I readily found the soda-water establishment, and was joined in the afternoon by my companion. We went out for a stroll up and down Broadway. The first thing we noticed was a red flag, and the voice of an auctioneer selling watches. "Oh," said my friend, "here is one of those places where you can get gold watches so cheap. Let us go in!"—and in we went. Two or three fellows, with heavy chains at their vests, were bidding upon a silver watch. "Only two dollars—going!" cried the auctioneer

“Two and a half!” eagerly shouted my companion. Evidently the Peter Funks wished to lead him on gently, for they allowed him to get the watch for four dollars. The earnestness and volubility of the auctioneer amused me, and I could with difficulty restrain my laughter. He, however, put a different interpretation on my merriment, and looked quickly away whenever he caught my eye. Innocent as I was, he must have supposed that I understood the whole business. “Let me see that watch—I’m a watchmaker myself,” said one of the heavy gentlemen. He opened it, examined the works, and said: “It’s worn out; it won’t go, but the silver is worth something. I’ll allow you two dollars for it, and sell you this, which I carry myself, for five.” My companion was taken in a second time, and made the exchange. The watch, however, though it was not silver, kept pretty good time for a few weeks.

At night, the question was, Where shall we go? It occurred to us, finally, that there was a hotel called the Howard House, not far from John street. The size of the building imposed upon us a little, but we had never heard of more than twenty-five cents being paid for lodging, and went cheerfully to bed. But in the morning our eyes were opened. “Six shillings!” said the clerk, in answer to our inquiry. “SIX SHILLINGS!” we both mechanically repeated, in breathless astonishment. “Yes, that is the regular charge,” he replied. We paid the money, in dumb, bewildered bewilderment, and went around to Gosling’s, in Ann street, for our breakfasts. The next day, our names appeared in the published list of arrivals at the Howard House, and *that* my companion declared, was worth at least four shillings



At that time, there were several lines of steamboats on the Hudson, and their competition had reduced the fare to Catskill to twenty-five cents—which was greatly to our advantage. We enjoyed to the fullest extent, the scenery of the glorious river—still, to my eyes, after seeing the Danube, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Nile, and the Ganges, the most beautiful river in the world. Insensible to the cold wind and occasional showers of rain, we walked the hurricane deck while the splendid panorama of the Palisades, Tappan Zee, and the Highlands unfolded on either side. While I was trying to pick out Sunnyside among the villas around Tarrytown, I was accosted by a sharp, keen-looking man, with “Ah, here you are! How are you?” I replied, in some little embarrassment. “Is your father well?” he continued. “Quite well, sir.” “Is he on board? I’d like to see him.” “No, I am alone.” “Well, I want to hear something about business. I have my eye on a new speculation. It’ll pay mighty well—a sure thing. I think we could manage it very well together.” I gave an evasive answer—not knowing whether the man had mistaken me for some one else, or whether it was another form of the ubiquitous Peter Funk. As soon as possible, I got away from him, and carefully avoided him during the rest of the passage.

We landed at Catskill early in the afternoon, shouldered our knapsacks, and set off for the Mountain House. The day had become warm and clear, and the grand masses of the mountains rose before us, clothed in the softest mantle of light and shadow, as if covered with deep-blue velvet. They have never since appeared to me so high, so vast, and

so beautiful. The green pasture-land, over which our road lay, with its forests of pine and hemlock, singing in the joy of the spring-time, charmed us scarcely less, and we walked onward in a wild intoxication of delight. After we had travelled about six miles, a country wagon came rattling along behind us. In it sat a short, thickset farmer, with a wife of still ampler proportions. As the wagon approached us, he reined in his horses and shouted to us: "Get in! get in! there's plenty of room, and we're going the same way." We cheerfully obeyed, and were soon on the most intimate terms with the jolly people. "I said to myself, the minute I saw you!" exclaimed the farmer, with a laugh of intense satisfaction: "Here's a couple of farmer's boys, who have just got their corn planted, and are taking a little lark before hay-harvest. I'll help 'em along, that I will! and you see I wasn't wrong, Sarah?"—turning to his wife. "No, John," said she, "you're always in the right;" and then whispered to me, who sat on the back seat with her, "I do think my husband's the best man in the world. We've been married now goin' on thirty-six years, and we've never fell out, as other married folks do. No, indeed!" Her broad, happy face, no less than her determined voice, proclaimed the utter impossibility of such a thing.

"I've got a son, John," she continued "and he's lately married, and gone to keepin' house. She's the nicest little daughter-in-law I ever seen. Why, you wouldn't know but she was our own born child!" The old lady was fairly eloquent in praise of her son's wife. She explained to me minutely how she kept her house in order, how many cows she milked, how neat she was, how active, how saving, how

cheerful, and how beautiful. While these confidential disclosures were going on, we had reached a little village at the foot of the mountains. "Law!" she suddenly exclaimed, "there's my son John!—John! John! Here's two strangers we picked up on the road. I've been tellin' 'em about you and Hannah Jane!" John, however, who was engaged in the difficult task of dragging along a refractory pig, by a rope fastened to one of its hind legs, and who looked very warm and vexed, was not so cordial towards us. He nodded (here the pig made a bolt.) "Darn that pig! Are you coming our way, mother? (Another bolt across the road, followed by John.) I want to speak about that (back again, and off the other side) calf!"

Here we judged it best to leave our good friends, and commence the ascent of the mountain. With a hearty shake of the hand, the farmer, who had learned our plans, said: "You won't be far from our house, as you go across to Aithyens (Athens), and you must stop and get dinner with us. Don't forget John —, whenever you come to these parts again!"

We climbed lustily, and just as sunset was fading from the Berkshire Hills, stood on the rocky platform before the Mountain House. Outside of Switzerland, there are few landscapes in Europe of equal beauty; and this first triumphant realization of mountain-scenery was all that my boyish imagination had painted, and more. The nights were moon-lighted; and the view of the vast, mysterious deep traversed by the faint silver gleam of the Hudson, as I saw it from my pillow, kept me from sleep for hours. The next day was one of unmixed enjoyment. We climbed the north

and south peaks, visited the Cauterskill Falls, lay on the grass inhaling the odor of blossoming strawberries and the resinous breath of the pines, and indulged in the delicious intoxication of the hour, without a thought beyond. We were the first visitors that season, and possessed the mountains alone. While sitting on the rocks, I wrote some lines of diluted poetry on a bit of drawing paper, which fell out of my pocket afterwards—as I subsequently discovered, to my great regret. Fortune, however, is kinder towards bad poetry than good. The lines were found by a lady, some weeks later, and restored to me through the columns of the *New York Tribune*. I have lost better poems since, and nobody picks them out of the dust.

On the second morning, we came down to the level of common earth again, and a walk of twenty miles or more brought us to Athens, opposite Hudson, in the evening. Here we slept, and then set off at daybreak, intending to reach Stockbridge that day. But one shower after another delayed us on the road; we got bewildered among the Claverack Hills, and were fain to stop at a farm-house early in the afternoon, to solicit rest and a dinner. The residents were a young couple, still overcome with the pride and happiness of their first child. A judicious nursing of the latter, while the mother prepared dinner, no doubt procured for us the best the house could afford. We had ham and eggs, potatoes, mince pie and coffee (Don't I remember every thing, even to the pattern of the plates?), and were dismissed with good wishes—the honest young fellow refusing to take payment for the meal. This hospitality was well timed, as our resources (*mine*, at least) were fast dwindling away.

I became suddenly conscious that it would be impossible to carry out my plan in all its original grandeur. What was to be done? We sat down on a bank of damp violets, and held a serious consultation, the result of which was, that we turned about, rather crest-fallen, and marched back to Hudson, where we arrived after dark.

The rain the next day justified our decision, and we therefore took the twenty-five-cent steamer to New York. Here I parted from my companion, slept (not at the Howard House, though!), and then set out for Philadelphia. By taking the cars to New Brunswick, and walking thence to Trenton, in time to catch the evening boat to Philadelphia, I managed to make the journey for one dollar, and thereby cheat our Danish State out of her passenger toll. The day was hot, the road dusty, and my spirits much less buoyant than when on the outward tramp, but by hard walking I got over the twenty-eight miles in seven hours. One more day, mostly on foot, and I was at home, triumphant, with nine cents in my pocket, and a colossal cold in my head.

Humboldt once told me: "Travelling certainly increases a man's vitality, if it does not kill him at the start." This was my first moderate essay, at the age of eighteen. And I advise all callow youths who think it an easy matter to tramp over the whole world, to make a similar trial trip, and get their engines into good working-order, before fairly putting out to sea.



## II.

### A NIGHT WALK.

---

BEFORE asking my readers to accompany me across the ocean, in order that we may explore together those out-of-the-way nooks of travel and life, which, because they do not form an integral part of the tourist's scheme, are generally omitted or overlooked (like the closets in a house)? let me recall one more preliminary experience—of trifling import, perhaps, yet it clings to my memory with wonderful tenacity.

A year after my trip to the Catskills, I was occupied with the preparations for a far more extensive and ambitious journey. I found myself at last free, and though the field before me was untried and difficult, I looked forward to it with as light a heart as had carried me across New Jersey and up the Hudson. My preparations were simple enough—French and German grammars, a portfolio, and a few shirts. By the beginning of June (1844) I was ready

to set out. My cousin—whose intention of visiting Europe had been the cause of precipitating my own plans—was also ready, when another very important need suddenly occurred to us. We had no passports.

In the country, where no one lived who had ever been outside of his native land, we were quite unacquainted with any means by which our passports could be procured, except by going to Washington. For *my* part, I supposed that when a gentleman wished to travel, he was obliged to report himself at our national capital and probably undergo a strict examination. There was no help for it—we must make the journey. The distance was more than a hundred miles, and we calculated that, by taking a steamboat from the mouth of the Susquehanna River to Baltimore, we could walk the remainder of the distance in two days. So, on a fine June morning, we started.

The first fifteen miles led through a lovely region of farms and villages—a country of richer and more garden-like beauty than any which can be seen this side of England. The semi-tropical summer of Southern Pennsylvania and Virginia had just fairly opened in its prodigal splendor. Hedge-rows of black and white thorn lined the road; fields were covered, as with a purple mist, by the blossoms of the clover; and the tall tulip-trees sparkled with meteoric showers of golden stars. June, in this latitude, is as gorgeous as the Indian Isles. As the hills, however, begin to subside towards Chesapeake Bay, the scenery changes. The soil becomes more thin and sandy; the pine and the rough-barked persimmons supplant the oak and elm; thickets of paw-paw—our northern banana—and *chir*

*capin* (a shrub variety of the chestnut) appear in the warm hollows, and barren tracts covered with a kind of scrub-oak, called "black-jack," along the Eastern Shore, thrust themselves between the cultivated farms. Mason and Dixon's line seems here to mark the boundary between different zones of vegetation. The last northern elm waves its arms to the first southern cypress.

As we were plodding along in the heat and dust, having still five miles of our day's work of thirty to perform, we met a curious old man, on foot like ourselves. He was tall and strongly made—an iron frame, whose original vigor was still visible under all the rust and batter of seventy years—with long, grizzly hair hanging over his weather-beaten face, and a pair of sharp, gray eyes. He was, evidently, one of the last of those men in whom the lawless trapper-blood of a portion of the first colonists has been transmitted, by inheritance, long after the occupation of the class has passed away. I remember such a one, whose favorite dish was opossum; who always made his own hat of rabbit-skins; and whose habit of carrying live black snakes in his bosom, made him at once the terror and the admiration of us boys. The old man stopped before us, fixed us with his eye, like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and said, after a moment of keen inspection: "So, boys, you're starting into the world?" We assented. "Well, go on; you'll get through," he continued; "but let me give you one bit of advice. I never saw you before, and I'll never see you again; but if you'll mind my words, you won't be the worse for't. You'll get knocked about a good deal, that's sure; but—*fear no devils but yourselves*, and



you'll come out all right." With that, he shook hands with us, smiled in a grim yet not unkindly way, and went on. Doubtless he spoke from bitter experience: he had been his own tempting and tormenting devil.

We reached Port Deposit, on the Susquehanna River, in season to take the evening steamer for Baltimore. There were no other passengers, but we had a dozen or more canal-boats in tow. The sweetness and splendor of that evening will never fade from my mind. It is laid away in the same portfolio with marvellous sunsets on the becalmed Pacific; with twilights on the Venetian lagunes; and with the silence and mystery of the star-lit Desert. The glassy water, reduplicating the sunset, was as transparent as air, and the gentle breeze, created by the motion of the boat, was vital with that sweetest of all odors—the smell of blossoming grasses on the low and distant shores. Standing on the hurricane-deck, we seemed to be plowing through the crystal firmament, steering forth from the fading earth towards some unknown planet. So fair and beautiful seemed to me then the world into which I was embarking—so far behind me the shores of the boyish life I had left.

But towards midnight the winds blew and the waves rose. Two of the canal-boats we had in tow broke adrift, and floated away; and a man, in securing another, had his finger caught in a noose of the hawser and instantly taken off. We ran into shallow water and anchored, where we lay tossing until morning. So new was all this to me, that I imagined we had gone through a terrible storm, and was rather surprised to find the captain so cool and unconcerned. In consequence of this delay, we did not reach

Baltimore until the evening of the next day, and as the steamer's larder was not provided for such an emergency, our fare consisted of salt meat and black coffee. The captain, however, apologised for his bad luck (the fact of our being bound for Washington seemed to inspire him with great respect), and made no charge for our hard fare.

"Let us," said my cousin, as we stepped ashore at Baltimore, "walk on to Ellicott's Mills, which is only eight or nine miles further, and sleep there to-night. We can then easily go to Washington to-morrow." This was a prudent proposal, and we started without delay. The sun set, the short twilight faded away, and it was about nine o'clock, although not yet wholly dark, when we reached the little village below the railroad viaduct. Tired and very hungry—for we had not supped—we halted at the tavern, rejoicing that our day's journey was at an end. To our surprise, the house was dark, and the doors locked. After knocking vigorously for some time, an upper window was raised, and a man's head appeared: "What do you want?" he asked in a surly tone. "We want lodgings. This is a tavern, isn't it?" said we. "Yes, it's a tavern; but it's too late now. The law don't oblige me to keep it open after nine o'clock." "Well," we mildly suggested, "it's not so late but you can come down and let us in." "I tell you," he roared, "the law don't oblige me, and *I won't*,"—whereupon he slammed down the window, remaining obstinately deaf to our further knocks.

This was rather discouraging, especially as everybody in the village seemed to be already in bed. There was nothing to be done but to go on to the next tavern, which—as we

learned from a most dissipated man whom we met on the road (actually out at half-past nine in the evening!) was about three miles further. In spite of the balmy coolness of the summer night, and the cheerful twinkling of constellations of fire-flies over the meadows, we were thoroughly wearied out on reaching our second haven of refuge. But our luck was still worse than at the first. All our knocking and shouting failed to provoke a single response. Once or twice we heard a footstep, as if some one were making a stealthy observation, and then deep and persistent silence.

Thoroughly disheartened, we resumed our painful march. We had proceeded a mile or two further, and the time was verging towards midnight, when a blaze of light suddenly streamed across the road, and the sound of music reached our ears. On the right hand, in a grove of trees, stood the mansion of a country gentleman, lighted up as for a brilliant festival. "Here, at least, the people are awake," said I. "Let us inquire whether there is any tavern near, where we can get lodgings." We entered the gate and walked up the lawn, towards the house. The windows were open, each one inclosing in its frame of darkness a picture of perfect light and beauty. Young girls, in white ball dresses and with wreaths of roses in their hair, were moving to and fro in the dance, as if swaying lightly on the delicious waves of the music. I had never before seen anything so lovely. It must be a wedding, or some other joyous occasion, I thought; they will certainly give us a shelter. By this time we reached the portico, which was occupied by a group of gentlemen. My cousin, addressing himself to the central personage, who was evidently the

master of the house, said : " Can you tell us, sir, where we can find lodgings for the night ? " If a barrel of powder had been fired and the whole house blown into the air, we could not have been more astonished than at the result of his question. The person addressed (I will not repeat the word " gentleman ") turned suddenly and fiercely upon us. " Begone ! " he shouted : " Leave the place, instantly ! Do you hear me ? Off ! " We were struck dumb an instant ; then my cousin, with as much dignity as his indignation would permit, stated that we were strangers, benighted and seeking an inn, and required nothing of him except the few words of information which he could give, and we had a right to expect. A fresh volley of abuse followed, which we cut short by turning and walking away—the other persons having been silent spectators of this singular interview.

We marched rapidly onward into the night, burning with indignation. If joy gives wings to the feet, anger has an effect no less potent. For two hours, the feeling was strong enough to overcome our sense of exhaustion, but Nature yielded at last. We were tormented by raging thirst, and finding no running streams, were forced to drink from ditches and standing pools, closing our teeth to keep out the tadpoles and water-beetles. The draught created a nausea which added to our faintness. The fire-flies still danced over the meadows ; the whip-poor-wills cried from the fences, sometimes so near that I could almost have touched them with my hand, and the air was filled with the silvery film of the falling dew. We sat down on a bank, utterly spiritless and desperate. I proposed sleeping

under a tree, but we feared the dampness of the earth, and after starting and rejecting various propositions, finally decided to try the fences. These were of the zig-zag kind called "worm fences," with stakes at the corners, held down by heavy riders. Selecting the broadest rails, we lay down; but the first approach of sleep betrayed to us the danger of rolling off such a lofty and narrow perch. To sit on a sharp rail fence is not agreeable; but to sleep, even on a broad one, is still less so. Since that night, I have acquired such a distaste to being "on the fence," that I always take one side of a question at once, at whatever risk of inconsistency.

For another hour we dragged ourselves onward, rather than walked. Every minute I caught myself in the act of falling, and once fell before I could recover the balance. About three in the morning we passed a farm-house, in the cattle-yard adjoining which stood two carts. Here was at last a place of repose, as welcome as a couch of eider-down! We crept in among the startled oxen, who sniffed and snorted their suspicions of such an unusual proceeding, and lay down in the bottom of the cart-bed. I suppose we slept about an hour, when, finding ourselves stiff and sore, though a little recruited, we resumed our journey. The morning twilight now came to our assistance, so that we got at least clean water to drink. At sunrise, we were in Bladensburg, and broke our long fast at a hospitable inn. Two hours more, and we were crossing Capitol Hill, having walked forty miles since sunset.

Dusty, footsore and faint, we trudged along Pennsylvania Avenue, seeking the boarding-house where the Member of



Congress from our district lodged. On applying for a room, the hostess looked at us with suspicion, naturally hesitating, until some references which we gave restored a certain degree of confidence. We lay down and instantly fell asleep. The servant roused us for dinner, after which we slept until called to tea. We then went to bed, and slept until the next morning. In the whole course of my subsequent travels, I have never suffered from fatigue, hunger, and thirst to such an extent as on that night. I have gone without food a day and a half; without sleep four nights; have walked two hundred miles in six days, and ridden three hundred and seventy-eight miles in a cart, without pause or rest, but all these experiences, trying as they were, shook my powers of endurance less than the first trial. I remember them with a certain amount of pleasure; but I never recall my night-walk from Baltimore to Washington without a strange reflected sense of pain.

The member from our district (Hon. A. R. McIlvaine) kindly accompanied us to the Department of State, and presented us to Mr. Calhoun, whose frankness, simplicity, and courtesy made a profound impression upon me. Our passports were immediately prepared, and given to us. In the Hall of Representatives I felt honored in taking the hand of John Quincy Adams, and hearing a few words of encouragement from his lips. Our member was so inconsiderately generous as to purchase five copies of a juvenile volume which I had published, by which means my funds were increased sufficiently to warrant me in returning to Baltimore by railroad. I had had quite enough of the old highway.

We took the same steamer back to the mouth of the Susquehanna, and walked the remaining thirty miles. I reached home after midnight, and entering a bed-chamber through the window, according to my usual custom, threw some guests, who had arrived the day before, into a horrible state of alarm.

### III.

#### FIRST DIFFICULTIES WITH FOREIGN TONGUES.

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I AM frequently asked whether travel in a country, with the language of which you are unacquainted, is not attended with great difficulty and embarrassment. All difficulties, like all dangers, appear far more formidable at a distance than when one is brought face to face with them; yet a certain amount of experience is always necessary to enable one to encounter perplexities of this kind with that courage and self-possession which take away half their terror at the onset. If all mankind were suddenly deprived of the power of speech, the embarrassment and confusion would be very great for a few days; but a fortnight would not elapse before government, business, and society would move on in their accustomed courses. On entering a foreign country, however, you are only deprived of the faculty of comprehension. The aids of tone and expression are added to those of signs and gestures, and that unused power of



interpretation which appears to us marvellously developed in the deaf and dumb, is at once called into action. Thus an imperfect knowledge of a language—especially of the niceties of its pronunciation—is very often a hindrance rather than a help, because it prevents us from using those simple aids which are of universal significance. I once asked Ida Pfeiffer how she managed to communicate with the people in Tahiti, in Persia, Circassia, and other countries where she was unacquainted with the language. “Entirely by signs,” she answered, “until I have acquired the few words which are necessary to express my wants; and I have never experienced any difficulty in making myself understood.”

In Europe the facilities of travel have multiplied so greatly within the last twenty years, that the veriest Cockney may travel from London to Vienna and find his own language spoken in every hotel he enters—provided he is able to pay for the luxury. Railroads have not only brought about the abolition of all the real annoyances of the passport system, but they have increased travel to such an extent as to make it, in some countries, the chief source of revenue to the people—who are thus obliged to accommodate themselves in every possible way to the wants of their customers. But at the time of my first journey abroad, in 1844, this was still far from being the case, and a more minute account of my initiatory experiences than I have yet given, may be of some interest to the *monoglot* reader.

On an August evening, we looked across the British Channel from the summit of Shakspeare's Cliff. The misty

outline of the French coast rose beyond the water, like the shore of an unknown world. England can never seem a foreign country to the American; and hence he cannot thoroughly appreciate and enjoy it until *after* he has visited the Continent—until his home habits and prejudices have been so far obliterated that he can receive impressions without constantly drawing comparisons. I would advise every one who wishes to derive the greatest advantage from a European tour, to visit England last of all.

We were even more excited with the thought of crossing the Channel than we had been, a month previous, with the first sight of the Old World. The Ostend steamer which left only three times a week, was to start at four o'clock in the morning, and we took early lodgings at one of the famous (or rather infamous) Dover taverns. There were no "through lines" and "through tickets," as now, when one may pass without detention from Liverpool to the railroad stations nearest Asia. The landlord promised to call us in season for the boat, but his looks did not inspire us with confidence; and our sleep, tormented with the fear of being too late, was fortunately very broken and disturbed. At three o'clock we rose and dressed by moonlight. No one was stirring in the house. We waited a quarter of an hour, and then groped our way down-stairs to the coffee-room. Feeling around in the dark, we at last reached the bell-rope and sounded a peal. The echoes rang through the house, but no voice answered. The outer door was double-locked and the key taken away. Just then, we heard the first bell rung on board the

steamer, and knew that we had but twenty minutes more. The case demanded desperate means, so we distributed our forces and commenced a simultaneous attack. One rang the bell incessantly; one thumped up and down the staircase with the handle of an umbrella; and the third pounded upon the door of a bedroom which we supposed to be the landlord's. Even this produced no effect: we were caged, to be kept two days longer. At last, the second bell rang—only five minutes more! Our voices were added to the tumult, and our rage and anxiety found vent in a series of the most dreadful yells. Flesh and blood could not stand this, and presently the landlord made his appearance, in his shirt, rubbing his eyes, and pretending to be just aroused from sleep. I believe nothing but the fear of personal violence induced him to unlock the door. We snatched our knapsacks and rushed down the quay at full speed, reaching the steamer just as the plank was being hauled ashore.

The Channel was smooth as glass, and the mild splendor of the summer morning, painting the chalky ramparts of England with a pencil of pink flame, gradually restored our equanimity. At ten o'clock, we ran into the harbor of Ostend. I had learned to read a little French at school, but had never spoken the language, nor was my ear at all familiar with the sound of it. However, there were some other travellers on board, and by carefully watching and following their movements, we complied with the necessary regulations regarding passports and baggage. The train for Bruges did not leave for two or three hours, and we spent the intermediate time in wandering about the

city, inspecting its ugly, yellow houses, listening to the queer Flemish dialect, wondering at the clatter of wooden shoes—in short, in a general condition of astonishment and open-mouthed observation.

At the station, the word “Bruges” was sufficient to procure us tickets; the exhibition of the tickets got our baggage checked; and we set out from Ostend, in high glee at our success. In an hour we were at Bruges, feeling a little less confident as we walked away from the station. Here, however, we were accosted by a sort of shabby valet-de-place, who spoke a few words of English, and offered to guide us through the city for a franc. I have not a very distinct recollection of our walk, except of the dim, imposing cathedral (the first mediæval church I ever entered), and some beautiful altar-pieces, from the pencil of Hans Hemling. I remember, however, that the evening was dark and rainy, and that I began, presently, to feel miserably strange and lonely. The guide informed us that a *trekshuyt* was to start that evening, on the canal, for Ghent, and we could get passage, including a bed, for three francs. He accordingly conducted us to the dark old barge, and gave us into the captain’s care. We left our knapsacks in the cabin; I went back to the town, in the rain and twilight, to hear the chimes of the belfry in the market-square, while my companions tried their luck in purchasing material for a supper. They could point at the articles displayed in the windows and on the shelves, and offer pieces of money; but their choice was necessarily restricted to what they saw, for they were unable to ask for anything. When we met again, in the low cabin of

the *trekshuyt*, they produced a loaf, a piece of powerful cheese, and some raisins and almonds, which constituted our supper.

To youth and hunger, however, nothing comes amiss, and our meal was a cheerful and satisfactory one. The cabin, whose black timbers made it appear a century old, was dimly lighted by a single candle. We were alone in the boat; for, although the hour fixed for our departure was past, neither the captain nor the sailors had made their appearance. Afterwards, we retired to rest, in wide, ponderous berths, containing delicious beds, of the cleanest lavendered linen (of all luxuries on earth, the greatest), and quickly fell asleep. No sound disturbed our slumbers. Only once in the night, opening my eyes as I lay, I saw the dark branches of trees gliding spectrally past the window. In the morning, the shock of the boat striking the pier at Ghent aroused us. By repeating the words "*chemin de fer*," accompanied by an uncertain gesture, the captain comprehended that we wished to know where the railroad station was, and sent a boy to pilot us. There the name of "Aix-la-Chapelle" was again sufficient for our tickets and baggage.

Our journey that day was not so agreeable. For economy's sake, we took third-class places, in open cars, which only furnished standing-room. Soon after passing Mechlin, the rain began to fall and a driving storm set in, the violence of which was doubled by the motion of the train. We huddled together under one umbrella, all three wrapped in a Mackinaw blanket, and endeavored to enjoy the beautiful scenery between Liege and Verviers. But, at



last, thoroughly chilled and soaked, the romantic element disappeared, and we thought only of reaching fire and shelter. It was nearly night when we arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle. As soon as the light and easy regulations prescribed on crossing the Prussian frontier had been complied with, we took an omnibus to the Rhine Hotel. (I believe we pointed out the name in the guide-book to the driver.) Here it was necessary to make an effort; we were wet as drowned rats, and wanted to dry ourselves. I accordingly said to the head waiter: "*Un chambre de feu! Nous sommes*——" wet, I would have added, if I had known what the Frenchmen say when they are wet. "*Vous etes*——?" repeated the waiter, pausing for the key-word. "*Oui, nous sommes*——" there I stuck again, hesitated, and then, growing desperate, seized his hand, and placed it on my coat. "Oh! you mean you are wet," said he, in very good English. We had no further difficulty during the remainder of our stay in Aix-la-Chapelle.

The next day we took passage for Cologne. We had now entered the German region, and what little French I knew was almost useless. The train was detained for some time at one of the country stations, and we began to feel the want of dinner. Noticing one of the passengers eating a piece of bread and cheese, I said to him, "What is that?" at the same time pointing to the articles. The words were so much like the German that he understood me, and answered, "*Brod und Käse*." By repeating this, we were soon supplied with bread and cheese. At Cologne, the word "Bonn" was sufficient to guide us to the Bonn railway station, where we gave our baggage in charge to a

porter—pointing out to him on the time-table, the train by which we intended to leave. This left us free to spend the afternoon in wandering about Cologne.

At Bonn, that evening, we acquired some new experiences. Murray's Handbook recommends the "Golden Star" Hotel as the cheapest on the Rhine; and thither we accordingly went. It turned out, nevertheless, to be the most stylish establishment of the kind we had ever patronized. The reader must bear in mind that, up to this time, I had been accustomed only to the simplest country-life, and was utterly ignorant of the ways of the world, even at home. When, therefore, I entered the brilliantly-lighted dining-hall, in order to take some supper, and saw three or four officers seated at a table—all the other tables being vacant—I supposed that *theirs*, of course, was the table where supper was served, and, without more ado, seated myself beside them. They must have been utterly astounded at this proceeding; for I still remember the odd, amazed expression of their faces. Really the Germans are a very ill-mannered people, thought I; and sat there, complacently enough, until a servant invited me to take a seat elsewhere.

We had all been infected by the temperance revival, which, set on foot by the Baltimore Washingtonians, had swept over the United States. We might have tasted wine as small children, but its flavor had been wholly forgotten, and we looked upon the beverage as a milder sort of poison. When, therefore, we saw every man with his bottle of Rhenish, we were inexpressibly shocked; still more so, when the servant asked us (in English) what

wine we should take. The favorite beverage at home then was—and still is, in the West—coffee, even at dinner, and accordingly we ordered coffee. The man hesitated, as if he had not rightly understood; but, on the order being repeated, brought us coffee, as if for breakfast, with French rolls. He could scarcely believe his eyes, when he saw us place the cups beside our beefsteaks and potatoes. We tried the same experiment once or twice afterwards, but were finally driven to taste the dreaded poison of the Rhine. Finding, after a fair trial, that our health did not suffer, nor our understandings become confused, we came to the conclusion that we had been a little hasty in pronouncing upon the nature of wine, from the representations of those who had been ruined by whisky.

Our next day on the Rhine was a golden one. All these little embarrassments were forgotten, when we saw the Seven Mountains rising, fair and green, in a flood of sunshine—when we passed under the ramparts of Ehrenbreitstein, and heard the bugle-notes flung back from the rocks of the Loreley. To me it was a wonderful, a glorious dream. I have tried, since then, to recall the magic of that day; but in vain. I miss the purple tint breathed upon the hills—the mystic repose of the sky—the sweetness of the air—the marvellous splendor of the sunshine; or, perhaps, the missing note, which alone could have restored the harmony of the first impression, has been lost by me—the ardent inspiration of youth, the light that *is* once, on sea and land—once, and never again!

I left my companions at Mayence, intending to visit Frankfort, before proceeding to Heidelberg, where we



designed remaining until we had mastered the German language. My object was to visit Mr. Richard Willis, who was then pursuing his musical studies in Germany. I reached Frankfort in an hour, and at once started in search of the American Consul. After inquiring at a great many shops in the principal streets, I at last found a man who spoke a little French, and who informed me that the Consul resided in the *Bellevue*. (In reality, it was the *Schöne Aussicht*, which means the same thing.) I think I must have walked all over the city, and its suburb of Sachsenhausen, three times, without finding a *Bellevue* street. The thought then occurred to me, to select the streets which really commanded fine views, and confine my search to them. Proceeding on this plan, I presently discovered the Consul's house. I had bought some biscuits, at a baker's, for my breakfast; and, not knowing how else to dispose of them, had put them into my hat. When I was ushered into the consular office, I placed my hat carefully on a table in the ante-room, hoping no one would notice its contents. The old gentleman who then represented the United States, however, persisted in accompanying me to the door—a courtesy I would willingly have dispensed with—and, guided by my own nervous consciousness, made directly for the hat, and looked into it. 'Tis ever thus, from childhood's hour; whatever you particularly wish to conceal, is sure to be detected. I was somewhat consoled by the reflection that Dr. Franklin walked through the streets with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, which was even worse than if he had hidden it in his shovel-brim.

With this experience, my special embarrassments ended.

Mr. Willis deposited me safely in the *eilwagen* for Heidelberg, where I remained quietly until I knew enough German to travel with ease and comfort. Having mastered one language, a second is acquired with half the difficulty; and I have, since then, had no particular trouble in picking up enough of a strange tongue to express simple and necessary wants. The smallest stock upon which you can conveniently travel, is *fifty words*; which a man of ordinary memory can learn in two or three hours. Let me advise others, however, not to fall into the common mistake of imagining that a man is deaf, because he cannot understand you; neither clip your words, and speak a sort of broken or inverted English, in the hope that it will be more easily comprehended. I have heard of an American, who was looked upon as an impostor in Europe, because he declared he came from "Mecca," which he thought would be better understood than if he had spoken out, like a sensible man, syllable by syllable, the word—"A-MER-I-CA."

## IV.

### A YOUNG AUTHOR'S LIFE IN LONDON.

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I REACHED London for the second time about the middle of March, 1846, after a dismal walk through Normandy, and a stormy passage across the Channel. I stood upon London Bridge, in the raw mist and the falling twilight, with a franc and a half in my pocket, and deliberated what I should do. Weak from sea-sickness, hungry, chilled, and without a single acquaintance in the great city, my situation was about as hopeless as it is possible to conceive. Successful authors in their libraries, seated in cushioned chairs and dipping their pens into silver inkstands, may write about money with a beautiful scorn, and chant the praise of Poverty—the “good goddess of Poverty,” as George Sand, making 50,000 francs a year, enthusiastically terms her—but there is no condition in which the Real is so utterly at variance with the Ideal, as to be actually out of money, and hungry, with nothing to pawn and no friend to borrow from.

Have you ever known it, my friend? If not, I could wish that you might have the experience for twenty-four hours, only once in your life.

I remembered, at last, that during my first visit to London, eighteen months previous, I had lodged a few nights at a chop-house opposite the Aldgate Church-yard. The price of a bed was one shilling, which was within the compass of my franc and a half—and rest was even more to me than food. As I passed through the crowd towards Cheapside and thence eastward to Aldgate, the lamps were lighted and the twilight settled into a drear, rainy night. In the lighted shops I saw joints of the dark crimson beef of Old England, hams, fish, heads of lettuce—everything fresh, succulent, and suggestive of bountiful boards. Men—the very porters and street-sweepers, even—were going home with their little packages of tea, shrimps, and penny rolls. They all had homes to go to, and no care for the morrow: how I envied them!

At last I reached the end of Aldgate, turned up the alley beside the old church-yard, and entered the chop-house. The landlord was a broad, puffy, puffy fellow, and his wife a tall, keen, aquiline, and determined woman, who deserved a better fate. She was intended by nature for the presidency of a Charitable Association. The place had changed proprietors, so that they could not recognise me, as I had hoped. However, as there was a vacant bed, and they did not manifest any special mistrust, I determined to abide with them, and, professing great fatigue, was conducted to my room at once. It was a bare apartment on the second story, containing a miserable bed, an old spinnet, with

every key broken or out of tune, a cracked looking-glass, and two chairs. The window commanded a cheerful view of the church-yard.

In the morning, I took a sixpenny breakfast, and offered a franc-piece in payment. The landlord refused to take it, whereupon I informed him that my funds were all in French coin and I had as yet had no opportunity of procuring English. This seemed to satisfy him; so I went forth with the hope of procuring employment as a printer. But all my efforts were in vain, and I returned at night, with only two-pence in my pocket, after I had paid for my breakfast. That night I did not sleep much. The crisis had arrived, and if relief did not come the next day, I saw nothing but starvation or downright vagrancy (the idea of which was even worse) in store for me. I rose early, so as to get away from the house, before I could be called upon to pay for my bed. After trying various printing-offices, always with the same result, I bought some bread with my two-pence, and, by a singular revulsion of feeling, became perfectly happy and careless. I was young and full of life, and had been disheartened as long as my temperament would permit. Nature resumed her rights, and I could not have been more cheerful had my pockets been filled with gold.

This buoyancy of spirits was like a presentiment of coming good-luck. In the course of the afternoon, I found an American publisher, who gave me instant relief, in the loan of a sovereign; and afterwards, sufficient employment to defray the three shillings a day, which I was obliged to expend. When I returned to the chop-house that night, I paid for my lodgings with an air, I fancy, unnecessarily



ostentatious; but not without reason—I had seventeen shillings in my pocket! Of course, I was obliged to remain there—for at no better place could I procure a bed at the same price. The chop-house was the resort of actors from some low theatre in Whitechapel, hackmen, sailors occasionally, and pawnbrokers' clerks. I kept aloof from them, taking my chop in a solitary stall, and reading old numbers of the *Times* or a greasy copy of the *Family Herald*, when it was too cold to remain in my room.

The people never interfered with me in any way. They respected my silence and reserve; so I fared better than might have been expected. During the whole six weeks of my stay, I was never asked a personal question. Could the same thing happen in the United States? Sometimes, in the evenings, the company became boisterous and disagreeable, and I would be awakened, late at night, by angry cries and the sound of overturned chairs and tables. The landlord's eyes, next morning, would then be bigger than usual—frequently the landlady's, also. The little servant-girl, at such times, would whisper to me, as she brought my boots: "O goody! but didn't master and missus fight last night!" All the criminal trials, even those of a nature not to be mentioned in mixed society, were freely discussed there. In a word, my associations were not of the most respectable character—I was reluctantly forced to this conclusion. But how could it be helped? When a man has but three shillings a day, he cannot keep four-shilling society, without cheating somebody. I lodged in a vulgar hole, it is true; but then, I paid my reckoning.

My only riches, at this time, consisted of a number of manuscript poems, written at Florence, during the previous autumn. They possessed great merit, in my eyes, and I did not see how they could fail to make the same impression upon others. One of the first things I did, therefore was to send three or four to each of the popular magazines—*Ainsworth's*, *Bentley's*, and *Fraser's*—expecting to receive a guinea apiece, at least, for them. But day after day passed away, and the only answer which came, was from the quarter where I had least expected it—from Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the author of “Jack Sheppard,” and “Old St. Paul’s.” The following is his letter, in reply to one which I had written in the hour of my greatest need :

“KENSAL MANOR HOUSE, HARROW ROAD,

“March 27, 1846.

“SIR: I return your poems with reluctance, for I think very highly of them. They exhibit great freshness and vigour, and are certainly above the average of magazine poetry. But, as you conjecture, I am overstocked with both prose and verse—and have more of the latter on hand than I can use in any reasonable time.

“I should be glad to be of service to you ; and I may, perhaps, be able to help you to some employment, through my printer, Mr Charles Whiting Beaufort House, Strand. You can call upon his overseer, Mr. Gusyn, and show him this note ; and if they have any vacancy, and you can offer sufficient credentials of your respectability and fitness, I am pretty sure my recommendation will avail. Under any circumstances, when you have seen Mr. Gusyr, and I hear from him, I would send you some trifling assistance.

“W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.”

This note, friendly, yet guarded (as was proper under the circumstances), reached me after I had succeeded in

obtaining employment with Mr. Putnam, and I never made use of it. I may add that the assistance Mr. Ainsworth offered had not been solicited in my letter, and therefore, while it illustrated his kindness, was not humiliating to myself. A polite notice of rejection, from *Fraser's Magazine*, reached me after my return to America. I never offered the same poems to any other periodical afterwards, and have every reason to be satisfied with my forbearance.

This, however, was not the only attempt I made to achieve some literary success in London. I had a letter to Mr. Murray, the publisher, from Mrs. Trollope, whose acquaintance I had made in Florence. That lady—whose famous book on America is no gauge of her cordiality towards Americans—received and encouraged me, in a manner which must always command my gratitude. It must be remembered that her speculations in Cincinnati were unsuccessful, and that she left the United States chagrined and embittered at her heavy losses. Her book—which, spiteful and caricaturesque as it certainly was did us no real harm—was written under the first sting of her failure, and she regretted it sincerely, in later years. We can now afford to be friendly again towards a witty, cheerful, and really warm-hearted woman—who having forgotten what she lost, remembers only what she admired among us.

I had in my knapsack a manuscript poem of some twelve hundred lines, called "The Liberated Titan"—the idea of which I fancied to be something entirely new in literature. Perhaps it was. I did not doubt, for a moment, that any London publisher would gladly accept it, and I imagined that its



appearance would create not a little sensation. Mr. Murray gave the poem to his literary adviser, who kept it about a month, and then returned it, with a polite message. I was advised to try Moxon; but, by this time, I had sobered down considerably, and did not wish to risk a second rejection. I therefore solaced myself by reading the immortal poem at night, in my bare chamber, looking occasionally down into the graveyard, and thinking of mute, inglorious Miltons. The curious reader may ask how I escaped the catastrophe of publishing the poem, at last. That is a piece of good fortune for which I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford. We were fellow-passengers on board the same ship to America, a few weeks later, and I had sufficient confidence in his taste to show him the poem. His verdict was charitable; but he asserted that no poem of that length should be given to the world before it had received the most thorough study and finish—and exacted from me a promise not to publish it within a year. At the end of that time, I renewed the promise to myself for a thousand years.

Mr. Murray received me with great kindness, and I more than once left my den at Aldgate to dine at his storied residence in Albemarle street. At this time, I wore broad collars, turned down—such as I had been accustomed to wear at home—with flowing, unEnglish locks, and I suspect the flunkeys were puzzled what to make of me. I remember distinctly having purchased a pair of Berlin gloves, which were the cheapest. They were exactly of the kind worn by footmen—but I was entirely innocent of that fact. Walking one day in Hyde Park, with a gentle

man to whom I had been introduced, I put them on; and it never occurred to me, until years afterwards, why he looked at them so curiously, and made such haste to get into a less-frequented thoroughfare.

Mr. Murray showed to Lockhart, who was then editor of the *Quarterly Review*, a poem which I had written on Powers' statue of "Eve," and that distinguished gentleman sent me an invitation to breakfast with him a few days afterwards. I called for Murray and walked with him to Lockhart's residence, on Regent's Park. We found there Bernard Barton, the old Quaker poet, and a gentleman from Edinburgh. Lockhart received me with great cordiality, mingled with a stately condescension. He was then not more than fifty years old, and struck me as being the handsomest Englishman I had ever seen. He was tall and well-proportioned, with a graceful, lordly deliberateness in his movements; a large, symmetrical head; broad brow; deep, mellow eyes; splendidly cut nose, and a mouth disproportionately small. His voice was remarkably rich and full. I was a little overawed by his presence, and he no doubt remarked it and was not displeased thereat.

Bernard Barton, however, was a man towards whom I felt instantly attracted. He had a little, round, gray head merry gray eyes, and cheeks as ruddy as a winter apple. He was dressed in a very plain black suit, with knee breeches and stockings, and a white cravat. Lamb, Hazlitt, and his other friends had passed away, and he had almost outlived his reputation—yet was as happy and satisfied as if he had just been made poet-laureate. I afterwards became one of his correspondents, and received several delightful

letters from the good little man. Lockhart's daughter—the daughter of Sophia Scott—presided at the breakfast-table. She was a lovely girl of seventeen, just entering society, and bore a strong resemblance to her mother, whose portrait I saw in the library. She was rather tall and slender, exquisitely fair, yet with dark Highland hair and eyes—a frail, delicate character of beauty, which even then foretold her early death. Two years afterwards she married Mr. Hope, and one of her children is now the only descendant of Sir Walter Scott.

The principal topic of conversation at breakfast was the battle of Ferozeshah, the news of which had just arrived. Lockhart seemed quite excited by it, and related several incidents with great animation. We afterwards spent an hour in the library, where I saw the fifty volumes of Scott's correspondence, with all the great authors of the world, of his time. Lockhart read with a ringing, trumpet-like voice, from the original manuscript, the first draft of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." He also related to us many particulars of the last days of Southey. I felt aroused and inspired by the sight of such relics and the company of such men, and when I returned to the chop-house that night, to pore over my own despised poems, it was with a savage bitterness of spirit which I had never before felt. My day's walk had been from Olympus to Hades and the banks of Lethe's river.

Lockhart's kindness emboldened me to make one more trial. I had still another poem—a story in four cantos, entitled "The Troubadour of Provence"—written in a peculiar stanza which I had invented. I copied a few

pages and sent it to him, desiring his opinion of the form of versification—not without a secret hope that he might be sufficiently impressed with the poem, to assist me in finding a publisher. His answer was as follows :

“ DEAR SIR : No form of stanza can interfere seriously with the effect of good poetry ; but I do not think the labor implied in great complication of stanza is ever likely to be repaid. As, however, your poem is done, I can only bid you God-speed ; and I am sure if it be, as a whole, as good as the *Eve*, it will have a most encouraging reception here as well as in America. Bernard Barton lives at Woodbridge, in Suffolk ; and I have no doubt he will be gratified in hearing from you.

“ Yours, very truly,

J. G. LOCKHART.”

“ REGENT'S PARK, April 7, 1846.

This letter, although kind and considerate, was nevertheless a sufficient hint to me. “The Troubadour of Provence” was finally laid away on the same shelf with “The Liberated Titan,” and various other aspiring productions of youth. O, the dreams we dream ! O, the poems we write ! Kind are the hands which hold us back from rushing into print—tender the words which pronounce such harsh judgment on our works ! For a year, we proudly curse the stupidity of our advisers—for ever afterwards we bless them as our benefactors. Reader, that knowest, peradventure, how many bad poems I have published, little drest thou how many more worse ones a kind fate has saved me from offering thee ! I keep them still, as a wholesome humiliation ; but they serve a double purpose. They humiliate when exalted, but they encourage when depressed. Therefore they have not been written in vain but, thank Heaven, they have *only* been written !

These visits, together with occasional excursions to Chelsea—where, at the house of a brother of Mrs. Trollope, I met with authors and artists—introduced a new element into my London life. The chop-house, by force of contrast, became insufferable, yet I could not afford more expensive lodgings. The people were accustomed to my reserve, and respected it: at another place they might be more curious. And so I remained, to hear the cases of *crim. con.* readily discussed, to see continual black eyes and swollen noses, and be greeted with the little servant's whispered information: "Goody! but didn't they go it!" Besides, among my acquaintances, I boldly avowed where my nightly quarters were, and was gratified to find that it made no difference in their demeanor towards me. In London, a man's character is not so strictly measured by his place of residence as it is in New York.

For six weeks I continued to earn, through Mr. Putnam's kindness, sufficient to defray the expenses of living. By this time April was well advanced, a remittance arrived to pay my passage home, and my companions came on from Paris to join me. One by one, all my hopes of literary success had disappeared, and I speedily forgot them in the joy of returning to America. Yet I doubt whether any fragment of my life, of equal length, has done me equal service. I have seen London several times since then, have found publishers kinder, and have associated with authors, without blushing for my place of abode: yet I never visit the great city without strolling down Aldgate, to look upon the windows of the chop-house and the graveyard below, in which lie buried the ambitious dreams of my youth.



## V.

### THE ATLANTIC.

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As far as the novelty of the thing is concerned, one might as well write an account of a trip from Canal street to Coney Island, as of a voyage across the Atlantic. The log-books of all manner of tourists have made everybody familiar with the course of incidents from pier to pier: the disappearance of one's native shore and the coming-on of sea-sickness—touching emotion and deadly nausea—porpoises and the Gulf Stream—fogs on the Newfoundland Banks—perhaps a whale or a vessel within hail, and then a great blank of blue water, over which the voyager's pen glides with scarce a word of record, till old Mizen Head or Cape Clear comes out of the mist and inspires him with a fresh gush of romantic sentiment. It is not so common, however, for travellers to enjoy the trip, unless in anticipation or remembrance. For my part, after considerable experience of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Mediter-

anean, Caribbean, and Gulf of Mexico, I never fully knew the pleasures of sea-life, nor appreciated the endless variety and beauty of sea-scenery, until I left home, worn in body and overworked in brain, to seek rest and refreshment in travel.

The spirit of Work infects our atmosphere: we cannot escape the malady. Our souls are pitted and scarred with it, and there is no vaccination whereby we can avoid the disease. If you once plunge into the stream, you must strike out with the boldest, while breath and nerve remain. There is no such thing as rest inside of Sandy Hook, and I felt no relaxation of the unnatural tension, until the Gulf Stream rolled its tropical opiate between me and the maternal shores. Our country gives us everything, but she exacts everything from us in return. What if we play truant now and then? what if we fly from the never-ending task, to dream a Summer day in the quiet air of Europe, or the lazy languor of the East? We leave our household gods to await our return, and we pray that the urn which is to hold our ashes may be placed beside them.

It was near the close of August when I sailed. There was not a ripple on the glassy water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the Atlantic's sentinels slept at the gates of the bay, as we passed them at night-fall. For three or four days we sailed on a tropic sea. The sun came up flaming over the sharp rim of the horizon, wheeled around his course, and sank broad and clear in our wake. Our great ship rocked gently to the lazy pulsations of the ocean's heart—a lulling, not a disturbing motion—and we journeyed in a serene and perfect repose. “Oh, Rest to weary hearts thou are most dear,” sang a spirit shut out from

Paradise ; but there can be no deeper rest than that which descends alike on heart, brain, and limbs. One must have whirled for a year or two in the very vortex of our American life, to taste the repose of the ocean in its refreshing fulness :

“ Duty and Care fade far away ;  
 What Toil may be we cannot guess  
 As a ship anchored in a bay,  
 As a cloud at summer noon astray,  
 As water-blooms on a breezeless day—  
 So the heart sleeps,  
 In thy calm deeps,  
 And dreams, Forgetfulness !”

With all the monotony of its calm, the tranquil expanse of the Ocean is infinitely suggestive. When the land has disappeared, your vessel is a planet wheeling its way through blue ether. But it is a planet of which you are the creator, and at your will its orbit may touch the shores of many distant regions, passing through zones of heat and cold, of light and darkness. During those Summer days, in the Gulf Stream, it seemed to need but a swerve of the prow to bring all the lands of the Old and New Continents within our reach. Cross the distant ridge of the horizon, glide down the watery slope beyond, and you touch the Pillars of Hercules ; yonder lies Teneriffe and there the jungles of Senegambia ; here on our right, under the noon day sun, are the palms of Hayti, the perpetual verdure of the Antilles. When the fogs of Newfoundland lift like an arch, and a keen northwester comes straight down from Labrador, look to the north, and you will hear in fancy the



hollow booming of the surf in Icelandic fjords and caverns. At least, the sound came to my ear as I was pacing the deck with Mungo Park, and listening to his descriptions of life in the high Arctic region, under the savage shores of Boothia, and among the ice-fields of Prince Regent's Inlet. it was not the ghost of the African traveller that told me these things, but his near relative, the worthy Surgeon of the steamship.

One must cross the Atlantic more than once, before his mind can take in a satisfactory idea of its immensity. On my first voyage I could not by any possibility imagine myself more than fifty miles from shore. The ship went on from day to day, but for all that, there was land just behind the horizon. Even when the sight of the Irish Coast gave me a vivid sense of distance from home, the impression was one of time, not of space. All the Atlantic was embraced in one horizon, sometimes calm, sometimes agitated, but always the same sphere of sky and water. Now it is a grand and beautiful expanse, over which I cannot leap in thought so readily. I must pass great tracts of smooth and gently undulating water; dark, wintry wastes flecked with wreaths of snow; fogs that take away all sense of place and time; and myriads of rolling hills. that flash and foam and sparkle as they lift the vessel, as on the boss of a vast shield, till I can look over the blue convex to its outer edge. Then the alternations of light and darkness, each heightened by the sea, which, spouse of the sky, copies its lightest change; the sunsets, transmuting both water and air; the bright paths trodden by the moon—paths which do not cease at the horizon, but project forward beyond

the earth, into the mysterious depths of the heavens  
Whither do they lead ?

At sea, you look on the life from which you have emerged, as one looks from a mountain top on his native town. It is astonishing how fast your prejudices relax after the land has sunk—how the great insignificances in which you have been involved, disappear, as if they had never been, and every interest of real value starts into sudden distinctness. If the brain could work in such a whirl as it must bear during a heavy sea, there would be no such place on shore for the historian and the philosopher. But the stomach, unfortunately, is your petted organ ; you must give it your first care. Your mental enjoyment must be almost entirely of a sensuous stamp. You take in, without stint, the glory of the sea, lose yourself in delicious reverie, start a thousand tracks of thought which might lead to better and grander truths than you have yet attained ; but you cannot follow them. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is too weak.

With such enjoyments as these, and that sense of rest, which was the sedative I most needed, two weeks passed by like two days. There was scarce an apology for sea sickness on board, and not a word of complaint on account of head-winds and rolling seas. Finally, as we were sailing on a cloudless afternoon, some keen eyes among us discerned round mountain-heads and rocky islands in the air, above the horizon. I half expected to see them melt back again into the vapor, but they stood fast and grew clear in outline, and point came out behind point as we advanced, till we ran under Fastnet Rock in the moonlight, and turned the corner of Cape Clear.

## VI.

### RAMBLES IN WARWICKSHIRE.

[SEPTEMBER, 1851.]

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FEW Americans leave Liverpool without visiting Chester. As the only walled city in England, dating its foundation from the Roman invasion, it is certainly a place of interest, but neither so venerable nor so peculiar in its appearance as I had imagined. I must own, however, that the old towns of the Continent were constantly in my memory during the two or three hours I devoted to its steep streets and winding walls. The only things on which I looked with real interest were the church founded by Ethelred the Saxon, and the crumbling watch-tower from whose top Charles I. watched the fortunes of the battle on Rowton Moor. The walk around the ramparts was charming. The warm, silvery haze of an English autumn filled the air veiling the more distant of the Welsh mountains, but soft an

ing the graceful outlines of the nearer hills and touching with the gentlest play of light and shadow the Valley of the Dee, over whose waters we hang, while turning the sharp angles of the bastions on the southern side.

I took the afternoon train to Shrewsbury. The road passes into Wales soon after leaving Chester, and for many miles follows the hills which inclose the Allen, a tributary of the Dee. The country is hilly, but so varied in its features, so picturesque in the disposition of height and valley, stream and wood, so trim by nature and so luxuriant by culture, that I was ready to regard it as a specimen of landscape gardening on a magnificent scale. Not a dead bough encumbered the trees; not a patch of bare soil showed the earth's leanness. The meadows were smooth enough for a fairy's foot; the streams as tranquil and pellucid, as if only fit

"to roll ashore

The beryl and the golden ore;"

and the horses and cows in the pasture-fields were apparently newly washed and curried. To keep up the impression, at the Wrexham station we found a crowd of Welsh youths and maidens in their holiday dresses, as the great fair had just commenced. At the next station beyond, we passed an excursion train from Shrewsbury, a mile of cars, mostly open, and crammed with delighted children, to whom we all waved our handkerchiefs in return for their shouts.

The sun dipped his crimson disc behind the mountains, as we looked into the renowned Vale of Llangollen, in passing--a stately valley, broad at first and rich with woods, but narrowing in the distance and lost between the interlocking

bases of the hills. Then twilight came on; the chimney of a furnace flashed here and there; white mist gathered along the streams, growing thicker as we reached the Severn, till the chimes of "Shrewsbury clock" rang from some invisible station in the air. I had a foggy and ghostly sort of ramble in the streets, getting lost in all kinds of dark windings up and down the hill on which the town is built; so, thinking it a pity to spoil such an appropriate impression of the old place, I left for Birmingham in the morning. Had it not been for a German pedestrian, who arrived at the "George Fox" just before I left, I might have visited the town, so far as my recollection of it is concerned, in the time of Richard III.

The face of the country became more monotonous and the soil poorer, as we approached Birmingham. From Wolverhampton, a large manufacturing town, to the latter place, a distance of ten or twelve miles, we passed an unbroken range of furnaces, forges and other establishments for the manufacture of iron. Scores of tall chimneys belched forth volumes of red flame and black smoke, like so many flues piercing down to the central fires. Whether from this cause or not, I will not venture to say, but the sky, which was mild and clear, after leaving the fogs of the Severn, became dark and lowering, and drops of rain fell at times on passing through this district. Beyond Birmingham, where Agriculture gets the upper hand, we found the sunshine again.

The appearance of Birmingham from the railroad viaduct is most uninviting. The only relief to the view of numberless blocks of dull red houses, roofed with red tiles, is afforded



by two or three spires and a multitude of furnace-chimneys in the distance. I left the Shropshire train at the station, took another for Kenilworth, and in less than an hour saw the "three tall spires" of Coventry, that ancient and beautiful city, where, as Leigh Hunt says, "the boldest naked deed was clothed with saintliest beauty." I saw two pictures as I passed: one, the noble Godiva, trembling with shame, yet upborne by her holy purpose, as her palfrey clattered through the hushed streets: the other, an idle poet, lounging with grooms and porters on the bridge, and weaving in his brain the fit consecration of that deed.

The branch road for Leamington here left the great highway to London. It is a kind of railway-lane—a single track, winding by country ways, between quiet hedges, and with the grass growing up to the edges of the rails. Every spare shred and corner of ground clipped from the fields, is a little garden-plot, gay with flowers, and so, with less regret than the sentimental reader would suppose, I first saw the heavy pile of ruined Kenilworth from the windows of a railroad car. The castle is more than a mile distant from the station, but an omnibus was in waiting, for passengers. My companion and I, however, preferred a foot-path across the fields, leading to a gate in a wall which formed the outer defence of the place. As it happened we struck on the tilting-ground, the green level of which we followed to Mortimer's Tower, entering the Castle by the gate selected for the reception of Queen Elizabeth. Passing the ancient stables, which now shelter the stock of the farmer who takes care of the property for the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, its present owner we reached the porter's lodge, a

castle in itself, and still in admirable preservation. A superannuated door-keeper admitted us into the grounds and then went to call the guide, who was working in the garden. The latter personage, a little man who had grown old in the business, changed his smock-frock for a rusty blue coat, and took us in charge.

He was a proper guide, and so familiar with his points, that I doubt whether he would have piloted the Lord-Lieutenant (whom he never named without touching his hat), in any but the regular way. Taking us to the centre of the lawn, where the shattered, ivy-grown front of the Castle rose grandly before us, he pointed out the different groups of buildings and gave us the date of their erection. Then he bid us note the thickness of the walls in the Cæsar's Tower (the oldest part, built in a remote and uncertain period), after which he led us by a rough path into the dungeon where Edward II. was prisoner, and then by a well-worn staircase to the top of the tower, whence we looked down on a broad stretch of the loveliest meadow land, dotted with flocks of sheep. "There," said he, "in the Earl of Leicester's time, was a lake two miles long, and all the land you see to the right, sirs, thirty miles from the Castle, was the chase; and down there, where the hawthorns and crabs is, was the pleasure-garden." "Who owns all the land now?" I asked. "The Earl of Clarendon, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland" (touching his hat), "and he gets £110,000 a year from it; but he never comes anigh it."

Kenilworth has been described so often, that I shall spare you an account of what was once the banqueting hall, and



Queen Elizabeth's dressing-room, looking down on the lake, and the Leicester buildings, the most ruined of although the latest built. All parts of the Castle are mantled with the most superb ivy, thrusting its heavy arms between the shattered mullions, climbing the towers and topping them with mounds and overhanging cornices of dark, brilliant green. I noticed one trunk three feet in diameter. Our guide did not permit us to lose a single feature of the ruin. After finishing the building, he took us the round of the moat wall, and pointed out the most picturesque effects. He knew the positions to a hair's breadth, and it was in vain that I attempted to disregard them. I must stand with my back to the wall, and my feet in just such a spot. "Now," said he, "look between John o' Gaunt's building and the Leicester building, and you'll catch a nice bit of Cæsar's Tower." He could not go wrong, for the ruins are beautiful and imposing from every direction; they are the crowning charm and glory of one of the most delicious pastoral landscapes in the world.

Warwick Castle, only six miles distant, offers a remarkable contrast to Kenilworth. Like the latter, the date of its foundation is unknown, and its most ancient part bears the name of Cæsar's Tower; but while Kenilworth is fast tumbling to pieces, it remains entire, and is still inhabited in every part. The father of the present Earl expended immense sums in restoring and improving it. The grounds have been so laid out and planted, that the Castle is not seen from any part of the town, but by walking to the bridge over the Avon, one may obtain a grand view of its embattled front. The presentation of a card at the porter's

lodge was sufficient to procure us admission. A carriage-road cut through the solid rock, with a fringe of fern and an arch of elms high overhead, leads to a narrow lawn in front of the Castle. The only perceptible change in the exterior, is the substitution of a light stone arch for the drawbridge, and the draining of the moat, which is now a trough of velvety grass, with flowering shrubs leaning over it from the sides. The portcullis still hung in the gateway, snarling at us with its iron teeth.

The inner court-yard, however, has been turfed over, and a new flight of granite steps leads to the entrance hall, in the southern wing of the Castle. The suite of state apartments in this wing is 333 feet in length, and built with so much precision that when the doors are closed one may look straight through all the key-holes to the further end. We were met at the door by the steward, Mr. Williams, who conducted us through the rooms. The old house-keeper died recently, after having amassed £30,000 from the fees of visitors, the whole of which she bequeathed to the Warwick family. I doubt whether Lord Clarendon will ever receive as a legacy the fees taken at Kenilworth. The state apartments are all that is generally shown, but as a friend of mine, a native of Warwick, accompanied me, the steward took us into the breakfast-room, though the table was already set for the Earl, and showed us the celebrated Lions of Rubens, several fine Vandykes, and an original portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, a pale and beautiful face, expressing true nobility of soul in every feature.

We also saw the armory, which is usually closed to visitors. It is rich in ancient armor and rare and curious

objects, among which I may mention the crystal hilted dagger of Queen Elizabeth, her shirt of chain-mail, her saddle and the trappings of her horse; but I was most struck with two things: a *revolving musket*, more than two hundred years old, and a mask, taken from the face of Oliver Cromwell, after death. The revolver (of the antiquity of which there cannot be the slightest doubt) is almost precisely similar to Colt's, having a single barrel, to which is attached a revolving cylinder, containing six chambers. There is a flint lock and pan to each chamber, and the firing of one discharge brings the succeeding chamber to the barrel. I had been aware of the existence of this curious weapon, but was not prepared to find the idea of a revolver so perfectly developed.

The mask of Cromwell was found a short time since in clearing out one of the old chambers of the Castle, where the rubbish had been accumulating for a hundred and fifty years. There can be no doubt of its authenticity. The face is that of Cromwell, too hard and rugged, too terribly inflexible to be mistaken, while the prominence of the large eye-balls in their sunken cavities, the slight sharpening of the features, and the set rigidity of the grim mouth, show clearly that the mould was never taken from living flesh. Yet there seemed a kind of hard satisfaction in the expression of the face, as if he had remembered Dunbar at his death-hour. Less interesting than this memorable relic, yet more pleasant to behold, is Vandyke's portrait of Charles I. on horseback, filling up the end of a long gallery. The forward action of the figure and the foreshortening of the horse are so admirable that you stand ready to return the

salute of the handsome Cavalier King, when he shall have ridden a few paces further.

After we had taken a too hasty glance at the superb paintings on the walls, and the exquisite views of the Avon from the windows, we returned to the porter's lodge, where some other antiquities, not quite so well verified, were exhibited. The portress, a withered-looking little woman, took her stand in the centre of the room, and went through her part after this wise:—"This here, gentlemen, is the famous porridge-pot of Guy, Earl of Warwick, as takes forty gallons of rum, forty gallons of brandy, and five hundred pounds of sugar to fill it with punch, and was filled when the present Earl was married, likewise three times and a half when Lord Brooke came of age; and this is Guy's sword" (I seized and shook it, but forget whether it weighed nine or twenty-one pounds), "and these is the Spanish lady's shoes, as was worn by Fair Phyllis, Guy's wife, and this is the horn of the dun cow Guy killed" (it was a whale's rib!); "and these is the boar's tusks he killed and was knighted for; and this is an Indian shield made of buffalo hide, and this is Guy's flesh fork, as he dipped out the pieces of meat with—hrrrr-r-r-r——."

Here she stirred up the porridge-pot, ringing such a peal as shook the lodge, and then, fleshfork in hand, stood waiting for her shilling. Before leaving, we took a shady path, under larches and Lebanon cedars, to the garden-house in which stands the renowned Warwick vase. I have seen no vase comparable to this in the blending of perfect grace with the majesty of colossal proportions. The wreathed vine-stalks at its sides, the full vine-bunches and heads of

the laughing fauns are none the less graceful that they are magnified beyond nature.

But I cannot linger in the beautiful groves of Warwick, while further down the Avon, girdled by green meadows and embosomed in heavy-foliaged elms and limes, lies happy Stratford, blessed beyond all other villages in all the lands of the Saxon race. On the following morning I clomb to the top of a country coach and was whirled down Warwick Hill, under the gateway of Leicester's Hospital, across a level tract of garden ground, and up a swelling ridge—the summit of which, as we drove along it for several miles, commanded wide views into the heart of Warwickshire—the most charming agricultural region in all England. To the left, beyond the Avon, I saw in the distance the trees of Charlecote Park, the seat of the Lucy family, and the spire of the church where Sir Thomas, of Shakspeare-punishing memory, lies buried. Through alternate groves of elm, oak, and beech, and fields of smooth, fresh mould or smoother turf, dotted with clumps of hawthorn, we descended to Stratford. The coach drew up at the inn of the Red Horse (well known to Geoffrey Crayon), and I set out to visit the haunts of Shakspeare.

As I knocked at the door of the low, dingy cottage, where even princes must stoop to enter, a curious Englishman, who had just arrived, asked the old woman as she bustled out: "Do you allow anybody to cut a piece off this board?" at the same time laying his hand on a rude counter which projected into the street from the open shop window. "Bless you," said she, "Shakspeare had nothing to do with that. The butcher who had the house long



after him, put that up." In answer to my inquiry whether the house had ever been damaged by hunters of relics, she said that the worst instance was that of a party of boarding-school girls, who asked to be left alone in the room where Shakspeare was born, in order that nothing might disturb their impression of the spot. After they left, a large square block was found to be cut from the mantel-piece. I entered, mounted the crazy stairs, and saw the sacred room.

I had a note of introduction from my Warwick friend to the teacher of the Stratford Grammar School, which is the same institution where the boy Shakspeare was taught, and is still held in the same rooms. I found the teacher surrounded by a pack of bright-looking boys, from eight to fourteen years of age. I involuntarily looked in their faces to find something of Shakspeare. It seemed impossible that they should not differ from other children; but assuredly they did not. They had frank, healthy English faces, but the calm, deep, magnificent eyes that looked down every vista of the marvellous human heart, were not there. The teacher enjoined quiet on them, and stepped out to show us the old desk, in a room on the ground floor. This desk is as old as the time of Shakspeare, and is supposed to have belonged to the master of the school. It is a heavy affair of rough wood, such as I have seen in the old schoolhouses of our own country. The top is carved with the initials of the scholars, and they show you a "W. S." which I have not the least doubt was cut by—William Smith.

But, notwithstanding, Shakspeare did once stand beside



this desk, making painful conquests of "the rudiments," and perhaps the worn lid I now lift, was once lifted by a merciless "master," to take out the ruler destined to crack the knuckles of William himself. The thing is absurd! Think of rapping the knuckles of Jupiter! We can only imagine the babyhood of Shakspeare as Lowell has described that of Jove:

"Who in his soft hand crushed a violet,  
Godlike foreusing the rough thunder's gripe."

The teacher kindly obtained us admission into the house and gardens of Mr. Rice, a surgeon, who lives on the site of a house built by Shakspeare, after his retirement from London. The foundations and a single corner wall remain the same, but the house is modern, the garden is changed, and the great mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare's hand (under which he took so much pleasure in the sweet summer afternoons), is now only represented by a grandchild—the scion of a scion. Mr. Rice has been offered £100 for the privilege of digging in the cellar of his house, in the hope of finding relics.

My last visit was to Trinity Church, on the Avon. The meadows along the river were flecked with soft light and shadow from passing clouds, and the grave-stones in the church-yard were buried warm and deep in thick turf. The gardens beyond, hid from my view the road to Shottery, where Anne Hathaway's cottage is still standing. I approached the church under a beautiful avenue of limes; the door was open, and a dapper young showman had four Englishmen in tow. I went at once to the chancel, where

the bust of Shakspeare looked down upon me from the eastern wall. This bust is supposed to have been copied from a mask taken after death; Chantrey unhesitatingly declared this to be his opinion. One of the eyes seems a little more sunken than the other, and there are additional indications of death about the neck. The face is large, serene, and majestic—not so thin and young as in the Chandos picture, nor with that fine melancholy in the eyes, which suggests to you his Hamlet. In contemplating it, Prospero at once recurred to me. Thus might the sage have looked after he had broken his wand and renounced his art. And Prospero, one of Shakspeare's grandest creations, was at the same time his last.

While I was looking on that wonderful forehead, the showman rolled up a piece of coarse matting spread upon the pavement, and, stepping off to allow it to pass, I found these lines under my feet:

“Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust inclosèd here;  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

This was the simple and touching inscription dictated by himself. None have incurred the poet's malediction by disturbing his rest. There is nothing but dust under the stone, but that dust was once animated by Shakspeare's soul. Thank God that in this irreverent age there are still some spots too holy to profane, some memories too grand and glorious to neglect! I could have knelt and kissed the dusty slab, had I been alone. The profound sadness with

which the spot oppressed me, was one of those emotions against which the world soon hardens us. Too subtle and precious to be called up at will, they surprise us at times with the freshness of a feeling we had thought exhausted.

We walked back to Warwick over the same breezy ridge and in the evening, with our friends, sauntered over the fields to Guy's Cliff. The family were absent, but a house-keeper, flaunting in purple satin, refused to admit us; so, after watching the sunset build a crimson and golden oriel, at the end of a long chancel of arching elms, facing the west, we descended to the Avon, climbed into Guy's Cave, explored the damp cloisters cut in the cliff, by the brief light of lucifer matches, and closed the evening by a walk to Leamington, which we saw to great advantage by mingled gas and moonlight.

Warwick will always be endeared to me by the recollection of the kind English hospitality I received within its walls. I was indebted to Frederick Enoch, a young Warwickshire poet, whose volume I had read in America, for two of the most pleasant and memorable days of my travels.

Before leaving, we went to see another house, scarcely less interesting than Warwick Castle. Few Americans, I presume, have heard of Charles Redfern, yet there are not many of the English nobility to whom his name and person are not familiar. If any sale of rare and curious furniture, old heirlooms, jewelry, or other objects of *virtu*, takes place anywhere between the Alps and John o'Groat's house, Redfern is sure to be there. Does any Lord want to make a rare and costly present to his betrothed, any Dowager wish to surpass some other Dowager, in the attractions of

her boudoir, it is to Redfern he or she applies. Redfern who began life with scarce a penny, was Mayor of Warwick, and had a house crammed from top to bottom with the rarest, most unique and superb articles. There is barely room to get up and down stairs, and to pass in and out of the rooms. Your nerves are in a tingle from the time you enter till the time you leave. Stumble in the entry, and you will knock down an antique bust; open the door too wide, and you smash a vase of gilded porcelain; lean too far to the right, and you shatter some urns of agate and amethyst; to the left, and you break the dressing-case of Charles I. Here is Cromwell's mother, taken from life; there a Holbein or a Salvator Rosa; here jewels that belonged to Marie Antoinette; there the spoils of twenty palaces. The whole collection must be worth at least \$75,000.

Our friend declared that after seeing Redfern's house, we ought to visit its owner, who was then holding Court in the Town Hall. So we entered the Court-room, where a case of some kind was being tried, in the presence of forty or fifty spectators. Our friend led the way; the Mayor, on the bench, made a sign to the attendant policemen. "Make way! make way!" cried the officials. The people fell back; the case was suspended, and we walked up to the bench amid the most solemn silence. Mayor Redfern, however who has a frank, ruddy face, which no one could help liking, was exceedingly affable, and put us quite at our ease with his first words. We did not suspend justice long, the policemen kept the way clear, and we made our exit in state. As we left Warwick an hour afterwards, the spectators had no chance of being undeceived as to our rank.

## VII.

### A WALK FROM HEIDELBERG TO NUREMBERG.

[OCTOBER, 1851.]

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#### PART I.—THE VALLEYS OF THE NECKAR AND KOCHER.

ON leaving Frankfort, I decided to take Nuremberg in my route to Vienna. The usual track, via Stuttgard, Ulm, and Munich, was already familiar to me, from having literally measured the whole of it, step by step. There remained, however, for more than three-fourths of the distance, a new route, part of which I had never seen described, and which the guide-books but barely hinted at—that wild, hilly region, lying between Heidelberg and Nuremberg, and watered by the tributaries of the Neckar and the Main. This, I imagined, would amply repay the fatigue of a foot-journey and the additional time required to explore it. With two companions, I made the necessary



outlay for knapsacks, forwarded my heavy luggage by the post to Ratisbon, and left Heidelberg at sunrise, by the little Neckar steamer. The first four miles of our way were familiar to me, and in the fresh, cool beauty of the morning, I amused myself by tracing the road on which I travelled in 1845, weary and foot-sore, and with only two kreutzers in my pocket. Beyond Neckargemünd, the bold, wooded mountains (now touched with their first autumnal tints) embrace the river more closely, leaving but a narrow strip of greenest turf next the water's edge. The steamer bent and shook as she worked her way slowly up the rapids. Three tall cranes flew before us from point to point, at times alighting on the grass to wait our approach.

Opposite Neckarsteinach, which, with its four ruined castles, sits in the centre of a semicircle of hills, we saw the old fortress of Dilsberg, crowning the summit of an isolated peak. This place was formerly used as a sort of State Prison for the fractious students of Heidelberg. The penitentiary system in those days, however, must have been much more lenient than at present; for it is related that when a foreigner of distinction once visited Dilsberg and asked permission to see the fortress, the Superintendent answered that it was impossible to gratify his request, the State prisoners being then on a tour of pleasure through the Odenwald, with the keys in their pockets! The Neckar, beyond this place, presents a succession of charming landscapes. Folded lovingly in the heart of the mountains, its waters now mirror the rich foliage of the beech, ash, and maple, now the dark monotony of the fir, and the open and smiling beauty of the fields of corn and vine.



Though not so rich in historic interest as the Rhine, nor so bold in its features, its landscapes present the same enchanting variety, touched with a mellower grace and a tenderer human sentiment. Here there is little to remind one of battle and bloodshed. The quiet villages, nestled at the entrances of yet virgin valleys winding into the hills, are dropping to pieces only by age, and the sombre coloring of the Middle Ages, which they still wear, does no violence to the peaceful repose of the cultivated slopes behind them.

Among the passengers on our little craft was a stout French gentleman, whose musical voice and exquisite pronunciation of his native tongue attracted me to him. In the course of our conversation he confided to me the fact that he had travelled from Liege to Heidelberg with Lola Montes, and had arrived at the latter place on the previous evening. My Frenchman was extravagant in his admiration of that wonderful woman; he could speak of nothing else. "*Elle est une femme extraordinaire—vraiment extraordinaire!*" And he went on to relate to me several curious incidents whereof he was witness. He then pulled out his cigar-case and showed me, carefully laid away in the safest corner, two delicate white cigaritos which the astonishing Lola had made with her own hands and given to him.

We passed Eberbach, a fine old town, situated in the lap of a beautiful amphitheatre of hills and overlooked by the lofty *Katzenbuckel* (Cat's-Back), the highest peak of the Odenwald. Beyond this feline hump, which is arched in a state of perpetual indignation, the mountains are lower and the

wild woods stand back to give place to the vine. At Neckarelz, our little steamer ran her nose against the bank and we jumped ashore on the green turf. Following a road which led up the valley of the Elz, we passed through the stately town of Mosbach and took a by-way leading over the hills to Mökmühl, in the valley of the Jaxt. Just as we gained the height, the sun, which had been obscured all day, broke through the clouds and poured over the landscape such long, golden sunset-lights, that in their splendor the ploughed fields, the acres of turnips and beets, and even the stones piled by the wayside, were glorified and imbued with celestial beauty. But soon the shadows grew longer and cooler, and night came on as we reached a little village called Billigheim, sunk in a deep valley.

We found beds at a country *wirthshaus* called the "Golden Stag," and took our places in the guests' room, between two tables full of Baden soldiery. The landlord, who brought us our supper, entered into conversation, and I asked him, among other things, whether the castle of old Goetz von Berlichingen was not still standing, near Jaxt-hausen. "Ah, you know him, then!" said he, and his eyes sparkled so suddenly that I was delighted to find so much enthusiasm for the name of Goetz, among his native hills. "Of course I know him," I replied; "who does not?" "Then you are going to visit him," he rejoined; "but is it true that he is about to enter the Austrian service?" I made no answer, quite taken aback at being so misunderstood; but very soon the landlord returned, and lifting his cap, asked; "Perhaps the gentlemen would prefer wine of an old vintage?" Of course nothing could

be too good for the friends of Berlichingen. Our supper which was nearly ready, was delayed in order to be served up in such state as the inn afforded, and the landlady, who had rather neglected us, came up with a smiling face and at down to talk about our distinguished acquaintance.

And so you are going to visit the Herr von Berlichingen?" "Your husband has misunderstood me," I said; "it is not the young Herr that I know, but the old knight, Goetz—the one with the iron hand."—"Ah," said she, "I never saw *him*." However, we were indebted to the grand old Goetz for a good supper, and fresh sheets on our beds: wherefore we blessed his memory.

At daybreak next morning, we resumed our knapsacks. It had rained in the night, and the by-road was very slippery, but after crossing the border into Würtemberg, we found a better path, leading down through forests of beech and oak into the green meadows of the Jaxt. At Möckmühl, where we stopped for breakfast in a queer old inn, the landlord, finding we were Americans, instantly ran out, and after a few minutes' absence, brought with him a strong, intelligent young man, who was to leave for New York next day, with his wife. He was accompanied by a soldier and an old *bauer*, and all three plied me with questions respecting our country, its laws, and institutions. What most troubled the old *bauer*, was the news which he had somehow received, that nobody was allowed to sit down in an American inn, but each one must drink his beer standing, and immediately walk out. I gave the young emigrant all the information which I thought would be of service to him. Not only here, but at every place where

we stopped, many persons had left or were about leaving. The landlord at Möckmühl said that things were much worse since the Revolution. "There is no more confidence," said he; "those who have money hoard it up, through fear of more troubles. Money is therefore very scarce, and the poor people suffer. Besides this, the laws are harder upon us than they were; everything goes badly, and nobody is satisfied."

After striking the Jaxt, a bold, rapid stream, coursing round abrupt points and through wide amphitheatres of vine-hills, we followed its banks for several miles, passing a succession of emerald meadows, starred with the blossoms of the colchicum. The views up and down the stream were remarkably lovely. In one place we passed along the sides of a natural amphitheatre, half a mile in diameter. The stone terraces built for the vines might have served for regular rows of seats, from which five hundred thousand spectators could look on the tilting-ground of the beautiful plain below. At Jaxthausen, an ancient and picturesque village on the right bank, we halted to see the Castle of Berlichingen, in which Goetz was born, and where he spent most of his days. It is a plain, square structure, still retaining its moat and draw-bridge, though the buildings are beginning to show the wear of five centuries. The village magistrate, who was a student at Heidelberg in '45, and knew some friends of mine, gave us admission into the chapel and *rittersaal*. In the former place—a dark, dusty chamber—he showed us a flag borne in the battle of Lutzen, the wooden forks and spoons of some of the Crusaders, the sword, stirrups,

bridle, battle-axe, and lastly, the Iron Hand of Goetz von Berlichingen. This remarkable relic has just been restored to the Castle, the family having taken it with them to Ludwigsburg, whither they fled during the Revolution of 1848. It is a steel hand, of beautiful workmanship, with a gauntlet of the same metal reaching nearly to the elbow, by which it was fitted to the stump of the right arm. The fingers opened and closed by springs in the wrist, which are now useless; the thumb is still perfect, and bends its iron joints with the greatest readiness. With the hand is preserved a portrait on glass of its owner—a heavy Saxon face, but firm, true, and resolute enough in its expression for him who was called “The Last of the Knights.”

After leaving Jaxthausen, we crossed a high and narrow plateau of grazing land, and descended by a wild glen into the valley of the Kocher. For the rest of the day, our road led up the stream, through the most enchanting scenery. For rich pastoral beauty, I know of no valley in Germany surpassing the Kocherthal. Sunk deep between mountains which are covered with vine-terraces to their very tops, the river has yet no bold and abrupt banks, but wanders with a devious will through long reaches of level meadow-land, green and flowery as in mid-May. Every turn of the hills opened to us a new valley, each with a little town in its centre. These towns, which occur at intervals of half a league, preserve entire the walls and towers of the Middle Ages, and, to all appearance, no new building has been erected in them for centuries. The Kocherthal lies in the heart of a region



which is touched by no modern route of travel, and preserves, with scarce a change, a faithful picture of Ancient Germany.

Towards sunset, we climbed the side of a long hill, whence we could overlook the valley for many a league before and behind us. At our feet lay the town of Künzelsau, half embosomed in forests which descended from the rugged heights in its rear. The massive white front of a castle belonging to the Prince of Ehringen, rose above the banks of the Kocher, domineering over the dark, pointed gables and mossy roofs of the old place. A mountain stream, leaping from the forests, passes into the streets, roars through an arch under the Rathhaus at the head of the public square, where two flights of stone steps lead down to its bed, and then disappears under the pavement. We saw but little of the town, for it was dark, and we were somewhat stiff from a walk of twenty-five miles. At the "Bell" (to which inn I would recommend all tourists visiting Künzelsau) we found rest and refreshment.

We left the Kocher at dawn, and crossed a stretch of cold upland to Langenburg, on the upper waters of the Jaxt, where we breakfasted. The Prince of Langenburg, whose castle crowned a bluff, high above the stream, is a brother-in-law of Prince Albert. This was told me by the landlord, who also showed me a stag's head, with a superb pair of seven-branched antlers. The stag, he said, was the last of all those with which the forests around had formerly been filled. Once it was a common sight to see groups of eight or ten on the hills; but that was



before the Revolution of 1848. When the noblemen fled to the fortresses, the deer had no keepers, and were all chased and slaughtered. This stag alone was left, and for two seasons the hunters had been on his track. Only two weeks before they had brought him to bay for the first time, and slain him. Some of his meat was in the house, and I might have a steak served up in princely style if I liked.

The rest of the day's journey, for more than twenty miles, lay across a high and somewhat barren table-land dividing the waters of the Neckar from those of the Main. The land is devoted principally to grazing and the more hardy kinds of grain and vegetables, but here and there the road skirts fine forests of fir. The villages, which are rare, are small, and have an aspect of poverty. We learned, too late to take advantage of the information, that the great Fair of Roth-am-See was being held in the meadows of Musbach, not more than a league out of our way. This Fair, which has been held on the same meadow for several centuries, is probably the most peculiar in Germany, as it is frequented principally by the peasants of Suabia and Franconia, and exhibits many curious usages, which elsewhere have passed away.

Late in the afternoon, after enduring two or three showers, we saw, under a dark and gusty sky, the towers of the venerable City of Rothenburg. It was apparently built on a rise in the plain, but on approaching nearer, we found that its walls overhung the brink of a deep gorge, at the bottom of which flows the Tauber, a tributary of the Main. Even from the little I saw of it on approaching

I felt sure it would richly repay a longer tramp than we had made. Everything about it is fresh and unhackneyed. The landlord said we were the first native Americans he ever saw, and requested us to write our names in his book at the top of a new leaf.

## VIII.

### A WALK FROM HEIDELBERG TO NUREMBERG.

[OCTOBER, 1851.]

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#### PART II.—ROTHENBURG AND NUREMBERG.

ROTHENBURG—the name of which is scarcely mentioned in guide-books—is one of the oldest and most remarkable places in all Germany. Founded before the year 800, and till the twelfth century under the dominion of the Counts of Rothenburg, it was for seven hundred years a Free City of the German Empire, having under its jurisdiction one hundred and forty-three villages, and was only incorporated with Bavaria in the beginning of the present century. As the chief city in the old province of Mittel-Franken (Mid-Franconia), it has always been an important place, and through its present isolated position (being at some distance from any travelled route), still preserves much of its ancient appearance and character. These facts I learned

from Herr Wolf, the landlord of the "Golden Stag," as we leaned out of the rear window of his house, on the evening of our arrival. The inn is built against the city wall, and our window looked down into the deep and rugged gorge of the Tauber. The old fortress of Rothenburg formerly crowned the very point of the headland, around which the river winds, almost insulating the city, and making it, except on the side towards the table-land, next to impregnable.

Herr Wolf first directed our attention to an old house on the headland, which was built in the eighth century. He then informed us that when the Rothenburg knights returned from the Crusades, they were struck with the singular resemblance between the position of the city and that of Jerusalem—a resemblance to which many later travellers have testified. The Tauber, far below us, was the Brook Kedron; opposite rose Mount Olivet; further down the gorge was the Pool of Siloam, and directly under us a little chapel marked the site of Gethsemane. Near it stands an old church, now disused, to which, in former times, multitudes made their pilgrimage. The localities were carefully compared with Jerusalem, and a new *Via Dolorosa* was made along the sides of the hill, with twelve shrines representing the twelve places where Christ rested under the weight of the cross. I could still trace the path, though the shrines are gone, and the pilgrims come no longer. The ghostly old church is now called the *Koboldskeller* (Cellar of the Gnomes).

The landlord related to me a curious incident connected with the later history of Rothenburg. "The city," said he,

“was once besieged by Tilly and Wallenstein, but the Senate and citizens made such a stubborn resistance that it was taken with great difficulty. Tilly was so incensed against the Burgomasters on this account that he ordered them all to be beheaded and the city razed to the ground. Nevertheless, they received him and Wallenstein in the great hall of the *Rathhaus*, and had the finest old Tauber wine brought up from the cellar. The Emperor’s goblet was on the table, and Tilly drank, and Wallenstein drank, till the liquor softened their iron mood. ‘You have good liquor,’ said Tilly, ‘and no doubt good drinkers, too. If any of you will drain this cup (lifting the Emperor’s goblet, which held about seven quarts) he and his comrades shall be pardoned, and I will spare the city.’ The chief Burgomaster was already on his way to execution, and there was no time to lose. Thereupon, Herr Nusch, one of the Senate, filled the mighty bowl, and lifting it to his mouth with both hands, drank it dry, without stopping to take breath. Tilly was as good as his word. A messenger was at once dispatched to stay the execution; and the street where he met the Chief Burgomaster on his way to death, is called the *Freudengasse* (Street of Joy) to this very day.”

We tried the Tauber wine with our supper, and found it light, pure, and pleasant. Still, I should rather let the headsman be summoned than perform Burgomaster Nusch’s feat. During the evening, a number of persons called at the inn, apparently to drink beer and smoke, but in reality to see and question the Americans. I did my best, talking in an atmosphere of bad tobacco till near midnight, but

my endurance was not equal to their curiosity. The fact of my having seen California was almost incredible to them. "Really," said a fat Rothenburger merchant, "this is the most interesting thing that ever happened to me."

Early next morning, one of the teachers in the City School called to accompany us through the city. The weather was dull and rainy, and we had only time to visit the principal places. We went first to the Rathhaus, passing on our way a quaint building with a richly ornamented gable, in which Sultan Bajazet lodged when on his visit to the German Emperor. The Rathhaus has a stately front in the Italian style, a curious winding staircase, and the dark old hall in which Tilly drank with the Senate. Our conductor led us through many dusty chambers to a steep wooden stairway mounting into the tower. After a long journey, we came into a little hot room, nearly half of which was occupied by a German stove. The only inhabitants were an old man and a clock. The former placed a ladder against the ceiling, opened a trap-door, and disappeared through it. I squeezed through after him, felt the rain dash in my face, and then turned away, faint with the giddy view. The slight parapet around the top of the tower overhung its base, and in the wind and driving mist I seemed swinging, not only over the city, but over the chasm far below it. Beyond this, and across its rugged walls, I looked out on the wide sweep of the plain, bounded on the east by a misty range of hills. Savage and strange as the landscape was, I had scarcely nerve enough to bear the sight.

The Church, which we visited, dates from the fourteenth



century, and its interior is a beautiful specimen of the pure Gothic style. It is in complete preservation, and still contains the altar-piece by Wohlgemuth, master of Albert Durer, and fine carvings in wood by the old sculptor Herlen. Our conductor was acquainted with a physician of the city, who possesses the famous goblet of which I spoke, and was kind enough to take us to see it. The Doctor's sister received us cordially, and brought the precious relic from its place of safety. It is an immense glass tankard, about fourteen inches high and six in diameter, with paintings of the Emperor, Kings, Electors, and Bishops of Germany. I asked the lady what was the effect of such a draught on Burgomaster Nusch, from whom she was descended. She said that, according to the account preserved in the family, he slept two days and two nights, after which he awoke in good health, and lived seven years afterwards to enjoy the gratitude of his fellow Burgomasters.

As the rain continued, we hired a carriage for 5 florins (about \$2), to convey us to Anspach, a distance of twenty-five miles. The road lies through a barren upland, crossed by two or three ranges of hills, covered with forests of fir. The driver informed me that the land was costly in spite of its indifferent quality, and that this year nearly every crop was bad. Wheat is already double the usual price, and the poor people begin to feel the effects of it. Here, too, many were leaving for America, and he (the driver) would go if he had money.

Anspach, formerly the residence of the Margraves of Anspach and Bairenth, is a dull town of about ten thou

sand inhabitants, but has a magnificent *Residenz* and gardens. While our carriage was getting ready for Nuremberg, we took a walk in the superb avenues of lindens, now gleaming golden in their autumnal leaves. This park has a singular and melancholy interest from the fact that Caspar Hauser was stabbed here on the 14th of December, 1833. In a lonely corner, hidden by thickets which always keep the place in shadow, we found the monument, a plain shaft with these words, and no more: "*Hic occultis occulto occisus est.*" The name—which you always pronounce in an undertone in Germany—is not mentioned. And yet, but for the deed here commemorated, Caspar Hauser (according to the secret popular belief) would have been Grand Duke of Baden at this day. We may well shrink from lifting the veil which covers the mystery of his life, when it conceals a strange and terrible tale of crime. A few paces distant is the monument of the poet Uz, a pillar crowned with his bust. When a child, I read an account of the murder of Caspar Hauser, at the time of its occurrence, and while standing on the spot, every word of the story came back to my memory.

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"If one the German land would know,  
 And love with all his heart,  
 Then let him go to Nuremberg,  
 The home of noblest art."

So says an old song by Schenkendorf, and so say I, charmed with the little I have seen of Nuremberg. No one knows Germany, who has not visited this place. In

other cities you see the ruins of German Art and German life in the Middle Ages; here you see that Art still preserved, that life still vital in all its quaint forms and expressions. You are not reminded of the Past, for you live in it. It requires as great an effort to recall the Present, as it does elsewhere to forget it. And the age into which you step, on leaving the Nineteenth Century which has steamed you hither (for the railroad brushes the walls, but dares not pierce them), is not stern or harsh in its aspect. Its ruder outlines are softened, its shadowy places glorified, by the Divine light of Art. With its crooked streets, grotesque, pointed gables, and peaked roofs, wandering into a bewildering variety of outlines, Nuremberg still ministers to that passion whereof it was once the chosen seat—the love of the Beautiful. Painting, Poetry, and Sculpture once dwelt here, and their sign-manual is Beauty—Beauty in one of her wayward moods, it is true, but none the less dear to those who love her under all her forms.

The only objects in Nuremberg that appear old are the tombstones. Albert Dürer's house, on the hill, under the walls of the Castle, keeps its rich, red coloring, its steep gable mounting up into a picturesque, overhanging balcony, and its windows of stained glass, as if he were still within, ready to welcome his friend Willibald. As you walk the streets, you think of him as a living man; but his slab in the church-yard of St. John is covered with the moss of three hundred years. "'Tis Death is dead, not he." Over the door of Hans Sachs's dwelling hangs his portrait, with the flowing white beard so well befitting the *meister-sänger*;

and if you go there at mid-day, you may partake of a dish of *bratourst* which would have furnished Hans with inspiration for at least six odes. In the court-yard of the Castle there is a mighty linden-tree, green and full of lusty leaves, which the frost seems to spare. Seven hundred years ago that tree was planted there by the hand of the Empress Kunigunde. In the church of St. Lorenz, they show you the renowned pyx by Adam Kraft and his two apprentices; you would think the dust of their chiselling fresh upon it. Contemplate its glorious workmanship; and if your eyes do not fill with tears—spontaneous tribute to that Beauty which is a perpetual joy, and of pity for its creator, who perished in obscurity and want—its stony leaves and blossoms are softer than your nature.

The situation of the city is peculiar, and in the highest degree picturesque. It is divided by the river Regnitz into two nearly equal parts, called, from the two grand churches they contain, the Lorenz side, and the Sebald side. The river washes the walls of the houses, and is spanned by a number of bridges, one of which, from its form, is named the Rialto. There is also a Bridge of Sighs, leading to the prison. A number of mill-wheels turn in the stream, which makes its entrance into and exit from the city through arches in the walls. The Sebald side ascends towards the north, and you climb steep streets lined with the houses of the old patricians, to the Castle, which is built on a massive sandstone crag, overhanging the city. The battlements command wide and beautiful views on every side. On the morning of my visit, the sky was clear and soft, and I could see the broad meadows stretching

away till they met the blue Franconian mountains in the north-east. Below me yawned the great moat, fifty feet deep and one hundred feet wide, still surrounding the city walls. From the opposite battlement, the city sloped to the river, but rose again from the other side—a mass of quaint notched gables, sharp roofs, broken with windows of every fashion, turrets and Gothic pinnacles, shooting up so thickly that the spires of St. Sebald and St. Lorenz seemed but older plants which had been allowed to run to seed. They blossomed naturally from a bed of such architecture. The four round towers of Albert Durer, in their models the perfection of simple strength, mark the four points of the compass. Beyond them, and over the wall and moat, and scattered buildings outside, spreads the fruitful plain of Franconia.

I will not attempt to describe in detail the sights of Nuremberg. My time was too short to do them justice, yet long enough to receive some impressions which I shall never forget. Of course I visited the Rathhaus, and the Picture Gallery, where I was most struck with Albert Durer's "St. Peter;" and Rauch's bronze statue of Durer himself; and the Beautiful Fountain, a specimen of the purest Gothic, which furnished the idea for Sir Walter Scott's Monument in Edinburgh; and the Little Gooseherd, a cunning fountain, representing a mannikin with two geese under his arm; and the Castle Well, cut three hundred feet through the solid rock; and the Gymnasium founded by Melancthon, with many other noteworthy buildings and monuments. The church-yard of St. John, outside of the city walls, is one of the most remarkable



cemeteries in Europe. The graves are ranged in rows, and each is covered with a ponderous slab of sandstone, raised on a foundation, and regularly numbered from 1 to about 2,000. They nearly all date beyond the last century, and some are so old as to have lost every trace of their original inscriptions. The moss has eaten into their crevices, the sharp corners are rounded and broken, and they lie as shapeless as so many boulders left by the Deluge. Among them I found the resting-place of Dürer, which has been carefully restored; of Hans Sachs, with a poor specimen of his poetry upon it; of Peter Vischer, whereon a crown of oak-leaves, cast there many days before, was rotting in the rain; of Veit Stoss; and lastly, of the good Willibald Pirkheimer, ever to be remembered as Dürer's friend. A few flowers were growing rankly about the corners of the stones, but so desolated and ruined is the aspect of the place, that even without the prohibition posted up at the entrance of the gate, no one would venture to pluck them.

The last visit I made was to the Church of St. Lorenz—the crown of all that Nuremberg has to show. It is one of the largest Gothic churches in Europe, and more impressive than any I have seen, except St. Ouen in Rouen, and the unfinished cathedral of Cologne. The nave is 320 feet in length and 86 in height, and finished in a style so rich and harmonious as to produce the finest possible effect. Unlike the minsters of Ulm and Strasbourg, whose imposing exteriors promise too much, St. Lorenz startles you with a grandeur you had not anticipated, and you measure with breathless delight the perfect symmetry of the columns, the single arch spanning the nave, and the beautiful



intricacy of the laced and intertwined ribs of the chancel-roof. You follow the guide from pillar to pillar, halting to contemplate the works of Wohlgemuth, of Dürer, of Vischer, Veit Stoss, and the other cunning artists of that day; but when you reach the pyx (house containing the sacramental vessels) of Adam Kraft, there you will stop, and thenceforth the church will contain little else worth your seeing.

This pyx stands beside one of the pillars of the chancel, and spires upwards like a fountain, under the arch, to the height of more than sixty feet. It is of pure white sandstone, and of the most rare and wonderful workmanship. The house containing the vessels is imbedded in an arbor of vines, forming leafy grottoes, with niches in which stand statues of the Apostles. The Gothic pinnacles which shoot up through this canopy of foliage bud into leafy ornaments at their tops, and bend over and wave downwards like vines swinging in the air. Upwards, still diminishing, rises the airy tracery of the spire, with spray-like needles leaping from every angle, till at the summit, where you expect the crowning lightness of the cross, behold! the frail stem of stone curves like a flower-stalk, and hangs in the air a last tendril over the wondrous arbor out of which it grew. Grand Adam Kraft! glorious old master! God grant that this beautiful creation sometimes consoled the bitterness of thy destitute and neglected old age, and that the sacrament of that Beauty, of which this was but a faint symbol, hallowed thy dying hour!

Our conductor through the church was a girl of fifteen, whose flushed cheek and frequent cough gave a painful

effect to the sad, slow monotone of her voice, while telling us of Adam Kraft, as we stood by his pyx: how he, with his apprentice and journeyman, made it in five years, and received therefor only 770 florins (not \$300); how the people had no faith in his work, but believed he had a secret method of softening the stone and casting it into moulds; and how it was examined from top to bottom and proved to be really chiselled. She pointed to the pedestal, in confirmation of the story, and there, sculptured with their own hands, the figures of the master and his two associates, kneeling, upbore the weight of the structure. A quaint fancy, but how significant! Adam's eyes are closed, as if with the exertion, and his face expresses that serene patience which only comes from the enthusiasm of the Artist. Here the apprentice and the journeyman, who wrought with an equally devoted purpose, have their share of the glory. The master of that day was too pure and single-minded in his devotion to Art, not to be just. There was then no monopoly of Fame in a great name. What would Kraft and Dürer have thought of the romances of Dumas and the battle-pieces of Vernet?

## IX.

### PANORAMA OF THE UPPER DANUBE.

[OCTOBER, 1851.]

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WHILE plodding along the highway from Vienna to Linz, in the summer of 1845, I frequently saw the Danube gleaming to the northward in the lap of its magnificent valley. I crossed it afterwards at Ulm, where it comes fresh from its fountains, and parted from it with my love for its name and associations strengthened by the slight acquaintance. But within the last five days I have sailed four hundred miles on its breast, and felt its might and majesty as never before. It has completely displaced the Rhine, which I had held to be without peer among European rivers; and as this preference is contrary to the general opinion (probably because one person visits the Danube where ten visit the Rhine), a rapid sketch of the scenery from Donauwörth to Vienna may help to justify it.

The Danube is a lordly river. It does not drip from the edges of the glaciers like the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Po, but gushes at once to life, a lusty stream, in the garden of a Prince. Nor does the flood, in its waxing course, sully the nobility of its birth. One race and one language alone cannot measure its extent, but from its cradle in the Black Forest till it mingles with the Euxine, it draws its waters from Suabia and Bavaria and Franconia; from the meadows of the Engaddin, in the Upper Alps; from the hills of Bohemia; from Tyrol and Illyria; from Hungary and Servia; and from the lands of the Turk and the Wallachian. Its youth is crystal-clear, rapid, and bears the aroma of the Northern fir; its old age stagnates in the lazy languor of the Orient. It is like one of those Vikings of the eighth century, who went with the frost and fire of Iceland to wallow in the luxury of the Byzantine Court. It hears the hymns of Luther sung in the places where Luther dwelt, and it hears the muezzin call from his minaret the name of Mohammed.

But its historical interest!—What grander associations than Attila and his Huns, or the Dacians before them! And is not Belgrave's stirring name, and John Sobieski's victory before the walls of Vienna, something to remember? Cœur de Lion's prison looked on the river; and its waves are still lighted with the splendor of the Niebelungen Lay. What has the Rhine to surpass these? It has much, to be sure: a tower on every headland, and a legend to every tower. It sings a legend throughout the length of its Highlands—a powerful melody, like that of the Lorely, but no grander strain. The Rhine is legendary; the

Danube is epic. Its associations have a broad and majestic character; they are connected with historical movements more vast, and lead us back to more remote and obscure periods. The stream itself, as it flows with a full current, now losing its way on interminable plains, now plunging into mountain defiles, where there seems no hope of outlet, has something vague and undefinable in its expression. The ruins which crown its banks are grim and silent; they have lost their histories, or refuse to give them up. The wild woods of the Middle Ages still keep possession of valleys that come down from the mysterious Böhmer-Wald, and as you look up their silent depths, home of the stag and wild boar, you think of the wehr-wolves with a slight shiver in your blood.

But I am giving you the effect of the Danube, before I have shown you its landscapes. Take, with me, an affectionate leave of Nuremberg. It rains dismally, and the high and barren watershed of Middle Europe, over which the Railroad passes; is fast becoming a quagmire. The plains are drowned with six months of incessant moisture, and the low hills of ragged fir-trees seem slowly sinking into them. We pass numerous dull villages and two or three tolerable towns, and after more than fifty miles of such travel, strike an affluent of the Danube, and descend with it through the hills to Donauwörth. This town is of no note, except as being the head of navigation on the river. We did not even enter it, but took lodgings in "The Crab," which stands by the water-side, and which gave us, without lifting our heads from the pillows, a night-view of the plain towards Ulm, and the swollen flood flashing in fitful gleams



of moonlight. In the morning we took the steamer for Regensburg

The arrowy river swung our bow around with its course, and carried us rapidly onwards, through vast, marshy flats, thickly set with willows, where, at times, we were in as complete a solitude as the untenanted banks of our Western rivers exhibit. The current is exceedingly tortuous, and we frequently faced all points of the compass, in going a single league. On the northern side, a chain of rolling hills, the first terraces of the central table-land, sometimes approach the river, but do not add to the amenity of its landscapes. They are covered with a scattering growth of beech and oak, cleared away in places for grain, or planted with lean-looking vineyards; still, there is something fine and bold in their outlines, especially when, on turning a corner, we see the next headland before us, stretching far into the blue distance. On our right appears the *Donaumöos*, a morass which fills all our southern horizon. It is drained by 132 canals, but the river is now so high that the current in these sluices flows backwards and fills them.

We pass Ingolstadt, a town surrounded by a massive wall, a deep moat, and outworks of most ponderous character—all as new and shining as the helmets of the Bavarian soldiers on guard. Why this fortification is wanted now, and why it should be built in the centre of a plain, where it commands nothing and protects nothing, is about as clear to me as to the aforesaid soldiers. But before I have fairly settled the question, we are among the mountains again. Here they are, steep and abrupt; woods of autumnal brown and purple, relieved by the dark-green of the fir, wave from



their precipices of white limestone rock, and soften their outlines against the clear sky. A large white Benedictine cloister, under the shadow of the cliffs, now comes into view: but what is this? The Danube is at an end, and we are drifting with the furious flood full against a crag two hundred feet in height. A rough image of the Madonna looks out from a niche scooped in the rock, and the crew take off their hats as we shoot past. Lo! a miracle has been wrought; the terrible wall has been cleft at right angles, and our boat turns so sharply into the narrow strait, that the giddy summit overhangs our deck.

Crash! goes a report like the peal of a thousand cannons, but it is only one, which the captain has ordered to be fired for our astonishment. The sound rolls down the chasm, striking heavily on the perpendicular walls, as if the Indian's Bird of Thunder were caught here, and flapping his wings in a vain effort to escape. He reaches the top at last, and sullenly soars off into silence. Still downwards we speed with the foaming river, almost grazing the sides of our passage-way as we clear its sudden windings, till at length a wider reach in the mountains opens before us, and we take a long breath of relief. All through the cañons of the Danube, the rocks are pierced with bolts near the water, from which hang iron rings, used by the boatmen in their slow and difficult ascent.

The great plain of Bavaria, extending beyond Munich to the Alps, was evidently at one time the bed of an inland sea, whose waters at last tore this passage through the mountains. The rocks exhibit the same appearances as those of the Rhine at Bingen, and the Potomac at Harper's

Ferry, but the pass is much more narrow, rugged, and peculiar than either. Beyond it, the mountains give the Danube room, and his vexed current takes a broader sweep, and rolls with a more majestic motion. As we approach Ratisbon (Regensburg) they disappear from the southern bank, and leave the city seated on the plain.

At Ratisbon, which we reached at four o'clock in the afternoon, we remained the following day, in order to visit the Walhalla. This celebrated edifice, built by the Ex-King Louis of Bavaria, stands on the summit of a hill overlooking the river, about six miles to the eastward of the city. The morning brought with it a dense fog, through which we felt our way to the village of Donaustauf. The Walhalla was not visible, but some peasant women showed us a foot-path leading up to a church on the hill. There were shrines on the way, and we were obliged to step carefully past several persons who were ascending on their knees. Behind the church, the path plunged into a wood of young oaks, redolent of moist autumnal fragrance. After half a mile of gradual ascent, we issued from the trees upon a space of level ground, on which stood the Walhalla, looming grandly through the up-rolling mists. I deem it fortunate that my first view was from the summit of the hill, on a level with the base of the building. Seen thus, it will be accepted, without hesitation, as among the most admirable architectural works of modern times. It is closely modelled after the Parthenon, and therefore has not the merit of originality—at least, externally. Its material is white Alpine marble, brought from the Untersberg, where, according to the old legend, Charlemagne sits with his Paladins await

ing the deliverance of Germany. Schwantaler's colossal group of the victory of Herman over the Romans, fills the pediment of the northern front, which overlooks a lovely green valley. An allegorical group by the same artist, from designs by Rauch, occupies the southern front, which is raised on vast foundation terraces of masonry, 120 feet in height.

The Walhalla stands in the centre of an arc of hills washed by the Danube, and looks beyond his waters and over the plains of Bavaria, to the snowy lines of the Noric Alps. Its position is finely chosen, but the effect of the superb building is painfully marred by the clumsy mass of foundation work on which it stands. The introduction of oblique lines of stairway, which as you descend rise beyond the terraces against which they are built, disturbs the imposing contrast of the simple uprights and horizontals. The temple itself is dwarfed, and the eye is drawn away from its airy grace and symmetry to rest on the blank, glaring, dead-walls which uphold it. The interior is finished in the chromatic style so lavishly employed by the ancient Greeks, and dazzles one with its gilded roof, its mosaic floor, and its walls of precious marbles. It forms a single hall, between two and three hundred feet in length and nearly sixty in height. The walls are broken by two heavy pilaster-like projections, on each side, upon which stand statues of the Northern Valkyrie or Fates, holding on their heads the bases of the arches supporting the iron roof. The general impression produced is one of great richness and splendor, with a dash of barbaric extravagance. The fourteen statues of the Fates, upholding the roof, are painted and gilded, and remind one rather too strongly of Dresden china

Around the sides of the hall the busts of ninety-eight distinguished Germans, executed in Carrara marble, are placed on separate brackets, while a frieze of the same material above them, typifies the history of German civilization.

The fine harmony of the coloring, the soft gleam of the polished marbles, and the imposing dimensions of the hall, give it an effect which at first bewilders the judgment, but cannot keep it captive. The Parthenon is not adapted to a German Walhalla. The pure and perfect simplicity of Grecian Art does not represent the exuberant German mind, so rich in its fancy, so subtle in its imagination, so profound and far-thoughted, yet always serious in its expression, always removed from the grace, the poise, the wondrous balance and symmetry of the Greek Apollo. Nor are the natural adjuncts of the temple more fitting. The sombre fir, or even the oak, is too stern to grow in its shadow; the clouds and storms, the pale sky of the North, are too cold to be its background. It should stand high on a headland, above a sparkling sea, with the blue of a summer noon behind it; where the spiry cypress might mock its shafts, and the palm lift beside them a more graceful capital.

As a great work, the Walhalla is a failure; as a great copy, we shall accept it, and accord all honor to the patriotic spirit which consecrates it. The busts are generally well executed, but the six statues of Rauch—different emblems of Victory, or Triumph—belong to the finest specimens of modern art. Half the busts are those of Dukes or Electors, whose names are not familiarly known outside of Germany; poets, artists, scholars, and composers make up the other half. Schiller is there (and *his* head would

not be out of place in the true Parthenon) between Haydn and the dry, contracted, almost idiotic little head of Kant. Goethe, Herder, Lessing, and even Bürger, have a place. But I looked with the most lively satisfaction at the head of Luther, which was at first omitted (Bavaria being Catholic), but which the universal outcry of all Germany forced the King to restore. And not only Luther, but that fiery reformer, Ulrich von Hutten, whose motto, "*Ich hab's gewagt*" (I have dared it), accompanies his bust. Melancthon is still wanting, though Erasmus finds a place.

Ratisbon is a quiet city, with a beautiful old Cathedral and pleasant promenades. I had no curiosity to see the Chamber of Torture under the Rathhaus, in spite of the solicitations of four valets-de-place, who wished to earn a fee by accompanying me. With German caution the porter roused us at four o'clock in order that we might leave by half-past five. We wandered to the boat shivering in the mist, and sat there four mortal hours before the Captain ventured to start. The hills were shrouded, and the Walhalla was invisible as we passed, but soon the Danube wandered out upon a plain, which his current, brimmed to the top of the banks, threatened to overflow. Towards noon the spires of Straubing were close at hand, but so remarkably crooked is the river, that we chasséed backwards and forwards before the town for nearly an hour, before dancing up to it. As we passed under the bridge I thought of the beautiful Agnes Bernauer, the wife of Duke Albert of Bavaria, who was thrown from it into the Danube during her husband's absence, by his savage father's order.

Now the blue mountains of the *Böhmer-Wald* or Bohe-



mian Forest; rose on our left, but the high, wooded summits leaned to each other and shut us out from a look into their wild recesses. In one place only they touched the river. Elsewhere a chain of lower but not less picturesque hills kept them in the rear. Soon after leaving the plain we reach Passau, the last Bavarian town, built on a bold height at the junction of the Danube and the Inn. Here we touch for a few minutes, and then start for Linz, as the passengers suppose, although it is late in the afternoon. The scenery is strikingly bold and beautiful. The only dwellings we see are the wooden cottages of the woodmen and the herdsmen: here and there a slope of pasture-ground breaks the monotony of the unpruned forests. A rosy sunset colors the distant peaks of the Böhmer-Wald, and the gorges through which we pass are growing dark with twilight. A rude village appears, in a nook of the mountains; the steamer's gun is fired, and we swing around to the bank and make fast, for the Captain is afraid of whirlpools and other terrors.

As we step ashore we are met by beggars and Austrian Custom-House officers. While the latter are politely explaining to us that we must leave all our baggage on board, the church-bell chimes vespers. Officers and beggars take off their hats and stand silent, repeating their prayers. There is a *wirthshaus* on the bank with a landlady as thick as a barrel, who gives us each a double bed (the upper bed much larger than the under) and half a pint of water, to wash our faces in the morning. Our room secured, we go down to the guests' room and order supper. The village magistrate and two priests and a number of Austrian soldiers, take their places at our table, and drink large draughts



of "nasty porter," as I heard it called by a cockney in Nuremberg. The smoke soon becomes so thick, and the tobacco is of such rank Austrian growth, that we retire to our smothering beds. The steamer's cannon rouses us at four o'clock; we are off at daylight, sweeping down between the cold, dark mountains, and in spite of two hours' delay, on account of fogs, succeed in reaching Linz by ten o'clock.

Nothing could be more gentle and agreeable than the Custom-House and passport examination, soothed as it was by the extreme politeness of the officials. Austria received us as tenderly as a mother would receive her returning children; and so far as concerns her people, we profited by the change. The Southern warmth, the grace and suavity of the Austrian character, impress one very pleasantly after leaving the muddy-headed Bavarians. We were obliged to remain till next morning in Linz; but the soft, warm air, the gay Italian aspect of the streets, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery reconciled us to the delay. Besides, from the parapet of the Schlossberg, did we not hail the airy ranges of the Noric and Styrian Alps?

At last, however, after losing three hours in waiting for the fog to disperse, we are off for Vienna. The sun comes out bright and warm over the thousand islands in the channel of the Danube. We are a motley crew: three Russians; an American, fresh from Moscow, and on his way to Poland; a Scotch physician; an Austrian, whom I take to be a secret spy, because he has a sneaking face, and talks in whispers about Hungary; and a Carmelite monk, who is the very picture of jolly humor and good living. The brisk air and

rapid motion give us an appetite, and we are not sorry that dinner is ready at twelve o'clock. Before we have finished three of the ten courses, we notice through the cabin windows that we have passed the rich meadow-lands and are among the forests and hills. The monk, whose capacious girdle is getting tight, is anxious we should not lose the best points of the scenery; and, as we shoot under the Castle of Grein, says hastily: "I think the gentlemen ought now to go on deck." We rush up stairs bareheaded, the monk rolls after us, and the rest of the company follow. The Danube is shut in among the hills; a precipitous crag, crowned with a ruin, rises in front, and the monk says we shall pass behind it, but we do not believe him. Nevertheless, the current carries us onward like the wind and we shoot into a gateway scarcely wider than our boat, down a roaring rapid. The crag and the ruin are now behind us, but there are two others in front. Between them the river turns sharply round a ledge of rocks, and boils in a foaming whirlpool. This is the celebrated *Wirbel*, the Charybdis of the Upper Danube. Our strong steamer walks straight through its centre, but slightly shaken by the agitated waters, and, satisfied that we have done justice to the exciting passage, we go below to finish our dinner.

For nearly fifty miles further, our course lies among the mountains. From the summit to the water's edge they are mantled with forests, broken here and there by cliffs and jagged walls of granite. Sometimes a little village finds place at the entrance of a side-valley, or a grim ruin is held against the sky by a peak which challenges access, but the general aspect is wild, sublime, and lonely. Here, again, I found the

Danube grander than the Rhine. The mountains are infinitely finer in their native clothing of forests, rough though it be, than in their Rhenish veneering of vine-terraces, through which their crags of sterile rock show with the effect of a garment out at the knees and elbows. The hills of the Danube wear their forests of pine and larch and oak as Attila might have worn his lion's hide.

As we pass the magnificent monastery of M $\ddot{o}$ lk, our Carmelite talks juicily of the glorious wines in the cellar, and the good dinners which the Benedictines enjoy within its walls. He tells of the hills in Hungary and Moravia where the best wines grow, and his eyes are still sparkling with the remembrance of them as we reach the shattered crags of D $\ddot{u}$ rrenstein. We look up at the crumbling tower in which Richard of the Lion Heart was imprisoned, and wonder on which side of it stood Blondel, when he sang the lay which discovered the royal captive. We feel our blood grow warm and our hearts beat faster; as we think of that story of faithful love. But the boat speeds on and brings us to Stein, where we leave the mountains, and leave, alas ! our ruddy Carmelite. The best of wines be poured out to him, wherever he goes !

The sun is just sinking into a bed of molten crimson and yellow and amber-green, as we reach Tuln. Vienna is but an hour distant, and the twilight is long and clear, but the captain says stop, and we stop, heartily wishing ourselves in an American boat, with an American captain, "bound to put her through by daylight." We are indebted to the influence of a young officer, in getting a bad supper from an uncivil landlady on shore, and go back to the boat, where

we lie all night in the cabin with aching bones, and a child's wooden stool for a pillow.

In the morning an hour's steaming brought us to Nussdorf, a village about three miles from the city, where we were landed and left to shift for ourselves. Four of us hired a fiacre and started with our baggage. A certificate given us at Linz saved us the trouble of examination, and we were not asked for our passports.

## X.

### THE ROAD FROM VIENNA TO TRIESTE.

[1851 AND 1857.]

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STARTING from Vienna alone, on my way to the Orient, I took my place in the afternoon train for Gloggnitz, at the foot of the Semmering Alp. The level basin of the Danube, at first barren, but afterwards covered with vineyards and maize-fields, extended wide on the left; on the right, veiled in clouds, ran the ranges of the Styrian Alps. After passing Neustadt, forty miles from Vienna, one of my neighbors directed my attention to a spire which marked the position of a village about two miles to the eastward. That village, he said, was in Hungary, and so also was a bold wooded ridge—one of the last spurs of the great Alpine chain—which rose behind it. This ridge gradually approached us on the left, and the plain by degrees narrowed into a valley. The beautiful vineyards which covered the

slopes of the mountains now gave place to woods of fir and cliffs of naked rock, and finally, as twilight came on to deepen their sombre hue, we reached Gloggnitz, at that time the terminus of the railroad.

[The road was completed throughout from Vienna to Trieste in 1857, and the transit from the Danube to the Adriatic, a distance of about 350 miles, is now made by the express trains in sixteen hours and a half. Many years have been employed in surmounting the two chief difficulties on this route—the passage of the Semmering Alp and of the high Carinthian table-land, both of which are great triumphs of engineering. The first is a bold spur of the Styrian Alps, dividing the waters of the Danube from those of the Drave. After ascending a long, sloping valley, the road boldly takes the mountain side, which it climbs by a series of zigzag grades, the heaviest of which are upwards of 140 feet to the mile. Near the summit, 3,000 feet above the sea, the road skirts a terrific gorge, through galleries hewn in the solid rock, and by bridges thrown across the lateral ravines. The descent on the southern side into the valley of the Mur, a tributary of the Drave, is much more gradual. The distance from Gloggnitz to Mürzzuschlag, by the road, is thirty miles, but less than fifteen in a straight line. The cost of the work is said to have been upwards of \$10,000,000. The passage of the Semmering, however, is not a more remarkable undertaking than that of the Alleghanies, on the Baltimore and Ohio Road, or some of the sections on the Pennsylvania Central, and New York and Erie lines. The heaviest grades on these roads are, I believe, respectively



120, 103, and 98 feet to the mile, though there are a few rods on the Baltimore and Ohio which reach 140 feet. The engineers who built the track over the Semmering first visited the latter road, to which belongs the credit of inaugurating mountain grades.]

At Gloggnitz I was obliged to wait until midnight for the stage over the mountains to Mürzzuschlag. A handsome Slave, whose acquaintance I had made in the car, accompanied me to a café, where he took supper with me, before going to his home, a few miles further. In the warmth of his heart, he wanted me to go with him, and spend the night under his roof. He had the most amiable wife in the world, and a darling little boy, the very pearl of all infants, only four months old. Before he was married, he was very fond of dogs, but now they disgusted him : one child was worth a million dogs. And then followed the whole history of his love and courtship, so naive, so simple, and told with such delightful frankness, that my heart overflowed towards the good Slave. At parting, I gave him my hand and a silent blessing on his honest and confiding nature.

When one is obliged to wait at night in the barren room of an inn, the hours are dreary enough. They had an end, however, and I crept into a small stage, with three Germans, who instantly insisted on closing all the windows and lighting their pipes. I like the Germans most heartily in many respects, and I love their land next to my own. I can sleep under their big feather-beds, and eat their heterogeneous dinners, and bear with patience their everlasting delays : but I cannot tolerate their inveterate dread of

fresh water and fresh air. Except Vienna, the German cities are shockingly deficient in baths, and even in the best hotels, a small decanter of water is thought to be amply sufficient for one's ablutions. My companions in the stage had each an overcoat and cloak, and yet they persisted in keeping the windows fast during four suffocating hours. Of the Pass of the Semmering I can only say that we went very slowly up-hill one-half of the way, and very fast down-hill the other half. I rubbed off the moist coating of the panes, and looked out occasionally. The moon gave a straggling light, and I saw some black, ghostly mountains near at hand, but not with sufficient distinctness to separate their forms.

We left Mürzzuschlag at dawn, and sped down the valley of the Mur, the right arm of the Drave. We were now deep in the rough, picturesque old province of Steyermark. In the early dusk the blue and red flames flickered from the chimneys of furnaces in the valleys, but as it grew light, quaint cottages of home-like aspect appeared on the slopes, and the black woods of fir higher up were broken with brilliant patches of pasture-ground. Following the windings of the river, we enjoyed a rapid diorama of very rugged mountain scenery, which was only dark and melancholy because the clouds lowered heavily upon it. The mountains on either hand were from three to five thousand feet in height, and so sterile and abrupt as to defy all attempt at cultivation. In some places they terminated in sheer walls of rock, dropping almost from the summit to the base. The valley, which widened to a plain as we approached Gratz, is well cultivated; grain and

vegetables seem to thrive, but the vine is poor and scanty. Gratz is finely situated, on level ground, at the foot of an isolated hill which is crowned by a citadel. The place is much visited in summer, on account of the excursions which may be made from it into the wilder parts of the Styrian Alps.

About noon we crossed the Drave, already a broad and full stream. The road then left the mountains, and ascended to a tract of barren and rolling upland, with frequent swamps and thickets of rank growth. Part of it was adapted for grazing, but cultivation was scarce, and the inhabitants few and scattered. After some twenty miles of this travel, the mountains again began to appear, and we descended to a wild stream of transparent emerald color, which was our guide to the Save, in whose milky blue waters its own crystal was lost. Among our passengers were a company of peasants from Krain, or Karniola, returning home from their work on the Semmering. They were dressed in coarse white woollen garments of their own manufacture, and spoke a Slavonic dialect which no one could understand. They had low, narrow foreheads, high cheek bones, black and snaky eyes, and sharp, hanging moustaches, while their complexion was a reddish olive. The expression of their faces was even more villanous than that of the Croat regiments in the Austrian service.

The last fifty miles of our road followed the course of the Save, enchanting us with a succession of the grandest mountain landscapes. For the whole distance, the gorge through which the river passes is little less than a cañon,

in the most Californian sense of the term. The water roared at our feet in a continuous rapid. The road has been cut through the rock or built up with much labor from below, while, owing to the windings of the river its curves are abrupt and frequent. The barren peaks, so closely ranged together that scarcely a side glen finds its way to the river, towered thousands of feet above us, and the only road at their base, besides our own, was a little path that hung like a thread on the opposite side, now notched carefully along the edge of a precipice, now dropping to the water, and now climbing wearily around some impassable corner. At first, the mountains were covered nearly to their summits with forests which the frost had stained with a deep, dark crimson hue, changing to purple as they stood more distant. The effect of this royal drapery—these broad and grand tints, contrasted with the dusky blue of the water and the light grey of the granite rock—was indescribably gorgeous. But the mountains, as we advanced, grew more barren, broken, and lofty. Cloudy fleeces were piled high on their summits, and the invisible Oreads spun them into glittering threads which slipped through their fingers and dropped from cliff to cliff into the lap of the glen. In one place I found a natural copy of the Fountain of Vaucluse. A large stream burst up full and strong from the foot of a precipice, and after driving a rude mill that stood below, tumbled foaming into the Save.

Towards sunset, we issued from the mountains, and in a few minutes afterwards reached Laybach, then the termination of the road. This town, the capital of Carinthia,

is a meagre-looking place, and contains nothing of interest. Most of the passengers for Trieste took the diligence on arriving and travelled all night, but I preferred remaining till morning, in order to make the journey by daylight. At the principal hotel I found an English Colonel, on his way to India, who had made the same choice. We went to bed early, and were called up before daylight to take our coffee and make ready to start. The Colonel was very anxious to have a comfortable place, with not too many fellow-passengers, and gave the *kellner* no rest on the subject. Finally, as the diligence was ready to start, the latter came up, saying that he had found the very place—a sort of coupé, in which there was no one but a lady. “Is she young and handsome, and does she speak French?” asked the Colonel, who was innocent of German. “She is very young and beautiful, and of course she speaks French,” replied the *kellner*. Hereupon the officer took up his cloak and went down, rejoicing over his agreeable companion; but what was his horror, when the day broke, to find a Styrian Baroness, old, fat, frightfully plain, and ignorant of French! I was more lucky, in finding a separate vehicle, in which there was a young Bavarian officer. I gave him a cigar, he spread half of his camp-cloak over my knees, and thenceforth we fraternized perfectly.

It was a damp, dark morning, but the horns of the postilions blew a merry peal as we rolled out of Laybach. The roads were in a miserable condition from recent rains, and the wet plain over which we drove seemed interminable. During the forenoon we passed over many ranges of hills, running parallel with the coast, and inclos



ing valleys of green and pleasant aspect, but the country grew more bleak and cold as we approached the Adriatic. The woods, which were just touched with the frost when I left Vienna, were here bare of leaves. Cultivation was confined almost entirely to the valleys, where the young wheat was beginning to look green. I saw a few herdsmen on the hill-tops, tending their sheep and goats among the stones, but most of the inhabitants were employed in keeping the roads in order or begging of the passengers. They are a starved-looking race, kin to the Croats. I have no doubt that Goldsmith's record of the inhospitality of the "rude Carinthian boor" is perfectly correct. The American Bloomers will be surprised to learn that the Carinthian women are before them in the movement. Their skirts just reach to the knee, but they have not yet got as far as the Turkish trowsers. They either go bare-legged or wear hussar boots.

If anything had been wanting to convince me of the poverty of this region, it was supplied by the dinner they gave us at Adelsberg. The force of leanness and of meanness could no further go. The necessity of reaching Trieste a day before the departure of the steamer, prevented me from visiting the celebrated Grotto of Adelsberg, near the village, and the quicksilver mines of Idria, which are not more than twenty miles distant. The geological character of the country between Adelsberg and Trieste is very remarkable. It is called the *Karst*, and consists of ranges of stony hills, almost destitute of vegetation. The sides of these hills and the valleys between them, are pierced with cup-like hollows, from which the rains are evidently carried



off by subterranean drains. They are in some places quite deep and precipitous, and the road winds along on the narrow partition walls between them.

[That portion of the railroad which crosses the Karst is a work of immense labor. The descent to Trieste is so steep that the track is carried many miles to the westward, whence it returns in a sharp angle. The wind called the Bora, which blows over the southern edge of the tableland, is at times strong enough to stop the trains, which are often detained several hours from this cause. On the old post-road there are special officials, chosen for their familiarity with the wind and its accompanying signs, whose duty it is to inform travellers whether they can pass with safety. When the wind is at its height, it is strong enough to overturn the heaviest wagons, and the officials have then authority to prevent every one from passing. During the Italian Revolution of 1849, a company of dragoons, on their way to Lombardy, were stopped for this reason. The officer, a young fellow with more brag than brains, said, "We are going to beat the rebels, and it is foolish to think the wind can stop us," marched on in defiance of the official warning, and was presently, horse and all, blown off the precipice. Out of the whole company, but sixteen men escaped.]

We were very anxious to reach Trieste before dark, but after twelve hours of tedious driving the sun went down and we were still distant. We had heard much of the rains, a recent view from the crest of the mountains behind interested us in a view, which, it is said, takes in the entire Adriatic, from Venice to the mountain head.

land of Pola. This was nothing, however, to the lazy Carinthian postilion, who scarcely allowed his three horses to stretch their rope traces. The last light of sunset showed us the mountains of Friuli, far to the right, and then we leaned spitefully back in the carriage and dropped the subject. We were deep in criticisms on Jenny Lind's voice, when a sudden exclamation from both of us put a stop to the conversation. A dark gulf yawned far below us, half girdling a dusky plain, and just in the centre of the curve sparkled a glittering crescent of lights, branching into long lines or breaking into showers of fiery dots. This was Trieste, gleaming like a tiara on the forehead of the Adriatic. Beyond it and far to the south, the hills of Istria loomed darkly along the horizon. All else was vague and indistinct in the starlight. The air grew milder as we descended, and when I walked along the quay on my way to the hotel, hearing the sweet Italian tongue on all sides, I could scarcely believe that the sun was not still shining.

Trieste is comparatively a new town, and owes its rise entirely to its commerce. Therefore, though it is clean, bright, and pleasant, the traveller dismisses its edifices with a glance, and finds much more interesting material in the crowds that throng its streets. The Orient is much nearer than at Vienna. The Greek meets you at every turn. The Turk grows familiar, and you make acquaintance with the Egyptian, the Albanian, and the fur-capped Dalmatian. The mole is crowded with copper-colored sailors in dirty turbans and baggy trousers. Chibouques are smoked in Lloyd's Café, and newspapers in Hellenic

text cover the tables of the reading room. The Frank and Mussulman are seen cheek by jowl in the arcades of the Exchange, and if you go there at two o'clock your ears will be stunned with the clatter of a dozen different languages.

## XI.

### SMYRNA, AND THE GRECIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

[OCTOBER, 1851.]



THE fare from Trieste to Alexandria, by way of Smyrna—a voyage of twelve days—is about \$40. This does not include provisions, which cost about 75 cents a day additional. There is a third place for the “scum of the earth,” so that the second cabin is considered quite respectable, though not aristocratic. It is very neat, tolerably ventilated, and furnished with berths which are perfectly clean and flealess, though rather hard. As I had already been seasoned to planks, I found them very good. We rose at daybreak and were immediately served with small cups of rich black coffee. At ten o'clock there was a substantial breakfast, and at four a dinner of six courses, both of which meals were accompanied with wine *ad libitum*—a light, pure Italian vintage, which Father Mathew might quaff

without endangering the sanctity of his pledge. There was a barrel of the coarser sort on deck, which served the mongrel Greek and Dalmatian sailors instead of a water-butt. Our day wound up with a cup of tea, made in good English style. If one cannot endure such hardships as these while skirting the mountain-shores of Greece and Albania let him stick to his easy chair.

Our passengers were brought together from all parts of the earth, and from some odd corners of Society. In the after cabin there was a Greek, of the noble family of Mavrocordato; the English wife of a Turkish Bey, and a German missionary with an English wife, bound for Beyrout. In the fore cabin, there were three Italian singers, going to the Constantinopolitan opera; an Ionian; a most ignorant Prussian, bound for Athens, and a Swiss. The deck was occupied by a Jew and his family, on their way to Jerusalem. The man wore a greasy gown of black serge, with a beard reaching to his waist, and the whole family represented to the life Thackeray's

"filthy Jews to larboard,  
Uncombed, unwashed, unbarbered."

They had a young child, which squalled twice as loud as any uncircumcised infant I ever heard. I recollect once hearing a camp-meeting hymn which commenced "What's become of the Hebrew children?" I think I could have given information as to the locality of one of the aforesaid children.

We pass unnoticed, the distant view of the Dalmatian

coast, which I have since then visited and described. At Corfu, we first touch classic earth. Here Homer has been before us, and here we may still behold the Phæacian galley which bore Ulysses to his home, transformed into a rock by the vengeance of Neptune, in sight of its destined haven. Thence by Leucadia, Ithaca, and the shores of Elis and Arcadia, our keel ploughs illustrious waters. Beyond the shallow bay of Arcadia, however, our thoughts are recalled to later times: we are in the Gulf of Navarino. The harbor where the great maritime battle took place is almost excluded from view of the sea by the long island of Sphagia (the scene of Byron's "Corsair"), which lies across its mouth. A short distance further, in passing between the island of Sapienza and the mainland, we run close to the town of Modon, whose massive walls, the memorial of Venetian sway, project into the sea. Another headland brings us to the Gulf of Coron, and to the sight of the sublime mountain peninsula which divides this, the ancient Messenian, from the Laconian Gulf beyond. Towards its extremity the Taygetus suddenly terminates, but the narrow strip of Cape Matapan is thrust in advance, like the paw of a sleeping lion, driving its rocky talons into the sea. The aspect of this promontory, which is the most southern point of Europe, is remarkably grand. The perpendicular walls of dark-red rock which form the cape are several hundred feet in height, and the wild ridges of the Taygetus rise gradually behind them to an elevation of 7,000 feet.

When I went on deck the next morning, we were in the Grecian Archipelago. The islands of Serphos and Siphan



tos were already behind us; Anti-Paros, Paros, and Naxos retreated beyond each other, far to the East; the low shores of Delos rose in front, with Mykonos still further off, and the hills of Tinos blushed in the sunrise over the nearer coast of Syra. We doubled a rocky cape and entered the harbor, just as the sunshine reached the top of the mountain-cone on which the old city is built. The brilliant white of the flat Oriental houses, which rise tier above tier up the craggy steep, contrasted finely with the soft morning sky and the perfect ultramarine of the water. It was something more than a sunrise to me; it was the dawn of the Orient.

During a day and a half that we lay at anchor there, I became quite as well acquainted with the city as I desired. Its Oriental character holds good in every respect—all fairness without and all filth within. There is but one respectable street, which you enter on landing—a sort of bazaar, covered with ragged awning, and occupied by the principal merchants. The rest is a wilderness of dirty lanes, barely wide enough for two persons to pass each other, and spread for more than a mile along the mountain-side. You ascend and descend between walls, just too high to prevent your seeing anything, and after much labor, come to a halt in a vile little court, breathing anything but balm, or perhaps on the flat house-top of some astonished Greek. Then you return, picking your steps with much trouble, and try another course, but the twists and turns, the steps here and there and the culs-de-sac so bewilder you, that you finish by finding yourself just where you did not wish to go. I tried the experiment twice, and after looking in on the

domestic arrangements of half the families in Syra, gave up the attempt.

The new town, which contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, has grown up entirely within the last thirty years. The refugees from other islands, during the Revolution, first built their huts on the shore; afterwards the harbor, on account of its central position in the Archipelago, was made the stopping-place of the French and Austrian steamers. It is now a Grecian naval and quarantine station, and has an extensive and increasing commerce with the other ports of the Levant. The town at present exhibits every sign of prosperity except cleanliness. The quay is crowded with sailors, wearing the semi-Turkish dress of the islands, and the traffic in fruit, wood, fish, grain, spices and tobacco is carried on with great briskness. The shopkeepers are busy, the little markets are thronged, and the mechanics who ply their several avocations in their rough way look too cheerfully industrious to lack work. In the ship-yard I counted ten vessels (two of 300 tons) on the stocks, besides a number of small craft. Several large and handsome edifices were going up, in addition to the many one-story boxes which the common people inhabit.

I accompanied the baritone of our Italian company on a visit to a Greek family of his acquaintance. We found at home an old lady and her daughter, who received us very cordially, and immediately brought us Turkish coffee, with a little jar of quince jelly. They spoke no language but Greek, the rich, whispering flow of which is not less sweet to the ear, though less crystalline in accent, than Italian. Both ladies had regular and agreeable features, and their

manners possessed a native grace which I hardly expected to find in such a locality.

I rose before sunrise and went on shore, to make the ascent of the lofty peak which rises behind the town. Escaping from the tortuous lanes of New Syra, I crossed a narrow plain to the foot of the old town, which rises like an immense sugar-loaf, at the opening of a deep and rocky glen. Here there are not even lanes, but only steps from the bottom of the town to the top, up which the asses, laden with water-jars, toiled painfully. The houses are very old, and raised on arches in many places, where there is not soil enough to hold them. For a while I climbed the fatiguing steps without losing the way, but finally went astray on the house-tops, and surprised the inhabitants. A bare-legged boy, looking down from the next house above me, shouted "San Giorgios?" I nodded my head, and with a spring he was beside me, and went capering up the steps as a guide. Three or four other urchins followed, and when we reached the Church of St. George, which crowns the sharp top of the cone, I had six attendants. The glen below me was filled with a long array of women, with water-jars on their heads, and boys driving laden asses, going to and from the fountain behind the town. I pointed to the fountain and then to the peak, which lifted its marble crags high above us, and made signs to the boys that they should accompany me. Their wild black eyes sparkled assent, and the tassels of the red caps fluttered in the wind as they leaped down the rocks. We went at a breakneck rate into the bottom of the glen, the shelvy sides of which were laboriously formed into terraces, planted with figs, oranges, and vines.

My six guides took a path which led up the bed of a winter torrent, till it opened on the bare sides of the mountain. The sharp masses of rock, of which it was composed, were scantily covered with wild sage and other plants, which gave an aromatic and stimulating taste to the air, as they were broken under our feet. The nimble lizards scampered into their holes, but they were not more nimble than my little Greeks, whose caps bobbed up and down as they bounded with hands and feet up the rocks. They chattered incessantly to one another and to me, and I talked to them in English and Italian, both parties enjoying the conversation, though neither understood it. At last, when we had reached a rocky shoulder, not far from the summit, I dismissed them and ascended alone. I gave each of them a piece of 10 lepta (the largest Greek copper coin); they laid their hands gravely across their breasts and bowed, after which their capers of delight were most amusing. They shouted and danced on the rocks, and then, clutching the coins tightly in their hands, went out of sight with the fleetness of young goats.

A few moments more of breathless climbing brought me to the top of the peak, which cannot be less than two thousand feet in height. Some friendly hand had piled a tottering tower of stones, up which I mounted, and then sat down to breathe the delicious air and contemplate the magnificent view. The horizon was so extended as to take in nearly the entire group of the Cyclades, with a few of the Sporades. I counted twenty-five islands, besides Syracuse—some rising into cloudy summits, some low and barren, some lying in dark purple shadow, some gleaming bright

and yellow in the sun, and all girdled by the same glorious blue of the sea. Here, almost at my feet, was Delos, where Latona gave birth to Apollo and Diana; yonder Paros, the birth-place of the Medicean Venus and the Dying Gladiator; behind it Naxos, sacred to Bacchus and Ariadne; and faint and far to the south, Nio, where Homer died. To the west lay Thermia, Zea, and Andros, and away beyond Andros the shadowy hills of Negropont, the ancient Eubœa. Zea concealed the promontory of Cape Colonna, but between the island and Negropont, dim as a dream, stretched the mainland of Attica, the tops of Hymettus. In the northeast I distinguished Icaros and Samos, and in the south the topmost summit of Milo. The feeling with which I gazed on that panorama can scarcely be expressed in words; or if in words, only in that speech taught by him who was born on Delos.

On my return, I descended to the fountain, which gushes from the solid rock, in the ravine behind the old town. It is the same to which the pilgrims of old resorted for purification, before visiting the shrine of Apollo at Delos. Without the supply of soft and pure water which it affords, the island would not be habitable. I found a number of women grouped around it, waiting to fill their heavy jars, which they then bore off on their shoulders. The water is sold in the town and even retailed by the glass to the sailors along the quay. I came on board like one of the messengers from Eshkol, bearing a cluster of transparent pink grapes, which weighed more than four pounds.

We left Syra towards evening, our deck crowded with Greeks, Turks, and Jews. On passing the strait between



Tinos and Mykonos, we entered the open sea, and made for Scio, about fifty miles distant. As the night was dark, and we only touched at the island for half an hour, some time past midnight, I kept my berth, but rose at dawn to see a sunrise in Asia, for the first time. We were just entering the bay of Smyrna—a magnificent sheet of water, between thirty and forty miles long, and varying from five to ten in breadth. Its shores are mountains, whose green and wooded slopes present an agreeable contrast to the bare hills of Greece. The narrow plains at their feet are covered with gardens and grain-fields, and dotted with white villages and country-houses.

After passing the "Castle of the Sea," a large white-washed fortress commanding the channel, we first see the minarets of Smyrna. Mount Pagus, on the southern side, crowned by its ruined citadel, keeps the city in shadow, but as we approached, the mass of houses—flat, dome-like roofs, gay mosques and light minarets, stretching for nearly two miles along the shore and climbing to the dark cypress-groves of the burial grounds, high on the hill—grows distinct in all its novel and fantastic features. Our boat passes slowly to the Frank quarter, in the northern part of the city, and drops anchor within a hundred yards of the shore.

Smyrna is sometimes called, in the flowery tongue of the East, the "Ornament of Asia." No one, who first beholds the city from the sea, or from the slopes of Mount Pagus, will hesitate to accord it so graceful a title. The grand and harmonious features of the landscape, of which it is the central point, give it an air of dignity and importance,



which neither its streets and public edifices, nor the indications of foreign traffic in its harbour, would convey. It lies at the head of the gulf, and at the mouth of a broad and beautiful valley, watered by the River Hermes, its southern end resting on the mountain, as an oriental beauty, reclining after the bath, lifts her head on the pillows of her divan. Its aspect is that of majestic repose; the simple and compact array of its tiled roofs and white walls, broken here and there by the light shaft of a minaret, a slender cypress, or the plummy top of a palm, presents no point sufficiently striking to call one's attention to the details of the view. The city, the sparkling gulf, the Mediterranean on the horizon, the garden-valley, compassed on all sides by the cloud-capped off-shoots of the Taurus range—all are blended in one superb panorama, and colored by the blue and violet pencils of the Ionian air. Here Asia—grand, though fallen Asia—has most solemnly, most sublimely impressed the seal of her destiny.

The city, after you have entered it, loses this impressive effect, but gives you an endless variety of bizarre and picturesque forms. I landed alone, within an hour after my arrival, and selected one from the crowd of shabby dragoons on the quay, to be my guide through the city. The subject of my choice turned out to be a Spanish Jew, whom I ignominiously dismissed, when he attempted to palm off an old synagogue as the chief mosque of Smyrna. The main street of the Frank quarter, which lies next the water, is narrow, crooked, ill paved, and very dirty. There is no house in the city more than two stories in height, and none of any pretensions to architectural beauty, though the

Franks boast several cool court-yards with fountains. The Frank signs are principally in Greek and Italian, but the porters, donkey-drivers, and boatmen, who beset you on landing, are full of English and Spanish phrases.

Nearly every man one meets here is a study. The very boatmen who came to take us ashore, with their red bags for pantaloons, brawny brown arms, and weather-beaten tarbooshes, were picturesque. Then, as I first touched Asian soil, I jostled against a group of shawl-girt mountaineers, armed with heavy sabres, and turning down the first street, I met a string of camels, laden with water-skins. In the crowd that followed them I recognised Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, and Egyptians, besides the different varieties of Turks and Franks. Tall Mussulmans stood in the entrances of the courtyards, beside baskets of transparent pink, green, and purple grapes; porters, with small board-yards and brick-kilns strapped on their backs, steered their blind way through the crooked alleys; a company of Turkish women, masked and muffled in loose robes, stared in the faces of the Franks, and the long-drawn "*guard-a-a!*" (take care!) of the donkeymen, sounding every instant behind me obliged me to take the wall and suspend my observations. The streets are so narrow that the projecting eaves of the houses touch in many places, and a laden donkey almost blocks the passage.

My Jewish guide set off on a quick trot and soon brought me to the entrance of the bazaars. The Smyrniote bazaars, I should here state, are merely streets of one story shops, covered with a loose roofing of boards, which makes them very cool and agreeable during the hot mid-day hours.

They are open thoroughfares, and the cry of "*guarda!*" is never out of one's ears. Some skill is required to avoid being run over by a camel, knocked down by a donkey, or punched in the head by a perambulating board-pile. The first bazaar I entered is mostly occupied by the Franks, who have a large display of printed cotton goods. I wasted no time on the red-capped Italian and Greek shopkeepers, but hastened on to the Turkish quarter, where the calm impassive merchants, reclining on their carpets, scarcely put aside the amber mouth-pieces of their chibouks, to reply to a customer. Here the plash of water from the public fountains sounds cool and grateful, and the air is impregnated with the subtle and delicate aroma of spices. At the corners stand the venders of sherbet, and near them the smoke ascends from pans of simmering kibabs and various other Turkish dishes, which I was content with beholding. The rich gleam of the silks of Brousa, the Persian scarfs, and the golden fringes and embroidered work displayed in the shops of the Turkish and Persian merchants, was a much less gorgeous sight to me than that of the lazy owners, with their large black eyes, half closed in beatific dreams, over the bubbling narghileh. In the Persian quarter, I saw several beautiful children, but one boy whose face was that of an angel. Raphael's cherubs, in his *Madonna di San Sisto*, are less divine in their loveliness. If the children of the Moslem Paradise are thus beautiful, I know no artist who would not willingly go there.

I also visited the slave bazaar, which is in the Turkish part of the city. The keepers at first objected to my entrance, but a small backsheesh removed their scruples. I

was ushered into a court-yard, around which about twenty Nubians lay grouped in the sun—small, thick-lipped, flat-headed creatures, whose faces exhibited a sort of passive good-humor, but not the slightest sign of intelligence. They are the lowest and cheapest kind of slaves, bringing from \$50 to \$150 each, and are purchased by the Turks for house-servants. The keeper assured me that he would buy provisions for them with the backsheesh, but I have no idea that he kept his word.

After dismissing my guide, I took my bearings as accurately as possible and plunged into the Turkish quarter, seeking a way to the burial-ground. The further I went from the bazaars, the more quiet grew the streets, and very soon I saw no more Frank dresses. A masked Turkish lady who passed, looked at me steadily with two of the most superb eyes I ever saw, but the next that came drew her mantle over her head and crouched close to the opposite wall, so that the unclean Frank might not even brush her garments. As the streets began to ascend the hill, I was at a loss which to take, but climbed the stones at random, till I reached a fountain. A number of children who were gathered around it, made signs that I should return, and cried out "*chkatch! chkatch!*"—which I took to be the Turkish for "dogs!" since I had not gone a dozen steps further before a whole pack of those animals set upon me and forced me to beat a hasty retreat. I reached the grove of cypresses without further adventure, and sat down to rest on a broken pillar, taken from the ruins of Ancient Smyrna to be the headstone of a Turk. The Turks, unlike the Christians, never bury one generation in the ashes of



another, and consequently the burial-ground is always enlarging its limits. The tombstones, with their turbaned tops, are innumerable, and the pride of some families, whose names are emblazoned in golden Arabic letters on pillars painted scarlet or sky-blue, is doubly vain and ridiculous amid the neglect and decay which the hoary cypresses have looked upon for many centuries.

I climbed the breezy sides of Mount Pagus to the ruins of the ancient citadel, passing on my way many fragments of cut stone, traces of walls and gateways, which, with some cisterns and foundations, are all that remain of the old city. The hill was covered with droves of camels, who lifted their solemn heads from the dry shrubs upon which they were browsing, and looked at me with the same passive faces as their masters. From the crest of Mount Pagus I looked down into the valley of the Meles, on its southern side, and beyond, over the rolling plains that stretched far inland. But the view of Smyrna and its gardens, the mountains and the sea, attracted me still more. I sat for hours on a rock, under the battered wall of the castle, without being able to take my eyes from the sublime landscape. I was afterwards told that I ran the risk of being robbed, as the Franks of Smyrna are rather shy of wandering alone among the ruins. I then descended the eastern side to the Caravan Bridge, a favorite resort of the Smyrniotes. The banks of the Meles are crowded with coffee-houses, and one may there inhale the perfume of genuine Latakia under the shade of plane-trees and acacias

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The night of our departure from Smyrna we saw Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos, and Scio, by moonlight. I saw little except the illuminated outline of Scio, but that alone was beautiful. When I arose at sunrise, the rock of Patmos was just vanishing in the rear, and the blue cliffs of Cos appeared in front. The home of Apelles is rocky and barren, and I could distinguish little sign of habitation on its western coast. But this island, like the other Sporades between which we sailed, presents such an unfailing harmony in their forms, the sunshine lies so warm and rosy along their sides, the shadows of their peaks are so deeply violet in their hue, and the sea and sky which hold them in their embrace, are so pure and brilliant, that we forget their past glory and their present desolation. Rhodes and Karpathos were the last we saw; they formed the portal of our highway to Egypt, and they lingered for hours on the horizon, as if to call us back to the Grecian Isles.

## XII.

### A WALK THROUGH THE THURINGIAN FOREST.

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HAD it not been for the Prussian Consul in Constantinople—a gentleman whom I never saw, and of whose name I am ignorant—I should probably never have visited the Thuringian Forest. The chain of causes, events, and sequences, which is interwoven with a very important portion of my life, reaches back to him and there stops. He is consequently responsible for more than he knows, or has ever dreamed of. Trace back any event of your life until you find the starting-point whence you set out upon the track of it—the *switch*, in railroad parlance, which throws the car of your destiny upon quite another line of rail than you had chosen for it—and how unnoticed, how trifling, how absurd, frequently, is the beginning! The merest accident (yet who shall dare to say that such things are accidental?) frequently leads a man into his true career, which he might not otherwise have found. I remember to have seen an

ingenious genealogy of the American Revolution, which was traced back, step by step, to a quarrel about a pig. Zschokke has written a curious double story based upon this singular succession of causes, in which a poor boy, by throwing down a dough-trough, attains wealth and rank; while a nobleman of talent and character is reduced to disgrace and beggary, by spilling a bottle of ink.

But you ask, how is the Prussian Consul at Constantinople responsible for my visit to the Thüringian Forest? In this way. A German traveller reached Constantinople in October, 1851, on his way to Greece and Palestine. Having made the acquaintance of the Prussian Consul there, the latter prevailed upon him, at the last moment, to change his plans, and visit Egypt instead. So urgent was he, that he gave the traveller letters to the Consul in Smyrna, who seconded his advice—and it was not until after he had reached the latter place, that the traveller decided to embark for Alexandria instead of the Piræus. The Lloyd steamer for Egypt was ready to start, and among the last arrivals on board was the German. One of the passengers already on board was an American, bound for the White Nile. A chance remark led to an acquaintance, the two travelled together to the Nubian frontier, and parted under the palm-trees at Assouan, as friends for life.

The rest of the chain is easily followed. I promised to visit my friend in his Thüringian home. In August of the following year I returned from the Orient by way of Italy and the Tyrol, and reached Gotha towards the end of September. The ten days to which I had limited my stay, previous to leaving for China and Japan, extended to

twenty or more under the influence of true German hospitality. A part of the entertainment, with anticipatory descriptions of which my friend had often beguiled the sweet Egyptian twilights, was a journey through the Thuringian Forest. The season had been cold, and the autumn was fast waning at the time of my arrival, so we started in a day or two afterwards.

Taking the road to Eisenach, we climbed the hill of the Wartburg, on a sunny morning. The famous old castle, which has since been restored to its ancient condition, as near as can be ascertained, was at that time very dilapidated, although still habitable. It is known to us principally from the fact that Luther was sheltered within its walls for a year, and there completed his translation of the Bible; but to the German it is rich in historical associations. Here lived Elizabeth of Hungary, wife of the Landgrave Ludwig (read Charles Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy"), whose holy charity not only justified her in the utterance of a lie, but procured a miracle to confirm it. Sausages and cold chickens turned to roses in her apron, that her lord might not see and censure her lavish gifts to the poor. Here, also, in 1207, occurred the famous *Sängerkrieg*, or Battle of the Troubadours, in which the renowned Minnesingers, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, Walter von der Vogelweide, and Wolfram von Eschenbach, took part. Few other spots in Germany shine so brightly in knightly and ecclesiastical story.

Luther's room is still preserved in its original bareness and simplicity. A single window looks westward over the wooded hills: a huge stove of earthen tiles, a table, and

some chairs of rough oak, are the only furniture. The famous ink-blotch on the wall is conscientiously renewed every time the room is whitewashed. An original portrait of Luther, his autograph, and the plain suit of armor which he wore, as "Squire George," are also preserved here. The visitors' book lay open upon the table where he was wont to write. As I approached it for the purpose of inscribing my name, the last entry on the page (written only the day before) was: "*Thomas Carlyle, in Luther's room, full of reverence.*" On visiting the same room, two years ago, I was confronted by a stout, full-bearded, handsome gentleman, who appeared to be very much at home there. Supposing him to be an artist, I brushed past him into the room. He looked very fixedly at me; but artists have a way of examining faces, so I paid no attention to it. He was the reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

In the armory there is a small but very curious collection of weapons and coats of mail. Among them is that of Kunz von Kaufungen, who carried off the two young princes, progenitors of the Ernestine and Albertine lines of the House of Saxony. The old walls have been replastered and adorned with frescoes representing the history of Elizabeth of Hungary, and famous incidents in the Lives of the Landgraves of Thuringia. There is Hermann with his hunters, on the site of the castle, charmed with the view, and exclaiming: "Wait, mountain, and I'll build a fortress upon you!" (whence the name Wartburg); there Ludwig walks unarmed against the escaped lion, and drives him back to his den; and there another Land-



grave, whose name I have forgotten, proudly exhibits his means of defence to the German Emperor. When the latter, who was visiting him, remarked that his castle was without walls, the Landgrave replied: "I will show your Majesty my walls to-morrow." The next morning, the Emperor was aroused by the sound of trumpets. The Landgrave conducted him to a balcony, whence he beheld the castle surrounded by a triple circle of armed men. "There, your Majesty!" said he; "a *living wall* is the best."

Leaving the Wartburg, we wandered down into the deep Marienthal, or Glenmary, a picturesque valley, formed by the junction of two or three narrow dells. A pile of rocks on our left is called the Maiden's Den, from an old tradition that a princess, for some misdeed, was shut up within them, only to be released when some one should say "God bless you!" twelve times in succession, in answer to her sneezing. As she can only try the experiment at midnight, it is needless to say that she is still confined there. Once, indeed, a belated knight made the proper response to eleven sneezes, but when the twelfth came, his patience gave way, and he uncourteously exclaimed: "Oh! the devil take you!"

At the end of the valley we entered the Annathal, which is a curious natural split, extending for more than a mile through the mountains. Formerly it was the bed of an impetuous little stream, now bridged over for nearly the whole distance, so that the roar of waters is constantly beneath your feet as you walk between the twisted walls of rock. The foliage of the forest on the summit of the

cliffs completely intercepts the sky ; brilliant mosses cover the moist walls, and fringes of giant fern spring from every crevice. Deep, cool, dark, and redolent of woodland aroma, it resembles a dell in fairyland, and the ferns and harebells were yet vibrating from the feet of the retreating elves, as we passed along. Fresh from the blazing Orient, where the three delights of life are shade, moisture, and verdure, I was enchanted with the successive beauties which our semi-subterranean path unfolded.

Emerging, at last, upon an open height, we found an inn, with the ambitious name of the Lofty Sun, where we ate fresh mountain-trout in an arbor of clipped lindens. Thence a path of some miles over the hills brought us to the village of Ruhla, famous through all Germany for its meerschaum pipes and beautiful girls. At the inn where we stopped, it was the eve of a wedding-day. The landlord's daughter, in whom I found the reputation of the village justified, was to be married on the morrow, and the kitchen was full of rosy damsels, baking and brewing with might and main. The bride—not without a pretty blush—brought us each a glass of wine and a piece of cake, and we, of course, drank to her wedded happiness. But our quarters for the night lay beyond another and higher mountain, and the dusk was gathering in the deep valley.

Had we not taken a guide, we should have lost our way in the forest. Finally, a sparkle appeared ahead—then a broad flame, gilding the white trunks of the beech-trees, and brightening the gold of their autumnal leaves. The forester was at his post, awaiting our coming, at the ducal hunting lodge on the mountain. The costly timber

crackled on the bonfire he had made, and the torch of our encampment was seen by many a distant village. There was a supply of beer, potatoes, black bread, and sausage—true hunter's fare—and our jovial supper was made by the firelight. We talked of Egypt, and the forester listened, only repeating now and then, with hearty emphasis: "To think that it should happen so! That you two should meet, away in that savage country, and here you are by my fire!" This was my first acquaintance with the forester, who was the last friend to bid me farewell at Hamburg, on my last return from Europe.

We slept on a bed of hay in the lodge, washed our faces in the cold mountain spring, and ate our breakfast by a new fire. During the forenoon our route lay westward over the mountains to Altenstein, a summer residence of the Duke of Meiningen. As we approached the castle, the duke himself—a remarkably handsome man, plainly dressed in a green frock-coat and black felt hat—passed us on the lawn. He answered our salutations with a friendly bow. We lingered awhile on the terrace, which commands a lovely view, stretching away over leagues of valley-land to the mountains of the Rhön. In fact, the castle and park of Altenstein occupy the whole of a natural mountain-terrace, lifted high above the subject lands. The declivity, leading down to the mineral springs of Liebenstein, is interrupted by bold and picturesque formations of rock. We visited the Altar, the Basket of Flowers, the Pulpit, and various curious basaltic piles, and finally reaching the Giant's Harp, threw ourselves down on the warm grass to rest. Here, in a narrow, perpendicular cleft, between two

rocky pillars, thirty feet high, wires have been inserted, after the manner of an Æolian harp. The cleft is closed by a shutter, the opening of which, when there is any breeze, creates a draft sufficient to awake the weird, oracular music.

The mountains around loomed softly through golden vapor, as we lay upon the lonely hill-side, gazing on the vanishing blue of the landscape, with lazy, receptive minds, which nothing, it seemed, could either have especially disgusted or inspired. Presently a sweet, timorous, penetrating tone grew upon the air, falling and swelling in appealing pulsations—then a chorus of many notes, so blended in one delicate breath of harmony that you knew not whether they were sad or jubilant; and finally, gathering courage, the full volume of wandering sound wrapped us in its powerful embrace. Tones that traversed all space, that bridged the profoundest chasms of time, met our ears. We heard the timbrel of Miriam, the shawms and dulcimers of David, the wail of Jephthah, and the honeyed madrigals of Solomon—Delphic strains from the hollows of Grecian hills, and the sea-born songs of Calypso and the Sirens. But under, or above all, recurred at intervals a sobbing string—a note of despairing longing, of unutterable, unsatisfied passion, which struck along every shuddering nerve until it reached the deepest cell of the heart. “No, this is not to be borne any longer,” said my friend, echoing my own feeling. “Away!” said Jean Paul to Music; “thou speakest of that which I cannot have, yet the desire of which consumes my life!”

At Liebenstein we saw the little grotto, drank the dis

agreeable water, and then continued our journey through the valleys on the southern slope of the Thuringian Mountains. At dusk we reached the inn on the Inselsberg, one of the highest summits, 3,000 feet above the sea. There, on a clear day, you stand "ringed with the azure world." The view reaches from the Brocken, seventy miles in the North, to the tops of the Franconian mountains. Friends from Gotha had come to meet us, and we passed the evening comfortably beside a cheerful fire. In the morning we walked down the sunny side of the mountain to Friedrichsroda, a charming village, which in summer is a favorite resort of the Berliners. In the street I caught a glimpse of Wilhelm, one of the Brothers Grimm, the great lexicographers of Germany.

In the afternoon, we continued our journey in a more luxurious style, in my friend's carriage. Following the green Alpine dell behind Friedrichsroda, we mounted to the summit ridge of the mountains, along which runs an ancient road, called the Rennstieg, traversing their whole extent, from Eisenach down to the borders of Franconia. At the top, on the edge of the fir forest, stands a beer-tavern, with this enticing sign :

"I am the landlord of the Wolf;  
Ye travellers, come to me;  
For you, the landlord is no wolf—  
A little lamb is he!"

"Ho! thou lambkin! thou wolf in sheep's clothing! bring us two *seidls* of beer!" cried out my friend. "Here, you lions in asses' hides, or asses in lions' hides—which



is it?"—answered the landlord, as he brought the foaming glasses. I warrant the Berlin cockneys, who manage to climb hither in summer (with many exclamations of "Ach, Jott!") get as good wit as they give, and a little better.

Rain was brewing, and the raw clouds now and then tore heir skirts in the tops of the firs as we drove along the Rennstieg. Meadows that widened as they descended, shone with a gleam that counterfeited sunshine, between the dark shores of the forest. This is the characteristic charm of the Thüringian Mountains—the rare and incomparable beauty which distinguishes this region above all other portions of Germany—its meadows of perfect emerald, never barren of blossoms, framed in dark, magnificent woods, or overhung with sheer walls of rock. It is a character of landscape which only the German language can properly describe. We have no such superb words in English as *Waldlust* and *Waldeinsamkeit*.

Our destination for the night was the *Schmücke*, a little inn kept by an original character named Father Joel, and the highest inhabited dwelling in the Thüringian Forest. Far and wide through Saxe-Coburg and the neighboring Duchies every one knew Father Joel, and many of his witty sayings will remain in circulation for a generation to come. We found the old man rather ill and broken: he died in the following year. "How goes it, Father Joel?" asked my friend. "Ah," he replied, "badly, badly; I have no appetite. I can eat nothing but partridges, and not more than three of them." No one could prepare venison, trout, pheasants, hares, or coffee, like Joel's wife, and the wine-cellar had its treasures, no to be enjoyed by every

chance visitor. My friend was the bearer of a message from some of the members of the Ministerial Cabinet, that they would dine at the *Schmücke* on the morrow; but he was wise enough not to mention it until our own supper had been secured. We certainly should otherwise have lost that marvellous haunch of venison, which still lingers in my memory as the realization of an ideal to be enjoyed only once in a lifetime.

Father Joel's album was a curiosity. Poets had written impromptus for him, artists sketched himself and his bountiful table, composers scored down hunting-songs or pathetic farewells, and philosophers and lawgivers perpetrated stiff puns in his praise. I added after my name, as I had done at the Inselsberg, "*on the way from Central Africa to Japan,*" which was literally true, and gave my autograph an especial value in the eyes of the old man. "Father Joel," said my friend, "have you said any funny things lately?" "Ah! that is past," said he, sadly; "I am done with my fun, and nothing to show for it. You remember what I said to the old Duke?" "What was that?" I asked. "Well, the old Highness was here once—a good-humored man he was—and, during dinner, he pestered me with: 'Joel, say a funny thing—say a funny thing!' At last, I stopped in the door, as I was going out, and said: 'Excuse me, Highness; I'm afraid to do it.' 'Why afraid?' he asked. 'For fear your Highness would give me the cross of the Ernestine Order!' said I, shutting the door behind me." The Duke had been so lavish in bestowing the order, that it had come to be a cheap honor; and Father Joel's remark was a home-trust. It is said that his Highness took

the hint, and profited by it. Other sovereigns might do the same thing. It is a common saying, in Middle Germany: "In Prussia there are two things you cannot escape—death and the Order of the Red Eagle."

Bidding farewell to Father Joel—a last one for me—in the morning, we spent the day in visiting Elgersburg and Ilmenau, with their water-cure and pine-needle-bathing establishments, and, late in the afternoon, reached Schwarzburg, on the Saale—one of the seats of the princely line of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. The town is built on a low cape of the mountains, projecting into a deep, romantic valley. Hundreds of deer were feeding on the castle meadows, and from the forests rising beyond sounded the trumpet-call of the stag. A short distance further up the valley is Rudolstadt—classic with the memories of Goethe, Herder, Schiller, and Jean Paul.

We had now reached the termination of the range known as the Thüringian Forest, but our return journey to Gotha, the next day, embraced landscapes of equal beauty to those we had enjoyed. We descended the Saale to an open valley, called, on account of its richness and loveliness, the Chryso-prase, thence crossed the base of the mountains westward to Paulinzelle, where there is a ruined cloister of the eleventh century in admirable preservation, and sped rapidly through rain and darkness over the rolling plain to Gotha, which we reached late at night. This was my first but not my last trip over and among those dear and glorious hills.

### XIII.

#### MY SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES.

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LET sceptical, hard, matter-of-fact men talk as they may, there is a lingering belief in the possibility of occasional communication between the natural and the supernatural—the visible and the invisible world—inherent in human nature. There are not many persons whose lives do not contain at least some few occurrences, which are incapable of being satisfactorily explained by any known laws—remarkable presentiments, coincidences, and sometimes apparitions, even, which seem to be beyond the reach of accident or chance, and overcome us with a special wonder. The error, however, is generally on the side of credulity. Men are reluctant to accept any rational interpretation of such things, since the veil which they believe to have been agitated, if not lifted, is thereby rendered as still and impenetrable as before. The remarkable prevalence of ‘Spiritualism,’ in spite of its disgusting puerilities, can

only be accounted for in this way. A sort of mental epilepsy—infectious, as well as congenital—receives the powerful aid of personal egotism; and the result is a tendency to reject all explanations which discredit the supernatural theory. When the nature of Mind, and the laws which govern it, are as well understood as those of Matter, much that is now wrapped in mystery will be clear and plain.

I propose, simply, to narrate a few incidents which lie outside the range of ordinary experience, attaching to each one my own interpretation. Were facts of this character more generally noted, we might the more readily proceed to the deduction of some general law; but if the proportion of men who really think for themselves is small, how much smaller is the number who are capable of studying, with introverted vision, the operations of their own minds! I have found but one man, as yet, who ascertained, by self-experiment, that the ecstatic condition of the so-called “spiritual mediums” may be gradually developed and produced at will. That lazy state of dreamy reverie, which is the favorite dissipation of certain minds, is but a milder form of the same disease.

The first instance I shall relate cannot strictly be called supernatural, since—even if true—it is, at the best, but a romantic adventure. But, I think, it illustrates the possibility of two simultaneous conditions of the mind—one awake, through the medium of the senses; the other still wandering among the phantasms of sleep. (Would a momentary difference in the action of the two lobes of the brain explain this?) But to the story:

In December, 1845, I was travelling on foot from Flo



rence to Rome. Chill rain-storms swept the Apennines. I plodded wearily along, wet to the skin, and occasionally stopping for shelter at the rude inns frequented by the peasants. I think it was the fourth day of my journey, when I was obliged, by the violence of the storm, to take shelter in a lonely little tavern, somewhere between Arczzo and the Lake of Thrasymene. We (I had one companion) were kindly received, and placed in opposite corners of the great, open fire-place, to dry our clothes by a bright blaze of brushwood. The family consisted of an old woman, a beautiful girl of twenty, and three children. There were also two men, of middle age; but it was evident, from the conversation, that they had come down from the neighboring mountains. As the evening closed in, and a dreary rain beat against the windows, they drew nearer the fire; and the conversation became so animated that I could, with difficulty, catch the meaning of their words. While we were taking our scanty supper of eggs, maccaroni, and wine, at a table in the farther corner of the kitchen, I remarked that their conversation was carried on in whispers, of which I could only detect the words "robbers" and "to-night" frequently repeated.

I paid no particular attention to this circumstance, but conversed with the family for an hour or two, as far as my limited Italian would go. The girl had one of those sweet Madonna faces—only with an expression of more passion and less purity—which are not unusual in Italy. Her manner towards us was marked by a cheerful friendliness; but the men were silent and uncommunicative. We went early to bed, being sorely fatigued. There was but one bed

room—a large loft over the kitchen—in which were two or three coarse couches. One of these was given to us twain—the old woman occupying another, and the men a third. Ours stood alone in one end of the loft, opposite the landing—which was covered by a hatch—and I took the outer side of the bed, with my face towards the staircase. Over the landing was a single window, in the gable end of the hut, admitting a little light from the sky.

I soon fell into a sound sleep, which was not broken when the old woman and the two men crept to their beds. My companion, with his face to the wall, was as insensible as a log. Towards midnight, however, I suddenly awoke. The clouds were thinner, and the moon, behind them, shed light enough to enable me to distinguish, though dimly, the objects in the room. The sleepers all breathed heavily and regularly; and I was about giving myself up to slumber again, when I heard voices in the kitchen below. Presently the door leading to the staircase was opened, and cautious feet commenced ascending the steps. As the hatch was lifted, and the forms appeared, drawn in black outline against the window, I recognised the young girl, accompanied by a man whom I had not seen before. There was a moment's pause, while the latter appeared to be looking around the loft, and then I heard the words: "Which are they?" "There!" said the girl, in a low tone; "but are they really coming?" A whispered consultation ensued, of which I could only distinguish that her tones had a character of persuasion or entreaty. At last the man said: "They will be here soon; but I will leave the sign," or something to the same effect—for I cannot remember his

precise words. He then approached our bed on tip-toe. I closed my eyes, and counterfeited sleep; but I felt the light movement of a hand about the head of the bed—and once the tips of fingers touched my neck. The two then withdrew noiselessly to the kitchen.

I felt no fear—but an intense curiosity to know the meaning of this. It was too dark to discover what was the sign referred to; and in half an hour I had forgotten all about it, for I was sound asleep. After two hours, as it seemed to me, I was a second time awakened by footsteps on the stairs. The first mysterious visit immediately recurred to my mind, and I waited, in great anxiety, for further developments. The hatch was raised, as before; but this time there were two men, neither of whom appeared to be the former visitor. One of them carried a small lantern, wrapped in a handkerchief, so as almost completely to muffle the light. When they turned towards the bed, I closed my eyes, and imitated the respiration of sleep, lest I should be caught watching. I believe, however, that my heart beat a little faster than usual. I heard stealthy footsteps, inaudible whispers, and then a low exclamation: "*Here is the sign!*" The two came to the head of my bed, and apparently made a cautious examination; a few more whispers followed, and they retreated down stairs. After they were gone, I opened my eyes, and asked myself:—"Is all this real?" A few muffled sounds came up from the kitchen, and then all was still. There was the window, with its square of dim, stormy sky; there were the beds, barely visible in the gloom; and my companion still snored, with his face to the wall. I cogitated long upon this singu

lar adventure; but the knowledge that if there had really been any danger to our lives or scanty property, it was now over, quieted my apprehensions—and I finally slept again.

When we arose at daybreak, according to our custom, I naturally examined the bed for some trace of the visit; but in the indistinct light I detected nothing. The girl was as calm and cheerful as ever; and though I watched her sharply, I found in her manner no justification of my suspicions. We paid our light bill, and took to the road again, accompanied by friendly "*buon viaggios*" from all. Not till then did I relate to my companion the incidents of the night. He had travelled on the "through train" of Sleep, without change of cars, and, of course, had seen and heard nothing. The circumstances were so curious and inexplicable, as to shake a little my own faith in their reality. The impression was that of actual fact—every feature distinct and tangible. The figures, the voices, the conversation in Italian—which I then knew but imperfectly—were real; and yet the whole occurrence was as improbable as the wildest adventure of a dream.

I am now inclined to believe that the whole thing was one of those rare pranks which the mind sometimes plays on that border realm between sleeping and waking, when a second of time frequently contains the impressions of years: in other words, that I was really awake with the eyes, and saw the loft in which I lay; while the mind, excited by the fragmentary words we had heard at supper, created the rest. In this case, the only thing remarkable about the story would be the coherence between the two visits; but this coherence, again, would be less singular in the interme-



diate state referred to, than in the dreams of a perfect sleep. It is *possible* that the incident was real: many persons would have accepted it as being so; but I did not feel sure enough of its reality to include it in my narrative of travel. It is certainly more valuable as an illustration of the singular force and vividness which mental impressions attain, when the senses are in conscious operation, than as a piece of actual experience.

An undoubted instance of the same kind happened to me, while in California, in November, 1849. Starting from Sacramento, on horseback, for a journey to the Mokelumne and the American Fork, I was detained three days at a lonely ranche near the Cosumne River, by a violent storm of rain. On the fourth morning, the clouds broke away. I saddled, swam the river, and took a faint trail leading over the plains, intending to make Hick's Ranche, twenty-four miles distant, among the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada. Very soon, however, I lost the trail, which had been completely washed out by the rain. Riding at hazard towards the mountains, a sudden blind instinct—which I never felt before, and cannot intelligibly describe—told me to strike a bee-line in a certain direction. I thereupon took my bearings by the distant snowy peaks, and rode slowly on, my mare sinking to her knees at every step in the loose, saturated soil. It was during this ride that I came upon four grizzly bears, eating acorns in a little grove of oaks. Our interview was like that of two Englishmen in the desert: a momentary pause—a long stare—and each hurried to get out of sight of the other. To be candid, I did not desire an introduction.



I made such slow progress, that night came on as I was entering the foot-hills. I had kept my bee-line faithfully all day, and when I halted at dusk, in a little wooded dell, blazed two trees, so that I might resume the same direction in the morning. Giving my mare the length of her lasso, that she might crop the shrubs—as there was no grass to be had—I built up a large bonfire of dead limbs, and sat down beside it on a fallen tree. There was no moon, but the stars twinkled clearly through the bare branches overhead. I had depended on reaching the ranche, and was therefore without provisions. My supper consisted of a cigar and some rain-water, which had gathered in a hollow. What a comfort there is in a fire! I might give a thrilling picture of my sensations—lost, alone, and famishing—which my pecunious reader would shudder at, behind his lobster-salad. But it would not be true. I felt as cozy and comfortable as if before my own wide fire-place in the oaken chamber, and the starry silence of the night filled my heart with a soothing sense of happiness and peace.

Taking the saddle for a pillow, I wrapped myself in my blanket, and lay down, with my back to the field and my feet to the fire. But my slumbers were short and fitful. The neighborhood was famous for bears, and I was apprehensive that my mare would take fright, get loose, and forsake me. So I lay awake half an hour at a time, watching the culmination of the stars on the meridian line of a slender twig over my head. It was, perhaps, an hour past midnight, when, as I thus lay with open eyes, gazing into the eternal beauty of Night, I became conscious of a deep, murmuring sound, like that of a rising wind. I looked at

the trees ; every branch was unmoved—yet the sound increased, until the air of the lonely dell seemed to vibrate with its burden. A strange feeling of awe and expectancy took possession of me. Not a dead leaf stirred on the boughs ; while the mighty sound—a solemn choral, sung by en thousand voices—swept down from the hills, and rolled away like retreating thunder over the plain. It was no longer the roar of the wind. As in the wandering prelude of an organ melody, note trod upon note with slow, majestic footsteps, until they gathered to a theme, and then came the words, simultaneously chanted by an immeasurable host :—“ *Vivant terrestriæ !*” The air was filled with the tremendous sound, which seemed to sweep near the surface of the earth, in powerful waves, without echo or reverberation.

Suddenly, far overhead, in the depths of the sky, rang a single, clear, piercing voice, of unnatural sweetness. Beyond the reach of human organs, or any earthly instrument, its keen *alto* pierced the firmament like a straight white line of electric fire. As it shot downwards, gathering in force, the vast terrestrial chorus gradually dispersed into silence, and only that one unearthly sound remained. It vibrated slowly into the fragment of a melody, unlike any which had ever reached my ears—a long, undulating cry of victory and of joy ; while the words “ *Vivat cœlum !*” were repeated more and more faintly, as the voice slowly withdrew, like a fading beam of sunset, into the abysses of the stars. Then all was silent in the dell, as before.

It is impossible to describe the impression produced by this wonderful visitation. I slept no more that night ; and

for days afterwards, the piercing sweetness of that skyey voice rang through my brain. Walking in Broadway, years later, the memory of it has flashed across my mind, as sharp and sudden as a streak of lightning; and if it now returns more faintly and less frequently than before, its weird and supernatural character remains the same. Yet, to my mind, the explanation is very simple. I was undeniably awake at the time, and could recall neither fact, reflection, nor fancy of a nature to suggest the sounds; but I was fatigued, famished, alone in the wilderness, awed by the solemnity and silence of the night—perhaps even more than I suspected—and my excited imagination, acting involuntarily and unconsciously to myself, produced the illusion. I have often observed that complete repose of the body, after great fatigue, is accompanied—when continued to a certain time—with a corresponding repose of volition, a passive condition of the mind, highly favorable to the independent action of the imagination. Then, if ever, are we in a fit state to hear

“The airy tongues that syllable men’s names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.”

The dream is none the less a wonder. How does one faculty of the brain act, so far beyond our conscious knowledge, as to astound us with the most unexpected images? Why should it speak in the Latin tongue? How did it compose music—which would be as impossible for me as to write a Sanscrit poem?

There is another interesting fact connected with this adventure. When daybreak came, I saddled my mare;

and, with the aid of the blazed trees, resumed the bee-line of the previous day. It was no easy matter to follow it, up and down the precipitous hills; but I had not proceeded an hour before my course was blocked by the very ranche to which I was bound! A blind animal instinct had guided me for twenty miles, over hill and plain, and hit the target exactly in the centre.

One more incident, of a more decided character, closes the list of my experiences. During my last visit to London, I accepted an invitation to pass two or three days with a banker, who occupies a fine estate on the Thames, near Windsor. The house—which was a palace in its extent and the character of its appointments—was built by a former Earl of T——, who ruined himself in erecting it. Gardens, graperies, and a noble park, stretching along the bank of the Thames, completed the attractions of one of the loveliest places in England. When the hour for rest arrived, I was conducted to a chamber looking towards the towered entrance, and a group of magnificent cedars of Lebanon, on the lawn. The night was misty and moonless—so that, after I had extinguished the candle, the room remained in almost complete darkness.

It was midnight when I went to bed; and I had slept, I suppose, until somewhere between two and three, when I suddenly awoke, and to my surprise, found that my candle was still burning. My first idea was, that I had forgotten to extinguish it. Closing my eyes, while revolving this question in my mind, I opened them again upon a room darkened as before. Through the uncurtained window, I saw the dim tops of the cedars rising against the misty



November sky. At the same instant, I detected a slight noise at the door—as if some one was cautiously trying to enter. But as the key was turned, the attempt was in vain; and I presently heard the same noise at the door of the adjoining dressing-room. Listening intently, I became aware of a slight creak at the door of communication between the two rooms. This was followed, not by a foot-step, but by the hushed, rustling sound of a long dress trailing upon the floor. The sound marched slowly across the room, and approached the bedside, where it stopped. Then the gentlest touch—as, indeed, of airy fingers—drew the bed-clothes straight, and tucked the ends of the cover-lids and sheets into the space between the mattress and bedstead. Meanwhile, I lay perfectly still, in a passive state of surprise and wonder.

When, however, the gentle ministry ceased, and I again caught the rustle of the trailing dress on the carpet, I sprang bolt upright in bed, and peered into the gloom, in hope of seeing the figure. But the room was a gulf of darkness, except the bit of window not covered by the cedars; and by this time the rustle had reached the dressing-room door. In a few seconds more, it had passed away completely; and, after exhausting myself in speculations as to the character of the visit, I slept. On mentioning the incident at breakfast, I found that none of the guests had been disturbed; nor could I learn that anything of the kind had previously happened in the house, although one gentleman affirmed that the old mansion, which was pulled down by Lord T—— before building the present one, had the reputation of being haunted.



Two different explanations occurred to me. Either the imaginative part of the brain was dreaming, while the senses were awake—as in the former cases—or the incident was real, and the mysterious visitor was a somnambulist—possibly a housekeeper or a chambermaid, unconsciously repeating her rounds to see that everything was in order. The vision of the lighted candle must have been an illusion—an instantaneous dream—suggested by that electric spark of light which is sometimes struck from the eyes on opening them suddenly.

In all these experiences, notwithstanding the liveliness and permanence of the impression produced on my mind, I am fully satisfied that there was nothing whatever of a supernatural character. So long as the visible world, and the constitution of our *mortal* nature, furnishes us with a sufficient explanation of such phenomena, why should we lay hold upon the invisible and the immortal?

## XIV.

### MORE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

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**THERE** is a class of mental phenomena, to which I have not yet alluded, of a character much more nearly allied to the supernatural than those described in the last chapter. In certain conditions of the body, the mind seems to become possessed of a new and unsuspected power, independent of volition—elusive and unmanageable as the plot of a dream to which we fain would give an agreeable solution, yet are helplessly carried on through a series of accumulated difficulties. Perhaps the term “natural clairvoyance” will best describe this power; since the eye of the mind looks straight through all material hindrances, and not only perceives that which is beyond the horizon of the bodily eye, but foresees what has not yet come to pass.

The credulous will, no doubt, reject the rational interpretation I have given to the experiences already described; and the sceptical, I presume, will be as ready to deny the

existence of any such faculty as I now assume. Yet this faculty exists—abnormal, perhaps, yet not supernatural—I am fully convinced. Many persons live out their allotted term of years, without ever experiencing its operation; others are so rarely and so dimly conscious of it, that they class it among the ordinary delusions produced by fear, anxiety, or excitement of any kind; while a few receive such distinct and palpable evidences, that they are forced to admit the insufficiency of all other explanations. I see no difficulty in recognising this half-acknowledged faculty. When we understand the awful capacity of the mind to receive impressions—every word of the thousands we hear during the day, every form of the million objects we behold, though forgotten as soon as heard and seen, being indelibly stamped upon tablets which are stored away in some chamber of the brain, whereto we have no key—when we ponder upon this fact, with its infinite suggestions, we find it easy to believe that those operations of the mind of which we are *conscious*, are far from being the full measure of its powers.

But an ounce of illustration is better than a pound of theory. Let me relate a few instances, taken from my own personal experience, and that of some of my friends. The bee-like instinct of direction, referred to in the previous chapter, is not unusual among men accustomed to the wild life of the woods and mountains. More than one of my Rocky-Mountain acquaintances possess it in an eminent degree. A noted explorer, whose blanket I have often shared as we slept under the stars, assured me that frequently, while threading the interlocking folds of a mountain

pass, he has had a sudden vision of the landscape beyond, even to its minutest details. The same thing once occurred to me in Mexico, between Tepic and Guadalajara. He has, also, after searching all day for grass and water for his animals, in an unexplored wilderness, been seized with a blind instinct, which led him, against all reason, to the only spot where they were to be found.

During a visit to Boston, four or five years ago, I accepted an invitation to take tea with a distinguished author. A gentleman who had often visited him, offered to accompany me, as his residence was in a part of the city with which I was then unacquainted. We were walking along the street, conversing very earnestly upon some subject of mutual interest, when all at once I was seized with the idea that we were passing the author's house. "Stop!" I said; "Mr. — lives here." My friend halted, surprised, and surveyed the house. "No," said he, "that is not his residence; it is in the next block. But I thought you had never visited him." "Nor have I," I replied; "I never was in this street before, but I am positive he lives there." "And I am positive he does not," my friend rejoined; "there is a large brass plate upon his door, with the name upon it; and, you see, here is no name whatever. Besides, it is not in this block." "I will go further with you," was my stubborn answer; "but we shall have to return again." The presumption of his certain knowledge did not in the least shake my confidence. We searched the next block, but did not find the author's name on any door. With some difficulty, I persuaded my friend to return, and try the house I had pointed out: it was the right one! I can

explain this curious incident in no other way, than by assuming the existence of a natural clairvoyant faculty in the mind.

Of course, such experiences are very rare ; and, as they generally occur at the most unexpected moments, it is next to impossible to go back, and ascertain how the impression first makes itself felt. Once, only, have I been conscious of the operation of the faculty. This took place in Racine, Wisconsin, on the morning of the 1st of March, 1855. My bed-room at the hotel was an inner chamber, lighted only by a door opening into a private parlor. Consequently when I awoke in the morning, it was difficult to tell, from the imperfect light received through the outer room, whether the hour was early or late. A lecturer, especially after his hundredth performance, is not inclined to get up at daylight ; and yet, if you sleep too long, in many of the western towns, you run the risk of losing your breakfast. I was lying upon my back, *with closed eyes*, lazily trying to solve the question, when, all at once, my vision seemed to be reversed—or rather, a clearer spiritual vision awoke, independent of the physical sense. My head, the pillow on which it rested, and the hunting-case of my watch, became transparent as air ; and I saw, distinctly, the hands on the dial pointing to eleven minutes before six. I can only compare the sensation to a flash of lightning on a dark night, which, for the thousandth part of a second, shows you a landscape as bright as day. I sprang up instantly, jerked forth my watch, opened it ; and there were the hands, pointing to *eleven minutes before six*—lacking only the few seconds which had elapsed between the vision and **its proof**



Is this, after all, any more singular than the fact that a man can awaken at any hour that he chooses? What is the spiritual alarm-clock which calls us at four, though we usually sleep until six? How is it that the web of dreams is broken, the helpless slumber of the senses overcome, at the desired moment, by the simple passage of a thought through the mind hours before? I was once, of necessity, obliged to cultivate this power, and brought it, finally, to such perfection, that the profoundest sleep ceased as suddenly, at the appointed minute, as if I had been struck on the head with a mallet. Let any one tell me, clearly and satisfactorily, how this is done, before asking me to account for the other marvel.

But, in certain conditions, the mind also *foresees*. This may either take place in dreams, or in those more vague and uncertain impressions which are termed presentiments. I will only relate a single instance, since it is useless to adduce anything which is not beyond the range of accident or coincidence. I spent the winter of 1844-5 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, living with Mr. Richard Storrs Willis, in the family of a German merchant there. At that time there was only a mail once a month between Europe and America, and if we failed to receive letters by one steamer, we were obliged to wait four weeks for the next chance. One day the letters came as usual for Mr. Willis, but none for me. I gave up all hope for that month, and went to bed in a state of great disappointment and dejection; but in the night I dreamed that it was morning, and I was dressing myself, when Mr. Willis burst into the room saying: "The postman is below—perhaps he has letters for you. **Come**

up into the dining-room, and you can see him from the window." We thereupon went up to the dining-room on the third story, looked down into the street, and there stood the postman—who, as soon as he saw us, held up a letter at arm's length, holding it by the lower right-hand corner. Though he was in the street, and I in the third story, I read my name upon it.

I arose in the morning with my head full of the dream. When I was about half dressed, Mr. Willis came into my room, repeating the very words I had heard in my sleep. We went into the dining-room together, looked down, and there stood the postman, holding up a letter by the lower right-hand corner! Of course I could not read the address at that distance; but my name *was* upon it. In this case, the circumstances were altogether beyond my control; and the literal manner in which the dream was fulfilled, in every minute particular, is its most astonishing feature. Nothing was added or omitted: the reality was a daguerreotype of the vision. Never before had my friend entered my room at so early an hour—never before had the postman held up a letter in that manner. If a coincidence only, the occurrence is therefore all the more marvellous.

When I was last in Florence, the sculptor Powers related to me a still more remarkable story, which had come to pass only a few days before my arrival. A young English lady of his acquaintance, who was living with her brother in the city, was on terms of great intimacy and affection with a lady of her own age, who was spending the summer with her father in a villa among the Apennines, near Pistoja. This friend had invited her to visit her during the summer:

she had accepted the invitation ; and the middle of August was fixed upon as the time. Three weeks before, however, the young lady had a remarkable dream. It seemed to her that the day of her departure for the villa near Pistoja had arrived. Her trunk was packed ; and early in the morning, a very curious old carriage drove to the door to receive her. The vetturino slung her trunk to the axletree with ropes—a disposition of baggage which she had never before seen. She took her seat, and for several hours journeyed down the vale of the Arno, noticing the scenery, which was entirely new to her. Several trifling incidents occurred on the way, and there was a delay occasioned by the giving way of the harness ; but towards evening she reached the Apennine villa.

As the carriage approached the building, she perceived the father of her friend standing in the door, with a very troubled countenance. He came forward, as she was preparing to alight, laid his hand on the carriage door, and said : “ My daughter is very ill, and no one is allowed to see her. To-night is the crisis of her fever, which will decide whether she will recover. I have made arrangements for you to spend the night in the villa of Mr. Smith yonder ; and pray heaven that my daughter’s condition will permit you to return to us to-morrow ! ” Thereupon he gave directions to the vetturino, who drove to Mr. Smith’s villa. The host received her kindly, ushered her into a broad entrance-hall, and said : “ I will endeavor to make you comfortable for the night. *That* will be your room,” pointing to a glass door, with green curtains, at the end of the hall. Here her dream suddenly stopped.

The next morning she related the whole story to her brother. For a few days afterwards, they occasionally referred to it; but as she received information that her friend was in excellent health, she gradually banished from her mind the anxiety it had caused her. The day fixed upon for her journey at length arrived. What was her astonishment, when the identical queer old carriage of her dream drove up to the door, and her trunk was slung by ropes to the axletree! This was the commencement; and during the whole day everything occurred precisely as she had already seen it. Towards evening, she arrived at the villa near Pistoja; and the father of her friend stood in the door, with a troubled countenance. He came forward, repeating the intelligence of his daughter's illness in the same words, and ordered the vetturino to drive to the villa of Mr. Smith. The excitement and alarm of the young lady had been continually on the increase; so that, when she finally reached the broad entrance-hall, and Mr. Smith said, "I will endeavor to make you comfortable for the night. *That* will be your room" (pointing to the glass door with green curtains), her nerves, strung to their utmost tension, gave way, and she fell upon the floor in a swoon. Fortunately, there was no ground for superstitious forebodings. The crisis passed over happily, and the very next day she was permitted to nurse her convalescent friend.

Here the dream, in all its details, was narrated three weeks before its verification—thus setting aside any question of the imagination having assisted in the latter. It is one of the most satisfactory examples of second-sight I have



ever heard of, and this must be my justification for giving it to the world.

I cannot close this chapter, without giving one more authentic ghost story—to which, in my opinion, the same explanation will apply as to those I have related in the preceding article. A gentleman (permit me to withhold his name, station, and the date of the occurrence) was once travelling in the interior of Sweden. On a raw evening, in October, he arrived at a large country-town, where a fair was being held. All the inns were full, and he found it no easy matter to obtain lodgings for the night. He was weary, from a long day's journey, and after applying at the third or fourth inn without success, announced to the landlord his determination to remain there, with or without a bed. He procured some supper, smoked his pipe in the guests' room, and finally, feeling inclined to sleep, demanded to be shown some place where he could lie down. "Have you no sofa, or bench, or bundle of hay vacant?" he asked the landlord. "No," said the latter—"not one; but—" here he hesitated—"there is a room with a bed in it, in a small house at the back of the court, only"—dropping his voice to a whisper—"the place is haunted; and nobody dares to spend the night there." "Oh! if that is all," laughed the traveller, "give me the room at once. I don't believe in ghost or demon; and, besides, I'm far too tired to be troubled with anything of the sort."

The landlord still hesitated, as if doubtful whether he should expose his stubborn guest to such dangers; but, finally, gave orders to have a fire made in the ill-omened room, and fresh sheets put upon the unused bed. Taking his



saddle-bags on his arm, and his sword in his hand, the traveller followed the servant across the court-yard, and entered the building. The room was low and bare, the windows closed by shutters, whose rusty bolts showed that it was long since they had been opened. A ruddy fire of pine wood was blazing on the raised hearth, in one corner, but there was no furniture, except a narrow bed and two chairs. The servant, having placed the candle on one of the chairs, made haste to leave; but the traveller detained him a moment, saying; "You see my sword—and here are two pistols, loaded and capped. If anything disturbs me in the night, man or ghost, I shall immediately fire upon it. Unless you hear a shot, leave me alone." He did this, from a suspicion that the ghost might be some person connected with the inn, who, for purposes of his own, was concerned in banishing all nightly visitors from the house.

After the servant left, the traveller heaped more wood on the fire, carefully examined the windows and door, and after locking the latter, suspended the heavy key upon the latch, in such a manner that the least movement would cause it to fall. He then undressed, with the exception of his trowsers, placed the chair with the candle at the head of the bed, the pistols under the pillow, and lay down, with his sword beside him on the bed-clothes, within reach of his hand. He then blew out the candle, and composed himself to rest. As he did not feel the slightest fear or trepidation he soon fell into a sound sleep.

About midnight, he was suddenly awakened by a feeling like that of a rush of cold wind over his face. Opening his eyes he found the room quiet as before; but the candle by

his bedside was burning. He distinctly recollected having extinguished it, but nevertheless persuaded himself that he must have been mistaken—got up, threw more wood on the fire, examined the doors and windows, and, after having returned to bed, snuffed the candle short, that there might be no mistake this time. Half an hour afterwards he was again awakened by the same rush of cold wind. The candle was burning once more! This inexplicable circumstance made him feel excited and uneasy. He extinguished the candle, and resolved to lie awake, and see whether it would be lighted a third time.

Another half hour had elapsed, and his heavy eyelids had closed, in spite of all his struggles to keep them open, when the rush of wind returned, more violent than before. The candle was not only relighted, but a tall figure, clothed in a long, heavy gown, with a hood falling forward so as to conceal the face, stood in the centre of the room. An icy chill ran through the traveller's frame. He attempted to seize his sword and pistols, but his frame seemed paralysed, and his arms refused to obey the direction of his will. Step by step the figure advanced towards the bed. It reached the bedside; it slowly lifted its arms, enveloped in the wide sleeves of the gown—and, with an awful deliberateness, bent down towards the traveller's body. In the frenzy of terror, he burst the spell which seemed to confine his limbs, seized the snuffers which lay nearest his right hand, and stabbed, again and again, at the breast of the figure. This was the last thing he remembered.

He was recalled to consciousness by a loud knocking at the door, followed by the fall of the key from the latch, and

heard the servant's voice calling: "Open the door, if you please, sir; I have come to make the fire." He was lying, not in bed, but upon the floor, in the middle of the room. The snuffers were still in his hand; but the long steel points were bent double. The morning light already shone through the crack of the door. By the time he was fully aroused, he had recovered his self-possession, and at once admitted the servant. "Holy cross!" exclaimed the man—"how pale you are! What has happened?" "Nothing whatever," answered the traveller, "except that the fire has gone out, and I am almost dead of cold." He protested to the landlord that he passed a very pleasant night, and ridiculed the notion of the house being haunted; but took good care, nevertheless, to leave the town in the course of the day.

My readers can themselves apply to this story the explanation I have suggested. And so, let us now bid farewell to the border-land of dreams!

## XV.

### A NOVEMBER TRIP NORTHWARDS.

[1854.]

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If there is any form of dissipation which I detest and abjure, it is, getting up at half-past four in the morning. The unfortunates who indulge in this vicious habit show the same infatuation, in other forms, as the devotees of opium or alcohol. They foresee the misery which the indulgence will occasion them, but no persuasion can induce them to abstain from it. The man who gets up at half-past four, in order to leave by the early train, is always tormented by a horrible fear that he will not be called in time. It needs the solemn assurances of the hotel-clerk, and of each of the attending servants, to give him a little composure; but his trepidation is still so great, that, after he is snugly stowed away in bed, and has fallen into an unquiet doze, he starts up, half a dozen times, thinking

that the fateful hour is at hand. By-and-by he drops off into a deep sleep, from which he awakens with a sudden shock, after having slept, as he supposes, for the space of twenty-four hours. He gropes for his watch with a trembling hand, and looks at the dial. There is just light enough to bewilder his vision, but he dimly sees a hand pointing to VI! A cold sweat breaks out over him, but he finally secures a match, ignites it, and finds the hour to be *half-past twelve*. Again he falls asleep; but this time he is aroused by a sound like the storming of the Malakoff—it is the waiter knocking at his door. He gets up, dresses with a haste which does not allow him to wash the gossamers of sleep fairly out of his eyes, and then wanders down endless stairs and passages of the dark, unfriendly edifice, with a vague doubt in his mind, as to whether it is yesterday or to-morrow. Breakfast is not ready until the last moment, and nothing but the knowledge that he shall get nothing else until 5 P.M. induces him to swallow the leathery beefsteak, and the brown, earthy beverage, supposed to be coffee. Mastication is impossible, and as for digestion, it must take care of itself. Then the porter seizes him, and, after many worries, he finally steps aboard the cars, just as the conductor cries “Go ahead!” and secures the half of a small seat behind the door.

Such was your correspondent's experience on the morning of Oct. 31, 1854; and his pleasure was further enhanced by the raw, thick fog, through which the gas-lamps of Chambers Street glimmered with a weak yellow glare. For an hour and a half we ran through the same know-nothing atmosphere, until the peaks of the Highlands tore and



scattered the vapors, battling against their onsets. Cro'-nest and Butter Hill stood out clear and unconquered, and when we passed the pines of Idlewild, on the breezy terrace across the river, there was an opening of blue sky beyond Snake Hill. I never saw more gorgeous autumnal tints than those of the sumacs, sassafras, and beech along the banks of the Hudson. But as we whirled northwards, the day became raw and gloomy, and the colors of the forests more dull and monotonous. In Vermont the trees were robed in dull brown, and as we drew near Lake Champlain, even this last sad garment was stripped off, and the landscapes were naked and bleak as winter.

Beyond Rutland the road was new to me, and my imagination, clothing the country with summer, restored its lost beauty. The view of Champlain, at Vergennes, with the misty lines of the Adirondac in the background, reminded me of Lake Thrasymene, which I saw on just such an afternoon of an Italian December. At Burlington we were obliged to wait two or three hours for the Whitehall boat. It rained dismally, and we northern travellers were huddled together on the cold, windy pier, comforted by the assurance that the train would not leave Rouse's Point until we arrived. When we finally reached the latter place, about half-past nine, we were coolly informed that the train *never waited* for the evening boat, and had left nearly two hours before. There is a hotel in the station-house (or a station-house in the hotel, for I hardly know which predominates), and I secured a long cell, with a window higher than my head. By getting on

a chair I saw a bridge in the moonlight, which I took to be the famous bridge of Rouse's Point.

The next morning, while waiting for the cars, I was familiarly addressed by a gentleman, as "Mr. Joseph Whipples." Until I meet the real Whipples, I cannot tell which of us is complimented by the resemblance. There was a polite Canadian Custom-er in attendance, who took my simple word as evidence that I was no smuggler, and marked a double cross on all my baggage, which admitted it unopened into Canada. The words "*Traverse de chemin de fer*" (Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings!), at the crossings, first told me that I had crossed the frontier. The country was flat as a pancake, wet and dreary; log huts, painted red, stood here and there, alternating with stunted woods and fields full of charred pine-stumps. At the stopping-places, I saw men with round fur caps, and broad, hardy faces, who spoke French with a savage accent, which made it sound like another language. In some places they were ploughing in the fields with *real* Canadian ponies. We followed the course of the St. Johns River, which gleamed brightly on our right, and in something over an hour came to the flourishing town of St. Johns, near which there is a very picturesque, isolated hill. Here the road swerved to the north-west, and made direct for St. Lambert, opposite Montreal.

When we got out of the cars, on the long pier, and saw the stately city rising behind its massive quays, I could have believed myself—but for the breadth and swiftness of the St. Lawrence—on the banks of the Seine. The sun suddenly shone out, gilding the lofty towers of the cathedral,

the tall spires of churches, the domes and tinned roofs that stretched along the river for more than a mile and a half, to which the bold, wooded mountain in the rear formed a majestic background. I was at once reminded of Auxerre, Montreuil, and other old provincial cities of France. A mile of the clear, cold, green St. Lawrence, running at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, lay between me and the city—a type of the vigor and impetuosity of the New World, encircling the repose and solidity of a scene which seemed to have been borrowed from the Old.

In spite of its massive and solid aspect, few towns have suffered more from fires than Montreal. The northern and eastern portions still abound with the melancholy ruins left by recent conflagrations. In spite of this, however, and in spite of narrow and dirty streets, the city has a *finished* air, which distinguishes it from all towns of equal size in the States. The principal material used in building is a dark-gray limestone, which is very easily worked in the quarry, but becomes quite hard by exposure to the air. The water of Montreal has a flavor of this stone, which is by no means agreeable, nor always wholesome to strangers. The principal street, the Grande Rue St. Jacques, is a bright, cheerful thoroughfare, but more English than French in its character. I was more interested in the old streets nearer the river, which still have a certain Gallic quaintness about them.

The weather, after my arrival, was delicious. The next morning dawned without a cloud, and with a pure, sweet, bracing air, such as I have rarely breathed on the Atlantic

side of our Continent. Its inhalation was a violation of the Maine Law, which prohibits the use of all intoxicating beverages. It contained a stimulus as keen and active, if not so poisonous, as alcohol. I went out after breakfast, and became so inebriated that I found it difficult to return to my hotel. I got quite high—in fact, I did not stop until I had reached the summit of the mountain behind the city. On the way, I passed a large reservoir of masonry, which the city authorities are building on the slope at the foot of the mountain. The water will be forced up by a wheel at Lachine, above the rapids, and will furnish a supply, which, it is hoped, will prevent Montreal from being again laid waste by fires. The thought of so much water, all with the same limestone flavor, and the same horrid intestinal qualities, filled me with repugnance. Give me the iced champagne of this glorious air in my lungs, and let those drink water who will!

Montreal has shown great taste and good sense in preserving the mountain, with its clothing of primitive forest, within fifteen minutes' reach of her 70,000 inhabitants. Behind the reservoir, we jumped over a stone wall, and were in the wild woods. There was a rugged, zigzag path up the steep slant of the hill, but it was almost hidden under the fallen leaves. Although a good climber, my knees became weak and my breath short, before reaching the crest. The groves of pine and silver birch obstructed the view, except at one point, where we found an Irish boy, lying in the sun, pointing out "Mr. Smith's house" to another Irish boy. Here I was greeted with the sight, not only of Mr. Smith's house, but of all Montreal, of many

leagues of the St. Lawrence, flashing splendidly in the sun of the broad plains beyond, sprinkled with the white cottages of the *habitans*, and far in the dim south, the outlying spurs of the Vermont and Adirondac Mountains. It was a grand and inspiring panorama, embraced by the cold, bright blue of the Canadian sky. Well did the followers of Jacques Cartier call this the Royal Mountain.

We found another faint trail leading northwards through the pines and birch, and having followed it up for a short distance, reached the opposite brink of the mountain, whence we looked away beyond the Island of Jesus, girdled by the blue arms of the Ottawa, to a distant horizon of low hills and forests. In the keen northern air, which came to us over the rim of that horizon, there was a whisper of Hudson's Bay and of those snowy lodges by the Great Fish River where lie the corpses of the Arctic explorers. It requires but a slight elevation to make the ends of the earth seem near to us. Along the Ottawa River there are settlements for two hundred miles, and many hundred leagues further to the North-West Passage, yet to my fancy the site of that useless problem was just beyond the range of vision. There are bears and deer in some of the forests I saw, and the "ravages" of the moose may be reached in a few days' journey.

In the afternoon I had the pleasure of inspecting the works of the Victoria Bridge, which is to span the St. Lawrence at this place. I was indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Holmes and Mr. Grant, of the Grand Trunk Railroad Company, for the opportunity of seeing in detail the beginnings of this colossal undertaking. The bridge, which is to



be of iron, and tubular, like that over the Menai Strait, will be *two miles* in length, and its central arch will have a span of 333 feet. The material used is black limestone, and the Titanic piers, which compete with the grand masonry of Egypt, are based upon the solid natural rock which here forms the bed of the St. Lawrence. Immense strength is required in the piers, in order to resist the pressure of the ice. The huge blocks of stone are laid in hydraulic cement of the firmest character, and melted lead, and strongly clamped together with iron. In the middle of the river the current runs at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and the force of the immense masses of ice, carried down at the breaking up of winter, is so great that the old residents of Montreal shake their heads and predict that the bridge will be a failure. But I cannot conceive how these piers can be shaken any more than so many masses of natural rock. Certainly, human genius never better counterfeited the strength of nature. It is refreshing to see on this continent, where the most that is done is temporary and transitory, a work which rivals the Pyramids. The cost of the bridge, when completed, is estimated at £1,500,000, but will probably be nearer £2,000,000.

On leaving Montreal, your correspondent was guilty of the same dissipation as on leaving New York: he got up at half-past four. There is some difference, however, between a Montreal hotel and a New York hotel before daylight. We had been promised our breakfasts, but on descending to the office at a quarter past five, found only two Irish girls washing the floor. They were "know-nothings" in the fullest sense, and snubbed all my endeavors to obtain

information. Finally, "the Superintendent," as he styled himself—a dark gentleman who had probably once been white property, and now retaliated by looking upon all whites as *his* property—made his appearance. His assumption of superiority was so sublime that I was amused rather than annoyed by it. He majestically disdained all explanations, declining all conversation by a wave of his hand, and the oracular remark that "everything was right." It happened, in the end, that we reached the ferry-boat before she pushed off, but the rapidity with which we underwent breakfast would have astonished a weaker stomach than your correspondent's. On landing from the omnibus on the quay, we found the ticket-master in waiting, with a lantern and a pocketful of tickets. I held the lantern for him, while he counted out my change. Of course there could be no crowding at the window with such an arrangement.

The sky was a dull gray blanket, with a strip of fiery red binding, in the north-east, over St. Helen's Island. As the wind blew it threw upwards a hidden fringe of the same crimson hue, and the dark, cheerless landscape faded into the colors of dawn. Before we were half-way across the St. Lawrence, a snow-squall came down upon the river, almost hiding from view the stately city we were leaving. The air was searchingly raw and cold, and I took but a hasty farewell glance, with the wish that I may one day see the same shores in the glory of summer. As we sped over the wet plains, on our way to Rouse's Point, the snow continued, and the country was soon whitened, far and near. The atmosphere had lost all its purity and elasticity, and I felt glad that my course was southwards.

At Rouse's Point, we found the train for Ogdensburg *it* waiting. The Canadian plains appear to cease at the frontier, for the country through which we passed was moderately undulating, with occasional hills in the distance. It was a dreary alternation of pine woods, stumpy clearings, barren-looking fields, and meagre villages. The raw, gusty day, with frequent flurries of snow, undoubtedly added to its bleak and forbidding aspect, but I do not believe that even June could make it inviting. The road passes through the northern edge of Clinton, Franklin, and St. Lawrence counties, crossing many of the tributaries of the St. Lawrence, among which I noted the Chateaugay, Salmon, St. Regis, Hatchet, and Grass Rivers. The country is all well watered and timbered. The only town which made any show from the railroad was Malone, which had a flourishing air. At one of the stations, where I got out to warm myself with a cup of coffee, I was much interested in the aspect of a female waiter. She stood with folded arms, gazing into vacancy, and when requested to furnish the coffee obeyed with the least possible expenditure of movement, removed the cup and took the money in the same way, without honoring me with a single glance, and then folded her arms again. The freezing dignity of her countenance repelled all idea of conversation. Were I a sculptor, I should be delighted to find such an excellent model for a statue of Indifference.

The country improved after passing Potsdam, and the road descended to the St. Lawrence. The sun, breaking through the clouds, shone with a cold brilliance on the farms and farm-houses of the Canada shore, as we reached

Ogdensburg, the end of the day's journey. I found comfortable quarters at the St. Lawrence Hotel, and they were truly welcome, for as the sky cleared, the air became intensely cold. The windows of my room were covered with a thick crust of ice the next morning, and the temperature could not have been higher than 15°.

Under the guidance of Judge James, I saw as much of Ogdensburg as the cold permitted. The Judge is well versed in the early history of this region, which he repeated to me while we were seeking a distant view of Chimney Island—so called from the ruins of the old French fort, destroyed by Lord Amherst. The situation of the town is fine, with the exception that it faces the north. The banks of the Oswegatchie, which here empties into the St. Lawrence, are high and bluff, forming a crescent-shaped curve, open to the west. The crest of the right bank is lined with handsome dwelling-houses, and has a charmingly picturesque air when viewed from the bridge below. Conspicuous among the buildings is the Court-House, which still bears the marks of a cannon-ball sent across the river, during the last war. Ogdensburg, like Montreal, has suffered terribly from fires, but in spite of these drawbacks to its growth, it has a population of nine or ten thousand.

I left for Sackett's Harbor the next evening in the steamer Niagara. The night was superbly moonlit, but bitterly cold. We dropped down the river, ran across to Windmill Point, the scene of Schultz's defeat during the Rebellion of '37, and rounded up to Prescott, whence a railroad has been opened to Ottawa, on the Ottawa River. I gave up all hopes of seeing the Thousand Islands, which



it was said we should not reach before midnight, but did not seek my state-room until we had touched at Morris-town and Brockville, the former on the American, the latter on the Canadian shore. They are both thriving places, but Brockville bore away the paim of appearance in the moonlight.

Speaking of palms reminds me how I longed to be back again inside the Tropics that night. When I went to my state-room, the pitcher contained a solid lump of ice instead of water. The loose window rattled in the wind, and as the bedding was cut according to the width of the berth, I leave the reader to imagine whether a man could tuck himself in or not. The long night passed away in a weary battle, wherein Cold did not lose a single intrenchment, but Sleep was utterly routed, and fled. I diversified my misery by looking out on the wintry shores, which were coldly lighted by the moon. I have an idea that I saw some of the Thousand Islands, but I was in such a numb, torpid, half-awake state, that I cannot to this day tell whether it was a dream or a reality. I certainly have in my mind the images of three or four natural piers of rock, surmounted with dark clumps of pine, but they are of such a singularly weird aspect that I half-suspect they belong to the realm of dreams.

The lurid glare of the dawn upon a black sky at last called me from my freezing berth. We were in the harbor of Kingston, trying to make fast to the wharf, for it blew a gale. The wind was so violent that the captain at once gave up all idea of proceeding further. I saw a boat, manned by six oarsmen, put off in the endeavor to reach a



brig which lay about a hundred yards out, but it could not make the least headway, and finally was driven back again. The sea was not very high, but terribly rough and chopping. As there was no chance of reaching Sackett's Harbor that day by the Niagara, I decided to try my luck in the ferry-boat which runs across to Cape Vincent, connecting with the Rome and Watertown Railroad, and in the meantime took a stroll through Kingston.

The place is very much like an English seaport town—solid, quiet, sober in its hue, and yet with a rakish air which is not easily described. The same black limestone is used as in Montreal, and I noticed two or three fine Gothic churches—minus the towers—built of it. The Market Hall is really a noble edifice, and presents an imposing front to the harbor. Kingston has the reputation of being a very immoral town; whether deservedly so or not I cannot say. My survey of it was very limited, for the air was intensely keen and strong, and the dust, at times, blinding. I noticed in the port a vessel of 1,000 or 1,200 tons, built for an English house, and was informed that shipbuilding is getting to be quite an important business in the place, on account of the cheapness of timber and the facilities for procuring it.

At half-past eleven the little steamer *Star* dashed out into the gale, hoping to reach Cape Vincent in time for the 3 P.M. train. She was obliged to go below Grand Island in order to avoid the force of the wind, which increased the distance to thirty-two miles. She was a staunch little craft, and made good time after we got under the lee of the island, so that by three o'clock we were in sight of the Cape, and had the satisfaction of seeing the train start

Luckily, we had the engineer on board, and the conductor waited for us at the freight dépôt, which we reached fifteen minutes after the time. Grand Island, which is twenty seven miles in length, is a wild, bleak tract, belonging to Canada.

The country between Cape Vincent and Watertown has poor, unfertile appearance, but seems well adapted for grazing. It is undulating and rather monotonous for the greater part of the way. Chaumont Bay, an estuary of Lake Ontario, recalls the name of Le Ray de Chaumont, who is concerned in the history of the Rev. Eleazer Bourbon. As we approached Watertown there was a visible improvement both in soil and scenery, and the picturesque banks of the Black River were all the more agreeable after the monotonous country through which we had passed.

I was very pleasantly impressed with the appearance of Watertown. It is, without doubt, the stateliest town of its size in the country. At the Woodruff House I found accommodations not inferior to any first-class hotel in New York, and the view of the public square from its windows needs only a crowd to be metropolitan in its character. In the centre of this square is a fountain, which, unlike our City fountains, *plays*. The main street is a boulevard, with a double row of trees between the sidewalk and the central highway. On either side thereof are neat residences, each embowered in its own private trees and flowers. The Black River skirts the town, foaming down a gorge of dark limestone rock. Here and there it plunges into cataracts, which fringe its dark-brown translucence with streaks of snow. Its color is that of a *shaded* river—

a son of the forests and the mountains, steeped in the flavor of hemlock and fir. But, wild mountaineer as it is, it must labor like the rest of us, and keeps many a mill-wheel going.

From Watertown I came southwards, and succeeded in enjoying the last days of the Indian Summer, before the winter from which I had fled overtook me again.

## XVI.

### THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

[MAY, 1855.]

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#### PART I.—THE JOURNEY THITHER.

WE were a family party of six, and ourselves and our baggage, including a bucket for the horses, just filled two carriages. It was our intention to have left New Albany, Ind. (where we had been sojourning a day or two), in the morning, in order to reach Elizabethtown the same evening; but the heavy rains of the previous night prevented us from starting before noon. Crossing the Ohio River to Portland we struck the Nashville turnpike on the outskirts of Louisville, and took up our journey towards Salt River, twenty-two miles distant. The country through which we passed is low, slightly undulating, and very fertile. Now and then appeared an old family mansion surrounded by its orchards and gardens, and presenting much the same aspect

of comfort and repose as the country homesteads of Pennsylvania and Virginia. There were the same avenues of locusts, now in snowy and fragrant bloom; the same heavy brick dwelling with its portly front door, rarely opened but on state occasions; the same bowers of honeysuckle, trellises of grapes, beds of peonies and crown-imperials, and the same scattered clusters of out-houses, backed by the rounded tops of the orchard trees. The season is nearly a month in advance of the valley of the Hudson; all forest trees—even the latest—are in their young foliage, the apple and pear blossoms are gone, and the corn is ready for its first harrowing.

The afternoon was intensely hot and sultry. Heavy thunder-clouds were piled up on the northern and southern horizon, but they gradually rolled away without crossing our path. The latter part of our journey was through forests of beech, oak, and elm. The former tree, which greatly predominated, attains a size and beauty rarely seen east of the Alleghanies. Its foliage is the purest and most brilliant green, charmingly relieved by the smooth, white trunk, and the long, slender, feathery curve of the drooping boughs. We were delighted with the alternation of woodland and farm-scenery which the road afforded us. Towards evening we came again upon the Ohio—the Beautiful River, here as elsewhere—and followed its bank to the mouth of Salt River, on the opposite bank of which is West-Point, our resting-place for the night.

Where it debouches into the Ohio, Salt River is not more than fifty or sixty yards in breadth, but very deep. It is never fordable even in the driest seasons; and



being navigable for fourteen miles above its mouth, has not been bridged at this point. We descended its steep and difficult banks, embarked our carriage upon a flat ferry-boat, and were conveyed across. The view, looking up the river, was very beautiful. Tall elms and sycamores clothed the banks, dropping their boughs almost to the water, and forming a vista of foliage through which the stream curved out of sight between wooded hills. I longed to be rowed up it. While on the spot, I took occasion to inquire the derivation of the slang political phrase, "Rowed up Salt River," and succeeded in discovering it. Formerly there were extensive salt-works on the river, a short distance from its mouth. The laborers employed in them were a set of athletic, belligerent fellows, who soon became noted far and wide for their achievements in the pugilistic line. Hence it became a common thing among the boatmen on the Ohio, when one of their number was refractory, to say to him: "We'll row you up Salt River"—where, of course, the bully saltmen would have the handling of him. By a natural figure of speech the expression was applied to political candidates, first, I believe, in the Presidential campaign of 1840, and is now extensively used wherever the Native-American language is spoken.

About nine o'clock the next day the clouds broke a little, the rain of the night ceased, and we started for Elizabethtown. After passing two or three miles of fertile bottoms, studded with noble beech woods, the road entered a glen in the Muldraugh Hills—a long, lateral branch of the Cumberland Range, which stretches quite

through the centre of Kentucky. The road we were travelling is one of the finest in the United States—broad, smooth, and thoroughly macadamized. It follows the windings of the glen for three or four miles, so well graded that the ascent is barely perceptible. A brook swollen by the rains foamed below us, now on this side, now on that, while numbers of tiny streams spouted from openings in the limestone rocks on either hand. The elms and beeches in the bed of the glen almost met above our heads, yet did not hide the slopes of splendid foliage of which they were the hem. In one of the wildest spots the mouth of a cavern opened on the right hand, pouring out a smooth cascade of silvery water. The scarlet aquilegia, the phlox, the white purslane, the violet, and other Spring flowers, grew in the crevices of the rocks, and brightened the fairy solitude.

After reaching the summit of the glen, we entered a rolling upland region, heavily wooded with forests of oak, hickory, and maple. The soil was thin and stony, and the country had rather a poor and unfertile aspect compared with that along the Ohio River. The farm-houses were mostly built of logs, and many of them had what might be termed an inclosed portico—a square opening of the height of the first story—passing entirely through them. All, even the poorest, had their negro hut or huts adjoining, though some of the latter appeared to be tenantless. The impression these establishments made upon me was that of moderate activity, intelligence ditto, and content with things as they are. We met many men on horseback, dressed in what appeared to be homespun cloth—tall,

large-limbed, robust individuals, and fine specimens of animal health and vigor. Occasionally we passed large, canvas-covered wagons, drawn by three or four horses. The farmers saluted us with the stiff, silent nod peculiar to Anglo-Saxons, but the negro teamster frequently raised his hat to the ladies. We saw but a single carriage, driven by a gentleman who politely gave us the best side of the road, notwithstanding he was entitled to it. The same thing would not have happened north of the Ohio River.

We stopped for dinner at the Cool Spring tavern. The landlord, who had very much the air of a parson, received us with much ceremony, and then blew dolorously upon a conch-shell until "the boys," who were at work in a distant field, heard the summons and hurried home to take charge of our horses. We were regaled with Kentucky ham, eggs, excellent coffee, and corn-bread of that peculiar sweetness and excellence which only a Southern cook can give it. Indeed, the excellence of the country taverns in Kentucky was a matter of constant surprise to me. Without a single exception we were treated with a cordiality, and even kindness, which gave them all a friendly and home-like air, quite different from the dreary aspect of similar institutions north of the Ohio. The fare also was as notably good as it is notably bad in the more progressive States of the West. Kentucky may be called *slow* in comparison with Ohio and Illinois, but there is more genuine comfort and more genial social feeling within her borders than in either of the latter States.

Beyond Elizabethtown, we journeyed for ten miles through a rich, well-wooded rolling country to the village

of Nolin, on the creek of the same name, and halted for the night at the tavern of Mr. Gehagan. We found a wood fire in the wide chimney very agreeable, for the evening air was unexpectedly cool. I am told that fires are frequently kindled in the evenings as late as the beginning of June. With this custom, however, is connected that of leaving the doors open, which insures ventilation. It belongs perhaps to the out-door life of the Kentuckians, for I found few doors that would shut closely. We were greatly amused by the impossibility of keeping our doors closed. In almost all cases every one who enters, master or servant, leaves them wide behind him. I rather like the habit, but it takes a little time to get used to it.

We started early the next morning, for the macadamized road ceased at Nolin, and we had eighteen miles of "dirt road" before us. Weary miles they were, for the rain had softened the sticky red clay soil, and our horses, though willing enough, were rather too light for such work. The country was similar to that we had passed, but richer, more open, and better cultivated. With the wide, undulating landscape blooming and breathing of Spring, and a pale-blue sky of the utmost clearness overhead, I found the journey delightful. After passing a long wooded ridge, we saw the blue wavy line of the Green River Hills before us, but we approached them very slowly until we struck the turnpike again, four miles from Munfordsville. In the woods through which our road lay we frequently saw fat rabbits leaping among the bushes, and once a large wild turkey darted across the path before us. Wood-robins and cat-birds sang among the trees, and in the evening long



rusting lines of pigeons flew over our heads on their way to the north-west.

The wooded hills assumed more broken and picturesque forms as we approached Munfordsville, and Summerseat Knob, beyond Green River, made a prominent feature of the landscape. The road followed the windings of a shallow glen, clothed with small oaks, for two or three miles; after which we came upon Munfordsville, the county town of Hart County. We drew up at Judge Kerr's, near the Court-House, and while our dinner was preparing had an opportunity of inspecting the natives, who were gathered together to vote at a county election. No important offices were at stake, and the occasion seemed to be passing off without much excitement of any kind. There were nearly as many horses present as men, and a few, but not many good specimens of horse-flesh. A grocery opposite appeared to be doing a good business in the corn-whiskey line—a business which appears to be confined to groceries, for we saw but one tavern on the road where liquors were sold. The tall, sun-burned voters were collected into groups, discussing K. N. and S. N. matters, but in rather a quiet, listless way, as if they did not consider the welfare of their country wholly at stake.

We were furnished with a dinner admirable in all respects, and after consulting with the Judge concerning the roads to the Mammoth Cave, decided to go on to Ritter's Tavern, at Woodlands, and there rest for the night. The Cave was but fifteen miles distant by the nearest road, but it was a very rough way among the hills, and there was not enough daylight left to accomplish it with our jaded



horses. We descended a steep bank to the bottom of the glen in which flows Green River, crossed the stream in a ferry-boat, and ascended the opposite bank to Woodsonville. The two towns seem not more than a stone's throw apart, but are separated by a hollow even more wild and beautiful than that of Salt River. The river is a clear green hue, fringed by noble elms, beeches, sycamores, and sweet gum-trees, which rise in walls of foliage from its translucent floor. I thought of Bryant's "Green River," to which his lines are not more applicable than to its Kentucky brother :

" Yet fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,  
Beautiful stream! by the village side;  
But windest away from haunts of men,  
To silent valley and shaded glen."

Five miles beyond Woodsonville we came to a cluster of houses on a hill, which constituted an election precinct. There was the usual congregation of men and horses. Some ten or twelve of the former—full-grown, voting citizens—were playing marbles in the middle of the road, with as much interest as any group of school-boys I ever saw. They paid not the least regard to our approach, and we were obliged to drive around them to avoid a collision. A gaunt individual, mounted on a lean sorrel horse, rode up to me with the question: "How are the Know-Nothin's gittin' along whar you come from, stranger?" I replied: "They are pretty well split up: I come from New York," and asked him, in turn, what they were doing in the present election. "Oh," said he, "they can't do nothin' this

year, no how, but next year they'll make a good show: I sort o' *lean* that way, *myself*"—and suiting the action to the word he leaned over his horse's neck until the saddle, which was ungirthed, began to turn, and his head being none of the steadiest, he had some difficulty in regaining his equilibrium.

The turnpike here ceased, and we came upon a heavy dirt-road leading through woodlands and pleasant green valleys between the abrupt "knobs" with which this part of the country is studded. Many returning voters on horseback kept us company. There was one who passed us in a state of unconsciousness mounted on a mare, behind which ran a little black mule. He reeled in the saddle at such a rate that I expected every moment to see him tumble into the road, but he always regained his balance miraculously at the last moment. Towards sunset we found him again, doubled up in a corner of the fence dead asleep, but still holding on to the bridle of his mare, who was grazing around his feet. At dusk we reached Woodlands, a capacious tavern, seated behind a lawn covered with ornamental shrubbery—a very cheerful, home-like place. Everything in and about the house gave tokens of neatness and comfort. The negro quarters were clean and commodious, and the spruce servants seconded our genial host, Mr. Ritter, in his endeavors to make our stay pleasant.

Woodlands is eleven miles from the Cave, by a wild road over the hills. Mr. Ritter gave me minute directions for finding the way, as the country is almost uninhabited. After travelling two miles through the woods we

passed a log cabin and clearing, beyond which our way was blocked up by a tree which had been blown down by the winds. Two of us took rails from the fence to serve as levers, and as the ladies joined in the work with good will, the log was gradually heaved aside sufficiently to allow the carriages to pass. After our labors were over three men (inmates of the log-cabin) arrived for the purpose of assisting us. Crossing a deep valley, we climbed an opposite ridge, by a very steep and difficult road, and seeing the long, wooded crest of the hill extending far before us, supposed that the worst part of the journey was over. But exactly at this juncture the tongue of my carriage snapped in twain in consequence of a sudden wrench, and we were left stranded. We had neither ropes, knives, nor implements of any kind, and, after holding a council of war, decided that the only thing to be done was to leave the wreck in the woods. We succeeded in detaching the broken parts, lashing them to the remaining carriage, and mounting three persons upon the two horses, using the carriage cushions as saddles. One of the natives of this region, who had ridden up immediately after the accident, stood watching us during these proceedings, and at their close observed: "Well, I guess you're the right stripe: you can get along"—after which he left us.

We made slow but merry travel through the seven miles of forest intervening between us and the Cave Hotel, where we arrived in season for dinner, without further accident.

## XVII.

### THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

[MAY, 1855.]

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#### PART II.—THE FIRST JOURNEY UNDER GROUND.

NOTWITHSTANDING the irregular order of our arrival, after our mishap in the woods, we were cordially welcomed by Mr. Miller, the host. The hotel is a long, straggling pile of wooden buildings, with stone chimneys attached to the exterior at the gable ends. A wing of furnished apartments joins its northern end, fronting upon a lawn where tall forest trees have been allowed to stand in their natural attitudes and groupings. The main body of the hotel, with this wing, furnishes at least six hundred feet of portico, forming one of the most delightful promenades imaginable for Summer weather. Around the place intervenes a narrow girdle of cleared land, beyond which stand the primitive woods, wherein the deer and wild turkey still make

their habitation. We heard the call of the latter as we sat in the shaded portico. The rooms are sufficiently large and comfortable, though their doors have the same inability to be closed which I have already noticed as a characteristic of Kentucky architecture.

The season for travel had hardly commenced, and we found but seven visitors on our arrival. Two of these had just returned from a trip beyond the rivers, under the charge of "Stephen," the famous cave guide, and their clothes, bespattered with mud, gave us some indication of the character of the trip. As our stay was limited to two days, we decided to visit the cis-fluvial avenues the same afternoon, reserving the grand journey over the water for the next day. The rivers had been gradually rising for four days, and were then of precisely the most inconvenient stage, though not yet impassable. Mr. Miller informed me that they rarely rose more than four days in succession, and there was no likelihood at present that we should not be able to cross them. I engaged Stephen for the next day, and took Alfred, one of the other guides, for our initiatory excursion.

After dining off a noble haunch of venison, Alfred made his appearance with a bundle of lamps, and announced that everything was in readiness. Turning around the hotel to be northward, we entered a rocky ravine in the forest, and in a few minutes were made aware by a gust of cold wind that we had reached the entrance to the underground world. The scene was wild and picturesque in the extreme, yet the first involuntary sensation was something akin to terror. The falling in of the roof of the main



avenue of the cave as it approached the surface of the earth has formed a gap, or pit, about fifty feet in depth, terminating in a dark, yawning portal, out of which a steady current of cold air was breathed in our faces. Trees grew around the edges of the pit, almost roofed with shade; ferns and tangled vines fringed its sides and a slender stream of water falling from the rocks which arched above the entrance, dropped like a silver veil before the mysterious gloom. The temperature of the cave is  $59^{\circ}$  throughout the year, and that of the upper air being about  $75^{\circ}$ , the colder stratum was ebbing out. When the inside and outside temperatures are equal, as they frequently are, there is no perceptible current.

Taking each a lighted lamp, we descended some rocky steps to the floor of the cavern, passed behind the tinkling cascade, and plunged into the darkness. The avenue rapidly contracts, and is closed by an artificial wall, with a door, which is sometimes locked to exclude pilferers. Having passed this, the daylight disappeared behind us. Our eyes, blinded by the sudden transition to complete darkness, could barely see a roof of solid rock not far above our heads, and masses of loose stones piled on either side. This part of the avenue is called "The Narrows." The space gradually expanded; the arch of the ceiling became more dim and lofty, and the walls only showed themselves by a faint and uncertain glimmer. The floor under our feet was firm and well-beaten, the air we breathed pure and refreshing, and a feeling of perfect confidence and security replaced the shrinking sensation which I think nearly every one must feel on first entering.

As the pupils of our eyes expanded, and we began to discern more clearly by the light of our lamps the dimensions of the grand avenue, we reached a spacious hall called The Vestibule, which is said to be directly under the Cave Hotel. It is seventy or eighty feet in height, branching off on one side into a spacious cave called Audubon's Avenue. Near it is the Great Bat-room, which hundreds of bats have chosen as a place of hibernation. We were now in the Main Cave, which extended for three or four miles before us with an average height of about fifty, and an average breadth of at least eighty feet, in some places expanding to one hundred and fifty feet. What are the galleries of the Vatican, the Louvre, Versailles, and the Crystal Palaces of London and Paris to this gigantic vault hewn in the living rock? Previous to the crossing of the Bottomless Pit in 1838, and subsequently of the Rivers in 1840, all the published accounts of the Mammoth Cave described only this avenue and its branches. The sides are perpendicular walls with a distinct and sometimes bold cornice, and a slightly-arched ceiling which often resembles a groined vault. The limestone lies in horizontal strata with scarcely a fault, and all the wonderful forms which it assumes are clearly traceable to the action of water.

Immediately on entering, you see the remains of the saltpetre works, which were carried on here from 1808 to 1814. The old hoppers or leaching vats, the sluices for carrying off the water, and many other appliances, are still almost as perfect as if the manufacture had just been relinquished. The wood-work remains perfectly sound and uncorrupted, and even the ruts made by cart-wheels, and

the prints of the oxen's hoofs in the then moist soil, have not been effaced. It is said that saltpetre to the value of \$20,000 was washed from the earth in one year, and that in the course of three years the same earth became as richly impregnated as before. This property is also communicated to the air, but probably in a less degree. I am not aware that it has ever been analysed; but whether from the absence of vegetable exhalations and the consequent purity of its constituent elements, or from the presence of some exhilarating property, it is certainly more bracing and invigorating than the air of the upper world. After we had become accustomed to its diminished temperature, its inhalation was a luxury. I can only compare it to a very mild nitrous oxide. The oxen which were taken into the cave to haul earth to the saltpetre vats became fat and plump in the course of two or three months without any extra feed. As a sanitarium for consumptive patients, the cave does not seem to answer; but the experiment has not yet been fairly tried—most of the invalids who came here having been in the advanced stages of the disease. Besides, the absence of sunlight—which seems to exercise a subtle influence upon human as upon vegetable vitality—might counterbalance in many cases the advantages of an equable and stimulating air.

Nearly a quarter of a mile beyond The Vestibule, we came to a second dome inserted like a transept in the main avenue or nave, and called The Church. The roof, which is about eighty feet high, is almost Gothic; and on the left hand is a gallery or choir with a projecting pulpit at one of the angles. Here service is often performed on Sun

days during the summer. We took our seats on some timbers taken from the saltpetre vats, while the guide ascended to the gallery and finally took his station in the pulpit. Here he kindled a Bengal light, which hissed and sputtered like a sacrificial flame, throwing a strong pale-blue lustre upon the vast, rude arches, and bringing out the jagged walls in vivid relief against the profound darkness on either hand. In spite of the semi-sanctity given to the place this illumination seemed to me nothing less than an offering to the Kentucky gnomes and kobolds—the underground fairies who have hollowed for themselves this marvellous palace under her green hills.

Continuing our walk, with eyes that now saw clearly not only the grand dimensions of the avenue, but its rude suggestions of pilasters, friezes, and cornices, and the dark cloud-patterns that mottled its gray ceiling, we passed in succession the Kentucky Cliffs (so called from their resemblance to the rocks on Kentucky River), Willie's Spring, a tiny thread of water which has channelled itself a fantastic fluted niche from the top to the base of the wall, and the Second Hoppers, where the operations of the old miners seem to have been prosecuted on a very extensive scale. Above these hoppers, on the right hand, is the mouth of the Gothic Avenue, branching off at right angles to the main cave. It is reached by a flight of steps. The subterranean scenery became more and more striking as we advanced. The roof is coated with a thin incrustation of gypsum, which is colored in patches with black oxide of manganese, giving it a rude resemblance to a gray sky flecked with dark clouds. In the waving and uncertain

light of the lamps, these clouds seem to move as you walk, and to assume capricious and fantastic forms. Now you see an oval lake surrounded with shrubbery, now a couchant beast, or a sitting figure like the colossal deity of a Theban tomb. In one place there is a huge ant-eater, very perfect; in another an Indian chief wrapped in his blanket; then a giant, with his wife and child; and finally, a charcoal sketch, in which the imaginative can see Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Under the last of these pictures Alfred stopped, and after stating that we were just one mile from the entrance, threw the light of his lamp upon a large white rock which lay upon our right hand, and asked us what it resembled. "Why," said one of us, "it is very much like a coffin." "You are right," said he; "it is the Giant's Coffin, 57 feet in length." He then informed us that he should leave the main cave and take the road to the River Styx, in order to show us some of the most remarkable objects on this side of that stream. We followed him, one by one, into a crevice behind the coffin, at the bottom whereof yawned a narrow hole. Half-stooping, half-crawling, we descended through an irregular, contracted passage, to a series of basement halls, called the Deserted Chambers. The first of these is the Wooden Bowl, a room about 100 feet in diameter, with a low, slightly concave ceiling. The name may have been suggested by this circumstance, although there is a story of an ancient wooden bowl having been found in it by the first persons who entered. A staircase called the Steps of Time—for what reason it is impossible to say—leads to still lower chambers, two of which are



connected by a passage called the Arched Way, from the smooth and regular curve of its white ceiling. In the furthest one is "Richardson's Spring," a little bowl of crystal water, which we found very cool and refreshing despite the flavor of the limestone rock.

The roof presently shot up into a pointed, irregular vault, and we heard the sound of dropping water. Alfred who was in advance, cautioned us to remain still while he leaned forward and held out his lamp, which disclosed the mouth of a pit. The sides were as smooth as if hewn by a stone-cutter, and worn into deep grooves and furrows by the waters of ages. A log is placed along one side to protect visitors, and we leaned upon it while he kindled a sheet of oiled paper and suffered it to whirl slowly down into the gulf, glimmering on the wet walls and the dark pools of water in its mysterious womb.

Leaving the deserted chambers, we descended a steep staircase into the Labyrinth—a winding way thirty or forty feet high, and barely wide enough for two persons to pass. This brought us to another pit, along the brink of which we walked, clambered up a ledge, and at last reached a window-like opening, where Alfred bade us pause. Leaning over the thin partition wall, the light of our united lamps disclosed a vast glimmering hall, the top of which vanished in darkness and the bottom of which we could only conjecture by the loud, hollow splash of water-drops that came up out of the terrible gloom. Directly in front of us hung a gigantic mass of rock, which in its folds and masses presented a wonderful resemblance to a curtain. It had a regular fringe of stalactites, and there was a short

outer curtain overlapping it at the top. The length of this piece of limestone drapery could not have been less than one hundred feet. In a few moments, Alfred, who had left us, re-appeared at another window on the right hand, where he first dropped some burning papers into the gulf, and then kindled a Bengal light. It needed this illumination to enable us to take in the grand dimensions of the dome. We could see the oval arch of the roof a hundred feet above our heads; the floor studded with the stalagmitic pedestals as far below; while directly in front the huge curtain that hung from the centre of the dome—the veil of some subterranean mystery—shone rosy-white, and seemed to wave and swing, pendulous in the awful space. We were thoroughly thrilled and penetrated with the exceeding sublimity of the picture, and turned away reluctantly as the fires burned out, feeling that if the cave had nothing else to show its wonders had not been exaggerated.

Leaving Goran's Dome—the name which has been given to this hall—we retraced our way through the Labyrinth, and following the main passage a short distance further, came to the Bottomless Pit, formerly the limit of excursions in this direction. It was finally crossed by means of a ladder, and is now securely bridged, and the path along its brink protected by an iron railing. The bridge is renewed every four years, even though the timbers remain sound, in order to guard against all possibility of an accident. The Pit is 175 feet deep, and is covered by a pointed dome forty or fifty feet high. It is a horrid gulf—dark, yawning, and awful as the mouth of Tartarus. Pieces of burning paper dropped from the bridge slowly fell into the depth, eddying backwards and

forwards and showing the black, furrowed walls on either side. The vault above our heads, in its grooves and niches and projecting points, reminded me very vividly of the Moorish domes in the Alhambra. There is a *stalactitic* element in Saracenic architecture which must have had its suggestion in Nature.

The avenue beyond the pit leads to the River Styx, but as we had reserved that portion of the cave for the next day's trip, we returned through the Deserted Chambers to the Main Cave. A short distance beyond the Giant's Coffin we reached the Great Bend, where the avenue changes its direction at a very acute angle. It is still upwards of one hundred feet wide, and sixty or seventy in height, with the same rough friezes and cornices, and the forms of clouds and phantom figures on its ceiling. We passed several stone and frame houses, some of which were partly in ruin. The guide pointed them out as the residence of a number of consumptive patients who came in here in September, 1843, and remained until January. "I was one of the waiters who attended upon them," said Alfred. "I used to stand on that rock and blow the horn to call them to dinner. There were fifteen of them, and they looked more like a company of skeletons than anything else." One of the number died here. His case was hopeless when he entered, and even when conscious that his end was near he refused to leave. I can conceive of *one* man being benefited by a residence in the cave, but the idea of a company of lank, cadaverous invalids wandering about in the awful gloom and silence, broken only by their hollow coughs—doubly hollow and sepulchral there—is terrible. On a

mound of earth near the Dining Room I saw some cedar trees which had been planted there as an experiment. They were entirely dead, but the experiment can hardly be considered final, as the cedar is of all trees the most easily injured by being transplanted.

I now noticed that the ceiling became darker, and that the gray cornice of the walls stood out from it in strong relief. Presently it became a sheet of unvarying blackness, which reflected no light, like a cloudy night-sky. All at once a few stars glimmered through the void, then more and more, and a firmament as far off and vast, apparently, as that which arches over the outer world, hung above our heads. We were in the celebrated Star Chamber. Leaning against a rock which lay upon the right side of the avenue, we looked upwards, lost in wonder at the marvellous illusion. It is impossible to describe the effect of this mock sky. Your reason vainly tells you that it is but a crust of black oxyd of manganese, sprinkled with crystals of gypsum, seventy-five feet above your head. You see that it is a fathomless heaven, with its constellations twinkling in the illimitable space. You are no longer upon this earth. You are in a thunder-riven gorge of the mountains of Jupiter, looking up at the strange firmament of that darker planet. You see other constellations rising, far up in the abyss of midnight, and witness the occultation of emoter stars.

The fascination of that scene would have held us there for the remainder of the day if the guide had permitted it. After indulging us for what he considered a sufficient length of time, he took our lamps, and descending into a branch

cavern that opened from the floor, treated us to some fine effects of light and shade. By a skilful management of his lights he produced the appearance of a thunder-cloud rising and gradually spreading over the sky. The stars are lost; the comet, gleaming portentous on the horizon, disappears; and the gorge is wrapped in shadow. Then the clouds break and clear away, and the stars seem to twinkle with a more bright and frosty lustre after their obscuration. "Take care of yourselves!" cries the guide, and we hear his footsteps passing under the floor. He has all our lamps, and we can now see but a faint glimmer through the opening he entered. Now it is but the ghost of a glimmer; and now, as his footsteps are more indistinct, it ceases altogether. Yes, this is darkness—solid, palpable darkness. Stretch out your hand and you can grasp it; open your mouth and it will choke you. Such must have been the primal chaos before Space was, or Form was, or "Let there be light!" had been spoken. In the intense stillness I could hear the beating of my heart, and the humming sound made by the blood in its circulation.

After a while a golden nebulous glow stole upon the darkness, seemingly brighter than the sunrise radiance of the East, and increased until our guide and lamps rose above the horizon. We now returned to the Second Hoppers, and mounted to the Gothic Avenue. For more than a quarter of a mile this avenue has a ceiling perfectly flat, with every appearance of having received a coat of plaster. It is smoked over in all parts with the names of vulgar visitors, from which circumstance it is called the Register Room. Persons formerly carried candles in their



trips through the cave, and by tying them to poles, succeeded in not only smoking their names upon the ceiling but in many instances their portraits—for there were frequently rude attempts of drawing the figures of sheep and pigs. The lamps used at present prevent all such desecration, but there are still (and probably always will be) touching applications for candles.

The roof gradually became broken and rugged, studded here and there with unfinished stalactites, and we now entered the Gothic Chapel, where those stony icicles become large enough to form ribbed pillars and fair Gothic arches. The ceiling is not more than thirty feet high, so that this hall has nothing of the grandeur of Goran's Dome, but it is very curious and beautiful. Beyond this the specimens of stalactitic formation are very numerous, and I have not time to describe them minutely. We passed Napoleon's Breastworks, Vulcan's Shop, the Elephant's Head, and the Pillars of Hercules, hard by which is the Lover's Leap, where the journey ceased. Here the floor of the avenue suddenly falls away, leaving a gulf about fifty feet deep, over which projects a long, pointed rock. By descending into the gulf you can enter a lower gallery leading to other wonders, among which the guide mentioned "The Devil's Cooling Tub," but we had scarcely sufficient time to explore it.

We retraced our steps to the Second Hoppers, and then returned to the mouth of the cave, having been four hours underground, and travelled about five miles. When we reached the entrance and looked out from behind the falling skein of water the trees seemed to be illuminated with an unnatural fire. The daylight had a warm yellow

hue, intensely bright, and the sky was paler but more luminous than usual. The air, by contrast with the exhilarating nitrous atmosphere below, felt close, unpleasantly warm, and oppressive—like that of an ill-ventilated greenhouse in Winter. There was too much perfume in it—too many varieties of vegetable smells—for I found that the short absence had made my scent unusually keen and intelligent. This first sensation soon wore off, and left us with no other unpleasant effect from our trip than that of **great hunger, of which Mr. Miller speedily relieved us.**

## XVIII.

### THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

[MAY, 1855.]

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#### PART III.—A DAY BEYOND THE STYX.

THE next morning we made preparations for an early start, as we had a long day's journey before us. Our party was increased to eleven by the addition of a bridal pair, a young Tennessean, and two silent Boston gentlemen. We had two guides: Stephen, whom I had specially engaged, and Mat. The ladies, with one exception, were attired in Bloomer costume, greatly to the merriment of the party but much to their own convenience. Dresses are kept at the hotel for the use of lady visitors, and I would advise all such to make use of them. In addition to the supply of lamps the guides carried canteens of oil and baskets of provisions for the dinner we were to make in the regions

beyond the Styx. Thus equipped and provided for, we set out immediately after breakfast.

Stephen, who has had a share in all the principal explorations and discoveries, is almost as widely known as the Cave itself. He is a slight, graceful, and very handsome mulatto of about thirty-five years of age, with perfectly regular and clearly chiselled features, a keen, dark eye, and glossy hair and moustache. He is the model of a guide—quick, daring, enthusiastic, persevering, with a lively appreciation of the wonders he shows, and a degree of intelligence unusual in one of his class. He has a smattering of Greek mythology, a good idea of geography, history, and a limited range of literature, and a familiarity with geological technology which astonished me. He will discourse upon the various formations in the Cave as fluently as Professor Silliman himself. His memory is wonderfully retentive, and he never hears a telling expression without treasuring it up for later use. In this way his mind has become the repository of a great variety of opinions and comparisons, which he has sagacity enough to collate and arrange, and he rarely confuses or misplaces his material. I think no one can travel under his guidance without being interested in the man, and associating him in memory with the realm over which he is chief ruler.

Mat, who ranks next to Stephen among the guides, is also a mulatto, of about the same age—a careful, patient, intelligent, and amiable man, but with less geological knowledge than the latter. He does not belong to the cave property, but is hired out by his master. Stephen and Alfred belonged to Dr. Croghan, the late owner of the cave,

and are to be manumitted in another year, with a number of other slaves. They are now receiving wages, in order to enable them to begin freedom with a little capital, in Liberia, their destined home. Stephen, I hear, has commenced the perusal of Blackstone, with a view to practise law there, but from his questions concerning the geography of the country, I foresee that his tastes will lead him to become one of its explorers. He will find room and verge enough in the Kong mountains and about the sources of the Niger, and if I desired to undertake an exploration of those regions, I know of few aids whom I would sooner choose.\*

There was no outbreathing from the regions below as we stood at the entrance to the Cave, the upper atmosphere having precisely the same temperature. We advanced in single file down the Main Avenue, which, from the increased number of lamps, showed with greater distinctness than on our first trip. Without pausing at any of the objects of interest on the road, we marched to the Giant's Coffin, crawled through the hole behind it, passed the Deserted Chambers, and reached the Bottomless Pit, the limit of our journey in this direction the previous day.

Beyond the Pit we entered upon new ground. After passing from under its Moorish dome the ceiling became low and the path sinuous and rough. I could only walk by stooping considerably, and it is necessary to keep a sharp look-out to avoid striking your head against the transverse jambs of rock. This passage is aptly called the Valley of Humiliation. It branches off to the right into

\* Stephen, however, remained at the cave until manumitted by Death. He died in 1858.



another passage called Pensico Avenue, which contains some curious stalactitic formations, similar to the Gothic Gallery. We did not explore it, but turned to the left and entered an extremely narrow, winding passage, which meanders through the solid rock. It is called Fat Man's Misery, and any one whose body is more than eighteen inches in breadth will have trouble to get through. The largest man who ever passed it weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, and any gentleman weighing more than that must leave the best part of the cave unexplored. None of us came within the scope of prohibition (Nature, it seems, is opposed to corpulence), and after five minutes' twisting, we emerged into a spacious hall called the Great Relief. Its continuation forms an avenue which leads to Bandits' Hall—a wild, rugged vault, the bottom of which is heaped with huge rocks that have fallen from above. All this part of the Cave is rich in striking and picturesque effects, and presents a more rude and irregular character than anything we had yet seen.

At the end of Bandits' Hall is the Meat-Room, where a fine collection of limestone `iams and shoulders are suspended from the ceiling, as in a smoke-house. The resemblance, which is really curious, is entirely owing to the action of water. The air now grew perceptibly damp, and a few more steps brought us to the entrance of River Hall. Here the ceiling not only becomes loftier, but the floor gradually slopes away before you, and you look down into the vast depths and uncertain darkness, and question yourself if the Grecian fable be not indeed true. While I paused on the brink of these fresh mysteries the others of

the party had gone ahead under the charge of **Mat Stephen**, who remained with me, proposed that we should descend to the banks of the **Styx** and see them crossing the river upon the **Natural Bridge**. We soon stood upon the brink of the black, silent water; the arch of the portal was scarcely visible in the obscurity far above us. Now, as far below, I saw the twinkle of a distant lamp, then another and another. "Is it possible," I asked, "that they have descended so much further?" "You forget," said Stephen, "that you are looking into the river and see their reflected images. Stoop a little and you will find that they are high above the water." I stooped, looked under an arch, and saw the slow procession of golden points of light, passing over the gulf under the eaves of a great cliff; but another procession quite as distinct passed on below until the last lamp disappeared and all was darkness again.

We then resumed the regular trail, which led us along the edge of a cliff about thirty feet above the waters of the **Dead Sea**, a gloomy pool, which is evidently connected with the **Styx**. An iron railing has been placed along the edge to protect those whose nerves are weak. At the end of the cliff we descended a long ladder, clambered over masses of rocks made slippery by the water, and gained the **Natural Bridge**, which is a narrow path or ledge around a projecting rock, bridging the river. The path is only about eighteen inches wide, and a false step would precipitate the explorer thirty feet below into the **Styx**. Such is the caution of the guides, however, and the sense of security which even the most timid feel, that no accident has ever happened. Five minutes more and the roughest and

most slippery scrambling brought us to the banks of the Lethe River, where we found the rest of the party.

The river had risen since the previous day, and was at the most inconvenient stage possible. A part of the River Walk was overflowed, yet not deep enough to float the boats. Mat waded out and turned the craft, which was moored to a projecting rock, as near to us as the water would allow, after which he and Stephen carried us one by one upon their shoulders and deposited us in it. It was a rude, square scow, well plastered with river mud. Boards were laid across for the ladies, the rest of us took our seats on the muddy gunwales, the guides plied their paddles, and we were afloat on Lethe. One hundred feet above our heads hung the vaulted rock; half-way down there ran a regular cornice, arched on the under side, and with jagged edge, showing that there had formerly been two grand corridors, placed vertically, which some convulsion had broken into one. Either end of this mighty hall was lost in the darkness, but the sound of our voices rose to the roof and reverberated along it until they seemed like the voices of unseen beings speaking back to us out of the distance. The water has a steady temperature of 54°; it is clear, apparently of a pale green color, and pleasant to the taste. It had a very perceptible current, and flowed in a diagonal course across the line of our march, or, as nearly as I could estimate, in the direction of Green River.

After a ferriage of about one hundred yards, we landed on a bank of soft mud beside a small arm of the river, which had overflowed the usual path. We sank to our ankles in the moist, tenacious soil, floundering laboriously

along until we were brought to a halt by Echô River, the third and last stream. This again is divided into three or four arms, which, meandering away under low arches, finally unite. At present, owing to the high water, there is but one arch open, so that instead of the usual single voyage of three quarters of a mile, we were obliged to make several short ferriages. Twice again were the guides obliged to carry us on their shoulders through the shallows, and once we succeeded in passing along a narrow ledge of rock overhanging a deep pool, only by using Stephen's foot as a stepping-stone. After crossing the second branch of Echo River we found ourselves at the foot of a steep hill of loose sand, beyond which we could see masses of rock piled up almost to the ceiling of the lofty hall. This was the commencement of Purgatory, a portion of which domain we were obliged to traverse on account of the difficulty of getting through what is called the Second Arch.

Stephen here entered the boat alone, lay down on his back in the bottom, shot under a low projecting rock, and was soon lost to our sight. Under the guidance of Mat we climbed the sand-hills, mounted the loosely-piled rocks, and after a short purgatorial experience, descended again to a low arch opening on the last branch of Echo River. As we stood on the wet rocks, peering down into the black translucence of the silent, mysterious water, sounds—first distant, then near, then distant again—stole to us from under the groined vaults of rock. First, the dip of many oars; then a dull, muffled peal, rumbling away like the echoes of thunder; then a voice marvellously sweet, but



presently joined by others sweeter still, taking up the dying notes ere they faded into silence, and prolonging them through remoter chambers. The full, mellow strains rose until they seemed sung at our very ears, then relapsed like ebbing waves, to wander off into solitary halls, then approached again, and receded, like lost spirits seeking here and there for an outlet from the world of darkness. O! was it a chorus of angels come on some errand of pity and mercy to visit the Stygian shores? As the heavenly harmonies thickened, we saw a gleam on the water, and presently a clear light, floating above its mirrored counterfeit, swept into sight. It was no angel, but Stephen, whose single voice had been multiplied into that enchanting chorus.

The whole party embarked in two small boats, and after a last voyage of about two hundred yards, were landed beyond the waters, and free to explore the wonderful avenues of that new world of which Stephen is the Columbus. The River Hall here terminates, and the passages are broken and irregular for a short distance. A few minutes of rough travel brought us to a large circular hall with a vaulted ceiling, from the centre of which poured a cascade of crystal water, striking upon the slant side of a large reclining boulder, and finally disappearing through a funnel-shaped pit in the floor. It sparkled like a shower of pearls in the light of our lamps, as we clustered around the brink of the pit to drink from the stores gathered in those natural bowls which seem to have been hollowed out for the uses of the invisible gnomes.

Beyond Cascade Hall commences Silliman's Avenue, a



passage about twenty feet wide, forty or fifty in height, and a mile and a half in length. The floor is in some places smooth and firm, in others broken and rough, with deep dips which often communicate with smaller passages or "side cuts" that, after winding through the rock for some distance, find their way back to the main avenue. The walls on either side have bold, projecting cornices, above which springs a well-arched ceiling. There are few objects of special interest in this avenue, but I was never tired of watching the procession of lamps as they wound up and down its rocky floor, and the picturesque play of light and shade on the gray walls and cornices, the niches and hollow vaults.

After a steady walk of a mile and a half—the distance is not exaggerated, for I timed it—we reached a gigantic bluff, which, facing us, divided the avenue into two parts. That to the left retains the name of Silliman, and continues for nearly a mile further without leading to any result. The other was called "The Pass of El Ghor" by some traveller who had been in Arabia Petraea—but the name is a pleonasm, as *el ghor* signifies a narrow, difficult pass between rocks. While we rested a few minutes on some broad stones at the base of the cliff Stephen climbed up to the platform behind the broad cornice of the wall, and brought us down a handful of fibrous gypsum as white as snow. The ladies eagerly appropriated pieces of it as specimens, but he observed depreciatingly, "You will throw that away before long."

Our lamps were replenished and we entered El Ghor, which is by far the most picturesque avenue in the cave. It

is a narrow, lofty passage meandering through the heart of a mass of horizontal strata of limestone, the broken edges of which assume the most remarkable forms. Now there are rows of broad, flat shelves overhanging your head; now you sweep around the stern of some mighty vessel with its rudder set hard to starboard; now you enter a little vestibule with friezes and mouldings of almost Doric symmetry and simplicity; and now you wind away into a Cretan labyrinth most uncouth and fantastic, whereof the Minotaur would be a proper inhabitant. It is a continual succession of surprises, and, to the appreciative visitor, of raptures. The pass is somewhat more than *a mile and a half* in length, and terminates in a curious knot or entanglement of passages leading to two or more tiers of avenues.

We were now, according to Stephen's promises, on the threshold of wonders. Before proceeding further we stopped to drink from a fine sulphur spring which fills a natural basin in the bottom of a niche made on purpose to contain it. We then climbed a perpendicular ladder, passing through a hole in the ceiling barely large enough to admit our bodies, and found ourselves at the entrance of a narrow, lofty passage leading upwards. When all had made the ascent the guides exultingly lifted their lamps and directed our eyes to the rocks overhanging the aperture. There was the first wonder, truly! Clusters of grapes gleaming with blue and violet tints through the water which trickled over them, hung from the cliffs, while a stout vine, springing from the base and climbing nearly to the top, seemed to support them. Hundreds on hundreds

of bunches clustering so thickly as to conceal the leaves, hang for ever ripe and for ever unplucked in that marvellous vintage of the subterranean world. For whose hand shall squeeze the black, infernal wine from the grapes that grow beyond Lethe?

Mounting for a short distance, this new avenue suddenly turned to the left, widened, and became level; the ceiling is low, but beautifully vaulted, and Washington's Hall, which we soon reached, is circular, and upwards of a hundred feet in diameter. This is the usual dining-room of parties who go beyond the rivers. Nearly five hours had now elapsed since we entered the cave, and five hours spent in that bracing, stimulating atmosphere might well justify the longing glances which we cast upon the baskets carried by the guides. Mr. Miller had foreseen our appetites, and there were stores of venison, biscuit, ham, and pastry, more than sufficient for all. We made our mid-day or rather mid-night meal sitting, like the nymph who wrought Excalibur,

"Upon the hidden bases of the hills,"

buried far below the green Kentucky forests, far below the forgotten sunshine. For in the cave you forget that there is an outer world somewhere above you. The hours have no meaning: Time ceases to be: no thought of labor, no sense of responsibility, no twinge of conscience, intrudes to suggest the existence you have left. You walk 'n some limbo beyond the confines of actual life, yet no nearer the world of spirits. For my part I could not shake off the impression that I was wandering on the *outside* of Uranus

or Neptune, or some planet still more deeply buried in the frontier darkness of our solar system.

Washington Hall marks the commencement of Elindo Avenue, a straight hall about sixty feet wide, twenty in height, and *two miles* long. It is completely incrustated from end to end with crystallizations of gypsum, white as snow. This is the crowning marvel of the cave, the pride and the boast of the guides. Their satisfaction is no less than yours, as they lead you through the diamond grottoes, the gardens of sparry efflorescence, and the gleaming vaults of this magical avenue. We first entered the "Snow-ball Room," where the gnome-children in their sports have peppered the gray walls and ceiling with thousands of snow-white projecting discs, so perfect in their fragile beauty, that they seem ready to melt away under the blaze of your lamp. Then commences Cleveland's Cabinet, a gallery of crystals, the richness and variety of which bewilder you. It is a subterranean conservatory, filled with the flowers of all the zones; for there are few blossoms expanding on the upper earth but are mimicked in these gardens of Darkness. I cannot lead you from niche to niche, and from room to room, examining in detail the enchanted growths; they are all so rich and so wonderful that the memory does not attempt to retain them. Sometimes the hard limestone rock is changed into a parterre of white roses; sometimes it is starred with opening daisies; the sunflowers spread their flat discs and rayed leaves; the feathery chalices of the cactus hang from the clefts; the night-blooming cereus opens securely her snowy cup, for the morning never comes to close it;



the tulip is here a virgin, and knows not that her sisters above are clothed in the scarlet of shame.

In many places the ceiling is covered with a mammary crystallization, as if a myriad bubbles were rising beneath its glittering surface. Even on this jewelled soil which sparkles all around you, grow the lilies and roses, singly overhead, but clustering together towards the base of the vault, where they give place to long, snowy, pendulous cactus-flowers, which droop like a fringe around diamonded niches. Here you see the passion-flower, with its curiously curved pistils; there an iris with its lanceolate leaves; and again, bunches of celery with stalks white and tender enough for a fairy's dinner. There are occasional patches of gypsum, tinged of a deep amber color by the presence of iron. Through the whole length of the avenue there is no cessation of the wondrous work. The pale rock-blooms burst forth everywhere, crowding on each other until the brittle sprays cannot bear their weight, and they fall to the floor. The slow, silent efflorescence still goes on, as it has done for ages in that buried tropic.

What mostly struck me in my underground travels was the evidence of *design* which I found everywhere. Why should the forms of the Earth's outer crust, her flowers and fruits, the very heaven itself which spans her, be so wonderfully reproduced? What laws shape the blossoms and the foliage of that vast crystalline garden? There seemed to be something more than the accidental combinations of a blind Chance in what I saw—some evidence of an informing and directing Will. In the secret caverns, the agencies which produced their wonders have been at work for thou



sands of years, perhaps thousands of ages, fashioning the sparry splendors in the womb of darkness with as exquisite a grace, as true an instinct of beauty as in the palm or the lily, which are moulded by the hands of the sun. What power is it which lies behind the mere chemistry of Nature, impregnating her atoms with such subtle laws of symmetry? What but the Divine Will, which first gave her being, and which is never weary of multiplying for Man the lessons of His infinite wisdom?

At the end of Elindo Avenue the floor sinks, then ascends, and is at last blocked up by a huge pile of large, loose rocks. When we had reached the foot, the roof of the avenue suddenly lifted and expanded, and the summit of the Rocky Mountains, as they are called, leaned against a void waste of darkness. We climbed to the summit, about a hundred feet above, whence we looked down into an awful gulf, spanned far above our heads by a hollow dome of rock. The form of this gigantic hall was nearly elliptical. It was probably 150 feet in height by 500 in length, the ends terminating near the roof in the cavernous mouths of other avenues. The guides partly descended the hill and there kindled a brilliant Bengal light, which disclosed more clearly the form of the hall, but I thought it more impressive as its stupendous proportions were first dimly revealed by the light of our lamps. Stephen, who discovered this place, gave it the name of the "Dismal Hollow."

Scrambling along the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, we gained the entrance to the cavern opening on the left, which we followed for about two hundred yards, when it terminated in a lofty circular dome, called Croghan's Hall. The

floor on one side dropped suddenly into a deep pit, around which were several cushions of stalagmite, answering to short stalactites, hanging from the ceiling far above. At the extremity of the hall was a sort of recess, formed by stalactitic pillars. The wall behind it was a mass of veined alabaster. "Here," said Stephen, "is your Ultima Thule. This is the end of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from daylight." But I doubt whether there is really an end of the cave any more than an end of the earth. Notwithstanding the ground we had traversed, we had left many vast avenues unexplored, and a careful search would no doubt lead to further discoveries.

We retraced our steps slowly along Elindo Avenue, stopping every few minutes to take a last look at the bowers of fairy blossoms. After reaching Washington's Hall we noticed that the air was no longer still, but was blowing fresh and cool in our faces. Stephen observed it also, and said: "There has been a heavy rain outside." Entering the pass of El Ghor again at Martha's Vineyard, we walked rapidly forward, without making a halt, to its termination at Silliman's Avenue. The distance is reckoned by the guides at a little more than a mile and a half, and we were just forty minutes in walking it. We several times felt fatigue, especially when passing the rougher parts of the cave, but the sensation always passed away in some unaccountable manner, leaving us fresh and buoyant. The crossing of the rivers was accomplished with some labor, but without accident. I accompanied Stephen on his return through the second arch of Echo River. As I sat alone in the prow, gliding under the low vaults of rock and over the

silent, transparent darkness of the mysterious stream, I could hear the tones of my boatman's voice gliding down the caverns like a wave, flowing more and more faintly until its vibrations were too weak to move the ear. Thus, as he sang, there were frequently three or four notes, each distinctly audible, floating away at different degrees of remoteness. At the last arch there was only a space of eighteen inches between the water and the rock. We lay down on our backs in the muddy bottom of the boat, and squeezed through to the middle branch of Echo River, where we found the rest of the party, who had gone round through Purgatory.

After again threading Fat Man's Misery, passing the Bottomless Pit and the Deserted Chambers, we at last emerged into the Main Avenue at the Giant's Coffin. It was six o'clock, and we had been ten hours in the Cave, but as my party proposed leaving on the morrow, I determined to push my journey a little further, and to visit the Chief City at the end of the Main Avenue. This was the principal object of curiosity before the discovery of the rivers, but is now rarely visited. I took leave of the party, and with Stephen for a guide started off alone. We passed the Star Chamber, beyond which no path has been cleared in this direction. The floor is covered with loose rocks which have fallen from above, and walking becomes a very rough and laborious process. A portion of the avenue is called the Salt Room, from the crystals of pure glauber salts which fall from the ceiling in flakes, and cover the floor like a light snow.

Just one mile from the Star Chamber a rough stone

cross has been erected, to denote that the distance has been carefully measured. The floor here rises considerably which contracts the dimensions of the avenue, although they are still on a grand scale. About half a mile further we came to the Great Crossings, where five avenues meet. In the dim light it resembled the interior of a great cathedral, whose arched roof is a hundred feet above its pavement. Turning to the left, at right angles to our former direction, we walked (still following the Main Avenue) some ten minutes further, when the passage debouched into a spacious hall, with a cascade pouring from the very summit of its lofty dome. Beyond and adjoining it was a second hall, of nearly equal dimensions, with another cascade falling from its roof. We turned again to the right, finding the avenue still more irregular and contracted than before, but had not advanced far before its ceiling began to rise, showing a long slope of loosely-piled rocks, lying in strong relief against a background of unfathomable darkness.

I climbed the rocks and sat down on the highest pinnacle, while Stephen descended the opposite side of the slope and kindled two or three Bengal lights which he had saved for the occasion. It needed a stronger illumination than our two lamps could afford to enable me to comprehend the stupendous dimensions of this grandest of underground chambers. I will give the figures, but they convey only a faint idea of its colossal character: length, 800 feet; breadth, 300 feet; height, 120 feet; area, between four and five acres. Martin's picture of Satan's Council-Hall in Pandemonium would hardly seem exaggerated if offered as a representation of the Chief City, so far and vanishing



is the perspective of its extremities, so tremendous the span of its gigantic dome.

I sat upon the summit of the hill until the last fires had burned out, and the hall became even more vast and awful in the waning light of our lamps. Then taking a last look backwards through the arch of the avenue—to my mind the most impressive view—we returned to the halls of the cascades. Stephen proposed showing me the Fairy Grotto, which was not far off, and to accomplish that end I performed a grievous amount of stooping and crawling in the solitary cave. The grotto, which is a delicate stalactitic chamber resembling a Gothic oratory, was very picturesque and elegant, and I did not regret the trouble I had taken to reach it. Both of us were somewhat fatigued by this time, however; we were trenching upon the night hours, and beginning to feel symptoms of hunger, so we here turned about, and resumed the most direct way to the mouth of the cave.

When we heard the tinkling drops of the little cascade over the entrance, I looked up and saw a patch of deep, tender blue set in the darkness. In the midst of it twinkled a white star—whiter and more dazzling than any star I ever saw before. I paused and drank at the trough under the waterfall, for, like the Fountain of Trevi at Rome, it may be that those who drink there shall return again. When we ascended to the level of the upper world we found that a fierce tornado had passed along during the day; trees had been torn up by the roots and hurled down in all directions; stunning thunders had jarred the air, and the wet earth was fairly paved with leaves cut off by the



heavy hail—yet we, buried in the heart of the hills, had heard no sound, nor felt the slightest tremor in the air.

The stars were all in their places as I walked back to the hotel. I had been twelve hours under ground, in which time I had walked about twenty-four miles. I had lost a day—a day with its joyous morning, its fervid noon, its tempest, and its angry sunset of crimson and gold; but I had gained an age in a strange and hitherto unknown world—an age of wonderful experience, and an exhaustless store of sublime and lovely memories.

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Before retiring to rest I engaged one of the servants to give me a grooming after the manner of the Orientals, finishing with an external application of Kentucky whiskey, in consequence whereof I arose the next morning at sunrise without the least soreness or fatigue. Stephen, notwithstanding his labors, and the prospect of their repetition the same day, was up and in readiness to accompany me to White's Cave, which is about three-quarters of a mile from the Hotel in a south-western direction. It was discovered in 1805 by one of the saltpetre miners, after whom it was named. The entrance is a narrow opening in the side of a knoll studded with gray limestone rocks.

We crawled into the hole, which might have been a panther's lair, in former times. The floor speedily drops, so that we were able to stand upright. Two stout pillars of stalactite upheld the roof, and the light of our lamps showed us a row of similar pillars stretching away into the

darkness. This is the striking feature of the Cave, which is not more than six or seven hundred feet in length by fifty to eighty in breadth. There is a dyke in the limestone rock which forms the ceiling, crossing the cave obliquely from one end to the other. The water, oozing through has gradually built a row of reeded Gothic pillars, singly or in clusters, with pedestals of stalagmite between; and sometimes broad curtains of semi-translucent stone hang from one to the other. The work is still going on, and apparently with great rapidity, for new points were already formed on stalactites which had been broken off some years ago. The water which dripped into the hollow basins in the floor was so wonderfully transparent as to be almost invisible, and it needed measurement to convince me that some of the pools which appeared to be only three inches in depth were actually as many feet.

Beyond this colonnade we found another and a shorter one, striking it obliquely, at one end of which is the most remarkable stalactite formation I ever beheld. It was a perfect tent, about eight feet in diameter at the base, with a height of twenty feet. The interior is hollow, and the smooth incrustations hanging from the top fall around you in folds like those of loose canvas, with a broad fringe sweeping the floor. Stephen gave it no name, but it might appropriately be called the Tent of the Gnomes. Near the end of the main line of pillars is a mass of fluted and channelled stalactite eight feet in breadth, which he called the Temple of Diana. It has a faint resemblance to a Grecian façade. Near this the floor suddenly terminates, leaving a yawning pit whose opposite side ascends steeply to the

fretted ceiling, closing up the cave. The place is well worthy of a visit on account of the variety and beauty of its stalactitic formations, which far surpass those of the Mammoth Cave.

During our stay at the hotel the carriage had been brought in and repaired, our horses were thoroughly recruited, and we now prepared to leave, regretting the necessity which did not allow us to spend a few days longer under its pleasant roof. Mr. Miller, the kindest and most genial of landlords, was about setting out for Louisville, and offered to be our guide by a near way over the hills to Munfordsville. Before taking a final leave of the Mammoth Cave, however, let me assure those who have followed me through it, that no description can do justice to its sublimity, or present a fair picture of its manifold wonders. It is the greatest natural curiosity I have ever visited, Niagara not excepted, and he whose expectations are not satisfied by its marvellous avenues, domes, and sparry grottoes, must be either a fool or a demigod. Yet very few comparatively of those who travel in the West ever find their way to it. The number of visitors averages about two thousand a year, the greater part of whom are Kentuckians, Tennesseans, and foreigners.

An erroneous impression has gone abroad with regard to the facilities for crossing the subterranean rivers. The timid are scared by stories of parties being imprisoned beyond the Styx by a sudden rise of the water, and kept in peril of a lingering death. There is no possibility of any such accident occurring. The rivers rise slowly, and do not reach a height sufficient to make the arches impass

sable more than twice or thrice in a year. At such times visitors are not allowed to proceed beyond them; but even at their highest point there is always an opening through Purgatory, communicating with the transfluvial avenue which the water never fills. It may add to the interest of narrative to depict the risk of being cut off by the water and left to starve, but in other respects it is simply ridiculous. From the discovery of the Cave to the present time no fatal accident has ever occurred.

Owing to the rise in the rivers, we did not succeed in procuring any eyeless fish, which are only found at low water. Mat caught a few crawfish, which, like their finny companions, have neither eyes nor rudimentary hints of eyes. In other particulars they did not appear to differ much from the ordinary crawfish of our country streams. In the Solitary Cave I found crickets of large size, with very diminutive eyes, which, however, did not appear to possess the faculty of vision. I menaced them repeatedly with my finger without disturbing them in the least, but if I touched one of their long antennæ ever so lightly, they scampered off in great alarm. There are rats in some of the chambers, but they are probably vagrants, attracted by the dinners of visiting parties, and not permanent inhabitants.

## XIX.

### MACKINAW, AND THE LAKES.

[1855.]

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By some coincidence or fatality I never visit St. Louis, or Springfield, Ill., without taking rain with me. When I left the former city, on the morning of the 17th of May, the streets were full of mud and the sky dark and leaky. As we reached Alton the rain began to fall vigorously, brightening the green of the prairies over which we sped, it is true, but shutting in their horizon, so that we had all of their monotony with none of their glorious expansion. Springfield, which we reached in due time, was in a state that recalled my Winter's experiences—including loss of overshoes. I made no allusion to the fact, however; for I have already discovered that you cannot touch up a Western town or railroad, even in a jocular way, without exciting some rampant local prejudice and superfluous indignation. In the West all the traits of our national character



are intensified—its energy, its impulsiveness, its independence, its aggressiveness, its ambition, and its sensitiveness. I remember hearing Sir Henry Bulwer once say that no man was more skilful in turning a penny than a Yankee, and none more splendid in squandering a guinea. This is still more true of the Western man than of the New-Englander; but the former—to his credit be it spoken—has much less of the chaffering and huckstering spirit than the latter. The taint of selfishness which characterizes all money-making operations is less apparent: his ventures are bolder, his habits more free and liberal. It is a milder form of the same business-life which I found in California in 1849; and this is probably one reason of the charm which Western life exercises upon nearly all who come within its influence.

I must do Springfield the justice to say that it has its sunshiny side, when the mud dries up with magical rapidity and its level streets become fair to look upon. The clouds cleared away on the morning after my arrival, and when my friend, Captain Diller, took me to the cupola of the State-House and showed me the wide ring of cultivated prairie, dotted with groves of hickory, sugar-maple, and oak, which inspheres the capital of Suckerdome, I confessed that it was a sight to be proud of. The young green of the woods and the promising wheat-fields melted away gradually into blue, until the fronts of distant farm-houses shone in the morning sun like the sails of vessels in the offing. The wet soil of the cornfields resembled patches of black velvet—recalling to my mind the dark, prolific loam of the Nile Valley.

I left in the midnight train for Chicago. At Blcoming ton, which we reached at 2 A.M., our conductor left us; but his substitute did not make his appearance. The train waited, the passengers grew impatient, but nobody knew where the gentleman lodged; there was no one in the office who cared to look after the matter; the engineer said it was not his business, and so the train still waited. After a strong remonstrance from some passengers who were bound east and feared to lose the morning trains from Chicago, a man was sent to search for the conductor, but he returned unsuccessful. Finally, at daybreak, after a delay of two hours and a quarter, the missing man appeared—having overslept his time. He remarked, jocosely, "You've been waiting, I guess," and started the train. But, owing to the delay, we met the down train in the centre of a wide prairie, backed ten or twelve miles to switch off, waited for a Rock Island train at Joliet, and came into Chicago about noon—losing the morning trains and obliging the Eastern travellers to spend their Sunday in Cleveland instead of New York.

The difference of season between St. Louis and Chicago is very apparent. We left the trees in summer foliage at the former place, and watched the green gradually grow paler and paler, until, on the shore of Lake Michigan, only the buds of the earliest trees were open, and their leaves half-grown. The great prairie between Bloomington and Vermilion River was spread out flat to the horizon like a green ocean, sprinkled with flakes of pink and blue and golden and crimson foam. It was a great contrast to the dreary, brown expanse I had looked upon during the

winter. But a prairie cannot be properly appreciated from the window of a railroad car. I longed for the little black Arab of Newark, Ohio, or the gray Morgan of Dixon, to career across its flowery solitude, chasing the flying horizon. Give me a prairie for a race-course or a hunting-ground; but not—though it yield me 150 bushels of corn per acre—for a habitation!

Having already tried every railroad leading out of Chicago, I determined to return home by the Lakes. The steamers on the new route to Collingwood and Toronto had just commenced running, and offered the greatest inducements in the way of scenery; so we took passage on the "Queen City," and left Chicago at a late hour on Sunday evening, the 20th. The boat, which was a fleet and handsome steamer, newly fitted up for the season, was not crowded, and we secured pleasant state-rooms in the after cabin. We found intelligent and amiable officers, an attentive steward, a good table, and all other requisites to the enjoyment of a lake voyage, and were favored, in addition, with the smoothest water and the clearest skies.

When I awoke next morning, we were in Milwaukee River. Here the boat was detained a day in order to take in freight; and I had the opportunity of revisiting some Wisconsin friends. The stay was made fortunate by an unexpected meeting with two shipmates of the Japan Expedition; and I heard the adventurous youth who climbed with me the precipices of the Bonin Islands relate his more perilous feat of scaling the walls of Nanking and astonishing the Chinese rebels. In the evening it was discovered that the boiler had sprung a leak, and

that the necessary repairs would detain us another day—a delay which none of us regretted. Milwaukee is as pleasant a place to visit as it is beautiful to look upon. Seen from the hills in the rear, with its pale yellow houses rising against the blue of the lake, it is a copy, in cooler tints, of some town on the Mediterranean shores.

As I was sauntering down to the boat on the second evening I was overtaken by an African gentleman of peculiar blackness and purity of race. He accosted me—desiring to know where the mailboat from Chicago came in. I pointed out what I supposed to be the place, whereupon he drew near and commenced a more confidential conversation. “I’m gwine down to the boat,” said he, “’cause of a lady and gentleman. De gentleman I seed a while ago in de street; de lady—she’s coming in de boat. I’s bound to be dar when de lady comes.” Supposing he had been dispatched by some gentleman to meet an expected guest, I asked, “Will you know the lady when you see her?” “Gosh!” he answered, with a grin; “I’s ought to know her—she’s my wife! She’s comin’ on, thinkin’ she’s gwine for to marry de gentleman what I seed; but I tell you she don’t marry nobody else in dis here State ’ceptin’ myself.” He added that he had only been married three months, in which time she had spent all his money, and that he had known her intention of running away from him a week previous. “Well,” said I, “if you knew it, why didn’t you take measures to prevent her?” “Oh,” he answered, chuckling at his own sagacity; “I tought I’d jist wait, and see whether she’d be *elevated* enough to go.” The other gentleman, he informed me, was in the whitewashing busi-



ness, but—with a shake of the head and a display of ivory—he'd "spile dat gentleman's 'spectorations; he'll make no more contracts in dat dere line." I regretted that I could not await the arrival of the boat and witness the meeting, which must have been still more characteristic and diverting.

We left Milwaukee at sunrise on Wednesday morning, running northward along the Wisconsin shore. The country is low and covered with woods except where they are broken in upon by small farms, picketed here and there like the advanced sentries of that besieging civilization which shall soon sweep away the serried ranks of the forest. The pine becomes more frequent, lifting its dark, ragged arms high above the gray of the budding birch and the faint green of the larch. Ozaukee or Port Washington, thirty miles north of Milwaukee, appears to great advantage from the lake, with its clusters of white houses rising gradually from the water's edge to the summit of the low hills. Sheboygan, which we reached about noon, is a considerably larger and more important place. It is one of the outlets of the rich and growing country around and beyond Lake Winnebago, and is connected by a plankroad with Fond du Lac. Judging from the number of buildings in the course of erection, it is no exception to the general law of progress in the West.

In the afternoon we touched at Manitowoc and Two Rivers, both so young that there is barely ground enough cleared for them to stand upon, and the primitive forest still shuts out their sunset view. There are already stores, taverns, German lager-beer saloons, and other signs of



growth in abundance. The Michigan shore, although between sixty and seventy miles distant, was lifted into the air by a mirage, and distinctly visible. This effect is continued until after sunset; and I even saw Manitou Island, sixty-five miles off, by moonlight. The air was clear bracing, and pure, but so cold that I did not venture on deck without a thick overcoat.

In the morning we were opposite Beaver Island, where a branch of the Mormon sect is colonized. So far as I could learn they are not polygamists, and are independent of the Salt Lake organization. The Michigan shores soon afterwards came into sight, and a lighthouse far ahead announced our approach to Mackinaw Straits. The country on both sides is densely covered with woods, which in some places were on fire, sending thick columns of smoke into the air. I noticed several steam saw-mills, and some new frame houses standing in cleared spots, but the greater part of the coast is yet uninvaded by settlers. Passing the promontory of St. Ignace, on the northern shore, we entered Lake Huron, heading for Mackinaw Island, which is about twenty miles distant. The long island of Bois Blanc lay to the southward. The surface of the lake was scarcely ruffled by the sweet western wind; the sky was of a pale, transparent blue, and the shores and islands were as sharply and clearly defined as if carved on a crystal tablet. It was a genuine Northern realm we had entered—no warmth, no depth of color, no undulating grace of outline, but bold, abrupt, positive form, cold, pure brilliancy of atmosphere, and an expression of vigor and reality which would make dreams impossible. If there is any air in which Action is

the very charm and flavor of Life, and not its curse, it is the air of Mackinaw.

We ran rapidly up to the town, which is built at the foot of the bluffs, on the southern side. A fort, adapted for times of peace and with a small garrison, overlooks it. The houses are mostly of wood, scattered along the shore, with few trees and fewer gardens interspersed. The appearance of the place is nevertheless very picturesque, with the wooded centre of the island rising in the rear, and the precipitous cliffs of gray rock flanking it on both sides. The associations of two centuries linger about those cliffs, and the names of Hennepin, La Salle, Marquette, and other pioneers of Western civilization make them classic ground to the reader of American history.

We remained five hours in order to take on some coal, which two schooners were discharging at the pier. I made use of the time to stroll over the island and visit its two lions—the Sugar Loaf and the Arched Rock. The road, after we had passed through the fort, led through woods of budding birch, and the fragrant arbor-vitæ (*thuya occidentalis*), which turned the air into a resinous wine, as grateful to the lungs as Falernian to the palate. We passed around the foot of the central hill, three hundred feet high, whereon are the remains of the old fortifications. On a terrace between it and the eastern cliffs stands the Sugar Loaf—a pointed, isolated rock seventy feet high. The rock, which appeared to be secondary limestone, is honeycombed by the weather, and reminded me very strikingly of “Banner Rock,” in the interior of the island of Loo-Choo. The structure is precisely similar, and the

height very nearly the same. We now struck across the woods, which abounded with anemones and white trilliums in blossom, to the edge of the cliffs, which we followed for some distance, catching occasional glimpses through the thick clumps of arbor-vitæ of the transparent lake below and the Northern shore, stretching away to Sault St. Marie and Lake Superior. The forests in that direction were burning, and the dense volumes of white smoke, carried southward by the wind, blotted out the Eastern horizon for a space of thirty or forty miles.

The Arched Rock stands a little apart from the line of the cliffs, with which it is connected by a narrow ledge. It is one hundred and fifty feet high, forming a rude natural portal, through which you can look out upon the lake. The arch is ten feet thick, and in the centre not more than eighteen inches wide. I climbed out to the keystone, but the rock was so loose and disintegrated that I did not venture to cross the remaining portion. On our return to the boat I visited some Chippewa families, who were encamped upon the beach, but as they knew neither English nor French, the conversation was limited. The water of the lake is clear as crystal and cold as ice, and I had an opportunity to verify the reports of its marvellous transparency. The bottom is distinctly visible at the depth of from fifty to sixty feet.

We left Mackinaw towards evening, and at sunrise next morning were abreast of the Isle of Coves, at the entrance of the Georgian Bay. The islands which separate the Bay from Lake Huron are rather low, but those beyond, lying nearer the Canada shore, rise abruptly from the water in

cliffs of red rock, crowned with forests of larch and pine. Alternately advancing and retreating behind each other as we passed along before them, they presented a shifting diorama of the wildest forms. The sky was cloudless, softened with a slight haze, and the air so cold that the water used in washing the decks made icicles on the guards. Cabot's Head, the north-eastern point of the Canadian promontory, terminates in a range of precipices two hundred feet high, back of which the unbroken forest sweeps away into a wide, rolling, upland region, which is said to be an admirable wheat country wherever it has been cleared. After passing the Head we lost sight of the coast, which trends southward for a time; but our attention was called to the steamer *Keystone State* of the Collingwood Line, which had passed us at Milwaukee, but which we were now rapidly overhauling. It was not a race, for the *Queen City* had already proved herself the swiftest, but we were not unwilling to see her prove it again.

As the *Keystone State* fell into our wake, the shore east of Owen's Sound came into sight on the right hand, and Christian's Sound on our left, showing that we were approaching the head of the Bay. The distance from the Isle of Coves to Collingwood is about 100 miles. The southern coast was still bold and precipitous, resembling the Hudson Palisades, to within ten miles of the latter place, when it gradually sloped down to a low country overgrown with the densest of forests. The smokes of Spring clearings were burning far and wide on the hill-sides, and as we turned in towards Collingwood, the very sunshine was obscured by them. We entered the harbor, or rather road-



stead, cautiously, sounding our way along a narrow channel, which has been marked by buoys, between two shoals. The town of Collingwood, which now contains about eighty houses, is only a year old, and most of the lots are still in the primitive forest. The purchaser may build his shanty with the timber he cuts off to make room for it. The streets are full of stumps, the dwellings are of fresh, unpainted clapboards, and there is not yet a hotel in the place. The Ontario, Simcoe, and Huron Railroad Company have built out a pier, with a large storehouse at the extremity, on both sides of which steamers can be moored and tranship their passengers and freight directly into the cars. In this respect the arrangements are as convenient and expeditious as could be desired.

We found a train for Toronto in waiting, and as the Keystone State arrived soon afterwards with her load of passengers, the cars were overcrowded until we reached Barrie. We bade good-bye to Capt. Wilkins, whom we shall long remember as one of the kindest and most genial of commanders, passed through *the future* Collingwood, and in the twinkling of an eye were deep in the heart of the forest. The trunks of the trees in many places almost touched each other, so thick was the growth, and those which had been cut away to make room for the road were piled up on either hand to be burned. The work had already commenced here and there: the huge logs were masses of live coal roaring and crackling with a mighty sound, while sheets of bright-red flame eddied among the smaller limbs, and clouds of smoke swept around us, pouring into the cars in stifling volumes. As we sped on at the



rate of thirty miles an hour through these avenues of flame, which the wind occasionally hurled into our very faces, I felt ready to agree with a rough fellow, who said in plain Saxon, "We're going to Hell, sure." The scene was certainly infernal enough to justify the suspicion.

After passing Barrie, a beautiful town on Lake Simcoe, we entered a more advanced region. Clearings became abundant, and substantial farmhouses replaced the primitive shanties. The season changed also; the willows were in full leaf, the elms half-fledged, and the maples cast an entire shadow. The country was rich, undulating, and beautiful, becoming more thickly settled as we advanced, until having finished our ninety-four miles in three hours and a half, we reached Toronto.

## XX.

### A TELEGRAPHIC TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

[AUGUST, 1855.]

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#### I.—HALIFAX AND PORT-AUX-BASQUES.

**THE** steamer *James Adger*, chartered by the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company for the purpose of laying the submarine cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, left New York on the 7th of August. In addition to Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, and Professor Morse—the managers of the enterprise—and their families, a large number of invited guests, several of whom were ladies, accompanied the expedition. A summer voyage to regions then so little known presented strong attractions, and the trip was commenced under the most cheerful and agreeable auspices. The line of telegraph from New York to St. Johns, which was then nearly completed, with the exception of the submarine portion, was the precursor of the Transatlantic Cable, and the prospect of finally carrying

out the great undertaking gave an increased interest to this initiatory step.

A voyage of three days, during which we enjoyed both extremes of sea-experience—a calm and a storm—brought us to Halifax. As Capt. Turner designed taking on board supply of coal, we had three hours' leave of absence to visit the lions of the place. Our appearance created but little sensation. Several gentlemen who were interested in the Company came down to greet Mr. Field, and a few ragged boys in search of employment and reward grouped about the pier-posts; but beyond these there was neither astonishment nor curiosity concerning us. No cry of "Carriage, Sir?" greeted us from the pier; no hotel-runner thrust greasy cards into our hands; no loafing idlers were there to stare at us or openly criticise our appearance; but we landed and walked up into the town without attracting more notice than so many of its own quiet denizens. The general impression was that Halifax is a slow place. For my part I found this Oriental indifference quite refreshing, and was not disposed to complain of it. It is pleasant to find that there are communities on the American side of our globe which are slow to become excited.

The town stretches along the harbor and around the foot of a fortified hill, and consists mainly of two long streets crossed by a number of steep short ones. The houses are dingy wooden structures, interspersed with an occasional stone or brick building, or a plain, dark-colored English church with a tall spire. My companion, who was a Briton, insisted that we had not yet reached the principal part of the town; but after passing the parade ground and

the Government buildings—a square pile of semi-Grecian architecture—he was forced to admit that we had seen the best it had to offer. We engaged a one-horse carriage—the Halifax boys called it a “conveyance carriage,” whence, I suppose, the keeper of carriages to hire is a conveyancer—and ascended to Fort George, the citadel. Another company of our passengers arrived at the same time and were boldly entering, when they were stopped on the drawbridge by the sentinel, who stated that no one was allowed to pass without an order from the Quartermaster-General.

A soldier off duty went around the shoulder of the hill to point out the office of that functionary to two of us, who undertook to procure the permission. We were fortunate enough to meet the Deputy-Quartermaster at the door. On making known our desire, he at once wrote an order for the admittance of the whole party. We crossed the drawbridge, passed through a heavy stone arch tunneling the ramparts, and found ourselves in a spacious inclosure, where two companies of raw recruits for the siege of Sebastopol were going through their drill. They were mostly Germans, and seemed anything but easy while they stood at ease, and not a little disordered while they ordered arms. The raw material was good enough, no doubt, but it needed a great amount of discipline to produce from it the solid English files—the bulwarks of battle. One of our company, who was a clergyman, took occasion to make a few remarks on the immorality of war in general, and the Eastern War in particular, to two subalterns who were lounging on the rampart in the shade of a sentry-box. But I fear he was sowing seed on stony ground.

We mounted to the parapet and made the circuit of the tortress, looking over its coping on a beautiful picture of Nova-Scotian scenery. The crescent-shaped town half encircled the hill, its extremities stretching back towards the country in lines of suburban villas. The harbor, with McNab's Island lying across its mouth, extended beyond the town, sending a blue arm several miles further, where it bent out of sight among woody hills. Directly opposite lay Dartmouth, a small town of white wooden houses, with a church or two, and a background of dark green hills, partly clothed with forests, and their lower slopes dotted with cottages and farm-houses. On either side of McNab's Island, over the white line of the ever-foaming breakers, was an azure segment of ocean. Turning to the south and west, we looked inland across a level of farm-land, to ranges of dark wooded hills, with scarps of white rock jutting out here and there along their summits. The wind was strong, with a cool, October tang in it; the dark hills and the pale sky were alike suggestive of the North; yet the people complained of the heat, and imagined themselves in the midst of summer!

After dinner a small party of us went ashore to employ the remaining hour and a half in a gallop into the country, but neither saddle-horse nor carriage was to be had. "It is the first fair day after a rain," said the conveyancers, "and everybody is a riding' out." Finally we found a man who offered us the identical carriage in which the Admiral had ridden that very morning, for four dollars; but on learning that we were Yankees, and did not consider the Admiral's seat a peculiar honor he reduced his demand to



three dollars. We had a pair of matched grays and a ruddy, red-whiskered coachman, and whirled out around the foot of the citadel in gallant style. A good macadamized road conducted us out of the town, where we came at once upon hay and grain fields. The grass had just been cut, and the air was full of its fragrance. Wheat and barley were in head, but had not yet begun to ripen. A drive of two miles, partly through thickets and patches of fir and larch trees, brought us to the head of the main arm of the inner harbor, which is completely landlocked. Surrounded by dark green hills, with not a vessel, and but two or three houses in sight, it resembled a lonely inland lake. The sight of the clear, green waters dancing to the shore tempted us to leave the Admiral's carriage and take a hasty bath. The bottom was covered with a growth of brilliant sea-weed, whose branching streamers of purple and emerald reached to my waist, threatening to drag me down, like Hylas, to the Nova-Scotian naiads; but no water could be more deliciously cold and invigorating. By this time it was six o'clock, and the cool shadows of evening were creeping across the landscape. The grays trotted merrily back along the shore-road, and we reached the pier to find the James Adger with steam up, and all on board except the gentleman from Truro.

We waited half an hour longer, but the gentleman from Truro did not come, notwithstanding an express had been sent eighteen miles into the country to meet him. Mr. Field then reluctantly gave the order to leave. As the steamer glided out of the dock, the passengers, gathered on the quarter-deck and paddle-boxes, gave three parting

cheers. There were a number of persons on the pier, who received the salute with perfect equanimity. We then gave them three times three, and succeeded in eliciting two in return. An old fisherman of the place profited by our delay in disposing of two baskets of "murr's eggs." These are the eggs of a sea-fowl on the coast of Labrador. They are about the size of a turkey's egg, pointed at one end, and of a pale-blue color, curiously spotted, and streaked with black. The fisherman informed us that "the gentry eats 'em," and we had some of them boiled, but after testing the odor thereof, none of us had courage to break the shell. I kept one as a curiosity, greatly to my embarrassment. I could not have it boiled, for they crack in boiling; I could not pack it away, for fear of smashing it; I could neither carry it about with me, nor leave it in my state-room without great risk, but was constantly troubled by it until the last day of the voyage, when it was broken.

While in Halifax we obtained a pilot for Newfoundland: a little, brown, wiry, wide-awake fellow, who had gathered coast-knowledge in many a tough north-easter. His own apparent self-reliance inspired confidence in us, and we sailed for the Land of Fogs with a glow of cheerful expectation. It was dusk before we emerged from the harbor, but the long northern twilight lingered on the borders of the sky; and, as night deepened, the stars shone more brightly than they ever shone before, to our eyes. The planet Jupiter cast a long wake upon the sea; the Milky Way burned like a luminous cloud, making pale the lustre of the neighboring stars; while scarcely a minute elapsed but some meteor shot across the heavens, leaving a silvery trail behind it.

There seemed not one vault only, but deeps beyond deeps of glory, overspanning each other until the eye ceased to follow them. The meteors, some far, swift, and faint, some near and dazzling, fell from the inner to the outer circles of the heavens, like telegraphic messages between the several "spiritual spheres." Many of our company remained on deck till nearly midnight, notwithstanding the cold northern wind.

All the next forenoon we ran along the dark Nova Scotian shores; the sea, the sky, and the land were alike cheerless and forbidding, and the air so cold that we felt a chill through overcoats and thick shawls. The coast was low and undulating, covered with fir forests which looked black under the clouds, and faced with rugged ramparts of gray rock. A few fishing craft were hovering outside the breakers, ready to run into any sheltered cove in case the wind should increase to a gale, as it threatened. Towards noon we made the light on Cape Canso, and shortly afterwards crossed the mouth of the Gut of Canso, which divides Nova Scotia from Cape Breton Island. The coast of Cape Breton is from six to eight hundred feet high, and presents a bold front to the sea. Its aspect is peculiarly desolate on an overcast day. In the evening, we passed Cape Pleasant, not more than six miles from the old harbor and town of Louisbourg, so famous in our Colonial history. The ruins of the ancient French fortifications are still to be seen, but the trade of the town has long since been transferred to Halifax and Sydney, and it is now almost deserted. It is the only spot in the north-east which is prominent in our early history, and must still be a very interesting old place

At midnight we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The sky was cloudless, inconceivably clear and radiant, and an arch of white auroral fire spanned the northern horizon. It was so brilliant as to cast a glow upon the water, and to make the segment of sky inclosed within it appear black by contrast. It steadily brightened until the arch broke, when the fragments gathered into lustrous balls, or nuclei, which sent long streamers and dancing tongues of light almost to the zenith. Then the whole pageant faded away, to be reborn in the air, and brighten as before.

The expected gale did not come, and the next morning was as splendidly clear as an Arctic midsummer. We sailed between two hemispheres of blue, fanned by a wind which was a tonic to both soul and body. The only vapor which blurred the horizon was a white, filmy band, lying over the coast of Newfoundland, dead ahead. I saw the faint blue loom of land early in the morning, when it must have been between thirty and forty miles distant, but the outline of the coast was not very distinct until about nine o'clock. Immediately after breakfast there were religious services in the after cabin—prayers by the Rev. Dr. Spring and Mr. Sherwood, and a sermon by Mr. Field. An hour or more passed in the performance of this duty, and when we ascended to the deck we were rapidly nearing the long line of bold, barren hills. Cape Ray, the extreme southwestern point of the island, was on our left, rising from the sea in a lofty conical peak, which was separated by a broad natural gap from the mountain-wall, 1,200 feet in height, which rose inland, behind the southern coast. The aspect of this shore was sublime in its very bleakness. Not a tree was to be



seen, and the gray of its hoary rocks was but partially veiled by the grass and stunted shrubs coaxed into life by the short Summer of this latitude.

Our pilot headed directly for Port-aux-Basques, our destination, but to the eye the coast presented a long line of iron rocks, without any apparent place of shelter. Even after we had made out the straggling huts of the fishermen, along the brow of the cliffs, and seen their tanned sails creeping outside the line of snow-white surf, there was no sign of a harbor, such as our chart indicated. Our little pilot, however, knew the ground, and when he had brought us within half a mile of the gray rocks, we saw the narrow mouth of the harbor on their right. The hue of the water showed deep soundings everywhere, and we ran securely into the port, which was deserted, except by a fishing boat that put out to meet us. The bark Sarah L. Bryant, which sailed from Liverpool on the 3d of July with the submarine cable on board, had not arrived. We were too soon for our errand, and the chiefs of the company immediately decided to leave for St. Johns, after communicating with the shore.

I seized this chance of putting my foot on Newfoundland soil. We jumped into a rough but very serviceable boat, of native manufacture, manned by two oarsmen—stout, lusty fellows, with red cheeks, tanned breasts, and clear, honest, cheerful eyes. Half way to the shore a four-oared boat met us, with Mr. Canning, the engineer of the Mediterranean Submarine Telegraph, on board. He had come from England especially to superintend the laying of the cable to Cape Breton, and had already been two weeks



at Port-aux-Basques. He was quite a young man, but active and resolute in appearance.

We passed behind the piles of gray, weather-beaten rocks, which we now saw formed an island, called Channel Head by the boatmen. The water was full of floating kelp of great size, and the oars and rudder frequently became tangled in it. In the narrow strait between the rocks and the mainland the water was shallow, showing a rich and brilliant vegetation. The rocky bottom was covered with sea-mosses of the purest emerald, purple, dark-red, and amber hues, over which dragged the long orange stems, and thin, glutinous ruffles of the kelp. But now we approached the village, whose one-story wooden houses began to stud the bluff, grassy knobs. Further back, on higher mounds, were groups of the inhabitants, principally women, who seemed to be watching us. We sprang ashore on some rocks, climbed the hill, despite the fishy odors which saluted us, and were in the village of Port-aux-Basques.

It was one of the queerest places in the world. Fancy a line of the roughest mounds or knobs, formed of marshy soil sprinkled with boulders of gneiss, or some kindred rock, and flung together in the most confused and irregular manner possible. Drop a square, clapboarded, veteran hut here, and another there, with a studied avoidance of order; stack quantities of dried codfish, after the manner of haycocks, in any convenient place; infuse a smell of salted fish into the air and a smell of cooked fish into the euts; add a few handsome dogs, some stalwart specimens of men, and children each of whom would furnish vitality

for four New Yorkers—and you have the prominent features of the place. Where there were no rocks there was swamp, even on the hill-tops; and where the grass and weeds had bridged over the oozy soil, it was as elastic beneath our feet as a floor of India-rubber. The vegetation was that of Spring and Autumn combined; the golden ranunculus was in blossom beside the aster and the golden rod; the delicate blue harebell grew beside the white flowering elder bush; the fragrant, vernal grasses scented the air (in places distant from fish); and the azure iris, or *fleur-de-lis*, rose in thick beds between the rocks.

The village contains between seventy and a hundred houses, which are scattered along the knobs for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. These knobs are separated by ravines, two of which are crossed by wooden bridges. There are footpaths branching in all directions, but I saw nothing like a regular road. Near the centre of the place, at the head of the sheltered cove, there is a large two-story building for the storage of fish. A flagstaff behind it had the English and American ensigns hoisted together. Hereabouts the stacks of dried fish were very plentiful. I was forcibly reminded of the description of the Norwegian fish-market at Lofoden, in Mügge's romance of "Afraja." Some of the houses were painted white or dark-red, but the greater part showed the dingy, leaden hue of the native wood. There was neither tavern, church, nor store to be seen, but we were told that various articles might be bought at the house of a man named Waddell—which house was distinguished by the figure-head of the Prince Charles, lost on this coast, planted beside it.

There is also service on Sundays, occasionally; but the minister, it seems, had charge of several similar parishes, and was preaching somewhere in the wilderness. This fact might have explained the absence of the inhabitants, who had gone forth for a holiday, but I half suspected that they had retreated at our approach, out of shyness or fear. Many of them have never seen any other part of the world. When the Telegraphic Company sent two horses there the year previous, there was a great excitement in the place. Horses had never been seen before, except in pictures. Those which were left to winter there were speedily slaughtered and eaten. The line of telegraph poles, however, which crosses the hills, is a streak of light which will soon illuminate this benighted corner of the world.

I was much struck with the free, vigorous, healthy look of the inhabitants. The men were noble examples of physical vigor. The women—except one old dame—I did not see; but the children showed the soundness of the stock from which they sprang. There was one little girl, with a cloud of auburn curls around her head, whose blue eye and tan-roseate cheek made a very sunshine in the shaded doorway where she sat. The men were not only pre-eminently healthy and vigorous, but they had honest, happy, reliable faces—faces which it strengthens you to look upon. I should be perfectly willing to spend a month or two among them, notwithstanding their rude mode of life, and their complete isolation.

We had but an hour allowed us, and so went springing from rock to rock, or bounding over the elastic marshes, inhaling alternate whiffs of fish and flowers, until we had

made a rapid tour of the village. Under that glorious sky, and in the breath of that bracing air, the scenery had a singular charm for me. The sea, blue as the Mediterranean, thrust its shining arms deep among the hills, which, divided by lagoons, resembled an archipelago of green islands. The white rocks along the shore hurled back a whiter wall of snowy breakers; and westward, beyond the peaked headland of Cape Ray, rose the blue mountain-wall, streaked with the gray of its rocky parapet. Not a tree, not even a large shrub was in sight; nothing but grass, flowers, and rocks. The bare forms of the landscape harmonized with its monotony of color; it was sublime in its very bleakness and simplicity. It resembled nothing I have seen on the American Continent, but rather the naked, heathery hills of the western coast of Scotland.

In two hours we resumed our course, standing eastward along the coast, whose beautiful stretch of swelling hills turned to a deep violet in the flush of sunset. The night was cloudless, sparkling with stars, streaked with meteors, and illuminated by a twilight which wheeled slowly from west to east, under the North Star, but never faded away. In the morning we saw the uninhabited islands of Miquelon and Langley, which belong to France, and passed near enough to the fishing-station of St. Pierre to discern the lighthouse at the entrance of the little harbor. The neighboring waters were dotted with the red or tan-colored sails of the French fishing smacks. The town of St. Pierre contains but about 1,500 inhabitants, but I was informed that during the Summer season there are frequently 400 sail in the harbor, and from 30,000 to 40,000

persons in the streets. We should probably have touched there but for the fact that the French government exacts a duty of three francs a ton on all foreign shipping entering the port. St. Pierre is to be made a naval station, and the Government designs sending large numbers of recruits for the marine to be educated in the fishing service. There is no better school in the world to make hardy sailors.



## XXI.

### A TELEGRAPHIC TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

[AUGUST, 1855.]

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#### II.—ST. JOHNS, AND A WALK TO TOPSAIL.

I WAS lying in my berth, in one of the deck state-rooms, on Monday morning, when a sailor came up to the open window and said: "You'd better get up, Sir; we shall be at St. Johns in an hour." I took his advice at once, hurried on my clothes, and got on deck in time to see us pass Cape Spear, a bare, green headland, crowned with a lighthouse, beyond which the coast trends westward for several miles. The land was lofty, presenting a bold front to the sea, and the entrance to St. Johns Harbor, which our little pilot pointed out to me in front of us, was a narrow gap between two precipitous hills whose bases almost touched. The morning was rainy and overcast, but not foggy, and the approach to the shore was so secure that we made

directly for the entrance, which we had almost reached, when a four-oared boat, carrying a pilot, put off to meet us. The town of St. Johns already began to appear through the gap or gorge, and in a few minutes we were sailing between nearly perpendicular walls of dark red sandstone, which rose to the height of 700 feet on the southern, and 520 feet on the northern side. We were hailed from a small lighthouse and battery at the entrance. The passage is not more than three or four hundred yards wide.

Signal Hill, on the north side, is crowned with an old battery and barracks, now converted into a military hospital. There is also a water battery of five guns at its foot, opposite Chain Rock, so called from the fact that in former times a heavy iron chain was stretched from this rock across the channel, to prevent the passage of ships. Beyond this point we entered the harbor, which curved around South-side Hill, extending inland for nearly a mile. It has plenty of water everywhere, with excellent holding ground, and is completely sheltered by the high hills of the coast. The town is built on the western side, facing the entrance. Its old-fashioned houses of brick and weather-beaten wood line the shore for the distance of a mile, climbing the steep side of a hill which is crowned by the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Colonial Buildings, the Government House and two small fortifications. Beyond it, other hills, partly cultivated, and dotted with small white country-houses, rise inland. A crowd of schooners and small craft lay at the wharves, and fishing boats were moving hither and thither over the harbor. All around the

shoies, wherever space could be found, were the flakes of the fishermen—light wooden platforms, supported by poles, and covered with salted codfish in all stages of drying. These picturesque flakes, not unlike the grape arbors of Italy, and a powerful fishy smell in the atmosphere, proclaim at once to the stranger the principal business of St. Johns.

We moved slowly up the harbor and came to anchor near its western extremity. The arrival of the *James Adger* produced a much more decided sensation than at Halifax. Notwithstanding the early hour there was a crowd gathered upon the wharf, and some of us who landed for a stroll before breakfast were stared at by all the men we met and followed by most of the boys. The principal business street in the town is near the water, running along the western side of the harbor. The houses are mostly two-story dwellings of brick or stone, with heavy slate roofs, and more remarkable for solidity than beauty. This part of the town has all been rebuilt since the great conflagration in June, 1846, from the effects of which St. Johns has but recently recovered. At that time a space of 150 acres was burned over, and 2,300 buildings consumed. Twelve thousand people were made homeless, and property to the amount of £1,000,000 destroyed. Those districts which escaped still retain the dingy old wooden houses of which the town was originally built. The population of St. Johns at present is estimated at 20,000.

In the course of the morning I visited all of the principal sights of the place, under the guidance of Mr. Winton, editor of *The Public Ledger*. The most prominent building

is the Catholic Cathedral, which had just been completed. It occupies a commanding position on the crest of the hill, and being built of gray stone, with tall square towers, bears some resemblance to the Cathedral of Montreal, which it equals in dimensions. The interior, however, does not bear out its exterior promise. The nave is low, and therefore does not produce the effect which might be expected from its length and breadth; the architectural ornaments are tawdry and inharmonious. The palace of Bishop Mullock stands beside the Cathedral, with a little garden in front. On this part of the hill is an earthwork called Fort Frederick, which contained but a small garrison. In fact, the entire number of troops stationed at St. Johns, including those in Fort William, Chain Rock Battery, and upon Signal Hill, amounts only to about two hundred men, who belong to what is called the Royal Newfoundland Company, and are not transferred to other stations. I never saw a more healthy and vigorous body of men. There are in England no ruddier faces, no clearer eyes, no more sappy and well-conditioned bodies. I looked with great admiration at one of the sentries on duty at Fort William. Tall, straight as a lance, with firmly chiselled, half-Grecian features, a thick, soft mustache and a classical chin, he had a complexion like that of a ripe peach, a mellow, ruddily golden flush, which showed the noblest painting of air and sunshine, and was worthy of the Titianic pencil of Page.

Capt. Bowlin courteously conducted us over Fort Frederick, where the most interesting thing I saw was the library and reading-room of the soldiers—a neat little apartment, containing 1,650 well-selected volumes, and a number

of newspapers and periodicals. I am not aware that so profitable an institution as this has ever been attached to any of our own garrisons. The fortifications are all small, and seem to me quite insufficient for the defence of so important a place. The Government House, on the contrary, is built on a scale of needless magnificence, having cost £50,000, on an estimate of £9,000. It is a long, heavy-looking mansion, of dark gray stone, on the ridge of the hill, and surrounded by an inclosure planted with trees, which appear to grow very slowly on the thin soil. In the outskirts of the town, towards the north and west, there are several neat private residences with gardens attached, where the more hardy varieties of fruit ripen, and even apples, with proper protection, are made to bear; but strawberries (which were just disappearing) gooseberries, currants, and cherries, are the only certain fruits.

The Colonial Building, with its Grecian portico, stands near the Government House. The Council Chambers were closed, but I saw the Library, and the nucleus of a museum of the natural history of Newfoundland, which promises to be valuable. There were seals of all sizes and ages, wolves, foxes, partridges, grouse, hawks, owls, the heads and horns of the cariboo or reindeer, beaver, otter, hares, and various other animals, some of which seem to be peculiar to the island. The cariboo is said to be almost identical with the Lapp reindeer, whence some have conjectured that it was first introduced by the Norsemen, who, it is well known, first discovered Newfoundland, which they named *Helluland*, or "The Land of broad, flat stones." In the hall of the building there is a vacant niche, which



ought to be filled with a statue of the gallant old Admiral, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who in the year 1583 founded St. Johns.

The Episcopal Cathedral stands on the slope of the hill, below its Catholic rival. Only the chancel has been erected which is of dark stone, of a plain but pleasing form of the Gothic style. From its imposing dimensions, the building when completed, will surpass the Catholic Cathedral in size, as the latter surpasses it in position. The animosity between the two sects is very bitter, and since an independent Colonial Government has been given to Newfoundland, it enters into politics, and is the source of endless bickerings. There are several other Protestant churches, the principal of which is the Congregational Church, but none of them add much to the beauty of the place. In fact, Nature has done nearly everything for St. Johns. Spread along the slope of a long hill, almost every house commands a view of the beautiful harbor, the grand gateway between Signal and South-side Hills, and an arc of blue ocean beyond; while, looking inland, picturesque hills, black fir-woods, yellow hay-fields, cottages, and the white ribands of admirable roads, branching off in various directions, form landscapes of very different character, but equally as attractive. The air is always pure and exhilarating, and though there is much rain during the Winter and Spring months, fogs are quite rare. The thick mist-curtains which enshroud the great fishing-banks roll up, day after day, to within a mile or two of the shore, and there tower, like immense walls, leaving all within them in clear sunshine. The harbor of St. Johns is much less subject to fog than that of Halifax

In calling Newfoundland the Land of Fogs, we have made the mistake of applying to the island the climate and atmosphere of the Grand Bank, from which it is separated by a belt of deep water from forty to sixty miles in breadth.

The morning of our arrival was rainy, but about noon the wind came out of the south-west, rolling the masses of cloud before it, and leaving spaces of blue sky in their place. As the time of our stay was uncertain, and I was anxious to see something of the country, I acceded to a proposal of Mr. Winton, that we should walk out in the afternoon to a farm belonging to his mother, near Topsail, on Conception Bay, eleven miles distant, and there spend the night. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Middlebrook joined me, and we started at once. Following the main street in a south-western direction, past the head of the harbor, we soon emerged into a fine macadamized road, which left the valley and gradually ascended over the undulating slopes of the hills. For some distance it was lined with suburban cottages, surrounded with potato-patches, gooseberry-bushes, or clumps of fir and spruce trees, which sometimes attain a height of thirty feet. The largest trunk I saw was about eighteen inches in diameter. To these followed fields of thick grass, sometimes brown and shorn, sometimes striped with fragrant swathes or dotted with rounded haycocks. There were also some fields of oats and barley, which were still quite green, one only coming into head. We met a few rough country carts, driven by hardy, sun-burned men or boys, going to St. Johns, but neither horse-men nor pleasure-carriages, nor pedestrians, except unmis-takable laborers. It was evidently a land of work.

After travelling four or five miles at a pace which would have been fatiguing but for the constant exhilaration of the south-west breeze that blew in our faces, we reached a wild, rolling upland, where the signs of cultivation became more scarce, and from the character of the wild land I could perceive how much labor and expense are requisite to fit it for cultivation. The timber is short, but exceedingly hard and tough, and after the trees are cut and the stumps grubbed up, the soil is covered with loose stones, which must be picked off over and over again before there is a sufficient foothold for grain or potatoes. In spite of all this, and the fact that the soil is but a thin layer upon a basis of solid rock, which continually crops out through it, the yield of hay is remarkably good, and potatoes, when they escape the rot, produce very well. The price of cleared land varies from £5 to £15 per acre, according to quality and location. Farming, in this part of the island, can scarcely be remunerative, except at a crisis like the present, when all the necessaries of life are very dear.

The scenery through which our road lay reminded me continually of the western coast of Scotland. It certainly bore no resemblance to any part of the American continent which I have visited. High, bald ranges of hills, following the line of the coast, stretched away southwards, where they blended with the rolling inland, covered with dark woods of spruce, fir, and larch. From every ridge we overlooked stern tracts of wilderness, which embosomed lakes of cold, fresh water, bluer than sapphire. Occasionally, streams whose tint of golden brown betrayed the roots and trunks through which they had filtered, brawled over their

rocky beds. A few cattle and sheep grazing along the edge of the woods gave a pastoral air to this region, which would otherwise have been desolate in its ruggedness and loneliness.

We stopped a few minutes at a wayside tavern, where, in a room with sanded floor and colored prints on the walls, we were served with spruce beer, bitter with the resinous extract of the tree. We had walked eight miles, and were now upon the dividing ridge between the Atlantic and Conception Bay, a deep sheet of water which reaches to within three miles of Placentia Bay, on the southern side of the island, and almost insulates the promontory on which St. Johns is built. Two hills opened like a gateway, and between them spread the blue waters of the bay, with its dim further shore, and the long, undulating hills of Bell Isle basking in the soft light of the afternoon sun. The road, which was as hard and smooth as an English highway, led downwards to the shore, revealing with every step a wider stretch of bay, over which towered, on the right, the pale red and gray rocks of Topsail Head, rising to a height of seven or eight hundred feet. In a little glen, the bottom of which, by careful clearing and draining, had been turned into a smooth field of thick, mossy turf, we found the neat white cottage which was to be our resting-place for the night. A rapid stream foamed beside it, and hills of fir inclosed it on all sides, except the north, which was open to the bay. The mistress of the house was absent, but we found a man and maid-servant, who conducted the affairs of the household in her stead.

As there were still two or three hours of daylight, we

walked on to the village of Topsail, and followed the road along the shore to a place called Chamberlain's Point. The views across the bay, and south-westward towards its head, were very beautiful. Bell Isle lay stretched out before us in its whole length, with the picturesque little fishing village of Lance Cove opposite to us. Little Bell Isle and Kelly's Isle were further south, and beyond them the shore was no longer bold and bluff, but sank into gentle hills. The road was lined with the wooden huts of the fishermen, with here and there the more ambitious summer cottage of a St. John's merchant, buried in a sheltering grove of fir-trees. The scenery became less bleak and rugged as we advanced, and I regretted that I had not time to follow the road to Holyrood, eighteen miles further, at the head of the bay.

We returned to the cottage under a sunset sky as clear and cold as it is possible for a sky to appear. The fire of dried boughs in the capacious chimney-place was very comfortable in the evening, and in spite of a brilliant white auroral arch and shooting lances of golden flame in the northern sky, we preferred remaining in-doors, lounging on the benches in the chimney corner, smoking, and listening to tales of cod-fishing, and wolf or bear hunting, told by the shrewd, sturdy, serving-man, William of Dorsetshire. William was farmer, hunter, and sailor, all in one, and his originally frank and honest nature had ripened vigorously in the exercise of the three manliest occupations in the world. His blunt, expressive language and rough experiences of the Newfoundland shores and forests had a real charm for me, and the early bedtime of the country came



on apace. I enjoyed a sound sleep after the day's tramp and awoke with the first blush of a morning as frostily cool as our October. We had hired a horse and light wagon from Mr. Daly, who kept a store and tavern for the fishermen at Topsail; Mr. Winton added his own wagon and gray pony, and two hours' drive over the hills, in the cloudless sunshine and elastic air, brought us back to St. Johns.

We found our fellow passengers preparing for an excursion to Portugal Cove, on Conception Bay. The hospitality of St. Johns was already exerting itself to find means for our diversion, and every available private carriage in the town (where there is not a single hack to be hired) had been secured. Before one o'clock all our passengers and twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen of the place were on the road. We passed the Cathedral and Government House, catching, from the other side of the hill, a glimpse of Quidi Vidi Lake, a picturesque sheet of water which lies behind Signal Hill, and slowly climbed to the rolling, wooded uplands of the interior. To the north extended a shallow basin, containing 1,700 acres of dwarf spruce forest, beyond which arose the blue headlands of the coast, with slips of the ocean horizon between. All this tract might be cleared and cultivated, but much of it would require drainage, and the expense of preparing it for grain would hardly repay the scanty and uncertain yield. All this region is remarkably well watered: in fact, the same remark applies to the whole island, and it is estimated that one-fourth of its surface consists of lakes and ponds. We passed several beautiful lakes, swarming with trout, and gleaming cold and blue in the sunshine. Twenty-mile

Pond, a picturesque sheet of water, is six or seven miles in length, and contains several islands. There were a few cottages and hay-fields along the road, and I saw some stacks of peat, which must have been cut more from custom and tradition than necessity, for wood is abundant.

After skirting the shores of Twenty-mile Pond, the road crossed another ridge, and descended rapidly towards Conception Bay, which, as on the Topsail Road, opened finely between two lofty headlands, with the northern half of Bell Isle before us, and the line of the opposite shore stretching away dimly to its extremity. The bight below us, inclosed by the headlands, was Portugal Cove; and the huts of the fishermen, sprinkled over the rocks, formed a crescent a mile in length, in the middle of which a stream from the lake above fell in sparkling cascades into the bay. Flakes covered with odoriferous codfish arose like terraces from the shore, where the boats of the fishermen were moored, while others, with their lines out, dotted the surface of the water. There was a wild and picturesque beauty in the place, which made us forget its fishy atmosphere. Some of the party strolled around the cove; others climbed rocks for a wider lookout; others read the epitaphs in an ancient graveyard; but after an hour or two all were willing to return to the village tavern, where our hosts had provided an admirable lunch. We returned to St. Johns early in the afternoon on account of the dinner to be given on board the steamer in the evening.

## XXII.

### A TELEGRAPHIC TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

[AUGUST, 1855.]

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#### III.—ST. JOHNS—EXCURSIONS AND FESTIVITIES.

I AROSE on the following morning at five o'clock, and accompanied Mr. Field on a trip to Logie Bay, a cove in the coast about six miles north of St. Johns. We had a light open wagon, an Irish driver, and an old stager of a horse, which took us over the ground in a few minutes less than an hour. The road passed through a portion of the stunted fir-woods which we had skirted on the way to Portugal Cove, and then turned eastward towards the coast, approaching a lofty headland of red sandstone rock, which is a prominent feature in the view northward from St. Johns. The rolling upland gradually sloped into a narrow valley, with a stream at the bottom. Following this, we descended to a cluster of fishing huts at the head of a rocky

cove, less than a quarter of a mile in breadth, between the two headlands. The shore was everywhere perpendicular, or nearly so, and the huts were perched upon the brink of cliffs seventy or eighty feet high, at the bottom of which the sea rolled in and broke in volumes of spray. A steep foot-path descended between the flakes of the fishermen to a gap or split in the rocks, across which was built the boat-house, a light timber framework high above the water, and provided with falls for hauling up the boats in rough weather.

An old fisherman, who appeared to be the only male at home, the other inhabitants having gone off before daylight to their fishing labors, accompanied us to the boat-house, and pointed out the spot where a part of it had been carried away by the fall of an overhanging mass of rock. We walked along an elastic platform, made by poles fastened together, to the end, whence there was a magnificent view of the cove, with its walls of dark-red sandstone, fringed with moving lines of foam, and its grand buttress of Red Head, as the promontory is called, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of 780 feet. A few fishing craft dotted the gray surface of the sea, over which the mist hung low in the distance.

The fishermen's wives were employed in spreading out upon the flakes the fish which had been stacked together during the night, with the skins uppermost to protect them from moisture. They informed us that the season was unusually good, but as the price of fish was low they would gain but little by their abundance. Last year, they said, fish had sold at fifteen and sixteen shillings the quintal (120 lbs.) but this year the price had gone down to twelve and

thirteen shillings. The value, let me here explain, is not so much regulated by the demand in foreign markets as by the will of the merchants of St. Johns, who not only fix the price of the fish they buy but of the goods they sell to the fishermen. They thus gain in both ways, and fatten rapidly on the toils and hardships of the most honest and simple-hearted race in the world. It is their policy to keep the fishermen always in debt to them, and the produce of the fishing season is often mortgaged to them in advance. It is an actual fact that these poor fishermen are obliged to pay for their flour, groceries, and provisions from 50 to 100 per cent more than the rich and independent residents of St. Johns. It is no wonder therefore that the merchants amass large fortunes in the course of eight or ten years, while their virtual serfs remain as poor and as ignorant as their fathers before them. These things were mentioned to me by more than one of the intelligent citizens of St. Johns, and confirmed by all of the fishermen with whom I conversed on the subject. Several of the latter said to me, "Ah, Sir, if your people had the management of things here it would be better for us." This monopolizing spirit of gain is the curse, not only of St. Johns, but of all Newfoundland. It is the spirit which resists all progress, all improvements for the general good which seem to threaten the overthrow of its unjust advantages—which has made Newfoundland at the present day, three hundred and fifty years after its discovery by Sebastian Cabot, an almost unknown wilderness, and which would fain preserve it as a wilderness, in order that no other branch of industry may be developed but that upon which it preys.



The fishermen in some cases deliver their fish to the merchants, cured; in others, the latter purchase the yield as it comes from the boats, and have the drying done upon their own flakes. The livers are usually sold separately to those merchants who carry on the manufacture of oil. The dried cod, after having been assorted, are stored in warehouses, ready to be shipped to foreign markets. The greatest demand is from Spain, Cuba, and the West Indies generally. The whole town is pervaded by the peculiar odor of the fish, which even clings to the garments of those who deal in them. This odor, very unpleasant at first, becomes agreeable by familiarity, and finally the nostrils cease to take cognizance of it. St. Johns is decidedly the most ancient and fish-like town in North America. I saw a man in the street one day whose appearance and expression were precisely that of a dried codfish.

We returned homewards from Logie Bay by way of Virginia Water, the residence of Mr. Emerson, Solicitor-General. This is one of the most charmingly secluded hermitages which it is possible to imagine. We first turned into a stony lane, leading through the midst of a young forest of fir and spruce trees. As the lane descended the trees became taller and more dense, until we arrived at a cottage-lodge, shaded by a willow, on the edge of a beautiful lake, entirely encompassed by the dark woods. Passing this lodge, we found ourselves on a grassy peninsula, twenty yards in width, between what appeared to be two lakes, but were in reality the two ends of one, which curves itself into a nearly perfect circle, **three miles**

in extent. A gate at the end of this isthmus ushered us into the woods again, between trees thirty or forty feet high, and so dense as to be almost impenetrable. Out of the dark avenue we came at last upon an open lawn of about two acres, sloping from Mr. Emerson's cottage to the lake. The cottage had a veranda in front, completely overrun with hop-vines and the fragrant woodbine, and the edges of the wall of fir trees behind it were brilliant with the blossoms of a variety of hardy garden-flowers. The lawn sloped to the south, looking across the lake to the woods beyond, whose dark-green tops hemmed in the sky. The keen north-west wind which rippled the water was unfelt around the cottage, so completely was it sheltered by its fir palisades.

Mr. Emerson and his daughters received us cordially, and offered us some delicious coffee, which our long ride in the cool morning air made very acceptable. I regretted that time would not allow us to explore the wild wood-paths over the island on which his house is built, and that the carriage-road along the borders of the lake was so much out of repair that we could not pass over it. The lake swarms with trout, and as Mr. Emerson is fortunate enough to possess the whole of it, he has at hand an unlimited supply of this prince of fish. The cottage was originally built by a former Governor of the island. Were it in the vicinity of New York or London, the property would be beyond all price; but when I looked up at the cold sky overhead, and remembered the brief, barren Summer of Newfoundland, I felt that I should prefer a simple tent beneath the Oriental palms.

In the afternoon I walked out to Signal Hill, the peak of which I have already spoken, forming the northern side of the gateway to the harbor. It is a mass of old red sandstone, rising 520 feet above the sea. The summit is devoted entirely to military purposes. There was formerly a battery, which, being of little use, has been abandoned; also a hospital, which has been converted into barracks for the married soldiers, and a station whence approaching vessels are signalled to the town. A steep and rugged foot-path over the rocks led us to the block-house, out of which rises the signal-staff, on the apex of the headland. The door was open, the house untenanted, and I made my way to the look-out gallery, and used the excellent telescope, without hindrance from any one. The panorama from this point is superb, embracing the town and harbor of St. Johns, the country inland, clouded with forests and spangled with blue lakes, as far as the western headlands which rise above Conception Bay. At my feet yawned the throat of the wonderful harbor; Southside Hill, gray and mossy, rose beyond it, with the long, narrow inlet of Freshwater Bay to the left, and the bold green hills of the coast stretching away to Cape Spear. Between me and the latter point the boats of the St. Johns fishermen swarmed over the water, and on a distant horizon arose the wall of white fog which marks the boundaries of the Grand Bank.

I had a strong desire to visit the fishing village of Quidi Vidi, at the foot of the lake of the same name, and on descending Signal Hill took a path which led to the right, along the top of a range of grassy fields. The people of

St. Johns account for the name of the lake by a tradition of an old Portuguese sailor, its discoverer, who, at first beholding it, cried out in his native language, "What do I see?" This lake is a favorite resort in summer, and the place where the annual regattas are held. It is about a mile long, lying in a deep valley, the sides of which are covered with hay-fields. A stream from its further end falls in a succession of little cascades down a rocky ledge into the land-locked cove, around which the village of Quidi Vidi is built. We pursued our path over a sloping down covered with dwarf whortle-berries and wild roses of delicious perfume. The *Kalmia latifolia* grew in thick clumps, and its flowering period was not entirely past. After a walk of a mile we reached the village, which contains forty or fifty houses, built at the head and along the sides of an oval sheet of water, completely inclosed by the red rocks, and so silent and glassy that no one would ever suppose it communicated with the turbulent sea without.

Quidi Vidi is entirely a fishing village, and a more picturesque one an artist could not desire. Except the smells of the codfish drying on the lofty flakes, which at once disenchant a romantic visitor, it seems almost Arcadian in its air of neatness and of quiet. The flakes, notwithstanding the uses to which they are dedicated, are really picturesque objects, their light platforms shooting above the grassy knolls around the village, and even above the houses and lanes, so that portions of the place are veritably roofed with cod-fish. The boat-houses, constructed of light poles with the bark on, extend over

the water, whose green depths mirror the white cottages, the flakes, and the red rocks towering above them. Three or four fishermen who had just returned from their day's work, saluted us in a friendly manner, and at our request manned a boat and pulled us to the mouth of the cove where a gut between the rocks, thirty or forty feet in breadth and two hundred feet in length, conducts to the sea. This gut is so shallow, that at some seasons the fishermen are confined within their cove for a week at a time, unable to get their boats outside. A heavy sea also imprisons them, and although there was a very light swell at the time of our visit, our boatmen preferred waiting for the pauses of smooth water. The outside cove, between the headlands of Sugar Loaf and Cuckold's Head, is small but exceedingly beautiful, the nearly vertical strata of red sandstone shooting like walls to the height of several hundred feet above the water. A herring net was set inside of the cove, and two or three youths in a boat with a gun, were endeavoring to shoot a salt-water pigeon. Our fishermen were fine, athletic, honest fellows, and I should desire no better recreation than to live a month among them, sharing their labors so far as I might be able, and drawing strength from their healthy and manly natures.

In the evening the grand ball, given to the officers of the Telegraph Company and their guests, came off at the Colonial Buildings. It had only been determined upon at the dinner on board the James Adger the evening before, and the citizens of St. Johns, who had taken upon themselves the labor of getting up the entertainment, were in a ferment



of preparation from morning till night. A large private party which had been appointed for the same evening was postponed until the next week, and all the resources of the place called upon to furnish a display which should be creditable to it and to the occasion. They succeeded admirably, and the festivity no doubt passed off with greater spirit and cordiality on account of its impromptu character. The Colonial Buildings were brilliantly illuminated; libraries and offices were converted into dressing-rooms, the Supreme Court became a ball-room, and the Assembly Chamber contained more good things (in the way of supper) than for a long time before. At the extremity of the ball-room the English and American flags were displayed, and the band of the garrison played loudly for the dancers. At supper we had speeches from Mr. Little, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Field, with the usual amount of cheers and enthusiasm.

All the belle sof St. Johns were present, and we had an opportunity of verifying the reports of their beauty. There are no fresher and lovelier complexions out of England. They retain the pure red and white—milk and roses, say the Germans—of their transmarine ancestry, with the bright eyes and delicate features of our own continent. I was glad to see, however, that our young American ladies bore the test of comparison without injury, and that it was not merely the courtesy due to strangers which attracted the Newfoundland bachelors towards them.

I have already spoken of the healthy appearance of the people. Statistics show that there is no climate in the world more conducive to health and longevity; but proba-

bly the quiet, unexcitable habits of the Newfoundlanders contribute somewhat to this result. There are, I have been informed, no prevalent diseases. I have heard of some cases of consumption among the fishermen, probably occasioned by extreme hardship and exposure; but fevers and diseases of the digestive and nervous systems are rare. No race of people that I have ever seen shows more healthy and vigorous stamina, and the natural morality which accompanies this condition. They are nourished by the pure, vital blood, unmixed with any of those morbid elements which so often poison the life of our physically and spiritually intemperate American people. When shall we learn the all-important truth that vice is oftener pathological than inherent in the heart, and that a sound body is the surest safeguard against those social evils with which we are threatened?

Our passengers invested largely in dogs. The pure Newfoundland breed, however, is about as difficult to be obtained in St. Johns as elsewhere, owing to its being continually crossed with exported curs of all kinds. Now and then you see a specimen, whose beauty, sagacity, and noble animal dignity proclaim him to be of the true blood, but such are held in high estimation and rarely offered for sale. In the out-ports, especially towards Labrador, the genuine breed is more frequently met with. Of the fifteen or twenty on board, three or four were very fine animals. They were all jet-black, long-haired, and web-footed, but of very different degrees of beauty and intelligence. The prices range from two to ten dollars, according to age and quality.

On Friday morning I made the ascent of South-side hill, which is the highest point near St. Johns, rising to an altitude of seven or eight hundred feet above the sea. Crossing the bridge at the head of the harbor, I took a steep, stony path, which presently separated into a number of sheep-tracks, and branched off among the scrubby undergrowth which covered the hill. I therefore made a straight course for the crest of the ridge, which I reached after a rough walk of nearly two miles, over boggy shelves of level soil, up stony declivities, and through tearing thickets of stunted spruce. The top of the hill is covered with a spongy, peat-like carpet, a foot or more in depth, formed from the accumulated deposits of the leaves and boughs of the trees which once covered it. The view is not so picturesque as that from Signal hill, but embraces a much greater extent of country to the south and east—a wild, unsettled chaos of dark, wooded hills rolling away to the Atlantic headlands.

We walked for a mile or more (I had one companion) along the ridge to get a better view of Freshwater harbor, which lies just east of the hill. Rougher travelling could not well be. The summit was cut and gashed both laterally and in the line of its direction by chasms of various depth and breadth, sometimes forming little dells with cold ponds at the bottom, sometimes so concealed by a dense growth of spruce that we slipped down to our waists among the bony branches before we were aware. No ordinary boots or garments could stand more than three days of such work. At last we reached the shoulder of a hill overlooking Freshwater harbor, which we found to be merely a

long, narrow cove, the end of which was closed by a sand-bar. There were two or three fishermen's huts on its banks, and a narrow strip of grazing land along the edge of the bleak wilderness in which it was inclosed. The ocean was dotted with fishing craft, sprinkled all over its blue surface. On a favorite bank inside of Cape Spear a crowd of forty or fifty had collected together.

Our labor was repaid by stumbling upon a path which led from Freshwater to St. Johns. On our return I noticed a lonely cabin among the thickets on the northern side of the hill, and left the path to pay it a visit and learn who the people were who lived in such a wild place. We made our way with difficulty through the trees and over the chasms until we reached a little glen where some clearing had been done and two patches of weakly potatoës had been planted, in the black, spongy soil. The cabin stood on a stony knob just above. As we approached, a little girl ran in and closed the door, and a dog set up a fierce clamor. I knocked, and after some delay an Irishwoman with wild eyes, unkempt hair, and a dirty face, made her appearance. I asked her for a drink; whereupon she presently came with a small pitcher, and requested us to wait until she should go to a spring at a little distance, the water of which was superior to that of the stream near the house. When she returned we entered the house, which was the very counterpart of an Irish cabin—the walls of stone and mud, the floor of earth, and the furniture of the rudest and scantiest sort. Three girls were squatting around a pile of smoky brushwood in the chimney-place, and the dog, not yet satisfied in re-

gard to our characters, stood sullenly growling beside them.

The woman, in spite of her appearance, had that natural courtesy which springs from the heart. After giving us some water she produced a slab of oaten bread an inch thick, and strongly resembling a specimen of gritstone. The taste, however, was better than the appearance; and when she added a fragment of salt codfish and insisted on our drinking a pot of coffee, which I have no doubt she had prepared for her own and her children's dinner, we found her hospitality by no means to be despised. The humble fare had an excellent relish after our scramble, and the hearty good will with which it was offered freshened the sapless codfish and smoothed the asperities of the oatmeal slab. A large gray cat came into the cabin while we were thus engaged, and after having regarded us with much gravity for a few moments, marched out again. "Och!" said the woman, "but that is a wonderful cat, sure. There niver was such a cat in the world at all at all. She's not afraid, sir, of the biggest dog that ever barked; she'll fly at his throat, an' if ye didn't take her off she'd kill him mighty quick, I tell ye. She knows everything that's goin' on, and she understands your words as plain as any Christian. One night me husband and meself was sittin' in this blessed room, an' we heard a scratchin' like, at the door. Says my husband, 'Peggy, I think there's a rat comin'.' Well, the cat was up in the loft, and she heard what he said, and she came down that very instant and waited by the door till the rat came in. It was a dirty, big rat, bigger nor the cat herself, and she says nothin' but lets it



go down into the cellar in yon corner; thin she heads it off and jumps on it. Oh, Holy Virgin, didn't the rat roar! And it was the king of the rats, so my husband said, and never a rat put his ugly nose into this house since that night, an' its four years ago."

The cat was the object of the woman's boundless enthusiasm; and her stories of its sagacity were so amusing that we were lavish in our expressions of wonder and admiration, for the sake of encouraging her. "She a'most frightens me sometimes," she added,—“she looks into my face like a human craytur, an' I think she'll up an' spake to me. When she sees anything strange she jist sits down on her hinder claws, an' she houlds her fore claws on each side of her head, an' she looks straight forrid till her eyes blaze, and her body stretches right up, gittin' thinner an' thinner, an' longer an' longer, till she's full a yard and a half high.” We took our departure after this, giving the woman a small recompense for her stories, her oaten bread, and her kindness, and receiving the invocation of the Virgin's blessing in return.

In the evening there was a social gathering at the house of Mr. Stabb, which was attended by nearly all our guests. A portion of our company were conveyed thither in carriages; but as there were not enough of the latter to accommodate all, the remainder set out on foot. I presume it was a new sight for St. Johns to witness fifteen or twenty gentlemen and ladies in evening dress promenading the streets. We had not gone far before we were aware of a convoy of attendants or admirers rather loud than respectful. The procession increased at every step; couriers were

sent in advance to spread the news, and the dark side-streets poured little rills of rowdyism into the great current upon which we were borne. The demonstration was confined to whistles, yells, and other outcries, with occasional remarks on the appearance or dress of some of our party, made in that quaint, picturesque style which is peculiar to the *gamins* of London and New York. We were fearful lest they should carry the joke beyond the limits of endurance; but the crowd was a thoroughly good-humored one, and on our arrival at our destination, the whole convoy, then numbering between two and three hundred, united in giving us three cheers.

The hospitality of St. Johns never flagged up to the last moment. Our party lived almost entirely on shore, in a round of festivities, which were very delightful, because they were spontaneous. We found it impossible to accept half the invitations which we received, from sheer want of time. We all retain the most agreeable recollections of our visit, and not a few of our party cherish the hope of returning at some future day, and renewing the acquaintances so auspiciously commenced.

As we were passing Chain Rock battery, on the afternoon of our departure, we noticed the boats of Mr. Husted anchored over the Merlin rock, lying in the channel, the removal of which had been completed during our visit. Mr. Husted hailed us, saying he would give us a parting salute. Nearly all the passengers were gathered on the hurricane-deck at the time, looking their last on the receding harbor. There was a movement on Mr. Husted's boat; a handling of wires; a touch—and then followed a

dumb, heavy explosion which shook our steamer—then not fifty yards from the spot. In a second a circle of water forty or fifty feet in diameter over the rock was violently agitated; a narrower circle was hurled into the air to the height of thirty feet; and from the centre a sheaf of silvery jets sprang seventy or eighty feet above the surface of the sea. The enormous masses of water curved outwards as they ascended, and stood for an instant like colossal plumes waving against the sun, which shone through their tops and blinded our eyes with the diamond lustre. It was a Great Geyser of the sea—a momentary but sublime picture which no volcanic well of the Icelandic valleys can surpass. As it fell, the shower of airy spray drifted down upon us, drenching ourselves and the decks, but creating a sudden rainbow over the paddle-boxes—an arch of promise which spanned our course for an instant, and melted into air with the sound of our parting cheers.

## XXIII.

### A TELEGRAPHIC TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

[AUGUST, 1855.]

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#### IV.—A TRAMP INTO THE INTERIOR.

**AFTER** clearing Cape Spear, on Saturday afternoon, we stood down the coast, intending to stop for the night at the Bay of Bulls, about twenty miles distant, in order to put the steamer in proper trim. The hills rose abruptly from the water's edge to the height of seven or eight hundred feet, their ribs and shoulders of dark-red rock but scantily clothed with a covering of gray moss, sheep's laurel, and dwarf fir-trees. There are neither rocks nor shoals on this part of the coast, and the steamer might have sailed to Cape Race within a gunshot of the land. The deep sea swells, caught in the innumerable clefts and hollows of the rocks, burst upwards in enormous jets of foam, which subsided to rise again after a minute or two of calm. In one

point there was a spout or breathing-hole through the rock, opening about fifty feet above the sea. After each swell rolled in, a slender plume of snow-white spray, thirty feet high, shot through the orifice and waved a moment on the brink of the cliff. The picturesque inequalities of the coast and these curious and graceful caprices of the sea made us forget its terrors as a lee shore, and its bleakness and sterility as a place for the dwelling of man.

We had a very strong south-west wind to contend against, with a long, rolling head-swell, which was severely felt by all who had indulged in the late hours and sumptuous suppers of St. Johns. It was a partial relief when we rounded into the Bay of Bulls and ran through a mile of smooth water to its head. The harbor is nearly elliptical in shape. The northern shore rises into a high conical peak, partly covered with stunted spruce and fir-trees, and sloping on its western side into a range of hills which sweep like an amphitheatre around the bay. The village is built around the head of the harbor, and contains about one hundred and fifty houses. The hills behind it have been cleared and turned into fields of barley and grass. The place, with its wooden church, its fish-flakes along the water, its two or three large storehouses, its yellow fields of late hay, and the dark, dwarfish woods behind, reminded me strongly of a view on one of the Norwegian fjords. A large white house was pointed out to me as the residence of a lady who is godmother to thirty-nine children—a fact which shows either that children are very plenty or godmothers very scarce.

As the signs of good weather continued and the ship



proved to be in tolerable trim, we landed a St. Johns pilot whom we had taken aboard for the harbor, and immediately put to sea. As long as it was light we kept near the coast, and at dusk passed the bay or cove of Ferryland, where two of the Arctic's boats came to land, with the few who were saved by that means. The shores are here low and green, but the light was too indistinct for objects to be readily perceived. After night we stood a little further from the coast, still keeping near it, in spite of a fog which was at times so dense that nothing could be seen a ship's length distant. At daylight Cape Pine was in sight; Cape Chapeaurouge, forty miles off, showed itself once or twice during the forenoon; and before sunset we had again passed St. Pierre and Miquelon. The sea subsided a little in the afternoon, and nearly all were on deck at sunset to watch one of the most superb skies of the North fade more beautifully, through its hues of orange, amber-green, and carmine, than all the dolphins that ever died.

Early on Monday morning we saw Cape Ray, and, running westward along the coast, made the rocky point off Port-aux-Basques in an hour or two. Through the glass we saw the little steamer Victoria at anchor in the harbor and the top-masts of a three-masted vessel. All was anxiety on board to know whether she was the long-expected bark Sarah L. Bryant, with the submarine cable on board, when, five or six miles out of port, a boat approached us, and Capt. Sluyter of the Victoria confirmed the welcome news. The James Adger, owing to her length, reached a good anchoring-ground at the head of the harbor with some difficulty. We soon ascertained that the machinery requisite for paying

out the cable had not yet been put up, and the work could not be commenced for a day or two. Mr. Cooper, therefore, determined to cross to Cape North, the Cape Breton terminus, and select a proper place to bring the cable ashore.

As soon as this announcement was made, a number of our passengers prepared to go ashore, and spend the intervening time in becoming acquainted with the village and the neighboring country. But short time was given us to fit out, and I barely managed to snatch a shawl, a sketch-book, a few ship's biscuits, and a handful of red herring, before the boat pushed off with us. A party of four—Mr. Sluyter, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Middlebrook, and myself—determined to make a foray into the hills behind the village, in the hope of shooting a cariboo, or reindeer; and our first care, on landing at the piles of codfish before Mr. Waddell's house, was to procure guns, supplies, and guides. Mr. Waddell—who acted as if his house and all that was in it belonged as much to ourselves as to him—not only gave us a good dinner of bean-soup and duff, but all his fowling-pieces, ammunition, and equipments. He even consented to keep tally of the quintals of dried codfish which his men were carrying on board of a schooner lying below his storehouse, in order that his tally-man, John Butt by name, might act as our pilot over the marshy hills. Butt was a stout St. John'sman, with a strong, tanned face, clear, light-blue eyes, and a shock-head of curled and grizzly hair. At my suggestion he procured two other men—Genge, a bony fisherman, with prominent nose and enormous sandy whiskers, and his step-son Robert, a bright-eyed youth of twenty-two. We added a loaf of bread and a dried cod-

fish to our slender stock of provisions—trusting to our muskets for a further supply—and turned our backs on the village and our faces towards the misty range of Cape Ray Highlands.

Following a bridle-track beside the telegraph poles, over a black, quaky soil, we soon reached one of the bights of the harbor, where Butt had a boat moored to the rocks. He proposed to cross to the opposite shore in order to avoid a tedious circuit around the head of the harbor; and, as the water was still, we all embarked in his tight little skiff, which sank to within two inches of her gunwale. By careful trimming she carried us safely over, when the men drew her ashore at the head of a narrow inlet, and thrust the oars into a thicket of dwarf fir-trees. We now took up the line of march—climbing a glen embraced by two gray and ragged hills, the sides of which were furrowed with deeply-worn gullies, while pools of dark-brown water filled up every inequality of the soil. The footing was of spongy moss, mixed with a sort of furze, into which our feet sank to a depth of three or four inches at every step. In the innumerable hollows which crossed our path the ground was often completely saturated with water, and occasionally bridged over with some of those hardy plants whose tough fibre in these latitudes rivals that of the numan frame. In other places the stubborn, stunted growth of spruce and fir so filled the lateral clefts across the hills that I could walk on their tops, at the risk, it is true, of making a false step and slipping down to my waist among the horny branches. There was no path, nor anything that would serve as a landmark; for each dip or rise

of the hills seemed the counterpart of that we had just seen. Gray rock, gray moss, dark spruce thicket, and dark tarn, were mingled and mottled together so bewilderingly, with such endless repetitions of the same forms and hues, that I should have found it difficult to lay down a clue that could be readily taken up again. I noticed that Butt, under whose guidance we had placed ourselves, chose his course rather by the compass than by the appearance of the objects around us.

We had proceeded three or four miles in this way, making frequent detours in order to get around the long, deep ponds of black water, or the deeper ravines whose walls of perpendicular gray rock effectually barred our passage, when a shot from one of our party gave the first signal of game. A covey of grouse had been started, and a short but lively chase over the rough ground resulted in our bagging five of the six birds which arose. Two or three of the more enthusiastic sportsmen followed over the higher ridges in search for more, while the rest of us plodded on towards the highlands, eager for a sight of cariboo, and hurried by Butt's desire to reach a good camping-ground before dark. The deep carpets or cushions of plants and decaying vegetable mould over which we walked were studded with berries of various kinds, all of which the men plucked and ate. There was a small plant with a dark-purple leaf and an orange-colored pulpy fruit about the size of a cherry, which they termed "bake-apples (in reality the *Rubus chæmemorus*, or *mulleberry*, of Norway,) the flavor of which, containing a mild, pleasant acid, really resembled that of a frozen apple. The whortleberry which

they called "hurts" or "whorts," was not more than two or three inches in height, and the fruit was scanty. The "cranberry," growing on a short, green moss, was about the size and appearance of a juniper berry, with a pungent, bitter, but not unpleasant taste. There was another fruit, called the "stoneberry," a bunch of small, scarlet berries, which are much less insipid to the eye than to the palate.

We were at last so far in advance of the sportsmen that we were obliged to halt while one of the men ascended the nearest hill to look for them. By this time we were five or six miles from the harbor, and the scenery began to assume a very different character. We overlooked a deep valley, the bottom of which consisted of woods of spruce, fir, and larch trees, interspersed with open, grassy bottoms. A range of dark, wooded hills rose opposite, down a gorge, in the midst of which a large stream fell in a succession of sparkling cascades, their noise reaching even to where we sat. Beyond all towered the long blue rampart of the Cape Highlands. I enjoyed this wild and lonely landscape for a time, but the sportsmen did not appear, and Robert, who lay at full length on the moss, rolling over in his search for "hurts," expressed a wish to go down to a pond below us and "strip." I offered to accompany him, and we soon reached the edge of the dark, sepia-colored water. It was shallow, with a deposit of snuffy mould at the bottom, sprinkled with yellow pond-lilies, and so cold as to make my skin shrink, but I plunged in and endured it for five minutes. Robert, who had the real Newfoundland nature, and was, I have no doubt, web-footed, floundered about for three times as long, splashing, blowing, and



stirring up the deposits of the pond until his sinewy, well-knit body showed through the water like new bronze.

We met no more game after this except gnats and musketoos, which became both plentiful and venomous as we descended into the valley. The mountain stream we had seen from the height was a tributary to Grand Bay Brook, a rivulet which empties into the sea between Port-aux-Basques and Cape Ray. The ground was boggy where we approached the brook, and there was no convenient fordage; whereupon Butt conducted us about two miles further to the eastward, near an inclosed mountain meadow called the Green Gardens, where we came upon a dense wood of well-grown spruce and fir trees, sloping down to a rapid in the stream. The view from the rocks in its bed was charming. Wild, dark, ragged woods, opening to the sunset, overhung us on either hand; in front, up the stream, rose a cliff of silvery rock; and the summits of the unmolested hills on both sides towered above the trees and shut us out from the world. Trout-lines and hooks were at once produced, and while Butt, Genge, and I went into the woods to make our camp, the others made flies of grouse-feathers and took their stations beside the eddies of the water. We three selected a dry place on the slope, felled some trees, collected fuel, started a gay fire of esinous logs and branches, and trimmed spruce boughs enough to make us an elastic, fragrant bed, six inches deep. The musketoos had been terrible in the bed of the brook, but when the draught of the blazing logs began to toss the branches above our heads, they speedily disappeared. Our caterers came up at dusk, bitten, weary, wet, and

hungry, and ready to give a hearty assent to my declaration that there is no completer comfort than a seat by the camp-fire—no sweeter rest than when the boughs of the forest are both our bed and canopy.

The five grouse were skewered and spitted on long sticks stuck into the ground, the twelve small trout laid to broil on a flat stone placed on the coals, the hard pilot bread distributed, and we gradually made a supper all too slender for our needs. But the game had not been so abundant as we anticipated; it was seven miles yet to the "ravage" of the cariboo, with the wind blowing off sea and carrying our scent a league before us; and so we laid the loaf and the codfish aside for breakfast, and turned to the pipe for solace. Wrapped in our shawls, we formed the spokes of a wheel whereof the fire was the blazing centre, while Butt and Genge dragged up log after log of dead fir-wood, and cast them upon the pile until the clouds of snapping sparks rose above the tree-tops. The dense, dusky foliage, lighted from beneath, glowed like a golden fretwork against the jet-black patches of sky above us, and the mossy fir-trunk and silvery birch-boles seemed to grow transparent and luminous as they sprang out of the darkness. Warmed by the magical blaze, spiced by the odor of the crushed boughs, and soothed by the mild influence of the Cuban herb, I lay, for a long time, unable to sleep, looking on the yellow-bearded followers of Biörne and Lief Ericsson as they once clustered around their camp-fires in this their ancient *Helluland*. Eight or nine centuries have passed away since their Norse-dragons anchored in its deep bays and rock-guarded coves; but except the stumps of two or

three trees in the woods near us, there was no evidence that our mountain solitude had since that time known the presence of civilized man.

The logs at last fell into heaps of red coal; Butt, who had climbed into the top of a tree, where he sat singing songs, descended and coiled himself around its foot; the other men lay on their backs and slept silently, and I too forgot Biörne and his Norsemen and slept among the fragrant boughs. The night passed away silently, and dawn came gray and misty, threatening rain, over the woods. Our fishers went down to the brook again, and Butt took to the hills with a gun; but after an hour the latter came back empty-handed, and the former with eight small trout. We roasted the codfish, which was wonderfully salt, carefully divided the loaf, distributed the trout (one apiece), and made a rather unsatisfactory breakfast. The fact is, the trip, as a sporting excursion, had failed, although it had amply repaid us in all other respects. Our steamer was expected to return at noon, and the necessity of reaching Port-aux-Basques by that time prevented us from penetrating further into the hills. Besides there were sprinkles of rain, and other tokens of a bad day. We therefore decided while breakfasting to take the home-ward trail. Familiarity with salt cod had bred contempt in our men, and one of them threw his share into the bushes, with the exclamation: "It's downright murder to eat *that!*" But Genge wisely remarked that it was the best thing for short allowance, "because," said he, "it makes you so dry that you're always keeping yourself filled up with water"

There had been a heavy dew, and the moss was like a wet sponge. We had rather a soaking return tramp of it, often stopping to drink of the brown rills, or to refresh our palates with the acid "bake-apples," yet never seeing a grouse or a hare. The clouds, after some ominous leakings, lifted, and the wind blew cold from the north-west. While resting on a rock about a mile and a half from the harbor, we were startled by the sound of an engine-whistle and the blowing of steam from an escape-pipe. Supposing it to be the James Adger, we hurried on at a breathless pace, plunging into gullies and tearing through thickets in breakneck style, until an opening in the holes showed us that the sound proceeded from the little steamer *Victoria*, which was just moving out of the harbor. She was on her way to Cape Ray, ten miles distant, to select the initial point of the submarine cable. Our own transfer across the harbor was safely accomplished—the water being quite smooth—and we reached Mr. Waddell's house in time to partake of the very good dinner which his broad-shouldered and red-whiskered cook had prepared. I here had an opportunity of tasting *calabogus*, the national beverage of Newfoundland. It is a mixture of rum and spruce beer in nearly equal quantities, and has a better flavor than one would suspect from the ingredients. The spruce beer, pure, is made from the young boughs of the tree boiled with molasses, and is just the beverage—sparkling, resinous, sweet, and bitter—to nourish so virile and vigorous a people.

In the afternoon I went off to the bark *Sarah L. Bryant*, to see the preparations which had been made for paying out the cable. I never saw a vessel in a worse condition.

Nearly all her bulkheads and stanchions had been cut away to make room for the two immense coils of forty and thirty five miles, into which the iron-corded cable was bent. According to the captain's account there never was a more unmanageable cargo, and he declared he would much rather ship a load of live eels. Its activity was incredible. He was obliged to cut up all his spare spars to shore up and support the slippery bulk; yet, in spite of all his precautions, it once or twice slipped through his fingers and came near capsizing his bark. On one occasion he was obliged to turn completely about and scud before the wind for nearly two days. Under such circumstances it is not remarkable that he was forty-eight days in making the passage, but very lucky that he was able to make it at all.



## XXIV.

### A TELEGRAPHIC TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

[AUGUST, 1855.]

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#### V.—CAPE RAY, AND THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN.

It was dusk on Tuesday evening before the *James Adgei* made her appearance off Port-aux-Basques, returning from Cape Breton. I had made arrangements to pass the night in one of the houses on shore, and as the fog was beginning to gather, and the *Victoria* had not yet made her appearance, judged that I should be safe in remaining. Dr. and Mrs. Sayre, who had made a journey to Cape Ray the previous day, and camped all night in a thicket of spruce, had found accommodations with our friend Butt, and Genge offered me similar hospitality. Both of these men offered us every kindness in their power—bringing us their heavy, well-oiled boots and thick woollen socks in exchange for our own, which were thoroughly soaked by our tramp over the hills. Their rough, hearty bluntness assured me that I

should be welcome to all they could offer, and when there is warmth within a hut I care not how rude its exterior may be. All our other passengers had gone off on board the steamer, but I greatly preferred remaining ashore.

The Victoria came in about ten o'clock, and the fog soon afterwards became so dense that we were satisfied either of the vessels would venture out of port. I called at Butt's house, where, in a neat kitchen with an ample fireplace, we found Mrs. Butt nursing a rosy child of fifteen months old, while a son of twelve or thirteen years sat at the table reading the Bible. The sounds of children's voices—and there were many of them—came from a sleeping-room adjoining. Everything about the house was neat and orderly, and there was an appearance of comfort which I had not looked for. Genge lived in a smaller cottage, the inside of which was blackened by the smoke of a wide chimney, and dimly lighted by a swinging oil-lamp. There were broad benches on either side which evidently did duty as beds. The floor was of earth, and the only furniture was a table, two old chairs, some shelves, and a large, dingy cupboard in the corner. Mrs. Genge shook hands with me and bade me welcome, and on my saying that I should be content with a corner to spread my shawl in, her husband turned to me with "Don't talk about corners; we'll try to make you comfortable." I was pleased to see that my presence did not embarrass the good family in the least, and that, while they showed me every kindness, I occasioned no apparent change in the household.

I was ushered into a little side-room, which to my surprise contained a curtained bed, white and perfectly clean, a

table upon which lay a number of books, a looking-glass, a wash-bowl and a pitcher of stone-ware, with a fine linen towel, combs, brushes, soap, and all ordinary appliances of the toilet. Everything in the room was scrupulously neat and arranged with a knowledge and propriety which I should never have expected to find in such a place. Among the books were Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Sunny Memories," Chambers's "Information for the People," and some novels, besides a large family Bible. I was so tired that I immediately tumbled into bed and slept so soundly that when I awoke at five in the morning I had some difficulty in ascertaining where I was. Genge, who was already stirring, accompanied me to Butt's, where I found Dr. and Mrs. Sayre, whose experience was similar to mine. They had been received with the same kindness, and treated to the same unexpected comforts. Our hosts refused to accept the slightest compensation, and we were only able to repay them indirectly, by engaging them to row us out to the steamer.

THE people of Port-aux-Basques are unusual specimens of ripe and healthy physical vigor, and they possess those simple virtues which naturally belong to such an organization. Though their education is very deficient, they are shrewd and quick-witted; open and trustful unless deceived, when they become excessively suspicious; generous, honest, hospitable, and enduring; remarkably free from immorality and crime notwithstanding—perhaps on account of—their distance from efficient legal authorities; and I do not know any other community which surpasses them in sterling manly qualities. They are not only very healthy but very

prolific; and the place, like many others on the coast, has grown up almost entirely from the natural increase of the first families who settled there. This accounts for the fact that the population of the fishing villages on the southern and western sides of the island are nearly all related to each other. I heard it stated that in some of the remote settlements which began with a single family; the brothers and sisters formed incestuous marriages; but I was glad to hear this story positively denied afterwards. The intercourse between the fishing-ports is carried on almost entirely by sea, on account of the rugged character of the land-travel. There is a communication in winter between Port-aux-Basques and St. George's bay, over the Cape Ray highlands; but it is very rarely travelled by any except the Indians—a branch of the Micmac tribe, who have emigrated hither from Cape Breton. The distance across is about sixty miles, which they travel occasionally in two days.

The *Victoria*, which had returned in the night, brought word that a place had been selected just inside of Cape Ray as the starting-point of the submarine cable, the materials for a house landed, and the frame already erected. A deep cove in the harbor of Port-aux-Basques was at first chosen, on account of its sheltered situation, and the circumstance of the cable falling at once into deep water; but as Cape Ray was three or four miles nearer Cape Breton, Mr. Field and Mr. Canning went thither in a boat on Monday, and fixed upon a spot at the head of Cape Ray harbor, where there was a beach of soft sand somewhat guarded from the ice which lodges here in great

quantities during the winter and spring, by groups of rocks on both sides. The next day the frame and complete materials for a house were taken up by the *Victoria*, together with a number of passengers who offered themselves as amateur carpenters. On reaching the bay the timbers were lashed together as a raft and towed near the shore, where, on account of the violence of the surf, it parted, leaving Captain Sluyter and two or three others, who were on it, to float to the beach on the pieces. The boat's load of passengers succeeded in landing, and immediately went to work in company with the fishermen of the place and their dogs to rescue the timbers. Boards, beams, rafters and bundles of shingles were caught and dragged out of the surf; and in the course of two or three hours all the materials of the raft were got ashore. In this work the dogs rendered capital service—plunging boldly into the sea and seizing upon every stick which they could manage. Sometimes two of them would take a plank between them, and, watching the proper moment with a truly human sagacity, bring it to the beach on the top of a breaker and there deliver it into the hands of their masters. It was really wonderful to behold the strength, courage, and industry of these poor beasts, who, when but few fragments were left, fought savagely for the possession of them, and even tried to drown each other.

By night, with the assistance of the people, the frame of the house was raised, and the *Victoria* returned to Port-aux-Basques. She started again the next day at noon, with Mr. Field and another company of amateur carpenters on board, leaving the *James Adger* to follow with the bark in



to as soon as the weather would allow. While waiting on board the *Victoria* I witnessed the performance of some of the Cape Ray dogs, two of which were on board. If a stick was thrown into the water, they would spring over the rail, seize it, swim around the vessel or chase other floating objects, until some one let down the bight of a rope over the side, when the dog would immediately make for it, place both fore-paws over it, thrust his head forward and hold on until he was drawn upon deck. One of these dogs had followed the *Victoria's* boat the day previous and was taken on board. This little circumstance produced a marked change in the temper of the inhabitants of Cape Ray. They became shy, suspicious, and reserved; and nothing but the explicit declaration of Mr. Field—which was afterwards carried into effect—that the dog should be returned or his full value paid the owner, restored their confidence.

We ran up the coast, passed Grand Bay, the embouchure of the stream on which we had encamped, and in an hour and a half came to in front of the six or eight fishermen's huts which constitute the settlement of Cape Ray. I found that the lofty isolated peak which I had taken to be the Cape itself was four or five miles inland, separated from the point by a low, undulating promontory covered with dense, stunted woods. Two other peaks appeared, retreating along the western coast, and behind them all towered the dark Cape Highlands, twelve hundred feet in height. We were carried ashore in the *Victoria's* boat, and landed at the head of a little cove where the boats of the fishermen were pulled up in front of their huts, after which the

steamer returned to Port-aux-Basques to assist in bringing up the bark.

Following a rough, boggy path along the shore, sometimes on the brink of black cliffs overhanging the breakers, a walk of a mile conducted us to the new telegraph-building on a grassy knoll near the head of the bay. We found all the male population of the place employed in completing it, under the direction of old Tapp, the patriarch of the fishermen, and a Cape Ray carpenter. Some were nailing on clapboards, others shingling the roof, and others digging a trench from the front of the house to the beach, while planks, beams, bundles of shingles, boxes, and carpenters' tools were scattered around on all sides. Our first thought was for dinner, as we had taken the precaution to carry a box of provisions with us. Seated on the shingles, with the fresh sea-breeze blowing over us, and the keen edge of our sea-appetites not in the least blunted, the cold beef-steak, red herring, pilot-bread, and other delicacies rapidly disappeared. But we were soon summoned to work; and the spectacle we presented would have afforded great amusement to some of our New York friends. Mr. Field, spade in hand, led the ditching party; Dr. Spring, with his coat off and a handkerchief tied around his head, was hard at work sawing out spaces for windows; Dr. Sayre, myself, and two or three others, nailed on layer after layer of shingles; and of the rest, some took to flooring, others to clapboarding, and others to making frames for batteries. We had but a single accident—a scaffold fell, and one of the fishermen, in falling within it, barked his shins. All worked with a will, and by night the roof was completed, the sides

closed in, the house floored, and a deep ditch dug down to the edge of the breakers. This ditch terminated in the house, in the centre of which a circular pit was dug, and the frame of a hogshead without the beadings, planted in it, allowing a clear space about eighteen inches around it. A wooden pillar, buried six feet, was placed inside the hogshead, which was filled with earth rammed hard—the whole forming a sort of capstan or belaying-post for the cable. The battery frame was also stayed against the side of the house, the glass jars fixed in their appropriate places, and nothing was wanting but the proper apparatus to fit the building for immediate use.

Mr. Field, with most of the amateurs, determined to remain all night in the building, and men were dispatched to collect spruce boughs enough to turn the floor into a bed. Dr. Spring and myself, however, preferred trying one of the fishermen's huts, and Mr. Tapp sent one of his grandsons to conduct us to his residence. We retraced our way to the cove, and were guided by little Steve to the largest hut, which was a very small one, just opposite the landing. On entering, a woman of about fifty-five, short, stout, with gray eyes, and queer, frizzled, yellowish hair, rose from her seat by the wide fireplace. "Are you Mrs. Tapp?" I asked. "I'm Tapp's wife," she answered, stretching forth her hand, and when I took it, bobbing nearly to the floor in a respectful but grotesque courtesy. I introduced Dr. Spring, who was received with a still deeper courtesy, and mentioned Mr. Tapp's message and our desire to remain there for the night. "To be sure," said she, "you shall stay; it's a difficult house, but such as it is, you are welcome

to it." There was a tea-kettle on the fire, and a pan of bread with a heap of live-coals on the lid, hanging to a hook. Tapp's wife set about preparing tea, giving us, meanwhile, a variety of information about herself and family. Her language was very quaint and peculiar, and she spoke in the short, quick way common to some tribes of Indians. I gathered from her words that she had been born and raised on Codroy river (about thirty miles north of Cape Ray); that she had five cows before she left her mother; that all the cows and sheep in the settlement belonged to her; that she had had nine daughters and two sons, but God Almighty took one of the latter when he was two months old; that she had never been further than Port-aux-Basques, and thought it must be a fine thing to see the world. She added, however, that she had plenty to eat and drink, and was well contented where she was. Two of her daughters—great, shy, sunburnt, blowsy tomboys of fourteen and sixteen—came into the house. "They would be good girls," said she, "if they had their rights"—meaning if they had a chance to go to school. I asked for a drink of water, and received a bowl of a sepia-colored mixture tasting of mud. "It's very difficult water," said the old lady, "and you'd better not drink much."

Presently she spread a piece of painted oil-cloth on the table, set out some plates, cups, bread and butter, took the tea-kettle off the fire, and invited us to sit down, saying "If I had anything better, you should have it; I can't do no more than that, you know." She apologized for her bread, assuring us that she had very "difficult" flour, but added, as if to console us, "here you have a chaney dish



and here you have a chancy tea-cup, only they don't match.<sup>1</sup> With all her oddity nothing could be kinder than her manner; and her difficult bread, and tea sweetened with molasses, had a relish for me beyond what my hunger gave it. We had just finished our meal when old Tapp appeared, accompanied by Dr. Sayre and Mr. Roberts, who were dispatched by the party to procure a supply of bread and tea. They gave such an account of the comfort of the new house with its bedding of spruce boughs, that Dr. Spring and myself were persuaded to return with them. We had not proceeded far, however, when the fishermen saw the lights of a steamer off the bay, and presently a second light appeared, still more distant and indistinct. The first steamer gradually rounded in towards the land, but a light fog was gathering over the water, and we could not make out from her lights whether she was the Adger or the Victoria.

Old Tapp, supposing she was the former vessel, put off towards her in his boat, and after some deliberation Mr. Roberts and myself took two of the fishermen and followed him. The steamer was at anchor by this time, and burning blue lights, which were answered by rockets from the vessel outside. She proved to be the Victoria, which had run up in advance of the Adger, which latter had the bark in tow. It was now nearly nine o'clock, and the fog was at times so thick as entirely to hide the Adger's lights. The captain, finally, worn out with the day's labors, had lain down, and we were thinking of the same thing, when the sound of oars was heard, and one of the Adger's boats drew alongside. She had Mr. Lowber on board, and came for the



purpose of taking out Captain Sluyter to assist in piloting the steamer in.

I embarked in the boat with the captain, and about ten o'clock she put off, steering out to sea in the supposed direction of the steamer, whose lights were nowhere to be seen. The water was fortunately smooth, with but a light swell, and the men pulled vigorously for nearly half an hour before the quick eye of our coxswain could detect any sign of light. Even then it was immediately obscured again by the fog; and as we were losing sight of the Victoria's lights by this time, it was decided to burn a Roman candle which we had with us. This was accomplished with some difficulty, for the powder was damp; but it procured us a return signal and showed us our true course. Shortly afterwards a gun was fired on board the Victoria, according to Captain Sluyter's direction. In another half-hour we seemed to be rapidly nearing the Adger, when she stood further out again and almost disappeared from view. We had now lost sight of the shore, and began to fear we should have to pass the whole night on the water. Another long and weary pull followed, but we did not feel entirely safe until within hail of her steamer. The swell was heavy, and it was with the utmost difficulty and danger that we succeeded in getting upon the gangway ladder. Our men had been obliged to pull a distance of eight or nine miles, and it was nearly midnight when we got on deck.

The next day we commenced laying the submarine cable. The end was safely landed and secured, and by sunset we had made about forty miles, when a gale, which had been

rising all day, blew so violently that it was found necessary to cut the cable in order to save the bark from foundering. Thus disastrously terminated our expedition, which, however, was repeated with complete success the following summer. The next morning we reached Sydney, on Cape Breton, took on board a fresh supply of coal, and then returned to New York having been absent a month.

## XXV.

### HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

[1856.]

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ON leaving Germany for a holiday tour of six weeks, which we proposed extending as far as Rome, we first spent a day in delightful old Nuremburg, and thence hurried on by the Danube and Augsburg to Lindau on the Lake of Constance, which we crossed to Romanshorn, and so entered Switzerland. There was no call for passports, no examination of baggage, and the conductors on the train to Zurich, although each one had the word SNOB (the initials of the German words for "Swiss North-Eastern Railway") on his buttons, were nevertheless gentlemen, and handsome as they were courteous.

We left Zurich in a carriage for Goldau, at the foot of the Righi, in order to ascend that fashionable peak before sunset. While dining at Zug, I was accosted by a Swiss

guide, who wished me to take him into my service. Now I had determined to take no guide (none being necessary) until we should reach the Furca Pass; but the minute I saw the man full in the face, and looked into the clear depths of his unwavering dark-blue eyes, he had me completely in his power. I felt that I must take him, before his proposition was half spoken; yet, like a prudent man of the world (a fool, rather), I hesitated, and bargained, and made conditions, all savoring of mistrust, while in reality I would have trusted all my worldly possessions in his hands. Why must we ever distort our features with these conventional masks? Why not say at once: "I know you and believe in you?"—for our natural instincts are a thousand times truer than the judgment of the world.

Joseph being engaged (blushing up to the roots of his hair as he confessed to the knowledge of a few Alpine melodies), we pushed on to Goldau, and commenced the ascent. Our Alpine luggage, consisting of two heavy portmanteaus, probably one hundred and twenty pounds weight, was transferred to the shoulders of a rather lean native, who rejoiced at the prospect of earning five francs by carrying it to the very top of the Righi. It would have broken the back of a New-York porter before the end of the first mile. Our Swiss, however, reached the top in fifteen minutes after us, and we were less than three hours in climbing the eight miles. There was no sunset, and the delicious tones of the Alpine horn awoke us at dawn, to see no sunrise. We shivered on the summit half an hour, to no purpose; many travellers went down in disgust, but there is no use in losing one's temper, and we took coffee.

Then we went up again and took our station in the cloud. Presently appeared Joseph, who said: "I have seen something; look that way," pointing to the west, "and wait a little." Soon there was a glimmer, as of a strip of cloud lighted by the sun, then the vapors parted, and for an instant the whole line of the Bernese Alps, from the Finsteraar-horn to the Jungfrau, stood unveiled in the face of morning. Horns of immaculate snow, golden, clear flushes of topaz on the frosted silver of the glaciers—a moment naked and beautiful as the goddesses on Mount Ida, then veiled in their floating cloudy drapery from eyes that were almost too weak to bear their splendors.

Now came the wind and cleared the peak, and as far as the hills of the Rhine all was mottled light and shadow; gleams of beryl from the lakes and starry flashing of white towns, dots on the distant blue. We had all we came to see, and more than we had hoped for. Yet I met an American, who had stood on the Righi, on as clear a morning, and was much disappointed. "It was just like a painting," said he, "the panoramas you see on exhibition are a great deal finer."

Our way led up the Lake of the Forest Cantons to Fluellen and Altorf. Joseph engaged a good carriage with a driver who sang; and, as we drove up the valley of the Reuss towards St. Gothard, next day, the rocks echoed with the *jodel lieder*, and the quaint, naïve peasant-songs of Switzerland. Tony had a fine baritone, which harmonized well with the clanging mountaineer tenor of Joseph. The melting, undulating, horn-like cadences of the *jodel choruses*, heard in the deep Alpine valley, with the roar of



the Reuss below, and the tinkling of the musical herd-bells on the pasture-slopes, were so many strains of that unwritten poetry, for which there are no words in any language. One of the songs had the following droll refrain :

“What good living is, if you would know,  
You must straight unto my Jura go:  
Jura is the prettiest girl, you'd say,  
If the others all had gone away.”

At the inn at Andermatt we found plenty of snobs. The landlord was a physician and prescribed for us, not one having escaped a sprain or a pain. Joseph collected the guides, and towards midnight gave us a serenade, beginning with the *Ranz des Vaches*, accompanied with the most wonderful variations, all performed on the human voice. The performer was a lusty young fellow, who drank too much for his good, but who, as he boasted, could make any note he pleased, high or low. His execution was as marvellous as Jenny Lind's, and as full of mountain echoes.

Our route was over the Furca Pass, by the glacier of the Rhone, the Grimsel, and down the valley of the Aar to Meyringen; then over the Scheideck, by the Rosenlauri glacier to Grindelwald, and over the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen and Interlacken. We had six days among the high Alps, without a cloud in the sky—at most a gauzy scarf of vapor floating around the snowy cones, to soften the sharpness of their profiles on the deep blue of the air. We crept into the ice-caverns of the glaciers, and from under their vaults of translucent sapphire looked on the

rose-tinted foam of the cataracts; we saw the splendid Wetterhorn hanging over the dark-green fir forests; we listened to the roar of avalanches from the Jungfrau, and watched their snow-dust tumbling a thousand feet down the precipice, while tranquilly consuming our chamois ragout on the Wengern Alps; we held our heads under the Staubbach which flung its waters upon us from a height of nine hundred feet, and wet our backs through and through; we leaned over the Aar, where it plunges down the gorge of Handeck, and noticed its wonderful resemblance to boiled cauliflower; and finally, at Interlaken, we bade adieu to the Bernese Alps, and to Joseph, from whom we parted with mutual tears.

Switzerland swarmed with travellers this Summer. The mountain passes were alive with brown straw hats, drab skirts, checked coats and wide-awakes. Even at the hospice on the Grimsel, six thousand feet above the sea, you heard the English and American languages rather than the Helvetic German. Towards the close of each day, there was a general stampede along the roads, in order to be first at the hotel and get the best rooms. The telegraph, however, runs across the glaciers, and our prudent guide always had our quarters engaged two days in advance, to the astonishment of many tourists who took pains to rush past us. The expense is but a franc, and I would advise travellers to take advantage of this improvement during the fashionable season.

My intercourse with the travelling crowd was mostly confined to looking at them during dinner-time. The sum of my observations was, that it is best to travel alone

unless you know your companion nearly as well as yourself; and further, that it is advisable to make acquaintances among the natives of the country you visit, rather than among other travellers. Of the English one meets in Switzerland, one-tenth may prove agreeable acquaintances; of the Americans and French, one-fourth; and of the Germans, one-half. The principal topic of conversation was—not the scenery, but the merits of different hotels. I heard a ruddy Londoner gravely recommend a certain house because the tea-cups had handles to them, and another was delighted with Lucerne because he had found a good confectioner's shop there. The principal test of a hotel, however, as I learned from the confidential recommendations of several gentlemen, was one of so ludicrous a character, that I regret being unable to state it.

We fell in, nevertheless, with some very pleasant people, and I could not help noticing that the English are becoming more malleable and tractable of late years. Those who had cast their insular shell met us with Continental freedom and cordiality. One experiment which I made turned out unsuccessfully, to my regret. Going down the valley of the Aar, I saw approaching me a German gentleman and lady, followed at a little distance by an English party. I bowed to the former, and was repaid by a ready and gracious acknowledgment. I then repeated the process to the English ladies, who deliberately

“Gorgonized me from head to foot  
With a stony British stare.”

Many American ladies, let me confess, would have done

the same thing. I kept statistics of female politeness for some months in the Sixth-avenue cars, and found that not more than one lady in twenty thanked me for giving up my seat to her.

From Interlaken we went to Berne (where I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Fay), Freyburg, and Vevay. At the latter place, as well as Geneva, all the hotels were filled to overflowing, and we had some difficulty in getting quarters. The cost of travel in Europe is much increased of late, partly by the increase of travellers, and partly by the rise in the price of provisions. I was glad to find, however, that there are fewer attempts at extortion than formerly; the hotel business is systematized and regulated, and the rates, though high, are tolerably uniform all over the Continent—so that, if a traveller suffers serious imposition, it is probably owing to his own carelessness or verdancy.

On entering the valley of Chamouni I recognised the rocks of the Grand Mulets, just under the eaves of the clouds which concealed the dome of Mont Blanc, from their resemblance to Albert Smith's panorama; but an English tourist, familiar with the valley, declared that I was mistaken. I appealed to a sun-burnt, grizzly-headed old fellow, who was walking beside us. "They are the Grand Mulets," said he, "and I ought to know, for I have been fourteen times on the top of Mont Blanc." He was the noticed guide Coutet. At the hotel, a limping waiter showed us to our rooms. "I have just come down from Mont Blanc," he said apologetically, "and am very tired and sore." He had employed the greater part of his

Summer's earnings in hiring two guides, with whom he had gone as far as the Rochers Rouges, only one hour's journey from the summit, when they were driven back by a furious storm. Nothing daunted, he had made up his mind to try again so soon as the weather should be favorable. Such is the fascination of the mighty Mountain.

We had bad weather, and only succeeded in crossing the *Mer de Glace*, from Chapeau to Montanvert, where we waited twenty-four hours, in a snow-storm, intending to push on to the *Jardin*, a spot of green in the midst of eternal ice, ten thousand feet above the sea; but we were compelled to give it up. Crossing the pass of the Tête Noire to Martigny, we took the diligence over the Simplon, and descended to Lago Maggiore on the second day. Except the gorge of Gondo, on the Italian side, which, for picturesque effect, is one of the finest things in the Alps, the Simplon road is less striking than that over the St. Gothard. In one respect, however, it should be preferred by those who cross the Alps for the first time—the transition from Swiss to Italian scenery is sudden and complete. A few miles of bare, rocky defile, and you exchange the fir for the chestnut, mulberry, and fig—the mountain châlet for the vine-covered verandas of the bright southern country houses.

My holiday time was getting short, and I could only indulge my companions with a flying trip through Italy. We spent a day in Milan, and then set out in a heavy rain for Venice. Radetzky, with his staff, left at the same time for Verona, and at Coccaglio, where we waited an hour for the train from Brescia, we came together. The old Marshal



and his company took possession of the refreshment room, keeping the rest of us, who were very hungry, out of it until they had finished. Nothing could have been more politely done. The guards begged our pardon, asked us as a special favor not to go in, and admitted us even before Radetzky had retired. I looked at the old veteran with much interest. He was then upwards of ninety, yet still performed his duties as Military Governor of Austrian Italy. He had at length been obliged to give up his horse, and reviewed his troops in an open carriage. He was a short, thick-set man, walked rather slowly, but firmly, and had a face full of vitality. His short white hair, thick white mustache, heavy brows, prominent cheek-bones and square jaws, gave him the precise expression of an old bull-terrier. Such courage, resolution, and unyielding tenacity of purpose I never saw in an old man's face before. If he got his teeth set once you might be sure he would hold on. Such a man was Carvajal, Pizarro's magnificent old warrior.

In Venice we had four cloudless days, and four nights in a gondola, under the full moon. Such days and nights are dreams, and my return to Padua was the awaking upon a dull reality. The vineyards on the road to Bologna were purple with abundant grapes, for there was a vintage in Italy, for the first time in five years. The disease of the vine appears to be gradually disappearing, like that of the potato, and these two invaluable plants are now healthy, with few exceptions, throughout Europe. The failure of the vintage for so many years had greatly impoverished the Italian people. Wine had risen to full five times its former price, and was withal so bad that one could scarcely drink

it. Montefiascone and Montepulciano wholly belied their old renown, and those who tasted the golden Orvieto could not understand why it should have been so praised.

We had a week in Florence. I saw much of my old friend Powers, who was dividing his time between Art and Invention. His statue, *La Penserosa*, which is now in the possession of Mr. James Lenox, was nearly finished. It is thoroughly Miltonic, and I don't know what more I could say. The face is uplifted, abstracted,

“With looks commercing with the skies,  
The rapt soul sitting in her eyes;”

the figure large and majestic, with a sweeping train, partly held in one hand, as she moves slowly forward. In many respects it is Powers's best work, though it may not be so popular as his “California.”

We hastened on to Rome, although it was rather early in the season. My companions, however, had little fear of either fever or robbers, and so, after ten years of absence, I acted as their cicerone through churches, palaces, and ruins. I saw little change in Rome since 1846, except along the Appian Way, where many new exhumations have been made, and a number of glaring tablets, headed with “Pius IX. Pont. Max.,” inserted in the venerable fronts of Roman baths and amphitheatres. There was also a tablet in St. Peter's, on the left of the Apostle's Chair, commemorating the sublime absurdity of the Immaculate Conception. Oh, Pio Nono! you are as vain as you are weak, and we who once respected you can now only pity you. On the evening of our departure, the Pope drove past our

hotel in his carriage. We leaned out of the dining-room windows, looked in, and received his benediction. He has a kind, amiable, grandmotherly old face, and his blessing could do no harm. Poor man! I think he means well, but he is in Antonelli's evil hands, and Rome, which had a transient sunrise during the first years of his Pontificate, is now sunk in as blind a night as ever.

My respect for the Roman people is increased, by comparing them with the Florentines, who are an impersonation of all that is mean and corrupt. There is honor and virtue to be found among the Tuscan peasants, I doubt not, but for the bourgeoisie of Florence one can have no feeling but that of utter loathing and contempt. No lady can walk alone in Florence without being grossly insulted, and even in a carriage, with a gentleman's protection, she must run the gauntlet of a thousand insolent starers. The faces of the youths express a precocious depravity, and the bleared old men show in every wrinkle the records of a debauched and degraded life. There is no help for such a people; they are slaves, and deserve to be so.

But of all cheering signs of progress in Europe, there is none so truly encouraging as the present condition of Sardinia. I passed through the country first in August, 1845, and now, in October, 1856, I returned to witness what had been done in those eleven years. Then, Sardinia was scarcely in advance of Tuscany, and her material development seemed to be at a stand-still. Now, nearly 500 miles of railroad were in operation, her commerce had been doubled, her productive industry vastly increased, her agriculture fostered and improved, and—best of all—she has a

liberal Constitution, an enlightened and energetic Government, and a happy and hopeful people. From Genoa to Turin, along the old road where I then walked in dust through sleepy villages, all is now activity and animation. New houses have been built, new fields ploughed, bare mountain-sides terraced and planted with vine, new mills bestride the idle streams, and a thrifty and industrious population are at work on all sides. Sardinia has set a noble example to the other Italian States, and her success is the surest basis for the future independence of Italy.

As King Victor Emmanuel was not at home, we were freely admitted into his palace at Turin, even the private apartments being thrown open to us. Turin is a stately and beautiful city, although it contains little to attract the traveller. We were obliged to wait two days before we could obtain places in the diligence for Chambéry. The passage of Mont Cenis was made by night; we had a snow storm on the summit, where we found a diligence overturned and the passengers scattered about, but more frightened than hurt. Our diligence (the French) raced the whole day with one of the Sardinian line, so that we averaged nine or ten miles an hour, and thundered along the beautiful valleys of Savoy to Chambéry, in much less than the usual time. The next day we returned to Geneva, via Aix and the Lake of Annecy (see Rousseau's "Confessions," and Lamartine's "Raphael"), through one of the loveliest regions in Europe.

I had an interesting interview on my return from Lausanne to Gotha. At Bâle the diligences from Neuchâtel and Berne came together at the railroad station, and their



respective passengers were deposited in the cars for Heidelberg and Frankfort. We found ourselves in the company of three strangers, one of whom immediately attracted my notice. He was a slender man, about thirty-five years old, with black eyes and beard, and a pale yellow complexion. He spoke German with perfect correctness, but slowly, and addressed me in very tolerable English; yet I could not fix upon his nationality.

I happened casually to speak of Venice, when he stated that he had just come thence. He then mentioned Corfu, and we compared our impressions of that island; then of the Grecian isles, then of Lebanon, and the Syrian shores. "I know Syria very well," said I, "from Jerusalem to Aleppo." "So do I," said he. "I travelled from Aleppo through Asia Minor to Constantinople," I continued. "And I," he rejoined, "went from Aleppo to Nineveh, down the Tigris to Baghdad, and thence to Bombay." "I also visited Bombay," I said, "travelled inland to the Himalayas, and down the Ganges to Calcutta." "Just the route I followed," he again replied. "But," I remarked, "there are few Germans who travel so extensively as you." "It is true," said he, "that few German travellers visit India, but there are several German missionaries stationed there." "I have heard of one," I answered—"Dr. Sprenger, who has written a most admirable life of Mohammed." "Why!" he exclaimed, in mingled surprise and delight, "I am Dr. Sprenger!"

I regretted that I could spend but six hours in the society of so estimable a man, and so thorough a scholar. He was returning home from an absence of thirteen



years in India, bringing with him a quantity of rare and valuable Arabic manuscripts. He had passed a year at Damascus, where he had many opportunities of making acquaintances among the desert Arabs, and I was gratified to find that we entirely agreed in our estimate of the character of that noble race of men. He was fortunate enough to get possession of a geographical work of the fourth or fifth century, a work of exceeding value and importance, which he intended to translate and publish.

On landing at Trieste, Dr. Sprenger was gravely informed by the authorities that his collection of Arabic MSS. must be submitted to the inspection of the Censor, before he could be permitted to retain possession of them. "Why?" he remonstrated, "they are Arabic." "So much the worse," said the officer; "it is the more probable that they are insidious and revolutionary." "But," he again urged, "the Censor cannot read them." "That is unfortunate for you," was the answer: "you will have to wait until we find a man who can, for there is no knowing what dangerous sentiments may be concealed under these hieroglyphics." And so the traveller was obliged to part with his treasures, until the sublimely stupid Austrian Government shall be convinced that there is no treason in the heroics of *Antar* or the word-jugglery of *Hariri* of *Bosrah*.

## XXVI.

### A GERMAN HOME.

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**GOtha** is one of the quietest towns in Germany, but it would be difficult to find a pleasanter one. It is built on the undulating table land at the foot of the Thuringian hills, 1,000 feet above the sea, whence its climate is rather cold for Germany, but very bracing and healthy. A tourist is an unusual sight there, and therefore one finds the old heartiness and simplicity of German home-life in all its purity. As it is one of the court residences of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, there is a small but intelligent and refined circle, some of the members of which have a European reputation in their departments of science and art. Hansen, the astronomer, and Dr. Petermann, the geographer, both of whom reside here, are also well known in America. Here came Barth in the summer of 1856 to recruit from his African travels; and most of the explorers, of whose labors Perthes, the renowned map-publisher, makes such

good use, may be seen here from time to time. Gerstäcker, Bodenstedt, the author of the "Thousand and One Days in the Orient," Gustav Freitag, Alexander Ziegler, and other German authors, hover about here through the summer, and in the neighboring village of Friedrichsroda the brothers Grimm sometimes make their abode.

The home which German friendship has provided for me here, is in entire harmony with the character of the place.

The little garden-house (inhabited only by Braisted and myself) fronts on the avenue of lindens leading into the town, while the rear overlooks a garden of three or four acres in extent. It was built by one of the Ministers of Duke Ernest II. in 1760, when the French style infected Germany, and the steep bulging roof and quaint windows of the upper half-story faintly remind one of the chateaux of the time of Louis XIV. The same taste characterizes the garden. The house stands on a gravelled terrace, bordered with flowers, whence a flight of stone steps, guarded by statues of laughing fauns, descends to a second and broader terrace, in the centre of which is a spacious basin and a fountain better than that in the New York Park, for it plays day and night. Beyond this, a sloping arcade of the dwarf beech, trained so as to form a roof of shade, impervious to the sun, leads down to the garden. Still beyond are flower-beds open to the Summer warmth, a pool edged with flags and lilies, and groups of trees studing the smooth sward on either side.

An arch of vines at the end of the garden-walk ushers you into the grove, where a Pomona on her pedestal offers samples of fruits which yet need not expect to find; for I

have none other than forest-trees here—fir, oak, ash, chestnut, and beech. You would not guess that the grove was so small. Its winding footpaths are led through the thickest shade, and the briery undergrowth shoots up to shut out the patches of garden which shimmer through the lowest boughs. In the centre, under venerable firs, stands a hermitage of bark, beside a fountain of delicious water, which is surmounted by a triangular block of sandstone, erected by an extinct mason who once possessed the property. This mason had more money than learning: he put up the stone as a monument to his ancestors, and inscribed thereon, as he supposed: "To my Venerable Forefathers," but, in fact, through his misspelling: "To my Venerable Trout." (*Forellen* instead of *Vorältern*.) Some one, however, has since then engraved on the three sides of the stone the following words of wisdom: "Forget not Yesterday"—"Enjoy To-day"—"Uncertain is To-morrow."

At the end of the grove, on the frontier of my domain, which is shut in by a hedge of fir-trees, is "The Duke's Tree," planted by the hand of Ernest II. Although nearly a hundred years old, the trunk is not more than a foot in diameter, but the tree is branching and shady, and throws its boughs over the rustic seat and stone table, whereupon my friend and I sometimes lie on our backs and smoke the pipe of meditation. My friend's garden adjoins mine, and there is no fence between us; so that I can walk from my hermitage directly into his stables and inspect his thirty stall-fed cows, and his pens of high-born English swine. Beyond our joint territory, a rich banker has his garden, and his fountain (which, by the force of money, spouts ter

feet higher than mine) is a pretty sight enough over the hedge that divides us. His garden terminates in an artificial mound, covered with tall pines and firs, which also has its historic interest. Here the Court of Gotha, aping the grand sentimental silliness of that of France, played at pastoral life, and lords and ladies, with satin ribbons on their crooks and flowers in their hair, gave themselves such names as Corydon, and Doris, and Alexis, and Chloe, and tended sheep, and ate curds, and played flutes, and danced, and sang, and looked languishingly and amorously at each other; but always returned to beer and sausages, cards and scandal every evening. They even built a pastoral village of thirteen houses, which has long since disappeared, and instituted a Court of Love on the summit of the mound, where Phillis was tried for slighting the passion of Amyntor, or Florian for his faithlessness to Melissa. It is difficult, in our day, to imagine the possibility of such ineffable absurdities.

My own room, under the steep French roof of the garden-house, was once the studio of a sculptor, to whose hand, I believe, I am indebted for the six thinly-clad statues which stand in my garden. The laughing fauns are jolly and good-humored enough, as they stand listening to the plash of the fountain, but Venus Anadyomene, down in the grove, leaves one to infer that the artist did not mingle in the most reputable society. So oddly are things managed in this place that, although I live just between the palaces of the reigning Duke and the Dowager Duchess, both within a stone's throw, I hear the noises of the farm-yard every morning, and listen all day to the measured beat of



the flails on a threshing-floor across the way. The diligence to Coburg rattles past every afternoon, and the postilion blows me a merry hunting-song on his horn; sometimes wagons come in from the fields laden with turnips or potatoes, but other noises I rarely hear, and from my windows I see little except trees and garden-walks. The Duke is at present chamois-hunting in the Tyrol, the theatre is not yet opened, and the only recent excitement has been the arrival of four hundred oysters from Ostend. They came one evening, and by noon the next day they were not.

The Castle of Friedenstein, on the summit of the hill on which the town leans, is the old residence of the Dukes of Gotha, before the union of this Duchy with that of Coburg. It is a massive, imposing pile, forming three sides of a quadrangle, open to the south, and looking across twelve miles of grain and turnip fields, to the waving blue line of the Thuringian Forest. A residence no more, it now contains a curious collection of pictures by the old German masters, a library of one hundred and eighty thousand volumes, an excellent museum of natural history, and one of the best collections of Chinese and Japanese articles out of Holland. The adjoining park is a noble piece of ground, just sufficiently neglected to make it delightful. A few footpaths meander through its groves of superb oak, fir, and beech trees, and long, lazy pools of dark green water furnish swimming room for some venerable swans. There is an island in the largest pool, in which lies the body of Ernest II. who, at his own request, was buried there, in the moist earth, without shroud, coffin, or headstone. The parks and gardens are open day and night to everybody, and I

felt as much right of possession therein as the oldest inhabitant.

The *Jahrmarkt*, or Annual Fair, is held here in October, and draws together crowds of the peasantry from the surrounding villages. The Fair itself is insignificant, compared with what I have seen in the larger German cities, but I found it interesting to watch the jolly peasants who hovered around the booths, and bought glaring handkerchiefs, immense pipes, Winter caps, dream-books, and "Rinaldo Rinaldini," or "The four Sons of Haymon." They are a strong, sturdy, ruddy race—a little too purely animal, to be sure, but with a healthy stamina which is not often seen among our restless American people. The girls, in particular, are as fresh as wild roses, with teeth which can masticate tougher food than blancmange, and stomachs, I have no doubt, of equal digestive power. Their arms and ankles are too thick and strong, and their hands too red and hard for our ideas of beauty, but they are exempt from a multitude of female weaknesses, and the human race is not deteriorated in their children. They are an ignorant, honest, simple-hearted race, and, although so industrious and economical, are generous so far as their means allow them to be.

Lately, the field-laborers on my friend's property commemorated the close of the season by bringing him, according to custom, an *Erntekranz* (harvest-wreath) of ripe rye and barley-stalks, mixed with wild grasses, and adorned with fantastic strips of colored and gilded papers. This wreath was formally delivered to the landlord, who, also, according to custom, regaled the laborers with plum cakes and wine. They passed the afternoon and evening in one of the outer

rooms, settling their accounts and partaking of the cheer, after which a gittern was brought forth and the room cleared for a dance. We had some of the old Thuringian songs, with a chorus more loud than musical, and two-step waltzes danced to the tinkling gittern. I was content to be a listener and looker-on, but was soon seized by the strong hands of a tall nut-brown maiden, and whirled into the ranks. Resistance was impossible, and at the end of five minutes I was glad to beat a giddy retreat.

I must not close this gossip from Gotha, without referring to the map-publishing establishment of Bernhard Perthes, whose productions, for thoroughness and correctness, are unsurpassed in the world. I relied upon them for my guidance through Ethiopia, Asia Minor, and India, and found them far more perfect than any others. In Africa, in fact, I boldly ventured to contradict my guides whenever their statements differed from my map, and the result always justified me. Mr. Perthes commenced last year the publication of a monthly periodical entitled: "*Mittheilungen über wichtige neue Erforschungen auf dem Gesammtgebiete der Geographie*" (Communications concerning New and Important Researches in the realm of Geography), the editor of which is Dr. A. Petermann, who, although a young man, ranks among the first living geographers. This periodical is admirably got up, and its contents are of the highest interest and importance. It has already attained a circulation of 4,000 copies, about one hundred of which go to the United States.

## XXVII.

### LIFE IN THE THÜRINGIAN FOREST.

[OCTOBER, 1856.]

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**THERE** are some aspects of German life which wholly escape the notice of most travellers, and which can only be reached through an intimate familiarity with the domestic life of the country. The festivals, no less than the costume and manners of the Middle Ages, have already disappeared from many parts of Germany, but fragments of them still linger in the more secluded districts—in the little villages hidden in mountain valleys which no post-road traverses, and in all those nooks and corners of the land which are not yet represented in the guide-books. Here, one who speaks the language and understands the character of the people, and fraternizes with them as a traveller should, will find his life enriched with many a quaint and picturesque experience. The Thüringian Forest, well known to Ger

mans, but rarely visited by foreigners, is one of those regions, and my visits to its valleys have furnished me with a few pictures of peasant-life, which I propose to sketch for American eyes.

My acquaintance with the Forest dates from four years back, when, in company with my friend, I spent eight or ten days in exploring it from end to end. On that occasion I first met the Forester. It was at twilight, high on the mountain, at a hunting-lodge in the woods, called the King's House. How we kindled a fire of fir-logs, how we sat till past midnight in the open air, telling stories and roasting potatoes in the ashes, and how we slept side by side on a bundle of straw, are things which we keep in choicest memory, and the reader need not expect me to reveal them. Suffice it to say, that night the Forester and I became friends, and when, the next morning, his gray mustache brushed my cheek at parting, I promised to return to the King's House after a few years, and spend another night with him by the camp-fire.

A fortnight ago, when the mornings were bright and frosty, and the days bracing and cloudless, we set out for the Forester's home in the little village of Thal. The old man was on the look-out for us, and long before we reached the patriarchal linden which stands at the entrance of the village, we saw his sunburnt face, his thick gray mustache, and his green hunting-coat on the way to meet us. "Ah!" he cried, as he welcomed us with a Teutonic embrace, "I have been on burning coals for the last two hours, for fear you would not come; the wood is all ready for our fire, up yonder. Schmidt has gone ahead with the beer and pota



toes, and if you have brought your cigars, there is nothing more wanting." But first we must go into his house, distinguished above all others in the village by the head of an antlered buck nailed upon its front. The little room had an air of comfort and elegance: pots of flowers filled the windows, and a glossy ivy-plant was trained to run along the joists of the ceiling. A case with glass doors contained his armory, which was in thorough order; a chintz sofa, broad enough for a Turkish divan, occupied the other end of the room, and a stove, big as the tower of Babel, stood between. His daughter had coffee in readiness, and while we were enjoying it after our walk, the house-maid, Katarina, was dispatched into the forest, with the remainder of our provisions and equipments upon her sturdy back.

We shortly followed, up a little dell between the two hills which guard the village—the Schlossberg, with its rocky cavern, and the Scharfenberg, with the tower of Castle Scharfenstein on its summit. The meadows were still fresh as in Summer, the tall alders shading the brook were dark-green, but the woods of oak and beech on the hills wore the dark purple-brown hues of a German Autumn. Our path led upwards, through alternate forest and mountain meadow, for nearly three miles to the King's House, which we reached as the broad landscape, stretching away for forty or fifty miles to the northwards, began to grow dusky in the twilight. Schmidt had just kindled his fire under the lee of a high bank, and a great pile of split logs at his back gave cheering promise for the night. A huge jug of beer, with a turnip for a stopper, leaned against the house; a loaf of brown bread, a bag of potatoes, and a

pot of butter, lay upon the rude table before the door, and the sight of these preparations gave an additional whet to our appetite, already sharpened by the keen mountain air. "God knows," said the Forester (than whom there is no man less profane), "this is what I have been wanting to see for the last four years. This is a night to be remembered!"

We piled on the logs until the flames rose high and red, and snapped in the frosty wind. Schmidt, at the Forester's order, went into the wood for green fir-boughs, which crackled resinously, and sent up clouds of brilliant sparks. But it was long dark before our potatoes were boiled and the sausages done sputtering upon the gridiron. We ate in the open air, with the thermometer below the freezing point. The meal was royal; but how long it lasted is a secret not to be revealed, except among the freemasonry of hunters and trappers. "Now," said my friend, as the last potato disappeared, "let us turn to nobler indulgences." Four faded, antique chairs were brought from the lodge, the Forester, my friend, sailor and self took our seats around the fire, and Schmidt, with the pipe hanging from his teeth, picked up a burning stick and pointed out the way that we should go. The wind had fallen, and the roaring logs diffused a warm atmosphere around the house; beams of light streamed between the tree-trunks, and turned the yellow leaves to ruddy gold; the stars looked down as their turns came, and twinkled with good-humor. In short, peace was upon the earth, and (so far as we were concerned) good-will towards men.

The Forester, chuckling now and then with inward satis

faction, went back through his record of sixty-two years and took out whatever chapters he thought would interest us—his boyhood in the stormy Napoleonic times, his youth and manhood in the forest, stalking alone for game, fighting with poachers and outlaws, or accompanying princely amateurs on their frigid hunting excursions. I asked him whether he had ever seen Napoleon. "Yes," said he, "twice during the Congress of Erfurt. The first time, I was going home from school with a big slate under my arm, when I saw an immense crowd of men in front of the Castle. A carriage was standing in the midst, and I heard the people say: 'It is the Emperor.' For a hundred feet around they were packed as close as they could squeeze, but I thought to myself, 'Karl, thou must see the Emperor, if thou get'st a broken rib for it.' So I stooped down, shot between the leg of the first and pushed towards the carriage. When the crowd became so thick that I could get no further, I punched first one and then the other with the sharp corner of my slate, and did not spare the blows, until they made a way for me. After this subterranean passage, I found myself, with very little breath left, just behind Duke August, who was talking with the Emperor. I looked over the Duke's shoulder, directly into Napoleon's face."

"What did you think of him?" I asked. "Why," said he, "the portraits you see represent the man very well. He had the same square, solid head, but his skin was yellow and looked unclean and unhealthy. His eyes, though—*Donnerwetter!* such eyes! They bored into you like a couple of augers. Some time after that he was driving

around Erfurt in his carriage, and I ran for a quarter of an hour along the top of a high bank beside the road, keeping up with the horses and looking at him. He had a table in the carriage with him, covered with letters and papers; and as long as I ran he never once looked up, but read, and wrote, and arranged. At that time the Germans used to say that his death would be the salvation of the country, and the thought came into my head, 'Now, if thou hadst but a pistol, thou mightst easily shoot him dead before he knew anything about it.' "

As the night wore on, stories gave place to songs, and the Forester, insisting on a chorus, gave bout for bout with my friend, and revived many of the popular ballads of those times. There was a droll catch, ridiculing the Tyrolese, of which I only remember the following :

"What's the drink of the Tyrolese?

What's their drink?

Nothing but water and sour wine,

Which they swill like thirsty swine.

"Say, what smoke the Tyrolese?

What do they smoke?

Fine tobacco they smoke, to be sure:

It smells no better than stable manure.

"Where are the beds of the Tyrolese?

Where are their beds?

Beautiful beds have man and spouse,

Among the calves and among the cows," &c.

About midnight our supply of logs, large as it was, began



to fail. We had been too prodigal in our holocaust, and the Forester recommended a retreat into the lodge, the floor of which was covered with straw, while the backs of the old chairs, turned bottom upwards, supplied the place of pillows. I will not say that we slept particularly well, but we rose all the earlier for that. The meadows were snow-white with frost, and the autumnal woods shone brilliant in the rising sun. Opposite us was the Hørselberg, where the Frau Venus (so called by the German peasantry) continued to haunt the earth as late as the twelfth century. Many a knight went into the cavern on the northern side of the mountain, to seek her, but none ever returned. The faithful Eckart, the squire of the last adventurer, still sits at the entrance and waits for his master.

We walked over the mountain to the village of Ruhla, celebrated for its length, its wealth, and its pretty girls. "Ah," said the Forester, as we came out of the woods, and looked over the wide sweep of sun-illumined hills, "such days as this are a blessing of Heaven. I remember the time when just a sunny morning made me so happy that I did not know what to do with myself. One day in Spring, as I went through the woods and saw the shadows of the young leaves upon the moss and smelt the buds of the firs and larches, and thought to myself, 'All thy life is to be spent in the splendid forest,' I actually threw myself down and rolled in the grass like a dog, over and over, crazy with joy. I have longed to have the same feeling once more in life, but it never comes back again." "Oh," said I, "a man who has such lively blood in his veins, does not get old so soon." "I am growing old, nevertheless," he



answered; "my sight is not so keen as it was, and lately I was obliged to feel ashamed before my dog. I shot at a partridge and missed; the beast turned around and looked me full in the face, but I couldn't meet his look—I turned my head away and blushed. I have no doubt the poor dog tries to account for my failure to this day, but he can't make it out."

We came home again the same night, after promising to return to Thal the following week, when the *Kirmse* would be celebrated. This is an annual festival of the peasantry, of very remote origin. It generally takes place in the Fall, during the interval between Summer and Winter work, and lasts from two to three days. Formerly the *Kirmse* was ushered in with many ceremonies which are now almost entirely obsolete. The young men and girls, in holiday dress, formed in procession, and after a cock had been killed by the leader, marched to the church, where an appropriate service was performed. A sheep was then slaughtered and roasted, and the *Kirmse* was thoroughly inaugurated by the repast which followed.

The church service is still retained, and in this respect the festival bears some resemblance to our Thanksgiving. The preparations are made by a committee of the young peasants, who are called *Kirmse-boys*, and elect a leader whose command is law. Each boy chooses a maiden as his partner, and the latter is bound to purchase him a gay silk cravat (which he pins upon his right shoulder while dancing), as well as to furnish him with food and drink during the three days. This costs the girls from two to three thalers (\$2) apiece, a considerable sum in these parts,

but they manage to curtail their expenses by hiring a common eating-room, and levying contributions of meal, potatoes, sausages, and beer, upon all the families in the neighborhood. The boys furnish the music, the dancing-hall and the *schnaps*, which they pay for from the fees exacted from those who do not belong to the committee. The *Kirmse* is, in fact, a sort of carnival for the German peasantry, and they allow themselves all sorts of liberties while it lasts. In the ducal meadows near Coburg, for instance, the Duke and Duchess attend, and any *Kirmse*-boy is privileged to call out the latter, while the Duke, in his turn, waltzes with the prettiest peasant girls.

We went again to Thal on the last day of the *Kirmse*. The fine weather was past, the air threatened snow, and the revellers were beginning to show signs of fatigue; but the Forester comforted us with the assurance that in the evening all would be merry enough. Soon after our arrival the village band appeared and performed a melancholy serenade under the window. It was followed by an awkward and riotous company, who proved to be masqueraders—the boys being girls in male attire, and vice versâ. Having paid our initiation fees to these visitors, they withdrew, and we took advantage of the temporary quiet to climb to the ruin of the Scharfenstein. We found nothing left except the tower, whose walls were of remarkable thickness and solidity, and a fragment of a wall and gateway, over which was sculptured a coat of arms, with the inscription, “House and Hearth of the Lord of Scharfenberg, A.D. 1442.” The snow was blowing fast down the valley, and by the time we reached

the Forester's house his daughter announced that dinner was ready.

We did full justice to the roasted hare and roe's liver, and did not slight the slim-necked urns filled by the Rhenish naiads. Towards the close of the repast, the Forester insisted on opening a stout old bottle, in order, as he said, to see what was inside of it. An oily, dark-golden fluid slid into his glass from its open mouth. "*Alletternochhinein!*" he exclaimed, on tasting it; "that is something! That is the bottle I have had in my cellar nine years, and kept for a great occasion—and there never was a better time to open it!" We followed his example: it was genuine Constantia, full of African sun and fire, and from twenty to thirty years old. "*Alletter!*" he again cried, "I had forgotten which was the true bottle, and to think that it should turn up to-day! The Herr Inspector X—— gave it to me for my birthday; but I thought to myself, 'Thou dost not need any such good wine for thy birthday—keep it for something better!' and as long as I live I shall be glad that I did so."

By this time the band had made its appearance under the mighty linden in front of the parson's house, and waltzing couples began to wheel around under the boughs, notwithstanding the snow and the raw wind. Presently a deputation, consisting of the Kirmse-leader, his adjutant, and two stout maidens, came into the room and gave us a ceremonious invitation to join the dance. The leader was a rosy, bright-eyed fellow of twenty-two, and his partner a tall maiden of great strength, who stood firm upon her feet. "Directly," said the Forester, in answer;

“but we must first have our pipes. If every one of you,” he added, turning to me, “were lying dead in this room, I should sit down and howl like a dog, but in fifteen minutes I should get up and light my pipe.”

As our pipes burned slowly, the deputation came a second time and carried us off to the linden-tree. The strong maiden, Elisabetha by name, was transferred to me, and we were soon whirling around inside the ring of admiring spectators. Elisabetha was light on her feet, but very firm; she needed no support; she moved like a revolving pillar, around which I revolved in turn, striving to keep pace and to moderate her speed, but I might as well have attempted to regulate the earth's motion on its axis. The Forester, meanwhile, brought out the parson's daughter, and his gray moustache occasionally whizzed past me. I would have transferred the strong Elisabetha to him, but it was too late: round and round we went, and the boughs of the linden seemed to grow broader and to stretch over vast spaces. Finally, there were lindens on every side, and we were obliged to circle all of them; but at last a voice roared in our ears, “You are out of time!” and the strong maiden stopped. The dances under the linden terminated soon afterwards, and the peasants went off to prepare for the night.

We first visited the Heiligenstein, across the valley—once a monastery, now a tavern; but as the maidens of Ruhla, with their picturesque dress and their fair complexions, did not arrive according to expectation, we returned to Thal, where the Kirmse-boys had already collected in the dancing-hall. It was a low room, opposite the



village tavern, with the orchestra on a platform at one end. The floor was crowded with peasants, leaving only a ring shaped space vacant for the dancers. On our appearance there, about nine o'clock, I was immediately accosted by the Kirmse-leader, who conducted to me the strong Elisabetha. It was impossible to decline, for she was his chosen sweet heart, and one of the first maidens, in point of her worldly prospects, in the valley. I resolved, however, to let her dance for both of us, and confine my exertions merely to holding on. My companion was furnished with a rather pretty partner, named Barbara Hornshoe, and the manner in which her feet pattered upon the floor did justice to her name.

The Kirmse-leader seemed to consider us the guests of the village. We were consulted with regard to the dances, and exempted from all obedience to his rule. When he touched the other dancers with his wooden baton, as a sign for them to cease, he passed us over, greatly to the delight of our powerful partners, whom nothing could tire. One of the dances was a *Polonaise*, and consisted in the whole company following the leader, who was Schmidt's son. He danced us down stairs into the street, across the brook and up again, winding up with a rapid *galop*. After awhile the leader came up with a glass of some dark beverage, which he insisted on our drinking. I tasted it: it was *schnaps*, the most villanous kind of brandy, and as strong as it was bad. One taste was sufficient, but it was no sooner offered to the strong Elisabetha than she emptied the glass without changing a muscle of her countenance. The quantity of this vile drink consumed by the peasant



girls, without any apparent effect, surprised me. It was a stronger proof than I had yet had of the vigor of their constitutions.

Before leaving the dancing-hall I gave the leader what we should consider a very trifling fee, but it was so large in his eyes, that the munificence of the American guest was talked of all over the village. We were serenaded again the next day, and through the harmless fraternization of the *Kirmse*, received the most friendly and familiar greetings on all sides. As for the Forester, who accompanied us a mile or two of our way, we parted from him as from an old friend, and the days we spent under his roof and beside his camp-fire will not live longer in his memory than in ours.

## XXVIII.

### INTERVIEWS WITH GERMAN AUTHORS.

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WHILE at Coburg in the beginning of October, 1852, I paid a visit to Rückert, the poet, who has a small estate in the adjoining village of Neusass. He has the reputation of being a cold, ascetic man, and never mingles in society. Very few of the Coburgers know him, and many have never once seen him. I fell in with a student of the Oriental languages who had some acquaintance with him, and accompanied me to his house. As we were passing through the garden we came upon him suddenly, standing in the midst of a great bed of rose-bushes and gathering the seeds of flowers. In this occupation I recognised the author of "Oriental Roses," but scarcely the poet of Love, the ardent disciple of Hafiz, in the tall, stern, gray-haired man who stood before me. His manner at first was rather cold and constrained, but it was the constraint of a scholar, unaccustomed to strange faces, and therefore ill at ease

He invited us into the house, and commenced the conversation awkwardly, by asking me: "Where have you been?" "In the Orient," I answered. This was enough. A sudden enthusiasm shot into his face, his keen, deep-set eyes kindled, and his whole bearing changed. For two or three hours the conversation flowed on without a break—on his part a full stream of the richest knowledge, sparkling all over with gleams of poetry. His manner towards me was earnest, kind, and cordial, and charmed me all the more, because I had decided before seeing him, that he was unappreciated and misjudged by his neighbors.

I was surprised to find that Rückert, who is probably the finest Oriental scholar in Europe (witness his remarkable translation of the *Makamât el-Hariri*), was unacquainted with the true Arabic pronunciation. This, it appears, is not taught in the German universities, probably on account of the difficulty of giving the correct guttural sounds. Nevertheless, he is the only one who has ever reproduced, in another language, the laborious and elaborate Arabic and Persian metres. His knowledge of all European languages is even more profound, and although he does not speak English, he seems to comprehend its genius as thoroughly as that of his native tongue.

Just four years afterwards, I revisited Coburg, principally for the sake of seeing again the noble old poet, who, having heard that I was in Gotha, kindly asked me to call upon him before leaving Germany. I found him living the same studious, secluded life in the little village of Neusass, buried in his Oriental manuscripts and rarely seen by men. His wife (the Luise of his earlier poems) welcomed me

with cordiality, and two blooming daughters kept up a lively conversation until the poet appeared. How well I remembered that frame, tall and slender as Schiller's, but erect as an Arab chieftain's; that stately head, with the gray hair parted in front and falling in silver masses on the shoulders; the strongly modelled brow, under which looked out eyes full of a soft, lambent fire, like those of a seer; the straight, strong nose, firm, stern lips, and projecting chin, a milder counterpart of Andrew Jackson—the head of a thinker and a poet!

Rückert must be nearly, if not quite, seventy years of age. He is still (I venture to say) as productive as ever, although he has published little for some years past. His habits of study have made him shy and abstracted, but the same habits give to his conversation a vigor of thought, a richness of illustration, and a glow of fancy, which I think could scarcely have been surpassed by the monologues of Coleridge. With his soft, bright eyes directed steadily before him, as if he saw the horizon of the desert, he talked of the Arabs who lived before Mohammed with the same familiar intelligence as he would speak of his contemporaries. The lifting of his glance, as he turned towards me now and then, in the earnestness of his discourse, was like an Eastern sunrise. The East lives in his soul, and warms his old age with its eternal summer.

Uhland only disputes with Rückert the title of being the first of living German poets. He is more simple and pathetic, and his verses appeal more directly to the German heart. Rückert, on the other hand, is half an Asiatic, and in the splendor of his imagination, as well as his won-

derful command of the dexterities of his native language, is scarcely surpassed by El Hariri himself. There can be no comparison between the two; they stand on different pedestals. Personally, also, the men have no resemblance. I was in Tübingen in 1852—the home of Uhland—and could not find it in my heart to leave without speaking to the man whose “Minstrel’s Curse” and “Little Roland” had been haunting my brain for so many years. I wrote a note stating my desire, and immediately received an invitation to call upon him. I found him in a house overlooking the valley of the Neckar, in a little, dark, barely furnished library. He came forward to meet me—a small, wrinkled, dry old man of at least seventy, with a bald head and curious puckers in the corners of his mouth and eyes. But the eyes themselves were as soft, blue, and clear as a child’s, and there was a winning, child-like simplicity in his manner, despite a certain awkwardness and frigidity which at first showed itself.

We sat down together on the little leather-covered sofa behind his desk, and he talked very pleasantly for an hour. I asked whether he had written anything recently, or whether he had, perhaps, grown weary of that

“Pleasure in poetic pains,

Which only poets know.”

“I should not like to swear,” he said in answer, “that I shall write no more songs. I have as much pleasure in what I have done, as ever; but there is no longer the same necessity for expression, and I never write without a strong necessity. I hear the same music in my brain, but am con-



tent to hear it without singing it." Just the answer I should have expected from a true poet.

At the table of a friend in Coburg I met with Frederick Gerstäcker, the distinguished traveller and author. I had spent an afternoon with him in the Rosenthal, near Leipzig, eleven years before; but he had compassed the earth since then—had ridden across the Pampas, washed gold in California, played the guitar in Tahiti, tramped through Australia, and listened to the songs of Malay girls in Java. He was but little changed, except in wearing a thick brown beard, which mitigated the somewhat harsh projection of his under jaw. There was the same lithe, wiry frame, unworn by much endurance, the sloping brow, expanding to a wedge-like shape at the temples, and the quick, keen, vivacious gray eye, as I remembered them in 1845. Gerstäcker has one of those faces which are never forgotten. His individuality is strongly marked; he takes and gives impressions with equal force, and thus adventures and picturesque experiences come to him unsought, which is the greatest fortune a traveller can have. His works have been very successful, and yield him (what few German authors can boast of) a handsome income.

Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who is distinguished among German princes by an intelligent taste for literature and art, has made choice of Gerstäcker as his special friend and companion. The latter, who is an enthusiastic hunter, accompanies him every fall to the Tyrol, where they spend weeks on the mountain-tops, sleeping in chalets, and creeping all day among the rocks to waylay the chamois. They had just returned from

such an excursion, during which Gerstäcker, in spite of a bullet-wound in his left hand, succeeded in shooting nine. He was then engaged in writing romances, the material for which was in most part derived from his experiences of travel. I do not believe, however, that his daring, adventurous spirit will be long satisfied with the quiet of his home at Rosenau. He will soon crave a fresh stock of those vital experiences, which in their present enjoyment far surpass all anticipation and all memory.

At Dresden I was welcomed by my friend Alexander Ziegler, who had just returned from a visit to the midnight sun at Hammerfest. His face had waxed round and ruddy in the breezes of the North, and from the interest with which he spoke of his journey I at once anticipated a new volume from his pen. Ziegler is known in Germany as the author of *Travels in America, Spain, and the Orient*. His works are distinguished by a clear, practical, serious habit of observation, a scrupulous attention to details, combined with considerable power of generalization, and a cheerful, genial tone, which never rises into the realms of the imagination, but often sparkles with touches of graphic humor. He is enough of the cosmopolite to enjoy the most widely-separated spheres of travel, and it is scarcely likely that he will remain very long at home while his nature retains its present buoyancy and restless activity of life.

Dresden is at present the literary capital of Germany although the King of Bavaria, by drawing around him such men as Bodenstedt and Geibel, seeks to secure that distinction for Munich. Freytag, the author of that admirable novel, "*Soll und Haben*," resides in Leipsic, and

Mügge, whose "Afraja" has charmed American readers, in Berlin; but in Dresden are grouped Auerbach, Gutschow, Dr. Andree, Wolfssohn, Julius Hammer, and Otto Roquette, besides Professor Reichenbach, Steinle, the engraver Dahl, the old Norwegian painter, and a host of other artists. I was fortunate enough to find the pass-word to this charmed circle. Authors and artists have the same masonic signs all over the world, and the cloud of smoke which filled their private hall of meeting in the rear of the Café de l'Europe was the same familiar atmosphere which my fellow centurions are wont to inhale at home.

Auerbach, whose "*Dorfgeschichten*" (Village Stories) from the Black Forest have a European reputation, is a short, broad-shouldered, muscular, ruddy-faced man, about forty-six years of age. His eyes are large, wide apart, and brownish-gray, and the lower part of his face is comfortably enveloped in a short, thick brown beard. He is one of those hale, honest, clear-seeing natures, of which there are too few in the world—a mixture of keen intelligence and child-like simplicity and naïveté, such as we find in the dramatists of the Elizabethan age. He knows the woods and mountains too well to be fettered by the frigid conventionalities which rule the talk of society. He is too unconscious of them even to notice them with his scorn; but speaks straight from the heart, whatever comes first, and everything as it comes—fun, earnest, satire, enthusiasm. He says many good things, and even where he hits pretty sharply, is so genial and true-hearted thereby that no wound is left behind.

I was interested to find how immediately Auerbach and

my companion understood each other. Authors have perhaps the truest instincts of character in other men, but those who lead a free life in close communion with nature—hunters, sailors, and lumbermen, who can dare to act without subterfuge, compromise, or even the ordinary considerations of worldly prudence—are scarcely less correct in their sympathies. They may be unable to appreciate particular ranges of intellect, but they read character at a glance. The German author and the American sailor, in spite of their totally divergent lives and experiences of mankind, knew each other at first sight, with as just an estimation as the literary friends of the one or the faithful-est shipmates of the other, after years of familiar intercourse.

Dr. Karl Andree, the distinguished geographer, was in one respect a wonder to me. There is not a man in Europe, I venture to say, and not a great many in the United States, who possess such an intimate knowledge of our country and its institutions, its geography, its statistics, and its social and political life. It was curious to sit in his library in Dresden, knowing that he had never crossed the Atlantic, and to hear him discuss the aberrations of American editors, and reveal the wire-working of our demagogues and political jugglers, even to the smallest. Andree is at the same time one of the hardest workers and best companions in the world—a mixture which I wish were more common in America. We have the workers in plenty, but work too often robs us of the social amenities of life.

In company with Ziegler I called upon Gutzkow, the dramatist, who unquestionably stands at the head of living German writers for the stage. His play of "*Zopf und*



*Schwert*" (Queue and Sword) has for many years kept a place on the boards of all the theatres between the Alps and the Baltic. He is a small man, forty years of age, with blonde hair and moustache, gray eyes, a forcible nose, and an expression in which keenness and clearness of mental insight is predominant. Judging by his face, I should say that he is patient, persevering, and conscientious in execution, sharp and rapid in his appreciation of what he needs and can use, but effective rather through his outside knowledge of men and of life, than from great power and warmth of passion in himself. His bearing was courteous and kind, but he impressed me like a clear winter morning after feeling the mellow summer glow of Auerbach.

Wolfssohn, whose recent success as a dramatist, in his play of "*Nur eine Seele*" (Only a Soul), has delighted his friends, and brought him what true success always brings—envy—is also distinguished for his translations from the Russian. He resided for some time in Moscow, and has made his knowledge of Russian life very effective in his plays, which are mostly Russian in subject. He is a quiet, genial, studious man, and I regretted that a temporary indisposition prevented me from seeing as much of him as I wished.

Julius Hammer is the author of a volume of poems entitled "*Schau in Dich und Schau um Dich*" (Look within Thee and around Thee). It is one of the most successful of recent books of German poems, having rapidly run through five editions. Its character is serious and reflective, rather than imaginative, but pervaded with



warm human sympathies. In calling upon Hammer I met with one of those pleasant surprises which rarely come to those who send their children into the world, trusting their existence to their own powers of vitality. He was sitting at his desk, writing the last line of a translation of one of my own poems, which he immediately read to me in its new dress.

While in Berlin, the same year, I paid a visit to Dr. Karl Ritter, the distinguished geographer, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my friend Ziegler. I found him at his rooms, overlooking the Gendarm-markt, and, though I happened to call during his hours of study, was at once admitted. Through two rooms, crammed with books from floor to ceiling, I passed to his workshop, which was furnished in the same manner, and exhaled the same delightfully infectious odor of antique leather. He was sitting at his desk, in the midst of a chaos of books and papers, but rose and came forward as I entered. Here was again a massive Teutonic head, larger than Humboldt's, but not so symmetrically balanced, a broad, overhanging brow, shading large and friendly eyes, a strong nose, and one of those ample, irregular mouths, in which the expression of kindness and goodness atones for the absence of beauty. His hair was gray and thin, for he must have seen at least sixty-five summers, but his tall figure was still erect and full of strength. The dressing-gown he wore, with his unbuttoned collar and bare throat, gave a certain grace and dignity to his appearance, not unlike that which belongs to the picture of Goethe in his latter days.

Our conversation was mostly geographical, and though I remained but half an hour, through fear of interrupting his labors, it served to illustrate his immense knowledge. He touched upon the Japanese and the Chinese, the Tartars and Thibetans, the Lapps and Samoyeds, the Shillooks, the Diukas, and the Bushmen; described the formation of their respective countries, the climate and productions, their habits, laws, and religions. My projected journey to Lapland appeared to interest him, and he advised me to notice the result of the Swedish missionary labors among that people, and to contrast it with the operation of similar labors in India and China. The interior of Swedish Lappmark was, he admitted, a comparatively unknown region, and he commended my design of visiting it in the winter, when the facilities of getting from point to point are much greater than in summer, and the Lapps are gathered together in their villages. He recommended the work of Leopold von Buch as the best description of Norway and Lapland. Ritter is now engaged in the publication of a Universal Geography, which, so far as it has appeared, far surpasses all previous works of the same character, in the richness and accuracy of its information. The Germans are undoubtedly at present the greatest geographers in the world, and the French, despite their claims, the worst.

I was fortunate in having a letter to Theodor Mütge, the author of "Afraja" and "Eric Randal." When I called at his residence, according to a previous appointment, a pretty little girl of seven or eight years opened the door. "Is Herr Dr. Mütge at home?" I asked. She went to an adjacent door and cried out, "Father, are you

at home?" "*Ja wohl*," answered a sturdy voice; and presently a tall, broad-shouldered, and rather handsome man of over forty years made his appearance. He wore a thick, brown beard, spectacles, was a little bald about the temples, and spoke with a decided North-German accent. His manner at first was marked with more reserve than is common among Germans; but I had the pleasure of meeting him more than once, and found that the outer shell covered a kernel of good humor and good feeling.

Like many other authors, Mügge has received hardly as much honor in his own country as he deserves. His "*Afraja*," one of the most remarkable romances of this generation, is just beginning to be read and valued. He was entirely unacquainted with the fact that it had been translated in America, where five or six editions were sold in a very few months. I could give him no better evidence of its success than the experience of a friend of mine, who was carried thirteen miles past his home, on a New-Haven railroad train, while absorbed in its pages. He informed me that the idea of the story was suggested to him during his residence at Tromsøe, on the Norwegian coast, where, among some musty official records, he found the minutes of the last trial and execution of a Lapp for witchcraft, about a century ago. This Lapp, who was a sort of Chieftain in his clan, had been applied to by some Danish traders to furnish them with good wind during their voyage. He sold them breezes from the right quarter, but the vessel was wrecked and all hands drowned. When asked, during his trial, whether he had not furnished a bad instead of a good wind, he answered haughtily: "Yes, I sold them the

bad wind, because I hated them, as I hate you, and all the brood of thieves who have robbed me and my people of our land." I referred to the character of Niels Helgestad, and spoke of his strong resemblance, in many respects, to one of our Yankee traders of the harder and coarser kind. Mûgge assured me that I would find many of the same type still existing, when I should visit the Lofoden isles. He spent a Summer among the scenes described in "Afraja," and his descriptions are so remarkably faithful that Alexander Ziegler used the book as his best guide in going over the same ground.

## XXIX.

### ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

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I CAME to Berlin for the first time, in November, 1856, not to visit its museums and galleries, its magnificent street of Linden, its operas and theatres, nor to mingle in the gay life of its streets and salons, but for the sake of seeing and speaking with the world's greatest living man—Alexander von Humboldt.

At that time, with his great age and his universal renown, regarded as a throned monarch in the world of science, his friends were obliged, perforce, to protect him from the exhaustive homage of his thousands of subjects, and, for his own sake, to make difficult the ways of access to him. The friend and familiar companion of the king, he might be said, equally, to hold his own court, with the privilege, however, of at any time breaking through the formalities which only self-defence had rendered necessary. Some of my works, I knew, had found their way into his hands: I



was at the beginning of a journey which would probably lead me through regions which his feet had traversed and his genius illustrated, and it was not merely a natural curiosity which attracted me towards him. I followed the advice of some German friends, and made use of no media-ory influence, but simply dispatched a note to him, stating my name and object, and asking for an interview.

Three days afterwards I received through the city post a reply in his own hand, stating that, although he was suffering from a cold which had followed his removal from Potsdam to the capital, he would willingly receive me, and appointed one o'clock the next day for the visit. I was punctual to the minute, and reached his residence in the Oranienburger-strasse, as the clock struck. While in Berlin, he lived with his servant, Seifert, whose name only I found on the door. It was a plain two-story house, with a dull pink front, and inhabited, like most of the houses in German cities, by two or three families. The bell-wire over Seifert's name came from the second story. I pulled: the heavy *porte-cochère* opened of itself, and I mounted the steps until I reached a second bell-pull, over a plate inscribed "Alexander von Humboldt."

A stout, square-faced man of about fifty, whom I at once recognized as Seifert, opened the door for me. "Are you Herr Taylor?" he asked; and added, on receiving my reply: "His Excellency is ready to receive you." He ushered me into a room filled with stuffed birds and other objects of natural history; then into a large library, which apparently contained the gifts of authors, artists, and men of science. I walked between two long tables heaped with

sumptuous folios, to the further door, which opened into the study. Those who have seen the admirable colored lithograph of Hildebrand's picture, know precisely how the room looks. There was the plain table, the writing-desk covered with letters and manuscripts, the little green sofa, and the same maps and pictures on the drab-colored walls. The picture had been so long hanging in my own room at home, that I at once recognised each particular object.

Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should converse in English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English." He insisted on my taking one end of the green sofa, observing that he rarely sat upon it himself, then drew up a plain cane-bottomed chair and seated himself beside it, asking me to speak a little louder than usual, as his hearing was not so acute as formerly.

As I looked at the majestic old man, the line of Tennyson, describing Wellington, came into my mind: "Oh, good gray head, which all men knew." The first impression made by Humboldt's face was that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bent forward and overhung his breast, like a ripe ear of corn, but as you looked below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, met your own. In those eyes you read that trust

in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which made the snows of eighty-seven Winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trusted him utterly at the first glance, and you felt that he would trust you, if you were worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth, and chin had the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age, but I should not have suspected him of being over seventy-five. His wrinkles were few and small, and his skin had a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow-white, was still abundant, his step slow but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. He slept but four hours out of the twenty-four, read and replied to his daily rain of letters, and suffered no single occurrence of the least interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that his memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, was at all impaired. He talked rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and, in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and

then pointing to a picture or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

He began by referring to my winter journey into Lapland. "Why do you choose the winter?" he asked. "Your experiences will be very interesting, it is true, but will you not suffer from the severe cold?" "That remains to be seen," I answered. "I have tried all climates except the Arctic, without the least injury. The last two years of my travels were spent in tropical countries, and now I wish to have the strongest possible contrast." "That is quite natural," he remarked, "and I can understand how your object in travel must lead you to seek such contrasts; but you must possess a remarkably healthy organization." "You doubtless know, from your own experience," I said, "that nothing preserves a man's vitality like travel." "Very true," he answered, "if it does not kill at the outset. For my part, I keep my health everywhere, like yourself. During five years in South America and the West Indies, I passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched."

I spoke of my projected visit to Russia, and my desire to traverse the Russian-Tartar provinces of Central Asia. The Kirghiz steppes, he said, were very monotonous; fifty miles gave you the picture of a thousand; but the people were exceedingly interesting. If I desired to go there, I would have no difficulty in passing through them to the Chinese frontier; but the southern provinces of Siberia, he thought, would best repay me. The scenery among the Altai Mountains was very grand. From his window in one of the Siberian towns, he had counted eleven peaks covered

with eternal snow. The Kirghizes, he added, were among the few races whose habits had remained unchanged for thousands of years, and they had the remarkable peculiarity of combining a monastic with a nomadic life. They were partly Buddhist and partly Mussulman, and their monkish sects followed the different clans in their wanderings, carrying on their devotions in the encampments, inside of a sacred circle marked out by spears. He had seen their ceremonies, and was struck with their resemblance to those of the Catholic church.

Humboldt's recollections of the Altai Mountains naturally led him to speak of the Andes. "You have travelled in Mexico," said he: "do you not agree with me in the opinion that the finest mountains in the world are those single cones of perpetual snow rising out of the splendid vegetation of the tropics? The Himalayas, although loftier, can scarcely make an equal impression; they lie further to the north, without the belt of tropical growths, and their sides are dreary and sterile in comparison. You remember Orizaba," continued he; "here is an engraving from a rough sketch of mine. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his "Minor Writings," turned over the leaves and recalled, at each plate, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked as he closed the book, "that Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

Among the objects in his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a



big blue-fly (the unconscious provision for his dinner) perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very listless and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes, and looked up at us "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. It can turn one eye towards heaven, while with the other he inspects the earth. There are many clergymen who have the same power."

After showing me some of Hildebrand's water-color drawings, he returned to his seat and began to converse about American affairs, with which he seemed to be entirely familiar. He spoke with great admiration of Colonel Fremont, whose defeat he profoundly regretted. "But it is at least a most cheering sign," he said, "and an omen of good for your country, that more than a million of men supported by their votes a man of Fremont's character and achievements." With regard to Buchanan, he said: "I had occasion to speak of his Ostend Manifesto not long since, in a letter which has been published, and I could not characterize its spirit by any milder term than *savage*." He also spoke of our authors, and inquired particularly after Washington Irving whom he had once seen. I told him I had the fortune to know Mr. Irving, and had seen him not long before leaving New York. "He must be at least fifty years old," said Humboldt. "He is seventy," I answered, "but as young as ever." "Ah!" said he, "I have lived so long that I have almost lost the consciousness of time. I belong

to the age of Jefferson and Gallatin, and I heard of Washington's death while travelling in South America."

I have repeated but the smallest portion of his conversation, which flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of the richest knowledge. On recalling it to my mind, after leaving, I was surprised to find how great a number of subjects he had touched upon, and how much he had said, or seemed to have said—for he had the rare faculty of placing a subject in the clearest and most vivid light by a few luminous words—concerning each. He thought, as he talked, without effort. I should compare his brain to the fountain of Vaucluse—a still, deep, and tranquil pool, without a ripple on its surface, but creating a river by its overflow. He asked me many questions, but did not always wait for an answer, the question itself suggesting some reminiscence, or some thought which he had evident pleasure in expressing. I sat or walked, following his movements, an eager listener, and speaking in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted to me had expired. Seifert at length reappeared and said to him, in a manner at once respectful and familiar, "It is time," and I took my leave.

"You have travelled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid." For I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Forster, the companion of Capt. Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the Marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, La

Place, Gay-Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott—in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three-quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the cataract of Atures and the forests of the Cassiquiare, Chimborazo, the Amazon, and Popocatepetl, the Altaian Alps of Siberia, the Tartar steppes, and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befitted a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so sublime an example of old age—crowned with imperishable success, full of the ripest wisdom, cheered and sweetened by the noblest attributes of the heart. A ruin, indeed! No: a human temple, perfect as the Parthenon.

As I was passing out through the cabinet of Natural History, Seifert's voice arrested me. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but do you know what this is?" pointing to the antlers of a Rocky-Mountain elk. "Of course I do," said I, "I have helped to eat many of them." He then pointed out the other specimens, and took me into the library to show me some drawings by his son-in-law, Möllhausen, who had accompanied Lieut. Whipple in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains. He also showed me a very elaborate specimen of bead-work, in a gilt frame. "This," he said, "is the work of a Kirghiz princess, who presented it to His Excellency when we were on our journey to Siberia." "You accompanied His Excellency then?" I asked. "Yes," said he; "*we* were there in '29." Seifert is justly proud of having shared for thirty or forty years

the fortunes of his master. There was a ring, and a servant came in to announce a visitor. "Ah, the Prince Ypsilanti," said he: "don't let him in; don't let a single soul in; I must go and dress His Excellency. Sir, excuse me—yours, most respectfully," and therewith he bowed himself out. As I descended to the street, I passed Prince Ypsilanti on the stairs.

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In October, 1857, I was once more in Berlin, on my return from the North of Europe. As I had some business to transact, which would detain me three or four days, I sent a note to Humboldt, asking permission to call upon him again, in case his time permitted the visit. The next day's express from Potsdam brought me a most kind and friendly reply, welcoming me back to the "Baltic sand-sea," as he called the Brandenburg plain, and stating that, although the Emperor Alexander and his suite were to arrive that evening, he would nevertheless take an hour or two from the excitement of the Court to talk to me about the North. He was residing in the Palace at Potsdam, where he directed me to call at noon on Monday.

The train by which I left Berlin was filled with officers and diplomatic officials in full uniform, going down to do homage to the Czar. In the carriage in which I sat, were two old gentlemen who presently commenced conversing in French. After a time, their talk wandered to the Orient, and they spoke of Diebitsch and his campaigns, and the treaty of Unkiar-Iskelessi. Suddenly, one of them asked in Arabic, "Do you speak Arabic?" The other answered

in Turkish, "No, but I speak Turkish." The first replied in the same language, which, after a time, the two exchanged for Modern Greek, and finally subsided into Russian. I made out that one was a Wallachian, but could discover nothing more, notwithstanding there was an air of a secret mission about them, which greatly piqued my curiosity.

Potsdam was all alive with the Imperial arrival. The King of Saxony was also coming to dinner; and, that the three monarchs might be pleasantly diverted in the evening, the sparkling Marie Taglioni, who had arrived with us, tripped out of the cars and off to the Royal Theatre. The park at Sans Souci was in brilliant holiday trim, the walks newly swept, and the fountains jetting their tallest and brightest streams. The streets of the dull little court-town glittered with resplendent uniforms, among which the driver of my carriage pointed out Carl, Albert, and various other princes of the House of Prussia. As we were crossing an open space near the palace, a mounted guard, followed by an open carriage, drawn by a span of superb black horses, suddenly appeared. I at once recognised the punchy figure in a green military coat, buttoned up to the chin, who sat on the right hand, although I had never before seen his Majesty. My driver reined up on one side and took off his hat. I lifted mine as the King passed, looked at him, and he replied with a military salute. His face was slightly flushed and his eyes bright, and I remember thinking that the heavy and rather stupid air which he wears in his portraits did him injustice. But he was even then laboring under that congestion which struck



him down the same night, and from the effects of which he will never recover.

I was glad when the clock struck twelve at last, and I could leave the rattling streets for that quiet corner of the palace in which Humboldt lives. The door was opened, as before, by Seifert, who recognised me at once. "Welcome back!" he cried; "we know where you have been—we have read all your letters! His Excellency has been quite sick, and you will not find him so strong as he was last year, but he is in tolerable health again, thank God! Come in, come in; he is waiting." Opening the door as he spoke, he ushered me into a little library, on the threshold of which Humboldt, who had risen, received me. He was slightly paler than before, a little thinner, perhaps, and I could see that his step was not so firm; but the pale-blue eye beamed as clear an intelligence as ever, and the voice had as steady and cheery a tone. He shook hands with the cordiality of a friend, and, after the first greetings were over, questioned me minutely concerning my travels in the North.

But one topic soon suggests a hundred others, and he was ere long roaming at large over the whole field of geography and climatology, touching the farthest and darkest regions of the earth with the light of his stupendous knowledge. The sheets of the new volume of *Cosmos* lay upon the table. "Here is what I have been doing, since you were here before," said he, taking it up, "the work will be published in two or three weeks." "You find yourself, then, still capable of such labor?" I ventured to ask. "Work is now a part of my life," said he; "I sleep

so little, and much rest would be irksome. Day before yesterday, I worked for sixteen hours, reviewing these sheets." "Are you not greatly fatigued," I asked, "after such an exertion?" "On the contrary," he replied, "I feel refreshed, but the performance of it depends greatly on my state of bodily health. I am unconscious of any mental fatigue." As I saw in the face, and heard in the voice of the splendid old man, all the signs of a sound, unfailing intellect, I could well believe it. I had prided myself a little on having worked with the brain fifteen hours a day for six months, yet here was Humboldt, in his eighty-ninth year, capable of an equal exertion.

The manner in which he spoke of his bodily health was exceedingly interesting to me. His mind, full of vigor and overflowing with active life, seemed to consider the body as something independent of itself, and to watch, with a curious eye, its gradual decay, as he might have watched that of a tree in his younger days. "I have been unwell through the Summer," said he, "but you must not believe all you may have seen in the newspapers concerning my illness. They stated that I was attacked with apoplexy, but it was only a vertigo, which soon left me, and has not been followed by any of the usual effects of apoplexy. One result, however, shows that my body is beginning to give way. I have not the same power of controlling my limbs as formerly; the will does not seem to act upon the muscles; there is a link broken somewhere, which it is probably too late to restore. For instance, very often, when I attempt to walk straight forward, I do not feel certain that my legs will carry me in a straight line; they may go either to one

side or the other, and, though I cannot notice any real want of strength, I feel uncertain and mistrustful. For this reason, I must have assistance when I go up or down stairs. After all, it is not singular that some parts of the machinery should get rusty at my age." Soon afterwards, while speaking of Thibet, he referred to a very fine copper-plate map, and I noticed that he saw the most minute names distinctly, without the aid of spectacles. But then he had the eyes of a youth of twenty years. Age might palsy his limbs, but it never looked out of those windows.

After I had been sitting an hour, Seifert came to the door and said: "The two gentlemen have come—shall I admit them?" I rose to leave, but Humboldt said: "No, no—remain. They are from Hong-Kong: perhaps you know them." I looked at the cards, and recognised an acquaintance in the name of the editor of a Hong-Kong paper. The other was a Government official. After they entered, the conversation took a more general tone, but I was not sorry for this afterwards, as it gave Humboldt occasion to recall some scenes of his early life. One of the visitors spoke of Frederick the Great. "I remember him well," said Humboldt, "I was sixteen years old when he died, and I can see his face still as plainly as I can see yours. I was but eighteen when I visited England for the first time. It was during the trial of Warren Hastings, which I frequently attended. I remember that I heard Edmund Burke, Pitt, and Sheridan all speak on the same night."

After the visitors left, I remained with him until it was time for him to prepare for the dinner given to Alexander

II., to which he was bidden. "You will pass through Berlin on your way to Moscow?" said he. "Yes." "Well—I must be polite enough to live until then. You must bring your wife with you. Oh, I know all about it, and you must not think, because I have never been married myself, that I do not congratulate you." After these cordial words, and a clasp of the hand, in which there was nothing weak or tremulous, I parted from the immortal old man.

## XXX.

### SUMMER GOSSIP FROM ENGLAND.

[ 1857. ]

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As it was necessary that I should visit London on matters of business, before proceeding to Norway, I took the opportunity of accompanying my brother and sisters as far as Southampton, on their voyage home. Leaving Gotha on the 9th of June, we went by rail to Bremen, by way of Cassel and Hanover. The only thing in the former city which we had time to visit was the celebrated *Rathskeller*, or crypt of the old Hall of Council. This is renowned through all Germany for its tuns of Rhenish wine, of the most undoubted antiquity. They are kept in great vaults, distinguished by different titles. That of the "Twelve Apostles" has been immortalized by Hauff and Heine, but the apostolical wines are not so fine as those authors would have us believe. Each cask bears the name of one of the Apostles; they contain wine of the vintage of 1718, which



has now, I was informed, a pungent acid flavor. That of Judas, alone, retains a pleasant aroma, and the sinner, therefore, is in greater demand than all the saints together. In the "Rose Cellar" are enormous casks, yet filled with Hockheimer (Hock) of the vintage of 1624. For a couple of centuries it was carefully treasured, but the City Fathers of Bremen finally discovered that the longer it was kept the worse it grew, and now sell it to visitors, in small bottles, at a moderate price.

We sat down in one of the stalls in the outer cellar, and had a bottle uncorked. Think of drinking wine which grew when the Plymouth Colony was but four years old—of the same vintage which Ariosto might have drunk, and Milton, and Cromwell, and Wallenstein, and Gustavus Adolphus! Shakespeare had been dead but eight years when the grapes were trodden in the vats; and Ben Jonson may have sung his "Drink to me only with thine eyes" over a goblet of the golden juice. We filled the glasses with great solemnity as these thoughts passed through our minds—admired its dark, smoky color, sniffed up reverently its musky, mummy-like odor, and then tasted Fancy a mixture of oil and vinegar, flavored with a small drop of kreosote! This, as I afterwards recognised, was the impression made upon the palate, though my imagination was too busy at the time to be aware of it. We all said, "It is not so bad as I expected," and, by keeping the fact of its age constantly before our eyes, succeeded in emptying the bottle. So pungent, however, was the smoky, oily, acidulous flavor, that it affected my palate for full twenty-four hours afterwards, and everything I

ate or drank in that time seemed to be of the vintage of 1624.

I reached London in season to hear the last of Handel's oratorios—*Israel in Egypt*—in the Palace at Sydenham. I doubt whether any composer, dead or alive, has ever had such an ovation. Two thousand singers and nearly three hundred instrumental performers interpreted his choruses to an audience of more than seventeen thousand persons. The *coup d'œil* alone was sublimer than any picture. The vast amphitheatre of singers, filling up the whole breadth of the western transept, stretched off into space, and the simultaneous turning of the leaves of their music books was like the appearance of "an army with banners," or the rustling of the wind in a mountain forest. We were so late that we could only cling to the outskirts of the multitude below, and I was fearful that we should not be able to hear distinctly—but I might as well have feared not hearing the thunder in a cloud over my head. Not only was the quarter of a mile of palace completely filled with the waves of the chorus, in every part, but they spread beyond it, and flowed audibly over the hills for a mile around. I kept my eye on the leader, Da Costa, whose single arm controlled the whirlwind. He lifted it, like Moses, and the plagues fell upon Egypt; he waved it, and the hailstones smote, crashing upon the highways and the temple-roofs; he stretched it forth, and the Red Sea waves parted, and closed again on the chariots of Pharaoh. He was lord of the tuneful hosts that day, and Handel himself, as he wrote the scores of the immortal work, could not have more perfectly incarnated its harmonies. Follow

ing him, I trod in the thunder-marches of the two-fold chorus, and stood in the central calm of the stormy whirls of sound.

There is no doubt that, with the masses of the English people, Handel is the most popular composer. The opera is still an exotic, not yet naturalized to their tastes; but Handel, with his seriousness, his cheerfulness, his earnestness, his serene self-reliance, and undaunted daring, speaks directly to the English heart. His very graces have the simple quaintness of the songs of Shakespeare, or those touches of tender fancy which glimmer like spots of sunshine through the cathedral gloom of Milton. The effect of the grand performance, however, was frequently marred by the sharp, dry sound of senseless clappings, demanding an encore, which Da Costa sensibly refused whenever it was possible. We who stood in the edges of the crowd were also greatly annoyed by the creaking boots of snobs who went idly walking up and down the aisles, and the chatter of the feminine fools, who came only to be heard and seen. In New York one might have the same annoyance, but by no possibility could it happen in Germany.

*Don Giovanni* was having a great run in both Italian Operas, Grisi and Piccolomini being rivals in the part of *Donna Anna*. I heard the former, and wondered at the consummate skill with which she managed a failing voice. Bosio was the *Zerlina*, but, though sweet and graceful as ever, she seemed to have lost something since she was in New York, five or six years before. Herr Formes, as *Leporello*, was admirable, and Cerito appeared in the ballet scene with all her former grace and beauty; but the Italian

Opera in London is not now what it was in Lumley's palmy days. Entertainments by individuals—single-string performers playing on “a harp of a thousand strings”—are now very popular. The success of Albert Smith and Gordon Cumming has led the way to a number of solo performances, nearly all of which are very well attended. Mr. Drayton (an American, I believe) gives what he calls “Illustrated Proverbs;” Miss P. Horton exhibits something of the same kind; Mr. Woodin pours forth an “Olio of Oddities;” Mr. and Mrs. Wilton announce their “Evenings with the American Poets,” etc. All the world crowds on a Sunday to hear the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who preaches in the Surrey Musical Hall. He is, in manner, of the Beecher school, but with less ability, and impresses principally by his earnestness and the direct, practical nature of his sermons. People seem to be agreed that he is a sincere man, though his face, as it appears in the shop-windows, is anything but an agreeable one to look upon—being round and full, with round eyes, flat, flabby cheeks, a pug nose, and short lips, gaping apart to exhibit some very prominent front teeth.

At a dinner-party one day I met with Layard, and Kinglake, the author of “Eothen.” The latter is a small, pale man, with blond hair and moustache, and bluish-gray eyes. His manner is quiet and subdued, and only a few would guess his concealed capacity for enthusiastic feeling and courageous action. He had just entered Parliament, and broke down shortly afterwards, in his first speech—but it was a failure which only stimulated his friends to believe the more firmly in his future success. He is now writing a



History of the Crimean War, all of which he saw, sharing its dangers with the same steady nerve which he opposed to the infection of the plague in Cairo. Layard is a man of forty, with a frank, open, energetic face, clear gray eyes, and hair prematurely gray about the temples. He had just astonished the artistic world by some very remarkable researches which he had been making in Italy during the past two years. Taking Vasari as his guide, he set off upon the hunt of the lost frescoes of Giotto and other painters of the Pre-Raphaelite period, and brought back *seven hundred* tracings of works, the existence of which had been hitherto unknown.

I heard Dickens read his "Christmas Carol" in St. Martin's Hall, to an audience so crowded and enthusiastic as to surprise the London reporters, though its equal in both these respects is a very common sight in America. His reading of the dialogue was wonderfully fine, although in the narrative parts it had a smack of the stage, and a tendency to shrillness at the end of every phrase, which had a curious effect. Dickens is now in his forty-fifth year, and Time is beginning to tell upon his exuberant locks, but his eye has all its old keenness and sparkle. "Little Dorrit," though acknowledged on all sides to be a great falling off from his previous stories, has had a more extensive sale than anything he has written—which proves the truth of a saying of old Sam. Rogers—that there is only one thing harder for a man to do than to write himself down, and that is, to write himself *up*.

Thackeray, the noblest Roman of them all, was falsifying the charges of the rampantly loyal Canadian papers, by



giving his lectures on the Four Georges in all parts of the United Kingdom, and with the most gratifying success. It is cheering to see a man of his independence and honesty rewarded by such a sound and steady increase of popular respect and appreciation.

I spent two fortunate days at Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight, the residence of Tennyson. In the scenery round about the poet's residence, I recognised many lines of "Maud." He lives in a charming spot, looking out on one side over the edges of the chalk cliffs, to

"the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,  
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land,"

and on the other, across the blue channel of the Solent, to the far-off wavy line of the New Forest, on the northern horizon. Never shall I forget those golden hours spent with the noble poet and noble man, on the rolling windy downs above the sea, and under the shade of his own ilex and elm!

Buchanan Read, who had just come from Rome to fulfil some painter's engagements, took me one evening to visit Leigh Hunt—the sole surviving star of that constellation which dawned upon the literature of England with the present century. The old poet lives in a neat little cottage in Hammersmith, quite alone, since the recent death of his wife. That dainty grace, which is the chief charm of his poetry, yet lives in his person and manners. He is seventy-three years old, but the effects of age are only physical; they have not touched that buoyant, joyous nature, which survives in spite of sorrow and misfortune. His deep-set

eyes still beam with a soft, cheerful, earnest light; his voice is gentle and musical, and his hair, although almost silver-white, falls in fine, silky locks on both sides of his face. It was grateful to me to press the same palm which Keats and Shelley had so often clasped in friendly warmth, and to near him, who knew them so well, speak of them as long-lost companions. He has a curious collection of locks of the hair of poets, from Milton to Browning. That thin tuft of brown, silky fibres, could it really have been shorn from Milton's head? I asked myself. "Touch it," said Leigh Hunt. "and then you will have touched Milton's self." "There is a love in hair, though it be dead," said I, as I did so, repeating a line from Hunt's own sonnet on this lock. Shelley's hair was golden and very soft; Keats's a bright brown, curling in large Bacchic rings; Dr. Johnson's gray, with a harsh and wiry feel; Dean Swift's both brown and gray, but finer, denoting a more sensitive organization; and Charles Lamb's reddish brown, short and strong. I was delighted to hear Hunt speak of poems which he still designed to write, as if the age of verse should never cease with one in whom the faculty is born.

## XXXI.

### THE CASTLES OF THE GLEICHEN.

[SEPTEMBER, 1858.]

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No part of Germany is so rich, either in romantic legends or in picturesque historical associations, as that portion of ancient Thuringia which is now parcelled into the Duchies of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Weimar, and Meiningen. The range of mountains, called the Thüringerwald (Thüringian Forest), the Wartburg with its memories of Luther and the Minnesingers, and the beautiful valleys of the Saale and the Ilm, have become not only storied, but classic ground; yet, I venture to say, not more than one out of every hundred of the American travellers who visit Germany ever see more of this region than may be caught from the window of a railway carriage, bound from Frankfurt to Leipzig. To me, many of those spots are almost as familiar as the place of my nativity; and for that very reason, perhaps.

I have passed them by unnoticed in former narratives of travel.

Eastward from Gotha, and about one-third of the distance between that city and Erfurt, three isolated peaks rise from the plain at the northern foot of the Thuringian Mountains. Each is crowned with a castle of the Middle Ages; and the three, collectively, are known far and wide as *die drei Gleichen* (The Three Similars), on account of the resemblance in their position and general appearance. I had seen these peaks almost daily during several months of residence in Gotha, at different intervals—from the breezy top of the Seeberg, from the balcony over the beer-flowing streams of the Walkmühle, and from every swell in the undulating landscape stretching away to the mountains. Sometimes the gray wall of the most northern of the three castles, rising over a conical pile of foliage, gleamed like gold in the setting sun, seeming to advance nearer and nearer as the day declined; and again, in the blue vapors of an autumn noon, it would recede far into the distance, as if passing into the sphere of another landscape beyond. So picturesque and suggestive were these objects, that I was satisfied to view them thus afar off, and felt even reluctant to destroy the fascinating uncertainty in which they lay by a nearer approach.

One day in September, however, the charm was broken—or, as it proved in the end, intensified. The sunny sweetness and repose of early autumn proved too tempting. We felt an intense desire to explore some unknown region; and as every other point within the range of our vision was exhausted, nothing was left but the Gleichen. Our party

consisted of four—Russian, German, and American—mutually resolved to devote the day to pleasure, or to that something still better; which is partly expressed by the Italian, *dolce far niente*, and wholly by the Arabic *keyf*, but for which our impetuous Anglo-Saxon blood has neither name nor idea. I had learned the thing itself in the Orient, and my companions were all apt apprentices, at least. The day was just fitted for such an indulgence (very few days in our climate will answer), and under the seats in our easy open calèche were stowed a variety of necessary appliances—black bread, ham, herrings, Rhenish wine, pipes, and the like. Only in such style can you truly taste the flavor of the Past.

Leaving the Seeberg on our left, we dipped down into a warm, rich hollow in the plain, in which stands the flourishing village of Wechmar. It had been devastated by fire a few days before, but the grape-vines still hugged the blackened fronts of the cottages, with their leaves scorched to ashes and their blue clusters dried into raisins. An hour's drive over the plain beyond brought us to two of the Gleichen, which take their names from the villages of Wandersleben and Mühlberg, nestled at their respective bases. The peaks, which rise to the height of five or six hundred feet, are planted at the entrance of a valley about half a mile broad, through which wanders a bright little stream. To the south-east, three or four miles distant, rises the third, or Wachsenburg Gleichen, on a loftier, but less abrupt and picturesque eminence.

Leaving our carriage at the foot of the Wandersleben Gleichen, we ascended by a spiral road, shaded with thickets



of hazel and wild plum. The top of the hill is encircled by a moat, beyond which rise the old walls of inclosure. A massive portal on the northern side conducts to a spacious courtyard, now overgrown with turf, and shaded by the ruins of three different ages. The silence was undisturbed, save by the chirping of a few autumnal birds, and the rustle of a fox, which darted among the stones of a fallen wall, as we appeared. We chose the grassy foundation of an old bastion, on the sunny side of the hill, and inhaled the beauty of the landscape while Sebastian tottered up the winding path, with our baskets on his arms. The dismantled towers of the Mühlberg Castle smiled grimly across the valley, saying to Wandersleben: "We are old, and ruined, and neglected, brother, but we still stand." Wachsenburg seemed to float in the thin vapors of the morning—the whole line of the Thuringian Mountains filled the southern horizon, and the spires of Gotha in the west, and Erfurt in the east, marked the boundaries of the view. The indolent enjoyment of an hour's lounge on such a spot and at such a time, belongs exclusively to a land where indolence is permitted. The peasants, looking up at us from their turnip-fields, did not say or think: "What worthless loafers!" as many an American farmer would have done, but rather: "How pleasant it must be up there, this morning! How fortunate they are!"

Full before us, basking warm in the sunshine, was the estate of Field-Marshal von Müffling, the old campaigner of 1813 and 1815. "There," said one of my friends, "I spent three years of my life, in charge of the old general's estate; and many an hour have I stolen away to climb thi

hill and sit where we sit now. The western front of the castle was then almost in a habitable condition; the roof was still standing, and the floors resting on heavy beams of wood, were entire. But, as the place was not visited for weeks together, so many beams were sawed out and carried off by night, that the roof finally fell in, and the general was obliged to sell the remainder of the timber, in order to prevent it from being plundered. Superb timber it was, after a seasoning of two hundred years! Yonder, where the old chambers were, I experienced, one night, the greatest terror I ever felt in my life."

"Oh, a ghost story!" we exclaimed, and our hair rose in delightful anticipation. For my part, knowing my friend to be as courageous as a grizzly bear, I was curious to hear by what means he could have been made to feel fear. "It was when I was living with the general," said he. "The jail at Gotha was broken one winter, and four or five prisoners made their escape. The whole country was aroused, of course; they were sharply followed, and finally all were caught with the exception of one, the most desperate felon of them all. For weeks nothing was heard of him: but at last, through a Jew in Erfurt, it was discovered that he was hiding among these ruins. The general was apprised of the fact by the officers who came to take him, and who called to obtain aid. One of the shepherds attached to the estate, and myself, were detailed on this duty—not a pleasant one, I confess. The officers, however, determined to wait until late at night, when they would be more sure to find the fox in his hole.

"It was near midnight when we started. I was armed

with a sword—and the shepherd, who carried the lantern, with an old musket. On reaching the base of the hill the two officers posted their men so as to form a cordon around it, and we four then ascended to the castle. It was very dark, and the wind howled through the broken arches and windows. We first entered the vaults, groping cautiously around, and throwing the light of the lantern as far ahead as possible. Finding nothing, after a cautious search, we explored the upper chambers, one after another, and finally came to the western wing, where we were sure the robber must be hidden. The officers posted themselves at the two doors, while I entered, followed by the shepherd, whose terror increased with every minute. After examining the first floor, nothing was left for us but a large room above. The staircase had been pulled down, but a rough ladder supplied its place. Here the shepherd stopped, overcome with fear. Taking his lantern in one hand and my sword in the other, I directed him to wait at the foot of the ladder, and commenced mounting the rounds. I own I was excited and nervous, imagining that the felon might be standing over the opening, with a club raised to crack my skull the moment it should be within his reach.

“Full of this idea, I raised my head to take a cautious survey. Suddenly there was a quick, rustling sound—a loud, shrill cry, and the lantern was instantly dashed from my hand, and shattered upon the floor below. I followed it at a single leap, still holding my sword. The scream was echoed by one of terror from the shepherd, who, in his excitement, pulled the trigger of his musket, firing he knew not where. The officers stumbled in at opposite

doors, in the dark. 'Where, where is he?' they cried 'Light! light!' I demanded, and 'there! there!' yelled the shepherd, startled by a thumping sound at one of the windows. Bang went another gun, and the flash showed us a large bird of prey, flapping against the bars in his endeavor to escape. We were sufficiently vexed and mortified, but our courage was completely restored. Our search, however, was all in vain, and we would willingly have avoided our outposts, who, hearing the shots, rushed up the hill to help us secure the captive."

"And was the man ever caught?" I asked.

"Yes, two months afterwards. And what think you? The rascal was all the time hidden in the main vault, but so skilfully crammed into a hollow below two large stones, that we had actually walked over and around him a dozen times. Of course, he was remanded for several additional years—but the fellow had his revenge. He made a confidential declaration to the court, that there was a chest full of ancient armor and other curious articles in that very vault, and asked to be paid something for the discovery. The story soon got abroad, and thereupon arose a pretty dispute for the possession of the chest, between the Prussian Government, the Duchy, and the old Field-Marshal. Heaven knows how long the difficulty would have continued, had not the general taken advantage of his right of possession to search for the chest. But he didn't find it! There never had been any chest there; and the whole thing was a cunning lie, which kept the scamp supplied with his own private fun, for a year at least."

In wandering through the tumbling halls, that rare story

of love and liberality, of which they were once the scene, was constantly before my mind. Most of my readers have doubtless heard it—heard and disbelieved, yet it is historically true; and here, on the Wandersleben Gleichen, its beautiful conclusion occurred. Let me tell it, as it actually took place.

Among the princes who followed Louis IX. of France on his disastrous crusade in the Orient, was Ludwig, Landgrave of Thuringia, at the head of a small but zealous band of noblemen and their retainers. Prominent in his company was Otto, Count of Gleichen, who left a young and lovely wife, to say prayers for him during his absence. Whether he locked her up in one of those guarded chambers, wherewith the knights of that day imprisoned their "Palestine widows," is not recorded. Let us hope not. Ludwig died somewhere on the shores of the Adriatic, but a few of his followers, among whom was the Count of Gleichen, pushed on, joined St. Louis, and in the course of time crossed lances with the Saracens at Rosetta.

The Count was a passionate hunter, and it happened one day that, as he was chasing gazelles, attended only by his faithful servant, Kurt, he was suddenly surrounded by a band of Saracens and made prisoner. The two were carried off to Cairo, where the Count was thrown into a dungeon, while Kurt was employed as a slave in the Governor's gardens. The latter, who seems to have been a keen-witted knave, soon acquired the Arabic language, and so ingratiated himself into the favor of the head-gardener, that he persuaded him to apply for the services of the Count, whose skill in gardening he extolled greatly. Being



thus freed from his dungeon, Count Otto found his captivity much more endurable; and, with Kurt's assistance, managed to keep up his reputation as a gardener, though he probably knew nothing more about it than to distinguish between roses and cabbages. Thus years passed away, and the chances of their release from this bondage seemed more hopeless than ever, when a wonderful providence at last opened a way for them.

By this time the governor's daughter had reached the age of womanhood. Fond of flowers, as all the Orientals are, she was naturally interested in the curiosities of gardening (very remarkable they were, no doubt!) produced by the combined art of the count and Kurt. Finally, she became interested, also, in the gardener. To make a long story short, she pitied first, then loved him; while he, in return, loved her for her pity. She proposed that he should become a Mussulman; but this he steadfastly refused. After all other plans seemed vain, she finally proved the sincerity of her love by professing her willingness to escape with him and become a Christian. The Count (an honorable man, be it acknowledged) then explained that he was already married. But this was no impediment in the eyes of the fair Melek-e'-Saleh; and at length, overcome by his desire for freedom, he accepted her proposal. The three escaped by night into the house of a Jewish physician, in the cellar of which they lay concealed for two or three months. When the terrible commotion consequent on their flight had subsided, they were each packed into the middle of a bale of dried herbs, and sent as freight to Alexandria. What will not love endure? Embalmed for a week in cat-

nip and wormwood, it comes out breathing as deeply of roses as before!

The Jewish physician and the Venetian merchants at Alexandria were rewarded with some of Melek-e'-Saleh's diamonds, and proved faithful. The bales were immediately shipped for Venice, and the odoriferous captives liberated at sea. Fortune favored them, and the voyage to Venice was accomplished without accident. But what of the Countess Gertrudis? She, with a faith and patience unequalled since, save by Lady Franklin, waited for the return of her lost lord. When the few survivors of the Crusade made their way back, bringing no tidings of him, she nevertheless was not discouraged. When the messenger whom she had sent to the Mediterranean returned with a rumor of the count's death, she asked, "Did you see his dead body?" "No." "Did you see any one who had seen it?" "No." "Then go back again!" Finally, the messenger hired permanent lodgings in Venice, not daring to return until something positive should turn up. He waited several years in vain. But one fine morning his persistence was rewarded: the Count, with Kurt and the soldan's daughter, walked up the steps of the quay.

Good Catholic as he was, the Count proceeded first to Rome, in order that Melek-e'-Saleh might be received into the Christian Church. The wonderful story created a great sensation in the holy city, where the pope (one of the Gregories) baptized the fair Saracen under the name of Angelica. The Count then applied for a special dispensation to marry her, on account of the sacrifices she had

made for his sake. The matter was considered so important, that a council of cardinals was called together; but the stony-hearted celibates, whose ventricles pumped sand instead of blood, refused the prayer. Thereupon Angelica threw herself at the pope's feet, and so warmed them with her tears and the sunshine of her beauty, that one drop of thawed blood finally crept up to his heart, and he declared that the Count of Gleichen, alone, of all Catholic Christians, then, and for ever afterwards to be born, should be allowed two wives. The espousals were celebrated at once, and the happy pair set out for the Castle of Gleichen.

But one chapter of the story remains. The Countess Gertrudis had received regular dispatches from her agent, informing her of all that had taken place. What tears and struggles the news cost her, that noble woman never told. She took counsel of her heart, and, having once chosen her course, kept it unflinchingly. At last, on such an autumn day as we enjoyed, the Count approached his castle. He was full of doubt and trouble, for he knew not that his wife had heard from him. Leaving Angelica and all his cortège in the valley beyond the Mühlberg hill, he rode on alone towards Wandersleben. What was his surprise when, on turning the corner of the Mühlberg, and seeing the towers of his home rise before him, his banner was unfurled from the highest turret, and joyous peals of horns and trumpets rang across the valley! Down the hill rode Gertrudis, on her white palfrey, clad in her bravest apparel, and the glittering ranks of his retainers followed behind. Let me not violate the sanctity of that meeting by attempting to describe it. An hour afterwards Ger

trudis and Angelica met, at the eastern base of the hill—a spot which is called *Freudenthal* (the Joy-Valley) to this day. The Saxon lady's crown of golden-blonde pressed the night-black locks of the Saracen girl, as she said to her (with holy tears, we are sure), "Welcome, Angelica! you shall be to me a sister, as you are a wife to him."

The chronicle assures us that the trio passed their lives together in unalloyed peace and happiness. One account says that Angelica was childless, while Gertrudis bore five sons to the Count, while another—which we would gladly believe if it could be relied upon—declared that two babes were added to his household every year. Angelica died first, about eight years after their marriage; Gertrudis in two years afterwards: and the Count Otto outlived them many years, to lament his double widowhood. They were buried in the St. Peter's Church, in Erfurt, where you may still see their marble effigies, lying side by side on the tomb, and their mingled skeletons within. The Saracenic character of Angelica's skull has been recognised by modern craniologists. At Schwarzburg on the Saale, I am told, is yet preserved the nuptial bed, of remarkable breadth. It has been somewhat damaged by the peasants, who retain the belief that a splinter of it, kept in a house, is a charm against all domestic discord, besides being a certain cure for toothache, if held in the mouth.

Fate, that seems to delight in absurd contrasts, reserved for the squire a very different experience from that of the knight. Kurt was a native of Ohldruff, a considerable town at the foot of the Thuringian mountains, where he had left his wife Gretel. The latter, however, had neither the love

nor the patience of the Lady Gertrudis. At the end of three years, she married again; and at the time of Otto's return was the mother of several bouncing boys. Poor Kurt, however, knew nothing of this, but hastened back to Ohrdruff, eager to embrace his Gretel. Finding her place of abode with some difficulty, he entered the house, and, recognising Gretel in a strong, raw-boned woman, surprised her by a vigorous salute. Gretel screamed, and the new husband appeared. Kurt was recognised; but that did not mend matters. Both wife and husband fell upon him, beat him without mercy, and threw him out of the house. Kurt never returned to claim Gretel.

Of the ruins of the castle we could only feel certain that the vaults and two upper chambers belonged to the age of Count Otto. There was one window, looking eastward, where I am sure Angelica must have sat, remembering the palms of Cairo, or pining over the reproach of her sterility.

We drove past the Mühlberg castle without climbing the hill. Only the outer walls remain, worn and broken into fantastic shapes; and it has no history which can interest us after that of its fellow. Wachsenburg is in better repair. A portion of it is reserved as a prison for political offenders, and the remainder, including the former state apartments, is at the service of pleasure-seekers like ourselves. In the grand hall hang some hideous old portraits, among which is one of Angelica of Gleichen, painted at least three hundred years after her death, and, of course, merely imaginary. A short history of the castles, which I purchased of the guardian, states that in the year fourteen hundred and something, all three were struck by lightning on the same night.



## XXXII.

### WEIMAR, AND ITS DEAD.

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**I**F the traveller, on his way from Frankfurt to Berlin, will look out of the right-hand window of his railway carriage, about three-quarters of an hour after passing Erfurt, he will see a small town, with three tall spires, seated in the bottom of a broad, natural basin, or hollow, the sides of which are formed by gradual sweeps of hill-side finally merged into an undulating upland. Around the edges of the town the houses become more scattering, diminishing as the gardens increase, so that the place seems to be an architectural deposit, which has been washed down from the circling hills, and has settled itself, like an alluvial layer, deepest where the depression of soil is greatest. This is Weimar, the Mecca of German literature.

I have seen the place many times in passing, and have thrice made, pilgrim-like, the round of its shrines. Though dull and quiet now, as if no grand creative life ever fer

mented within its limits—though no oracle is heard within its Dodonian groves—it possesses, nevertheless, the charm of stately repose, in addition to that of immortal associations. He who seeks in it quaint and picturesque effects, as well as natural beauties, will not be disappointed; but he who expects to find a single breath of that atmosphere of Art and Taste which surrounded it fifty years ago, will go home wiser and much sadder than he came. It seems to be the rule, in all lines of hereditary rulers, that the son is the reverse of the father. A despotic king is sure to have a liberal son, and *vice versa*. Karl August, of Weimar, whose name will be for ever luminous in the reflected lustre of his great friends, was succeeded by a son who was little better than a fool. After the death of Goethe, who was the last of the Men of Weimar, the Muses spread their wings and flew. “Pan is dead!” was the cry, and the temples fell, and no other gods arose. Weimar is now the least literary, the least artistic, the most stupidly proud and aristocratic, the dullest and most ignorant town in Germany.

A single anecdote will illustrate the character of Karl August's successor, and explain how rapidly the tropical growths of genius, which shot so high under the genial reign of his father, must have withered and fallen to the earth under his. It was one of his delusions that he was very witty and brilliant in conversation. Two original ideas, in particular, delighted him so much, that for years he repeated them to every new acquaintance. He would first ask his unlucky guest: “What would you do if you were a dentist?” The latter, being taken aback by the question, would probably answer: “Pardon me, your Highness, I have never

thought of such a thing." "Ha!" was the duke's triumphant declaration: "I'll tell you what *I* would do—I'd draw out the tooth of Time! But what would you do, if you were a diver?" To this there would be, of course, the same uncertain reply. "If *I* were a diver," the duke would then say: "I'd sink the tooth of Time in the sea of Eternity!" But the present demented King of Prussia, who at one time was really very brilliant and witty, quite spoiled the effect of those questions. He had heard of them in advance, and when he visited Weimar, was fully prepared to have them propounded to him. When the duke, therefore, asked as usual: "What would you do if you were a dentist?" the king instantly replied: "I'd draw out the tooth of Time and sink it in the sea of Eternity!" The present duke, however, though a man of ordinary abilities, does not inherit his father's stupidity, while he possesses a little of his grandfather's taste for Art. The only celebrity of whom Weimar can now boast is Franz Liszt, the pianist and composer.

The central part of the town is old and quaint, yet clean, and with an air of respectability, if not of pretension. The beautiful river Ilm touches the eastern side, threading the noble park, for the charming arrangement of which we are mainly indebted to Goethe. On this side are the palace, library, ministerium, and the residences of the principal families, in which class the authors may be included. Weimar has no antiquities of more than local interest, no fine specimens of architecture, and few pictures to exhibit—all the better for the reverent visitor, whose mind is not disturbed by various classes of associations, and who quietly tracks out the immortal footsteps of the poets.

You go first to Goethe's town-house, which is a plain, yellow, two-story building, on a small triangular square. (This bull cannot well be avoided in English.) I have never been able to visit the private apartments, which are only exhibited on certain days, but on one occasion was admitted into the garden in the rear. The back wall of the house is overgrown with ivy, and has a quaint, home-like, yet neglected air. The arrangement of the garden has evidently been changed, so that there are but two arbors which we could with certainty ascribe to the time of Goethe. Still, it was a pleasure to walk in those alleys, where the old man was wont to pace, in his dressing-gown, with hands clasped behind his back, repeating, perhaps, his own couplet, as his thoughts wandered over the wrecks, the passions, and the triumphs of the Past :

"What I possess, I see far distant lying,  
And what is lost, is real and undying!"

There has been a great deal of absurd talk about Goethe, as there has been about Byron, Shelley, Tegner, and every other author, who happens to violate, now and then, the sacred decencies of Society. The offence consists, not so much in what they may do, as in the contemptuous candor with which they avow it. A little dissimulation would have made them very proper men. They would have received a sort of canonization from public opinion, and the world would have been none the wiser. Schiller, with a narrower grasp of intellect, a more undemonstrative, if not a colder nature, is mounted on an immaculate moral pedestal, while Goethe (to those who are incapable of appreciating him) is

smutched with the rankest faults and heresies. Yet on the monument just erected in their honor, they stand side by side, and the hand of each rests on the same crown of laurel. Who shall say which was best, purest, and most consistent? Not the generation, nor even the century, in which a man lives, can judge him impartially.

Schiller's house is an old, quaint, yet comfortable building, on one of the broadest streets. It has been purchased by a general subscription, for the purpose of being preserved, and now contains a collection of relics associated with the poet's residence there. The halls and staircases are dark and narrow, the rooms cramped and low, and the furniture—judging from the specimens remaining—was of the plainest kind; yet everything suggests quiet, contentment, and unpretending simplicity. The upper (third) story belonged especially to Schiller. From the top of the staircase you step into a plain drawing-room, beyond which is his study, with the pictures, writing-desk, and piano, just as he left them. The writing-desk is of plain, unpainted wood, with drawers for MSS. on each side, and a recess for the feet in the centre. Here the poet was accustomed to sit for the greater part of the night, with a bottle of champagne or Rhenish wine before him, and his feet in a tub of cold water. With such a double stimulus acting on the brain, it is not so surprising that he should have written "Wallenstein" or "Wilhelm Tell," as that he should have lived to the age of forty-five.

The personal impression made by Schiller was that of a colder and more taciturn man than his poems would lead us to imagine. Except in the company of his few intimate



friends, he was reserved and melancholy. This, no doubt, was the result of ill-health, and the cares which oppressed him during the best years of his life. The overplus of enthusiasm which inspired his "Hymn to Joy," in youth, was speedily chilled, and the sweetest, tenderest tone of sadness pervades his later poems. In his address "To the Ideal," he relinquishes every golden dream, and finds but two sources of strength and consolation—Friendship and Occupation—amid the trials of the actual life which surrounds him. He does not accept Life as it is, with its stern truths and relentless disenchantments; but pines for that impossible existence which once seemed so near. Yet this sadness, which would otherwise be a weakness, is redeemed by his unshaken faith in the good—his incessant aspirations for the elevation, the happiness, and the freedom of his fellow-men. Thus, with less knowledge of human nature than Goethe, he had a profounder sympathy with the race, and will for ever retain a warmer place in the German heart.

The pictures in Schiller's study are rude, colored prints of Italian scenery, whose only attraction for him could have been the subjects. The piano is a queer little cracked affair, and the chairs are of the plainest and stiffest pattern. The original cast of characters for the first performance of "Wilhelm Tell," in his own hand, hangs near the desk. His coffee-cup and saucer, penknife, pencil, and various other small articles, lie upon a table. A portrait of his wife, Charlotte von Lengefeld, in pencil, represents her as a large, aquiline, determined woman—the proper stamp to advise and assist, as well as passively appreciate. On a table in the drawing-room lies the Schiller Album, consist

ing of autographic contributions from nearly all the authors and artists of Germany. Behind the house is a little, narrow garden-plot, with an arbor of American ivy (*ampelopsis*)—called “wild wine” by the Germans—which was the poet’s favorite resort on summer evenings.

One interesting relic of Schiller—his court sword—is now in my possession. It fell into the hands of Mr. Thackeray, during his residence at Weimar, in 1830, at which time there was no difficulty in establishing its authenticity. After having had it in his possession twenty-eight years, Mr. Thackeray presented it to me, enriched by the double association, as he had himself frequently worn it at the court of Weimar.

The houses of Herder and Wieland are not, I believe, open to public inspection, and I was obliged to be content with an outside view of them. Both these authors have also been honored with bronze statues. The park, however, which has, ordinarily, all the seclusion of a private pleasure-ground, interested me more than the vacant tenements of the dead poets. It takes in the deep, winding valley of the Ilm, and its undulating southern bank, for a distance of nearly two miles, the trees being left, as much as possible, in their natural disposition. Two or three artificial fancies only, deform the else unstudied scenery—the *ars celare artem* of landscape gardening. There is an ivied ruin, on the summit of a knoll—very well done, indeed, but it can deceive no one for a hundred years to come. A rocky grotto near the river bank is better, for Nature has lent it one of her clearest and coldest fountains. The bed of the valley is level, with a scattering growth of

majestic elms and lindens, dappling the flowery turf with cold, blue shadows. There are no extensive views, nothing grand and imposing; but all is peaceful, idyllic, Arcadian.

This park is full of memories of the classic age. In one of the walks, Herder and Jean Paul met for the first time, embracing each other at sight, with unhesitating love and confidence. In a secluded nook there is a summer-house of rough wood and bark, which, it is whispered, witnessed many a secret midnight revel of the duke and the poets; and where the Ilm rests his waters in a deep, quiet dam, the young Goethe delighted, on moonlight nights, to dive from the shaded bank and reappear suddenly, with wild shrieks, in the centre of the pool, to the awful terror of peasants passing over the bridge above. Here walked Schiller, tall, stoop-shouldered, and grave; here the short, slender, compact brothers Von Humboldt, overflowing with boundless energy and ambition; Madame de Stael, stout, brilliant, and belligerent; Wieland, with his puckered face, and Herder, portly and prosperous; Bettine, the smart, sentimental, and affected little imp, performing her monkey-like antics around the knees of Goethe; the Schlegels, whose genius only saved them from being snobs; Novalis, the pure and beautiful soul, and Theodor Körner, who struck a more heroic harp than Tyrtæus—all of these, and scores of others, whose places in the German Pantheon are a little lower, knew these cool, embowered walks and grassy glades.

On the other side of the Ilm, facing the meadow, is the "Garden House" of Goethe, where his summers were spent, and many of his finest works written. It is a plain,

old fashioned residence, hardly better than the *amtman*n of any country village inhabits—shaded by a steep, wooded hill from the morning sun, yet open to the soft afternoon light and the flush of sunset. A friend of mine, a distinguished German gentleman, described to me his interview with Goethe in this house, in the year 1819. My friend is an enthusiastic geologist, and in the autumn of that year was fortunate enough to procure a portion of an aerolite, which fell in the valley of the Saale. On his return home, he determined to profit by the opportunity, and exhibit his treasure to Goethe, who was then prosecuting his geological studies. “It was just after the assassination of Kotzebue by Sand,” said he, “and the excitement throughout Germany was very great. There were rumors that Goethe, also, who was obnoxious to the patriotic party, feared a similar fate. On my way to his residence, I reflected that the aerolite was in my breast-pocket, and the inserting of my hand in order to present it, would have just the appearance of drawing a concealed dagger. In order, therefore, to avoid a possible embarrassment, I put the stone into my hat.

“After waiting in the ante-room a few minutes, the door opened, and Goethe appeared in his dressing-gown, tall, massive, and majestic. My first thought was the exclamation of Lear: ‘Ay, every inch a king!’ He had the grandest presence of any man I had ever seen. I advanced, hat in hand, and taking out the aerolite, made it at once an apology and an introduction. He was both pleased and interested, and after a long interview, during which he exhibited to me his entire mineralogical cabinet, we parted,

with a cordial invitation on his part to visit him again. I tried in vain to get his opinion with regard to the formation of aerolites, and came to the conclusion that he knew no more about it than I did myself. His manner was stately, yet not cold; and his voice, though not entirely reminding you of 'deep-toned thunder mixed with whispering rain-drops,' as Jean Paul said, was certainly very rich, full, and in unison with his whole appearance."

Yet this philosopher-poet, who wrote not only "Faust," but the "Theory of Colors," and the "Metamorphoses of Plants," could touch a string as delicate and tender as that of Ariel—could sing the songs of the zephyr and the brook, as well as the chorus of the archangels.

" Under the tree-tops is silent now!  
 In all the woodlands hearest thou  
       Not a sound:  
 The little birds are asleep in the trees;  
 Wait, beloved! and soon like these  
       Sleepest thou!"

—is the serenade which he whispers at dusk. And this song—which, dissatisfied with the way in which Aytoun and others have turned it into English—I have translated for myself: is it not the voice of a summer afternoon?

Up yonder on the mountain  
 A thousand times I stand,  
 Leant on my crook, and gazing  
 Down on the valley land.



I follow the flock to the pasture;  
 The little dog follows them still:  
 I have come below, but I know not  
 How I descended the hill.

The beautiful meadow is covered  
 With blossoms of every hue;  
 I pluck them, alas! without knowing  
 Whom I shall give them to.

I find, in the rain and the tempest,  
 A refuge under the tree—  
 But yonder the doors are fastened,  
 And all is a dream to me.

Right over the roof of the dwelling  
 I see a rainbow stand;  
 But *she* has departed for ever,  
 And gone far out in the land!

Far out in the land, and farther—  
 Perhaps to an alien shore:  
 Go forward, ye sheep, go forward!  
 The heart of the shepherd is sore.

Leave the park on your left, and follow its western boundary until you pass the suburbs of Weimar. Here, on a gentle slope, is the City of the Dead, in the midst whereof rises the mausoleum of the reigning family. The lodge-keeper will unlock the ponderous doors for you, and permit you to descend to a grating, through which you look into the dim vault. There, side by side, are the sarcophagi which contain the ashes of Goethe and Schiller

Karl August, their princely friend, lies near—not *between* them, as he desired—for Weimar is intensely aristocratic and proper. But it is better so. The true noblemen sleep together, separated from the crowd of nominal and accidental ones.

## XXXIII.

### A GERMAN IDYL.

[SEPTEMBER, 1858.]

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A SHORT time before leaving my Gothaic or Gothic home (the tradition is, that Gotha was founded by the Goths, whence its name), a marriage took place. My friend, Eckart, the announcement of whose betrothal with Emilie was proclaimed on the very day of another bridal, some ten months previous, finished the momentous business in the church of St. Margaret, with the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Beercup. But a wedding in the old central, Saxon portion of Germany, is by no means the stiff and stately affair that it is in Anglo-Saxon countries. As all possible publicity is given to a betrothal—which with us is often kept a profound secret—so marriages are always solemnized in the church, and give occasion to open and unrestrained expressions of joy and good-will on the part of the relatives and friends

In England and the United States, a man shrinks from any observed demonstration of love, as if it were a weakness to be concealed: in Germany, the bridegroom desires that all the world should witness his bride and happiness. To be sure, tears are always shed (no wedding seems to be complete without them), but the newly-married are always sure of the heartiest sympathy and respect. The Court Chapel in Gotha has a weeping sexton, whose tears fall heavy or light, in proportion to the amount of his fee.

The evening before the happy day has a peculiar celebration of its own. It is called the *Polter-Abend*, or "Crock Evening," from an ancient custom, which still prevails to some extent, of smashing an old crock on the door-sill of the bride's residence for good luck. This performance, however, is only part of a very extensive scheme of merry-making, in which all the friends of the parties are free to indulge, no invitation being necessary. The bride and the bridegroom, enthroned upon a dais, receive the visits of all who choose to come in fancy costume, assuming some appropriate character. Of course, there is great room for the display of fun as well as good-will, and the parties are very often good-humoredly teased for their real or supposed shortcomings. Formerly, the *polter*, or crock, was smashed at the feet of the couple, previous to the masquerade of characters. Now, it is broken at the door during the evening, and sometimes omitted altogether. The programme is always kept a secret from the betrothed, and, as far as possible, from the rest of the company, so that the performance is all the more entertaining from its unexpected features.

Eckart's pöster-evening was very diverting. After he and Emilie had been seated in their places of honor on one side of the frescoed saloon, and all the friends who came simply as mere spectators were in attendance, a darkhaired gipsy, picturesque in crimson and black, made her appearance, and in some neat rhymes pronounced her prognostications of the future happiness of the pair. Then came the two bridesmaids, in white, carrying the bridal wreath of myrtle, which it is their special duty to furnish. As it is woven by virgin hands, it can only be worn by a virgin bride. A widow who marries again has no right to the myrtle, but may wear a wreath of other flowers. The wreath is always presented with an appropriate poem, and this is one of the pleasantest features of the evening.

The Master of Ceremonies now announced an arrival from China. A Celestial lady with oblique eyebrows (painted for the occasion), hair of the latest Pekin *frisure*, and wide gown of rich figured silk, rushed into the saloon, and fiercely upbraided Eckart for his infidelity to her. She was, however, consoled by a little mandarin, in a poetical dialogue, and the twain finally presented the bride with a bird's nest for her wedding-soup, and danced a funny Confucian jig. Next appeared a Patagonian giantess, over six feet high, and attired in skins. She created much amusement by her assumed maiden modesty, and her languishing appeals to the single gentlemen present. There was also an Ethiopian, with an attempt at a break-down—a thing in which no German could possibly succeed; a handsome Greek boy, bearing a mystic communication from the oracle of Delphi; and finally, a whale, extended on a bench, brandishing a



forked tail of black chintz, and spouting water through his nostrils upon the company, with a garden syringe!

The prettiest apparition, however, was the Fairy of the Thuringian Forest, whose golden hair and floating white tress were decorated with sprays of fir, beech, and oak. In a charming poetical address, she presented the bridal pair with branches of the same trees, typical of beauty, strength, and fidelity. O blue-eyed maid of Holstein! may thy beech find an oak to shelter it, and the steadfast fir never be absent from the garden of thy life! When the procession of characters was completed, we had liberal refreshments, consisting of varieties of sandwiches, *bratwurst* (another feature of the polter-evening), and cups of punch. A good performer took his place at the piano, and the saloon was cleared for dancing. The company dispersed before midnight, in order that the family might rest themselves for the morrow.

I pass over the wedding, which was like all other weddings in church, except that the Lutheran marriage service is simpler, and, to my thinking, more appropriate and agreeable than that of the English Church. Half an hour sufficed to give love the supremest sanction, and to impose upon the parties the solemn duties and obligations of the marriage state. Then we sat down to a sumptuous dinner, which was prolonged by a multitude of courses through the whole afternoon. There was carp from the ponds of Ohrdruff; reindeer steaks from Norway; capercailzie and venison from the forests; wine from Rhenish, Franconian, and Burgundian hills, and a bewildering variety of those artistic salad-mosaics, in which the German culinary mind delights

The foresters in their green uniforms, the rotund editor, the country pastor, and the benign grandmother, seated together, blended into a social salad of equally heterogeneous elements; and I was not surprised when the evening music struck up, that their individualities should have become slightly confounded—that the pastor waltzed merrily with the bridesmaid, the editor gossiped quietly with the grandmother, and the foresters talked politics.

You are shocked at this, O my evangelical reader! But do not be too hasty. Remember that in the German theology asceticism has no place—that the clergymen, even those of the most orthodox stamp, are faithful disciples of Luther, whose great warm, mellow, merry heart it was, rather than his inkstand, which put the Devil to flight. Their position does not debar them from the enjoyment of any innocent and cheering amusement. If my friend, the pastor, had danced in the sight of all his congregation, they would have listened to him on the next Sabbath with no less dutiful reverence. The milestones along a German's life are his domestic and social festivals. On this track his religion walks hand-in-hand with him, not frowning, with averted head, on a distant path, where no roses spring from the flinty soil.

But the short September dusk deepened into night, and the grandmother's cart was at the door; so the new husband and wife took their seats with her, and the three set out for the castle of Friedrichswerth, of which the old lady was sole castellan. It is seven or eight miles distant from Gotha, in a secluded valley, behind the barren Hørselberg. I had often intended to visit the old ducal castle, but pro

bably should never have carried out my design, had not Eckart and his wife gone to spend the first week of their honeymoon there. Two days afterwards, on one of the loveliest and sunniest days that ever blessed the world, I set off alone, in a light open carriage.

What is sweeter than a golden autumnal day in Mid-Germany? The first yellow leaves are falling from the linden colonnades on either side of the road; the fields, uninterrupted by hedge or fence, spread their mosaic of green, brown, and tawny squares over the wide, undulating hills, until, in bluer waves, they meet the indistinct horizon; nestled in every hollow, the red roofs of the villages are softened to pink or purple by the gauzy air; and beyond all, the mountain-ranges, dark with firs, are basking softly in a noonday dream. The knobs of scarlet berries gleam on the wild-boar ash; the meadows are sprinkled with the lilac blossoms of the colchicum, and the winding belts of tall alders which mark the course of the streams will defy the frosts for a month to come. There is no jubilant vintage, with its bonfires and rockets, as on the Rhine, but the villages are jolly with the *Kirmse*, and the blonde youths you meet have gay rosettes on their caps. From the beer-gardens you hear the clink of the heavy glasses, or a genial chorus, or that sweet song which everybody knows:

‘ Down in a cool, green valley  
 There goes a mill-wheel round;  
 But my sweetheart she has vanished—  
 The sweetheart there I found.”

In the placid enjoyment of such sights and sounds, I was carried on towards Friedrichswerth, and the blue, ringleted breath of my contentment floated behind me on the autumn air. Gotha, despite its lofty perch, disappeared behind the wooded ridge of the Krahnberg, and a new valley opened before me—a broad basin, sweeping away to the northern base of the Hörselberg, and bounded on the west by gently rounded hills, to the green declivities of which villages were clinging. In the centre of the landscape was Friedrichswerth, the square gray front of its castle rising above the rounded, billowy green of the pleasure-garden belonging to it. The naked heights of the Hörsel, usually so brown and forbidding, were now muffled in a violet film, as fair as the veil of the enchantress, Frau Holle, who still sits within their caverns, to lure a new Tannhäuser to her fatal arms. It must have been on such a day that the dry staff of the despairing pilgrim burst into miraculous bloom, the sign of pardon and of rest. Gazing on the haunted hills, I found my mind involuntarily following the thread of that legend, and it occurred to me that nine men out of every ten would have done just as Tannhäuser did.

Leaving my carriage at the village inn, I crossed the bridge over the empty moat, and entered the castle. It is a plain, massive building, occupying three sides of a parallelogram, and built in the style of the sixteenth century. Entering a door at a venture, I found myself in a spacious, arched kitchen, large enough to furnish a meal for five hundred men. At the sound of my footsteps, the door opened, and the grandmother appeared. She at once conducted me to an inner chamber, likewise vaulted, where I

found Eckart and his wife. I had not taken my seat before I was presented with a large mug of foaming beer—the beginning of a series of hospitalities from which there was no escape, save in flight.

The whole castle—which is uninhabited, except by the good old commandress—was put at our disposal. A hundred years ago it was the favorite summer residence of the Dukes of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg; but since the extinction of the old house, and the union with Coburg, it has been emptied of everything but a few bad pictures, and entirely neglected. It was built, I believe, about 1670, by Duke Frederick II., and further adorned and beautified by his successors. The princely builder seems to have been annoyed by strictures upon his architectural taste, for he placed at the bottom of the staircase, in the main hall, a large carved figure of a fool, grinning maliciously, and pointing with his right hand to an unfolded scroll in his left, on which was written—as nearly as I can recollect the words—“Ha! ha! here is the Fool, you say. The castle has been built solidly and in good style, by the Prince Friederich II. for his pleasure and satisfaction. Now it is finished, and if you don't like it, take care; for perhaps the style of it may be better than your own, and then *you* are the Fool, after all!”

The state chambers were in a ruinous condition, from sheer neglect. The heavy gilded cornices were tarnished, the frescoes faded and chipped off in spots, the plaster reliefs broken, and the carved wainscots riddled with rat-holes. Only the chapel, with its silent organ, and its altar piously kept clear of dust, retains a little of the olden state



Around the choir is an elaborate frieze of wood-carving, representing a multitude of cherub choristers and musicians, of the size of life. Many of the baby figures are charming—lightsome and graceful, in spite of the giant mushrooms (meant for *clouds*) in the midst of which they are singing. A few paintings of court beauties, of a century ago, have been left; but the most of them are damaged and faded.

Another bridge crosses the moat to the garden, which is a specimen of horticultural pomp relapsing into barbarism, and more beautiful, perhaps, in its unpruned and neglected state, than it ever was when its rectangular walks and pyramidal trees mimicked Versailles. In a dark, circular grove of lindens are the old grottoes and fountains; but the grotesque rock-work has tumbled down, the fountains are dry, and the marble nymphs have veiled their nudity in a thick garb of yellow mould. Only a little dark water at the bottom of this basin glimmers through the funereal shade. On either hand, hedges of yew and holly, which once presented smooth-clipped walls to the walk, have shot out lawless boughs in all directions—taking forms all the wilder for their previous restraint. A few statues are still standing at the turns of the walks; and there are some tables and benches under the lindens, where you can drink your tea—or beer.

At the northern end of the garden, a broad flight of steps leads to a large artificial terrace, surrounded by massive stone balustrade, now falling to pieces, and half concealed in the wildest tangle of vines—ivy, roses, nightshade, grapes, honeysuckles, and blackberries, matted together in a wrestle for the lordship of the place. In the

centre of the terrace is another cirque of Druid lindens, protecting a mutilated statue of Diana. The high garden walls are hidden on the north side with close hedges of yew, and on the south are covered with bounteous grapevines. Around the whole tract, which comprises from fifteen to twenty acres, runs a broad, deep moat, outside of which stood, prior to 1848, a noble avenue of lindens, inclosing the whole. During the revolutionary excitement, however, the people cut them down.

As we sat on the terrace, under the lindens, while the blue summit of the Hōrsel darkened against the sinking sun, the old grandmother told us of the traditionary splendors of the court; how the dukes came hither for summer gaiety, and were visited here by all the neighboring princes, and by noblemen from Paris and Berlin; how they hunted over the northern hills, and danced at evening in the great hall; how the moat was then full of water, and splendid barges rowed around castle and garden by torchlight, to the sound of music; what glittering coats the gentlemen wore, what diamonds the ladies; how rich and grand they were—yet, for all that, no better than they should be; in short (although she did not say that), what a selfish, affected, vain, licentious, stupid crew once housed in this paradise. How sweet the present seclusion and neglect, contrasted with those glittering orgies!

I have rarely seen a place which fascinated me so entirely. Its aspect was not sad, but soothing and happy, as if every tree said to itself: "Now they have let me alone, I can grow as I please, and take some comfort in living." The silent garden, clasped in the centre of the broad,

tranquil landscape, was a happy valley, away from the restless world. The whistle of the locomotive does not pierce the rocky Hörsel, on the other side of which the railroad runs. The peasants who inhabit the valley rarely leave their homes; neither foreign nor native tourist ever comes thither; perhaps a few papers are taken, but they don't often contain any news: and so the valley lives on, in a lazy, undisturbed life of its own. If I ever should become thoroughly exhausted in body and brain, tired of work, sick of excitement, and surfeited with the restraints of society, I shall take two chambers in the old castle (the grandmother promised to let me have them), and bury myself in Friedrichswerth, until its repose ceases to be a balm, and labor is welcome again.

I did not return to Gotha at sunset, as I had designed. First, I must have coffee in the duke's cup; then a table had been set in one of the vaulted chambers—the parson was there, and the roast would soon be ready. “Go now? No, indeed. You don't stir until after supper!” said the commandress. The roast was done to a turn, the salad succulent, and the wine (out of princely vaults, if of plebeian quality) genial and cheering. Extra candles were lighted, and the eyes of the bold beauties on the walls brightened as they beheld the unusual festival. The hour was late when at last my carriage was allowed to start and the clocks of Gotha struck midnight before I reached the city. But I carried with me a new picture; and if you could see it as I now do, you would not exchange it for a genuine Claude Lorraine.

## XXXIV.

### THE THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF JENA.

[AUGUST, 1858.]



In Europe the year 1858 was distinguished principally for the number of civic and military festivals of a national character, which were celebrated in various countries. Greece had her royal jubilee; Russiá, the dedication of her greatest church; Sweden and Norway, their camp at Axevalla; Spain, her water celebration at Madrid; and France, her pompous show at Cherbourg. In Germany, the great event of the year was the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the University of Jena—a festival which possesses more than local importance, through the peculiar history of this University, and the part which its students have taken in the political movements of the last half century. To no institution of the

kind in all Germany belongs such a multitude of interesting associations, and probably no other circumstance could have called together so remarkable an assemblage of persons as were collected in the valley of the Saale in August 1858.

Among the German youth Jena has been for a long time the favorite University; and if not at present so largely attended as those of Heidelberg, Leipzig, or Berlin, it has lost none of its ancient popularity. It is the seat of liberal principles, in religion as well as in politics, has been often assailed as revolutionary and heterodox, yet has always steadily maintained its character. In song, in the traditions of the *Burschenschaft*, and in German history, it holds a proud pre-eminence; and this magnetism continues to draw into its folds, as heretofore, the best minds, the most active, free, and daring characters of each generation.

Before I describe the festival, a part of which I saw and was, let me devote a little space to an account of the foundation of the University, and to some of the most interesting points in its history. These are not only worthy of note in themselves, but are necessary to an understanding of all that took place during the celebration, which was especially of a character to recall and reanimate the past.

John Frederick the Magnanimous, Elector of Saxony, the friend of Luther and Melancthon, was the most faithful and zealous of all the Protestant princes. When, after Luther's death in 1546, Charles V. determined to crush the Reformation by force of arms, he at once put himself



at the head of the Protestants. Deserted by his treacherous cousin, Duke Maurice of Saxony, and overcome by a superior force, he was taken prisoner, the greater part of his principality given to the duke, and himself condemned to death. The Emperor, however, did not dare to carry this sentence into execution, but kept him for five years a prisoner in Austria, allowing his sons to retain a number of Thuringian towns. The territory ceded to Maurice, to whom the title of Elector was transferred, comprised Wittenberg, whose university, founded by Frederick the Wise, was the very hot-bed of the Reformation.

The first thought of John Frederick was to replace this loss by the establishment of a new university in the Thuringian domain spared to his sons. Though a prisoner, and so impoverished that he had difficulty in supporting a small retinue of faithful followers—though discouraged even by Melancthon—he resolved to found a Protestant school. Passing through Jena in 1547, as a captive in the Emperor's train, he had an interview with his sons in the crypt of the castle (still existing), and secured their co-operation. The Dominican convent in Jena was selected for the purpose; and Melancthon, who was then living in Weimar, was appointed Professor of Theology and Philosophy. He resigned, however, before the school opened; but two of his pupils—one of them, Johann Stigel, a noted poet and scholar of that time—took his place. The new academy was solemnly inaugurated in March, 1548, in the presence of the three young Dukes, while their father, the noble old Elector, was still a captive in Austria. Students from all quarters soon flocked to Jena; and when, after the Treaty

of Passau, John Frederick, the Magnanimous, was restored to liberty and to his dignity as reigning prince, the great desire of his heart was already accomplished. The chronicles of those days describe his triumphant return, in September, 1552; how he stopped for some days to hunt in the forests of Saal-valley; how he dined at the Prince's Spring, so called to this day; how he entered Jena in the afternoon, received by the authorities, burghers on horse and afoot, ringing of bells, and bonfires in the evening; and finally, how, on reviewing the long ranks of students, he turned to his friend Lucas Cranach, the celebrated painter, who sat in the carriage at his side, and exclaimed, with a laugh of delight: "See, there is *Brother Studium!*" The epithet was taken up and remembered, and "Brother Studium" is yet a household word in Jena.

The new school, however, had not yet attained to the dignity and the privileges of a university. It was simply an academy of the higher class—a decree of the German emperor being necessary to invest it with the former character. John Frederick died in 1554, but in his last will, he solemnly commended his sons to continue the work, and to spare no expense in making it successful "for the glory of God and the advancement of the truth." After Ferdinand I. had succeeded to the crown of Charles V., the young duke John William made personal application to him, and obtained a conditional promise of his consent. Johann Schröter, of Vienna, who had been called to Jena as Professor of Medicine, was sent to continue the negotiations; and finally, on the 15th of August, 1557, an imperial decree was signed, granting to the Academy of Jena the

same rights, powers, and privileges as were then enjoyed by the universities of Padua, Pavia, Paris, Leipsic, etc., with the remarkable clause, that the preservation and propagation of the Lutheran doctrine was fully and freely permitted. The university was thus founded on a principle of tolerance unusual in those days, and has never yet forfeited its character.

On his return from Vienna with the imperial charter, Schröter was received with the honors due to a conqueror. The students and burghers of the town, with the young dukes at their head, went out three miles to meet him, and escorted him in triumph within the gates. On the 2d of February, 1558, the university was inaugurated with all possible pomp and solemnity—the nobility of Thuringia taking part in the procession. There is still extant a description of the scene, from which we learn that twelve mounted trumpeters led the way, blowing joyous melodies; that many suits of gilded armor and mantles of velvet were to be seen; that the students, three abreast, reached from St. John's Gate to the market-place, that the solemnities commenced with singing the hymn: "Come, holy Spirit," and terminated with a princely joust in the market-place, which had been covered with sand—with many other less important particulars. The 2d of February, 1858, was therefore in reality the three-hundredth anniversary; but the celebration was postponed to the 15th of August (the date of the charter), on account of the more favorable season, and of the latter date being vacation time throughout Germany.

The history of the past and present student life in Jena,

as given in the recently published work of the Drs. Keil, is exceedingly curious and amusing. A correct account of almost any single class of individuals, continued through three centuries, illustrates the relative character and spirit of the time, and no class more so than the students. We are therefore not much surprised to learn that, previous to the Thirty Years' War, the sons of the Muses at Jena were a most savage and ungovernable set, who fought, plundered vineyards, stole chickens, damaged houses, and violated every one of the Commandments. In short, they did everything but study. The "evangelical Lutheran doctrine" was propagated but indifferently by these roystering youths, whose great delight, next to drinking, was to array themselves in the enormous hose of the time (we have an account of sixty-six yards of silk being frequently used for a single pair), velvet jacket and cap, and sword, and thus, with throat bare and hair floating over the shoulders, to sally out to the neighboring villages, beat the young men, and seduce the girls.

Wolfgang Heider, who was professor in Jena at the end of the sixteenth century, gives a wrathful picture of the student at that time. The irate old fellow cannot find words violent enough to express his dislike of the class. He says: "He either visits the public exercises not at all, or quite too seldom; he attends no lectures. Sometimes he listens before the door, in nowise that he may learn something advantageous, but so that he may pick up a few phrases and retail them afterwards among his brother carousers imitating the voice, manner, and gestures of the professors and creating laughter. In the morning, the lovely and



tender youth sleeps until nine ; and thereafter, where there remaineth any time before dinner, he employs it in combing his hair, curling, adorning, rubbing, hunting vermin, and dressing the rum-blossoms on his face. When he has seated himself at the table the beast devours but little (for the violent drunkenness of yesterday will not permit it and because all senses are stupified, Nature will not suffer it), and he also converses but little (for what kind of civility can dwell in such a hoggish body and soul?). In the meantime, however, he shakes from himself a full burthen of nonsensical stupidities and disgusting nastinesses—and truly in such wise, that as soon as he opens his vile snout, all boys and maidens run away, lest they may be infected by the breath of the pestilential plague.” Enough of the old professor, who quite unconsciously paints his own character at the same time, and does not damage his subject quite so much as he supposes. The students were had enough in those days, as the records of Jena testify, but somewhat is due to the character of the times. Study and seclusion were still considered monkish ; and there was altogether too much restless blood in the veins of the race for that system of “oxing” (a slang word for “drudgery”) which the German students practise nowadays.

The Thirty Years' War, it appears, exercised a most demoralizing influence upon all the German Universities. During that long and bloody struggle, all classes of society became more or less brutalized. Every city had its garrison ; the halls of learning became barracks for the soldiery, and the students adopted the lawlessness of the latter without their discipline. An old writer, Philander of Sitten



wald, thus paints the character of the academic youths at Jena. "They consider it as boorish as a bear's-hide to be diligent; but a sign of nobility to be foolish, fantastic, asinine, loaferish, and rowdy." Even in those days, Jena distinguished itself above all other universities for the number of duels daily perpetrated there—a distinction which it still enjoys. A rhymed by-word, which originated then, is even yet in circulation :

"Who comes from Leipzig without a wife,  
And from Halle, in body sound,  
And from Jena without a wound—  
He may boast of a lucky life!"

During the seventeenth century, a practice called "Penalism," very similar to the English custom of flogging, prevailed. The younger students were obliged to serve the older for the term of one year, six months, six weeks, six days, six hours, and six minutes. The system was finally broken up, no doubt to the great improvement of the manners of the students. The "pennals" were treated in the most abominable manner; obliged to give up their new garments to their masters and go about in rags; to render them all sorts of menial service, and be beaten in acknowledgment of it. They were sometimes forced to eat a mess composed of sausage, bread, chopped nettles, pounded bricks, ink, mustard, butter, nut-shells, salt, and clay! The students finally carried their lawlessness so far as to give out that one of their number was dead, and got up a grand funeral, at which the clergy and faculty officiated; but on opening the coffin at the grave, as was then customary,

it was found to contain—a pickled herring! On another occasion, they surrounded the carriage of a neighboring princess, seized her horses and guards, deliberately turned her Highness's bonnet wrong side foremost, and then liberated her.

These wild proceedings were, of course, met by attempts, on the part of the faculty, to establish a rigid and despotic discipline, and the collision between the two extremes was all the greater. Early in the last century, however, a better spirit began to appear. As the proportion of educated men increased, the desire for knowledge and the ability to study increased also. As the students became more diligent, their manners and morals improved, and the scandalous excesses of the former century gradually disappeared. The influence of the French Revolution, and the wars which followed, was precisely the opposite of the Thirty Years' War. The thousand students of Jena displayed a degree of frank, manly character, a conscientious adherence to their studies, an elegance of manner, and a refinement of dress and language, which presented a most remarkable contrast to their predecessors of fifty years before. In their enthusiasm for the Rights of Man, caught from the millennial dreams of the early French Republicans, the brutal element melted away. The birth and rapid growth of a grand national literature also exercised a powerful effect upon them. Lessing, Herder, and Klopstock had written: Goethe and Schiller were in the prime of youth. From this period on, the German students have exhibited a steady enthusiasm for whatever is best and noblest in the national character. They have kept alive

that spirit of enlightened progress, which has already broken many a rusty shackle of the Past.

I have not space to follow, in detail, the later history of the University. There was the famous "March to Nohra," in 1792, when they left in a body, because the government endeavored to enforce an obnoxious order by the power of the soldiery; the fiery times of 1813, when, singing the songs of Körner, they marched to battle for the common Fatherland; the establishment of the *Burschenschaft*, as a means of creating and preserving a truly national spirit throughout Germany; the mass convention on the Wartburg, in 1817, which made the treacherous princes tremble in their shoes; and the waves of sudden excitement which followed the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848. All these associations are the inheritance of every student who enters Jena. The ground he treads is not simply a quiet sanctuary of learning; it is hallowed in his eyes by events which are part of the political history of Germany, and not without some reason does he call the place "Athens," as he remembers the eloquent voices that have spoken for German freedom there.

One of the features of the Three-hundredth Anniversary was the inauguration of a bronze statue of John Frederick the Magnanimous, by Drake, of Berlin. The stout old duke stands in the centre of the market square, with an open Bible in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. His face is square and heavy, neck thick, and shoulders broad, but there is a great deal of energy in his firm-set jaws and bold brow. An interesting feature of the inauguration was the singing, by a full choir, of the famous "Hymn of Con

solation," composed by John Frederick himself, when a captive in Austria. As a specimen of the sturdy, downright language of the times—of the dialect whose words were more potent than cannon-balls, in the mouth of Luther, I translate a few stanzas of it:

As't pleases God, so it pleases me:  
 Nor am I led astray,  
 Though biting smoke confound mine eyes,  
 And though along my way  
 All is obscure,  
 Yet I am sure  
 That God doth clearly see it:  
 As He may send,  
 So must it end:  
 If't must be, then, so be it:

As't pleases God, I am content,  
 I care not for the rest;  
 What's not to be, why, let it go—  
 The obedient heart is blest.  
 Although my mind  
 Be scarce resigned,  
 His grace will grant assistance:  
 I firmly trust—  
 What must be, must;  
 'Gainst God there's no resistance.

As't pleases God, so let it pass:  
 The birds may take my sorrow  
 If fortune shuns my house to-day,  
 I'll wait until to-morrow.  
 The goods I have  
 I still shall save,

Or, if some part forsake me,  
 Thank God, who's just,  
 What must be, must;  
 Good luck may still o'ertake me.

As't pleases God, so I accept,  
 For patience only pray;  
 Tis He alone, whose arm can help—  
 Can reach me, though I lay  
 In anguish sore,  
 At Death's dark door:  
 There's rescue for the sinner!  
 I am but dust:  
 What must be, must;  
 So be it—still I'm winner!

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The 15th of August, 1858, fell upon Sunday, on which day it was not possible for me to be present; but as the celebration lasted three days, I had the pleasure of witnessing what, to me, were its most interesting features. Leaving Gotha early on Monday morning, I quitted the railroad at Apolda, a large manufacturing town on the Saale, nine miles from Jena. It was well, perhaps, that I had not arrived on the preceding day. The influx of eight thousand visitors into the little town had quite exhausted the means of transportation and the sleeping accommodations. Every vehicle in the country, from the baronial calèche to the peasant's dung-cart, was in requisition; and in all the villages, for miles around, every bed and hayloft had been bespoken weeks before.



By good luck we obtained seats in a sort of extemporaneous omnibus, and were among the first departures. The long street of Apolda, down which we drove, wore the gayest festival dress. From every house floated long streamers, bearing the colors of the German States and of the students' societies—conspicuous among them the red, black, and gold of the old German Empire, the blue and white of Saxony, and the blue, yellow, and white of Saxe-Weimar. The beer-houses, freshly sanded and decked with green boughs, were wide open to the day, and a vision of brown mugs crowned with foam continually flitted past the windows. Emerging from the town, we slowly climbed to the high, undulating upland, where, fifty-one years before, the power of Prussia was crushed at a single blow. Far as we could see, the harvest-fields were deserted; the golden wheat waved idly in the hot wind; over leagues of landscape labor had ceased. It was a universal holiday.

Our progress, slow enough at best, from the load we carried, was rendered still more so by our impatience; but the upland was crossed at last, and we rapidly descended into the valley of the Saale. On our left rose a huge wooden cross, on the summit of a precipitous rock, whence Luther, it is said, once preached to the multitude. Pleasant cottages began to appear, then scattering beer-gardens, and finally, a triumphal arch of fir and oak welcomed us to the rejoicing Jena. The town lies in a deep basin, at the intersection of three valleys, surrounded on all sides by high, dry, bare-washed hills, which produce an excellent red wine. The Jenavese boast of the resemblance of the landscape to that which surrounds Athens; but I could not

flatter them by finding it out. In front of us, it is true, there was a single conical peak which might answer for Mount Lycabettus; but where was the Acropolis?—where Pentelicus?—where the Ægean and its isles?

“Ah!” exclaimed a dignified old gentleman in black, who sat beside me, “there is the Hausberg! there is the Fox-tower! Yonder is Ziegenhain, under the woods—do you see? And there goes the path to Lichtenhain! I wonder if the beer is still as good as ever!” Behind us somebody sang the old song, familiar to all Jena students:

“On the mountains the castles,  
 In the valley the Saale,  
 In the city the maidens,  
 The same as before:  
 Ye dear old companions,  
 Where wait ye my coming?  
 Alas! ye are scattered  
 The wide world all o'er!”

I looked around on the wonderfully picturesque forms of the mountains, which inframe the valley-basin. The Fox-tower stood against the sky, on its lofty ridge; the Kunitzburg rose blue in the distance, and many a fair village lay nestled in the heart of the green dells. Bright and beautiful as they appeared to me, basking in sunshine, gay with banners, and ringing with jubilant music, there was a tone of sadness in the landscape for the gray-heads around me, and their eyes grew suddenly dim.

I felt that I had no right to witness their emotion, and turned my eyes upon the city. There was a flapping of

flags in the wind: a bee-like hum of music gradually filled the air, and the quaint old gabled dwellings, buried up to their roof-tiles in garlands, seemed to sway hither and thither as their drapery was moved. Thick wreaths of oak leaves, studded with the scarlet berries of the mountain ash, hung from window to window; young firs, dug up bodily, were planted at the doors, and long streamers of gay colors floated from the eaves. In all Jena, there was not a house or building of any description without its decoration of flags and garlands. The windows were open and full of bright faces, the streets crowded with student-caps of every hue, even the old graduates wearing the colors of their youth, and our progress was continually impeded by rollicking companies, singing "*gaudeamus igitur*" or some other classic melody.

But most impressive of all was the sight of the recognitions of old friends. The gray-heads in the omnibus were continually shouting: "Karl, is it thou?" "God bless me, there is Hardenberg!" "Ah! brother Fritz, art thou here, too?"—while, more than once, as we passed onwards, I saw men stop, stare doubtfully at each other, and then open their arms for a glad embrace. "Ah!" thought I, "it will be the merest chance if I find any one of my friends in this crowd." But as we drove into the market-square, where John Frederick the Magnanimous stood resplendent in new bronze, my name was suddenly shouted, and a powerful but friendly arm pulled me down from the omnibus. "Andree!" I exclaimed, for it was really that distinguished geographer. "To-day's procession is over," said he, "but come into 'The Sun' and drink a *seidl* of beer,

and then we will go to dinner in the *Deutschen Hof*, where there are many people whom you will like to know."

So said, so done: but the way into "The Sun" was blocked by a crowd of young students, gathered about an aged man, cheering, shaking his hand, and talking all together with a singular enthusiasm. "Who is it?" we asked. "Have you not seen him before?" answered a young fellow: "it is ——, from Holstein. Look at his hat—*class of 1789!* He heard Schiller's introductory as Professor of History, and took part in the March to Nohra! His son and grandson are both graduates of Jena, and are here with him!" What an unwonted light there was in the old man's eyes! How he joined, with cracked voice, as, forming a circle around him, they sang the stirring "Schleswig-Holstein, sea-surrounded," the Marseillaise of the Baltic shore!

One could not be ten minutes in such an atmosphere, without feeling its contagion. The pulse beats quicker, the blood runs warmer, the eyes brighten, and the frame seems to dilate, as if you felt

—— "the thews of Anakim,  
The pulses of a Titan's heart."

Soon your lungs become accustomed to the oxygen of the popular excitement, and you live a faster, freer, more exalted life. It is an intoxication which no earthly vintage can produce; and the man who can or would desire to withstand it, deserves that his name should never make a single human heart throb the faster.

On the way to dinner we passed the University Build

ings, including the old Dominican Convent wherein the institution was first founded. As we were looking at the window of the *Carcer*, where refractory students are imprisoned, an old man, who was surveying the ground, shook his head, saying: "Ah! there are great changes here. Everything is ruined—ruined. Once there was a deep moat under the carcer window. We could hide there at night, and when our friends above let down strings, we sent them up *seidls* of beer and pipes of tobacco. It is filled up—you couldn't do it now. This they call Progress - Civilization!" he added scornfully, turning away from us. In the dining-hall I found many characters renowned in the annals of the Burschenschaft. There was Karl Horn, of Mecklenberg, the founder of the Society, who, on the 19th of January, 1816, when the students solemnly celebrated the Peace of Paris and the Liberation of Germany, planted an oak tree in the square where the French had encamped ten years before—a tree dedicated to German Freedom and German Unity, which is still flourishing, and held as sacred as was ever any oak of the Druid groves. There was Hase, Member of the French Academy, who had come from Paris to attend the celebration, Brockhaus of Leipzig, and many other men of note.

A rosy-cheeked, white-headed old gentleman sat opposite to me at the table. I discovered, ere long, that he was Dr. Vogel, father of the lost African traveller. The latter, it will be remembered, reached Wara, the capital of Waday, in 1856, whence came, shortly afterwards, a report that he had been beheaded by order of the Sul



tan. Since then, nothing further has been heard from him, and it seems now but too certain that his name must be added to the list of those heroes who have fallen on the great geographical battlefield of Africa. His father, however, assured me that he still has hope that his son is only kept a close prisoner in Waday, and that, if he lives, he may yet find means of escape. I could not give him any encouragement for this belief, although Dr. Barth had favored it.

In the afternoon the visitors betook themselves to the summer resorts of their favorite societies, in the villages round about. The Thuringians marched out to Lichtenhain, where my friend Ziegler reigned as *Thur XLVII.*, clad in coronet and ducal robes, with his ministers, minstrels, and jesters. The Franconians went off up the valley of the Saale, the Germanians and members of the old Burschenschaft to Ziegenhain; while others, deterred by the heat, remained in the city to drink the cool brewage of the "Burgkeller" and the "Rose." We fell in, by chance, with the Franconians, among whom we found two acquaintances, but as their rendezvous did not promise much amusement, we set off over the mountain to Ziegenhain. It was a terrible job to climb the height, with the afternoon sun beating upon our backs, but we were well repaid by the superb view from the summit. Jena lay at our feet, wrapped in wreaths and banners, and the sound of her rejoicing came up to us in a faint, melodious murmur. In a deep dell on the right was Ziegenhain, with the lofty gray square of the Fox-tower crowning the height beyond it.

The houses of the village were deserted, and we were at a loss which way to turn, when a prolonged shout rose from among the trees below. Here some hundreds were assembled, in a close beer-garden, shaded with vines, and half-a-dozen barrels on tap outside. Politics was the order of the day, and opinions were uttered with an eloquence and a boldness which astonished me. The old blood of 1817 awoke again in the sluggish veins of the gray-headed *Burschen*, and the sentiment "One Parliament for Germany, and *above* the German Princes!" was received with a storm of cheers. When the sun set, they began to return. I fell into the long procession beside a clergyman from Holstein, and thus, singing the *gaudeamus*, we marched back the three miles, and disbanded before the statue of John Frederick.

In the evening there was a grand *kneipe* in the Prince's Cellar. The halls were crowded to suffocation, as the men of 1813 and 1817 were to be present. The songs, by five hundred voices, were grand and stirring beyond all description. Horn, after a speech wherein he described the planting of the sacred Oak, called for a song of Ernst Moritz Arndt, which was sung on the Wartburg, soon after the Burschenschaft was founded:

"In happy hour have we united,  
 A mighty and a German band,  
 Our souls, to truth and honor plighted,  
 From earnest lips a prayer command;  
 For solemn duties we assemble,  
 In high and holy feeling bound,  
 So let our breasts responsive tremble  
 Our harps give out their fullest sound!"

On these occasions the affectionate and confidential *Du* (thou) was altogether in use. Stately diplomatists and reverend doctors of divinity hailed as brothers the wild, young generation of students, who, with long hair, bared throats, and ribbons of black, red, and gold, darted hither and thither. "Brother," said one of these fellows to me, as I leaned against the wall, "canst thou find no place? where is thy beer? Ha! take this *seidl*. Strike—hurrah for Jena!"

Towards midnight it suddenly occurred to us, that we had made no provision whatever for our lodgings. The night was warm and balmy, but our aching bones coveted an easier bed than the paving-stones. Hurrying back to "The Sun," we succeeded with great difficulty in catching a waiter and holding him fast. "Can you give us beds?" The question, coming at such a time, struck him dumb. "Beds! there is no bed to be had in Jena." "Is there a hay-loft?" "Yes." "Then," said I, "reserve twenty-four square feet, and send me the groom immediately!" The man departed: presently I saw him in communication with the head-waiter, and my surprise may be guessed when the latter came up and said: "If the gentlemen will not object to sleeping in a room through which two other guests must pass, I can furnish them with beds." I took out my purse and offered to pay for them in advance, saying: "We have no baggage, as you see, and could therefore easily slip off in the morning." His eyes opened wide. "What an idea!" he exclaimed; "I never heard of such a thing!" The next morning, two of my friends inquired for "the Americans." "They are no Americans," said he; "I've

been in America myself, and can tell one when I see him. Don't let these people deceive you, if they say they came from there!"

At ten o'clock in the forenoon, the grand commemorative procession was repeated for the third and last time, in the same order as on the previous days. Two features in it particularly interested me—the student-marshals, in their picturesque costume of the Middle Ages (slashed black velvet doublet, hose, hat, plume, and sword), and the Faculty of the University, in their heavy gowns of blue, green and purple velvet, and plain, round caps of the same material. Some of the latter wore gold chains, and other ancient badges of their office. Conspicuous in the procession were the various deputations of students from other Universities, distinguished by the different colors of their scarfs, and the feathers in their mediæval caps. The Prime Ministers of the Duchies of Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Altenburg, and Meiningen—which lands are the joint protectors (*nutritores*) of the University—had also their place, and glittered gorgeously in their State uniforms. On this day the honorary degrees were conferred, in Latin speeches of astounding and insupportable length. This is the great fault, on all occasions of the kind, in Germany. Whatever speaking there is, is sure to run into the abstract and prolix. Nothing is short, clear, practical, to the purpose: every fact stated represents a long chain of ideas and principles, which must be elucidated; and so true eloquence is the rarest of treats.

I had not the patience to sit in the church and hear the classical pumping, but prepared myself for the afternoon's



work by a swim in the cold waters of Saale. This, being the last of the three days, was to be closed by a *Commerz* (which is a beer-and-tobacco festival, mass meeting, student-initiation, and much more, all in one), on the grandest scale, at the expense of the city. A large space in the beautiful public meadow adjoining the town, called "The Paradise," was inclosed by a lofty hedge of woven fir boughs, in the centre of which stood a hall 300 feet long by 150 broad, with a roof of fir-thatch, resting on pillars muffled in oak leaves. There were seats at the narrow tables in this hall, and in the space around it, for nearly four thousand persons. The meadow was shaded by magnificent elm and linden trees, through the trunks of which gleamed the blue waters of the river.

At three o'clock a steady stream poured into the inclosure. A grand orchestra occupied a lofty balcony in the centre of the hall, opposite to which was a tribune for speakers. In less than an hour nearly every seat was filled, while a great number of curious "outsiders," ladies principally, moved up and down the avenues between. After the commencement of the ceremonies, they were necessarily excluded, but gradually gathered on the outside of the fir barricade, over the dark-green wall of which they formed a second hedge of beauty and of brilliant color. I had seated myself in a quiet spot, contented to remain a looker-on, but was suddenly seized upon by the daughter of Germany's greatest living poet, who begged my escort through the multitude. By this chance I was thrown into the company of several Thuringian friends, and agreeably installed at one of the tables of the Saxons, outside of the hall.



Presently shouts and music announced the arrival of the Grand Duke, Karl August II., whose duty it was, as *Rector magnificentissimus* of the University, to open the *Commers*. Accompanied by the hereditary prince, he mounted the tribune, made a few appropriate remarks, and drank prosperity to the institution in a huge glass of beer. A trumpet then gave the signal, and the first song, pealing simultaneously from three thousand voices, buried us in its magnificent surges. Enormous casks of beer—the gift of the city—rolled one after another into the inclosure, stopping at the headquarters of the various societies, where they were instantly placed upon tap. Pipes and cigars were lighted, and the *Commers* was soon in full blast.

At the head of each table sat a President, in the old German costume, with crossed swords before him. As the festival became more unrestrained and jolly, the strict arrangement of the societies was broken up; old friends sought each other, and groups were formed by mutual attraction. I found myself near the traveller, Ziegler, and opposite the younger Brockhaus; on one side of me was a Thuringian editor, on the other Dr. Alfred Brehm, whose ornithological studies had carried him to Abyssinia and the White Nile. To us came afterwards Fritz Reuter, a noted Low-German humorous poet, whose heavy round face and Saxon beard suggested Hans Sachs. A stream from the Thuringian cask flowed upon our board, and the fresh acquaintances, dipped into the brown flood, were as thoroughly seasoned in ten minutes as in months of ordinary intercourse. Flood after flood of the mighty sea of song overwhelmed us, but in the intervals we wandered

over the world, and through the realms of Literature and Art. We clashed glasses with the publisher, and with some venerable professors who flanked him; Fritz Reuter plied us from the inexhaustible resources of his fun; and finally Brehm and I, exchanging recollections of Soudan, fell into Arabic, to the great edification of the others. I had not spoken the language for five years, and at first my tongue moved but awkwardly: then, as if the juice of German barley were an "open sesame!" to the oriental gutturals, the words came fast and free. The green turf under our feet became burning desert sand, and the lindens of the Saale were changed into tufted palms.

The sun sank, but it was not missed. A mellow glow of inner sunshine overspread the festival—the hearty, genuine merriment of four thousand hearts. And still the beer flowed, and still the glasses clashed like the meeting sabres of hostile armies, and the hedge of beautiful faces looked over the fir wall. As the stars began to twinkle, the white and red glare of pyrotechnic fires streamed over us; rockets burst into meteoric rain far above, and bonfires were lighted on all the hills. Then came the *Landsfather*, or "Consecration Song," with its solemn ceremonial of pierced hats, clashing swords, and vows of honor and fidelity. On account of the immense number present, it lasted nearly an hour, though the orchestra so timed the performance that at every one of the hundreds of tables the same stage of the consecration might be witnessed. A more impressive scene could scarcely be imagined.

Finally, the discharge of a cannon and the flight of a storm of rockets announced the termination of the jubilee,

although the *Commers* was prolonged until after mid night. For two or three days afterwards, however, there were festivals of the societies in all the neighboring villages, and the three or four thousand guests who departed on the 18th were scarcely missed, so great was the crowd that remained. Before leaving, I again made the round of the city, in order to view the residences of the distinguished men who have, at different times, made their homes there. Every house where a great man had resided bore a shield, inscribed with his name and the date of his visit. The popularity of the University may be judged from the fact that there were nearly three hundred of these shields. I will give some of the most notable :

Arndt, 1794.	Melancthon, 1527-1535.
Blumenbach, 1770.	Musæus, 1754.
Eichhorn, 1775-1788.	Oken, 1805-1819.
Fichte, 1794-1799.	Puffendorf, 1656.
Charles Follen, 1818-1819.	Ruckert, 1811.
Goethe.	Schelling, 1798.
Hegel, 1801-1807.	Schiller, 1789-1799.
Wilhelm von Humboldt, 1797.	Schlegel, 1798-1802.
Alexander von Humboldt, 1797.	Schubert, 1801.
Klopstock, 1745.	Tieck, 1799.
Kotzebue, 1779-1781.	Voss, 1802-1805.
Leibnitz, 1662.	De Wette, 1805.
Martin Luther, 1522.	Winkelmann, 1741.

Count Zinzendorf, 1728.

On the following afternoon we bade adieu to Jena, footing it back over the uplands to Apolda. The garlands of oak leaves were a little withered, but the scarlet ash

berries still gleamed splendidly on the panels of the triumphal arches, and the multitude of banners waved as gaily as ever in the wind. The faces of the townspeople were bright and joyous, with no signs of lassitude and exhaustion; and we left them, not glad that the festival was over (as one usually is, after such an excitement), but regretting that we could not participate in it until the last song should be sung. From beginning to end, I did not hear one unfriendly word spoken, nor did I see one man completely intoxicated, although, of course, there were many who were flushed and gaily excited. It was, in the best sense of the word, a *jubilee*, and as such, the only one I ever beheld.

## XXXV.

### SOME ENGLISH CELEBRITIES.

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**DURING** a visit to London in September, 1851, I spent ten days in the same house with Robert Owen, the great Socialist, whose recent death has recalled public attention to his life and labors. He was then nearly eighty years old, but as bright, gay, cheerful, and hopeful as a young man. Even then, after so many failures and disappointments, his confidence in the speedy success of his plans was unbounded. In fact, when you looked upon the mild, benevolent brow, the clear bluish-gray eye, and the persuasive mouth of the old man, it was difficult to call him away from his sunny theories to the hard, conflicting facts which arose in your mind. But he would not be called away: his hope overflowed everything, and your arguments lay buried a thousand fathoms deep under his gorgeous promises for the future. In this respect, he was almost a phenomenon.

“Why,” he would exclaim, “you have only to let mankind know what the right plan of Government, the true



organization of Society, is, and they cannot reject it. Let me have the control of the newspapers of Europe, for two years only, and all the despotisms will be peacefully overthrown, war will be made impossible, labor will be properly rewarded, and the suffering nations will be happy!" As I was connected with a newspaper, he at once commenced the great work, by sending me a large package of his pamphlets the next morning. It was rather embarrassing to me, thenceforth, to be asked every day at dinner: "Well, are you not now convinced? Is it not as clear as the sun?" when I had found no time to read the bulky documents.

Mr. Owen believed that he had made a great impression on Prince Metternich, from the extreme politeness with which that most courteous of statesmen had received him. I could easily fancy the cold, elegant, silver-voiced Prince saying: "Quite true: your arguments are indeed unanswerable," at every pause in his visitor's enthusiastic statement. The latter described to me his final interview. "I proposed," said he, "to establish the reign of Love, and Justice, and Humanity, and demonstrated how immensely every country must prosper under such a rule. 'At present,' said I, 'every Government in Europe is supported by two powers—Force and Fraud!' The Secretaries who were present at the interview turned suddenly from their desks and stared at me, astonished at what they considered my audacity. The Prince noticed this, and very quietly said: 'Do not be surprised, gentlemen: what Mr. Owen has stated is perfectly true.' Ah, what might he not have done, if he had acted according to his knowledge of the truth!"

A year later I was in London again, preparing for the overland journey to India. In the dull, drizzly October weather, the great capital was awaiting the funeral of Wellington, and my recollections of my visit are brightened only by three interesting interviews. The first of these was with Kossuth, who was living in a very quiet and unostentatious way in Kensington. I had been absent from America during his triumphal visit, from the fatigues of which he had not entirely recovered. His air was serious, if not sad, though he still spoke of Hungary with a desperate hope.

Mazzini, who, though proscribed and exiled, was the terror of Italian despots, was then residing in Chelsea, not far from Kossuth's residence. My friend, James Russell Lowell, had occasion to call upon him on some business of a purely literary nature, and I accompanied him. Entering the dark little brick house to which we had been directed, we were ushered into a narrow sitting-room, where we were presently visited by an Italian secretary. We were questioned rather closely as to our object, for it was known that there were secret spies, both of Naples and Austria, in London, and Mazzini's friends took all possible precautions to guard him against surprise. After waiting some time, we were visited by a second Italian, whose inspection was apparently satisfactory, for he informed us that Mazzini would receive us.

Finally, at the end of an hour the great Revolutionist—the ex-Triumvir of the last Roman republic—appeared. He was of medium height, slender, and about forty-five years of age. The character of his head presents a striking

contrast to that of Kossuth. It is smaller, but the forehead is high, symmetrical, and nobly arched at the temples. His large black eyes burn with the light of an inextinguishable enthusiasm, and when he speaks, the rapid play of the muscles of his mouth expresses the intensity of his nature. His complexion is a pale olive, almost sallow, his hair black, thin, inclining to baldness, and his short beard and moustache slightly sprinkled with gray. He had a worn appearance, as if exhausted by incessant labor, yet spoke of the future of Italy with an enthusiasm and a faith which nothing could dampen. Though so far off, Rome, Naples, and Milan were then ripening for revolution, under the potency of his ardent brain. I could easily understand the magnetism by which he has drawn all the hopes of Italy to himself—it is this intense faith in his object.

If there ever should come a time when the true biography of Mazzini may be safely written and published, it will be one of the most wonderful books of the age. His adventures during the last ten years (judging simply by what little is hinted, not told), surpass those of Baron Trenck, La Tour, and the Chevalier d'Eon. There is scarcely a parallel to the splendid audacity with which he has visited Italy, again and again, with the whole detective force of Austria, both open and secret, lying in wait for him. It is sad that a life of such self-devotion should be slowly wasted away in disappointments.

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I shall never forget the dark, rainy day, when I took the train to Reading on my way to visit Mary Russell Mitford

More than one friendly message had the kind old lady sent to me on my wanderings; but, although we had thus exchanged greetings for years, I had never seen her. Now, however, on the eve of a long journey to China and Japan, knowing that she was feeble and not likely to live long, I could not leave without confirming my pleasant knowledge of her by a personal interview. She was then living in her cottage at Swallowfield, a little village six miles from Reading. In answer to my note of inquiry, she wrote: "I do not apologize for asking you, who have lodged in the huts and tents of all the tribes of the earth, to visit an invalid, in her simple hermitage. I shall look for you, and there will be another plate at my little table."

On reaching the red, stiff, stately town of Reading—which Miss Mitford describes, under the name of "Belford Regis," in "Our Village,"—the rain descended in torrents. There was one forlorn hack at the railway station, and the driver hesitated a little when I mentioned Swallowfield. He looked at me a moment, and named a plumping fare. As I did not flinch, but placed my hand on the cab-door, he shook his capes, jammed his hat down on his brows, mounted the box, and off we went. Through the floods which streamed down the panes, I obtained but a blurred and unsatisfactory view of the scenery. There were thorn hedges, still green, on either side of the road; the yellow leaves of the elms and the dead foliage of oaks fell in blinding showers, and gray hills rose or sank against the blank gray sky.

In an hour I saw that we had entered a little village, the houses standing apart from each other, and well embowered



in trees. Presently the cab stopped at a triangular garden-plot, in front of a tall old two-story house of brick. Before I had alighted, a serious old man-servant appeared, coming down the gravel walk with an umbrella. I sent my conveyance to the village inn, and under the guidance of "Sam," Miss Mitford's faithful servitor, was soon ushered into her comfortable parlor-library. Almost at the same moment, she entered through another door, stretching out one hand in welcome, while the other held a cane which supported her slow and tottering steps.

I think I should have recognised her anywhere. The short, plump body, the round, cheerful old face, with cheeks still as rosy as a girl's, the kindly blue eyes, the broad, placid brow, and bands of silver hair peeping from beneath the quaint frilled cap, seemed to be all features of the picture which I had previously drawn in my mind. But for a gay touch in the ribbons, and the absence of the book-muslin handkerchief over the bosom, she might have been taken for one of those dear old Quaker ladies, whose presence, in its cheerful serenity, is an atmosphere of contentment and peace. Her voice was sweet, round, and racy, with a delicious archness at times. Sitting in deep arm-chairs, on opposite sides of the warm grate, while the rain lashed the panes and the autumn leaves drifted outside, we passed the afternoon in genial talk. Charles Kingsley had left but half an hour before my arrival. He had brought with him some pages of his poem of "Andromeda," the character of which Miss Mitford described to me, although she could not repeat the lines.

Her talk was rich with reminiscences of the great authors



of the past generation. Walter Scott, Hannah More, the Porters, Miss Edgeworth, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Coleridge she had known; but her literary sympathies were of the most catholic kind, and she spoke with a glowing appreciation of the younger race of authors. For Mrs. Browning, especially, she entertained a warm personal as well as intellectual attachment. Towards evening, Sam announced dinner, and we sat down to the neat little table, on which stood a venison pie that needed no apology. While we were thus engaged, the Dowager Lady Russell, Miss Mitford's neighbor and friend, arrived, accompanied by her younger son. It was pleasant to see the cordial affection with which they regarded her. Presently arose a lively debate concerning Louis Napoleon, whom Miss Mitford admired, while young Mr. Russell (like most Englishmen at that time) disliked and distrusted him. The latter told a bit of gossip, however, at which his good-tempered opponent was obliged to laugh heartily. "Have you not heard," said he, "what Mrs. —, who knew Louis Napoleon well, as a refugee in England, said to him in Paris the other day? She was at the ball at the Hotel de Ville, and, desiring to renew her acquaintance, placed herself several times in his way. Noticing that he saw, but avoided her, she at last took a position where he would be obliged to recognise her. 'Ah, Madame —,' said he, suddenly, *depuis quand êtes-vous à Paris?*' '*Depuis quinze jours,*' she quietly answered,—'*et vous?*'"

But the twilight now began to fall, and it was necessary that I should hasten back to Reading, in order to catch the evening train. Sam ordered the cab from the village

tavern, I took once more the old lady's hand, and bade her an eternal farewell. She lived three years more, and we still corresponded, even when voice and motion failed, and she lay for months propped in an easy chair, with life only in her brain and heart, power only in eyes and hands. Thus was her last letter to me written, but a few days before her death—a letter sublime in the spirit of peace, and tenderness, and resignation, with which she takes leave of the world.

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I had twice called upon Barry Cornwall with letters of introduction, and as often been disappointed, owing to his absence from London, in former years. In July, 1856, however, I was agreeably surprised by a cordial note from him, inviting me to breakfast on the following day. The poet is a small man, with a slight, yet well-proportioned frame, and a head, which at first sight reminds one of the portraits of Sir Walter Scott, although you afterwards see that it is much more softly and delicately modelled. His hair is gray (he must be at least sixty-five years old, having been a schoolfellow of Byron and Sir Robert Peel, at Harrow), and his face rather pale from illness, but his cheeks are smooth and unwrinkled, his eyes are clear, soft gray, and his mouth and dimpled chin expressive of great sweetness and gentleness. Honeyed rhymes, you could well believe, would drop naturally from those lips. With him I found his wife, a daughter of Basil Montague, and their three daughters, of whom Adelaide, the eldest, has since proved her claim to inherit her father's mantle by a volume of

lyrics. To them entered (as the play-books say) Robert Browning, and the breakfast party was complete.

I had met both Browning and his wife five years before, in the company of John Kenyon ("Kenyon the Magnificent," Browning called him), when they first returned to England after four years in Italy. The hearty, genial, impulsive, un-English character of the poet (much like what we fancy Shelley to have been) made a strong impression upon me. He overruns with a boyish life and vivacity, darting out continual flashes of wit and imagination, like the pranks of heat lightning in a summer cloud; while his wife, with her thin, pale face, half hidden by heavy brown ringlets, shines between, with the mildness and steadiness of moonlight. They form almost the only instance I know of poets happily mated—both great, yet each respecting the other's individuality, each proud of the other's fame.

On this occasion Browning was in a very lively mood. He entertained us at breakfast with quotations from a dream the previous night, in which he had rewritten Richard the Third. The tent-scene, in particular, was one of the maddest mixtures of Shakspearean poetry and modern slang that could be imagined. Mrs. Proctor is a brilliant talker, and Barry Cornwall, though exceedingly quiet and unobtrusive in his manner, now and then dropped a remark, the quaint humor of which reminded me of Charles Lamb. After breakfast I spent a delightful hour in his library. From a drawer under his writing-desk he produced two or three small books, bound in leather, which contained the original drafts of most of his songs. Among others he showed me "The Sea," "The Stormy Petrel," and "Tsuch

us gently, Time." I was interested to hear that many of his finest lyrics and songs were composed mentally, while riding daily to the City in an omnibus.

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I had so long known the greatest of living English poets—Alfred Tennyson—not only through his works but from the talk of mutual friends, that I gladly embraced an opportunity to know him personally, which happened to me in June, 1857. He was then living at his home—the estate of Farringford, near Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight. I should have hesitated to intrude upon his retirement, had I not been kindly assured beforehand that my visit would not be unwelcome. The drive across the heart of the island, from Newport to Freshwater, was alone worth the journey from London. The softly undulating hills, the deep green valleys, the blue waters of the Solent, and the purple glimpses of the New Forest beyond, formed a fit vestibule of landscape through which to approach a poet's home.

As we drew near Freshwater, my coachman pointed out Farringford—a cheerful gray country mansion, with a small, thick-grassed park before it, a grove behind, and beyond all, the steep shoulder of the chalk downs, a gap in which, at Freshwater, showed the dark-blue horizon of the Channel. Leaving my luggage at one of the two little inns, I walked to the house, with lines from Maud chiming in my mind. The "dry-tongued laurel" shone glossily in the sun; the cedar "sighed for Lebanon" on the lawn, and the "liquid



azure bloom of a crescent of sea" glimmered afar. I had not been two minutes in the drawing-room before Tennyson walked in. So unlike are the published portraits of him that I was almost in doubt as to his identity. The engraved head suggests a moderate stature, but he is tall and broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes, of southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest-voice never could have come from Italian lungs.

He proposed a walk, as the day was wonderfully clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep comb of the chalk cliff, and slowly wandered westward until we reached the Needles, at the extremity of the island, and some three or four miles distant from his residence. During the conversation with which we beguiled the way, I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, was perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark which I had once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author, that Tennyson was the wisest man he ever knew, and could well believe that he was sincere in making it.

I shall respect the sanctity of the delightful family circle, to which I was admitted, and from which I parted, the next afternoon, with true regret. Suffice it to say, that the poet is not only fortunate and happy in his family relations, but that, with his large and liberal nature, his sympathies for what is true and noble in humanity, and his depth and tenderness of feeling, he deserves to be so.



## XXXVI.

### SCENES AT A TARGET-SHOOTING.

[AUGUST, 1858.]

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**NEXT** to the *Kirmse*, or autumnal festival of the German peasants, which I have described elsewhere, comes the annual shooting-match. This is called the *Vogelschiessen*, or bird-shooting, because the target is always the crowned, double-headed eagle of the German Empire. The festival, which usually lasts a week, is commonly held in August. In the Saxon principalities of Middle Germany it has almost an official and national character, the rulers, ministers, and nobility participating in it as well as the burghers and peasantry. In the court towns, where it lasts an entire week, it is accompanied by circuses and shows of every kind, and therefore furnishes an excellent picture of the popular amusements of the country.

At Gotha there is a special target-ground, kept for the occasion, on the flat summit of a hill which touches the

town on the northwestern side. Here there is a spacious dancing-hall, and a large shooting-house, the front part of which is fitted up as a restaurant, while the rear contains a gallery with open boxes for the marksmen. Back of this extends an alley, about eighty yards in length, at the extremity of which is planted a mast, fifty feet high, bearing the double-headed eagle upon its top. The bird is cut out of a thin plank of tough wood, and measures four or five feet from tip to tip. The various parts of the figure have different values, according to which the merits of the marksmen are determined. Thus, he who shoots away a crown takes the first prize; the shield on the breast ranks next, and the feet and wings last. A Kentucky rifleman would be far from considering this a just standard. The shooting is governed by a long list of rules and regulations, any violation of which expels the competitor.

I did not attend the festival until the second day, when all the shows were in full operation, and the crowd of visitors greatest. The large open space in front of the dancing-hall was covered with regular streets of booths, as at a fair, and it was no easy matter to force a way through the crowd of citizens and peasants in holiday dress, who had flocked in from all parts of the country, far and near. On the right stood the tent of a circus company; on the left a *carrousel*, or race-course of hobby horses. Then followed exhibitions of strange animals, human monstrosities, panoramic views, and marionettes, with a pleasant alternation of beer-booths, shops for the sale of poppy-seed and onion cakes, roasted sausages, pretzels, punch, and ices.

Beyond the dancing-hall rose a crescent-shaped terrace, shaded with tall linden trees, and literally covered with tables and benches, at which hundreds were enjoying their coffee and ices, while a band played waltzes and overtures from the balcony of the shooting-house. Scattered about through the crowd, each surrounded by a ring of admiring children and amused peasants, were ballad-singers, dancing monkeys, fortune-tellers, and venders of "Tragic Occurrences." The combination of gay colors, odd costumes, and picturesque forms, surging through broad belts of light and shade, in a sea of noisy merriment, made a picture that would have delighted Wilkie or Ostade.

In the shooting-house, there was not much going on. There were but few competitors present, and they fired with a lazy, nonchalant air, discussing gunnery and beer between the shots. The bird was pretty well riddled, but had lost neither crown nor shield, although the feet and a part of one wing were gone. On the following afternoon, however, the crown was shot away by the president of a target society from one of the neighboring towns. The lucky marksman not only received the first prize of a silver cup, but was immediately saluted as King of the Festival, adorned with the ancient golden collar always used on the occasion, and led in triumphant procession around the grounds. He was a stout, phlegmatic man of middle age and blushed up to the roots of his blond hair, as he passed through the shouting crowd, followed by the other competitors, walking two and two. The distinction brings with it also the obligations of making a speech, and of presiding at the banquet which followed, so that the embarrassment

is fully equal to the honor. Two years before, the Duke himself bore away the first prize.

The ball in the evening was made select by a charge of one thaler (71 cents) for admission, and the prescription of a black dress, with white kid gloves. Therefore it was like any starched and respectable ball anywhere else in the world, and I had no curiosity to witness it. All such rigid recreation is an inevitable bore, except to very pretty young ladies, whose means allow them to dress handsomely, and to shallow-headed young gentlemen, expert at the polka and in the parting of their back-hair. A military drill, or a dance of naked savages by torchlight, is a much more diverting spectacle. If my reader prefers, with me, the grotesque, the curious, and the comic, to the stupid and the proper, we will leave the genteel society to simper and dance in the banquet-hall, and accompany the peasants to their penny-shows.

As we pass around the corner of the building, we are attracted by a series of remarkable paintings hung against the wall. They are illustrations of terrible murders and robberies, the full narratives of which you may buy for a cent apiece. Let us look at the titles, which sufficiently illustrate the character of these fictions—for fictitious they assuredly are. Here is a "Terrific and Fearful Occurrence, which took place at Cologne in the year 1856, and the Culprit was Executed on the 6th of August, 1857." Lest, however, you should sup exclusively on horrors, here is a more cheerful, though still fascinating title: "The Miraculous Rescue of a Child, and Description of a Terrible Band of Robbers in the Mountains of Naples." followed by

“Maria Carleton, the French Princess, spouse of six **Husbands**, and leader of **Banditti**, executed in London, in 1851.” Also, “**Freja**, the Orphan of Silistria, who was **Killed in Battle** and Promoted to the rank of **Captain**, including **Who her Parents Were**.” The style of these productions, it is scarcely necessary to say, is very childish and silly. After a murder, generally follow the exclamations: “Oh, what a horrid deed!” “Alas, alas! how terrible!” and to the end of each narrative is attached a poem, describing the tragedy and embodying its moral lesson, so that the reader, who has made himself familiar with the circumstances, may adapt the verses to some favorite melody, and sing them for the edification of his friends.

The Censorship of the Press, which at one time was very rigid in Germany, never prohibited these blood-streaming publications, the Government, no doubt, recognising the fact that men would much sooner give up the discussion of abstract principles of Right and Wrong, than the privilege of feasting their curiosity on the records of crime. This desire seems to be a normal trait of human nature. Among our weaknesses is a craving for the sensation of horror, while our self-love is flattered by the comparison which we naturally institute between the criminal and ourselves. Conscience, which at best has a long account scored against us, suggests that there are still worse men than we are in the world: our own vices diminish in importance as we compare them with some colossal crime. Nobody would take a newspaper, if it did not contain the police reports. We cannot, therefore, wonder at the uncultivated taste



which creates a demand for such disgusting trash—for, if the style were classic and the story well told, we should purchase a copy ourselves. The yellow-covered literature of the United States is one step above these rough penny pamphlets, because the mental calibre of the class who read them is somewhat greater than that of the same class in Germany. After much observation and reflection, I am inclined to doubt whether any serious harm can be ascribed to such productions. The mere habit of reading imperceptibly improves the taste of the reader, and a man who can swallow the blood-and-thunder of George Lippard to-day, will relish Dickens ten years hence.

Leaving the literary department behind us, we pass on to the booths. Presently we are attracted by a flaming sign: "Here is to be seen the wild African Man of the Forests, the Only Specimen in Existence." The entrance fee amounts to ten cents, and the unusual expense makes us hesitate; but we have five eager boys in our charge, and their longing glances soon decide us. Entering a tent, every avenue into which is carefully screened from the multitude, we behold a small black chimpanzee, seated upon a table, while his proprietor is thus expatiating to a small but select audience: "A most extraordinary animal, your lordships! I bought him from the captain of a vessel, direct from Africa. The English government offered £200 for him afterwards. You see, he is exactly like a human being; the only difference in fact is his language. These animals live in the unknown regions in the centre of Africa. They build themselves houses and live in villages, just like men. The negro tribes catch and make slaves of them,

employing them to cultivate their rice-fields. It is necessary, however, to have an overseer, as they will not work if left alone. They cannot live in Europe, on account of the severity of the climate, but as this one is very young, I have succeeded, with great difficulty, in preserving his life."

It was a poor old beast, less than three feet high, and with a beard gray with age. He surveyed us with an unhappy look, peeling and sucking an orange meanwhile. "You are mistaken," said I to the keeper, "in supposing that this animal comes from Africa." "Pardon me, sir," said he, "this is the genuine African man of the forests." "But I have travelled in the interior of Africa," I answered; "you only find this variety in Java and Sumatra, where I have seen them." I thereupon overwhelmed him with information (most unwelcome) concerning the animal. The next day, when I came again with a fresh company of children, he was in the middle of his accustomed speech; but seeing me, stopped very abruptly, while he threw towards me a helpless, imploring glance, as much as to say, "Please don't stay long—your presence is very embarrassing."

Near this tent stood another, with the sign—"The Great Sea-Lion of the Polar Regions." The price of admission was three cents, and the animal, as I supposed, was an ordinary seal, named "Jacob," which looked at us appealingly out of its beautiful human eyes. It was not a very profitable monster, requiring a tank of water, and refusing to appear when called for. The Giant and the Dwarf, who had a booth in common, did a much better

business. The former was stupid, as all giants are, and the latter malicious, as are most dwarfs. It was pleasant, however, to see the latter standing with both feet in the empty shoe of the former.

The fortune-tellers were not very well patronized, probably because the printed oracular slips, which they furnished for two cents, were already familiar to most of the crowd. To me, however, they were new. By two judicious investments I ascertained not only my own character, but that of my destined wife. I learned, to my surprise, that I had a secret enemy, who was working hard for my ruin, but was cheered to find that I should in the end triumph over him. I had also many friends, but I must not trust everybody. I should have had luck a while, then good, then bad again, and in the end all would be fortunate. The latter part of my life—which, if it did not terminate sooner, would extend to a great age—would be illuminated by all kinds of gorgeous pyrotechnics. Having learned thus much, I must needs behold the face of the partner of my destiny. The oracle looked at me—noticed probably that hair and eyes were dark—turned a wheel, and directed me to place my eye to a large lens in the side of a box. I beheld a blue-eyed and blond-haired lady, properly flounced and crinolined, with a bonnet like an oyster-shell behind her ears. She resembled one of the fashion-figures in Godey's Lady's Book, and of course I was happy. My companion, whose complexion was very light, was introduced to a lady with dark eyes and hair.

The sound of a shrill voice singing, "Oh, but I am weary; oh, but I am fatigued!" attracted our attention.

A large raw-boned woman, accompanied by her son, were the minstrels. They stood in the midst of a group of peasants, some of whom had purchased slips containing the words of the song, and were attentively following the melody in order to catch and sing it themselves afterwards. This is their usual method of learning new songs and ballads, and where these are of a popular character, the wandering music-teachers are rewarded with a good stock of *groschen*. Here, however, the difference in taste between the uncultivated classes of Germany and America is much to the credit of the former. Their songs were, for the most part, of a more refined and sentimental order than those which adorn the Park railing in New York. The fun is never so coarse as in "Bobbing Around" or "Villikins and his Dinah," nor the sentiment quite so silly as in "Marble Halls" and "Barbara Allen." Here is one which, from the crowd of lusty young peasants who followed the raw-boned minstrel, to catch the air, must have been a great favorite:

Thou hast diamonds, and pearls, and jewels,  
 Hast all the heart wishes, in store;  
 And ah, thou hast eyes so lovely—  
 My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

And upon thine eyes so lovely,  
 That pierce my heart to its core,  
 Uncounted songs have I written—  
 My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

Alas, with thine eyes so lovely.  
 Thou hast tortured and wounded me sore;  
 Thine eyes have compassed my ruin—  
 My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

And, because of thine eyes so tender,  
Have I ventured more and more,  
And so much, ah, so much have I suffered—  
My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

There are also booths containing panoramic and stereoscopic views, which I noticed were visited by great numbers of the poorer people. The marionette theatres and the perambulating Punch-and-Judy shows were remarkably popular, and the swings and flying horses never ceased their rounds. *Bauer* from the northern country, with their short-waisted coats, long jackets, and knee-breeches, crowded around the stalls where onion-cakes, hissing hot from the pan, were displayed on the greasy board, and then moved off beerward, to give room to the women, in their high fantastic caps, glittering with golden pins and brooches, and with manifold streamers of silk dangling from the summit. In envious contrast to these were the maidens from some western villages, with hair combed *à la Chinoise* to the top of the head, where it was covered by a small, cup-shaped piece of embroidered cloth. The petticoats of these damsels reached barely to the knee, but they made up in diameter what they lacked in length. They were hardy, healthy creatures, with arms like a butcher's, calves like a mountaineer's, nut-brown cheeks, and teeth which could bite off a tenpenny nail.

At night, when the laborers took their holiday, the multitude presented a still more picturesque appearance, in the flaring light of lamps and torches. Then the music was redoubled; the great hall shook under the measured stroke of the dancers' feet, and little circles of waltzers were



formed on level spaces under the trees. The fountains of beer flowed from exhaustless reservoirs; the onion-cakes steamed with more enticing fragrance; the new songs spread from mouth to mouth among the young people, while the cackle of gossip ran around the circle of the aged. Until ten o'clock, it was a picture of the merriest, loudest life; then the circles began to break up, and the throng slowly drifted back to town. The *Vogelschiessen* is the delight of the peasant who is so fortunate as to have his week of holiday, and ten thalers in his pocket. When the festival is over his thalers are gone and his stomach is deranged; but he has had a jolly good time of it, and his sour season of labor is sweetened by the recollection of the sights he has seen, the beer he has drunk, the music he has heard, the dances he has danced, and ('why not?) the kisses he has stolen from his sweetheart.

## XXXVII.

### ASPECTS OF GERMAN SOCIETY.

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**FROM** a cursory view, there would appear to be little difference in the outward form and mould of Society, in all civilized countries, at the present time. So great is the amount of intercourse between the different nationalities, that a uniform set of conventional observances now passes current everywhere. The same ordinary forms of courtesy flourish in the latitude of New York and St. Petersburg, Stockholm and Madrid.

It is, therefore, only in the more intimate circles of private and domestic life, that we still find the peculiar traits existing, which distinguish one people from another—traits which will no doubt be gradually effaced under that tremendous levelling system, which has already swept away the distinctions of costume and of address. These characteristic aspects of Society are most interesting among the German and Scandinavian races; on account of their marked domes

ticity, and the affectionate pertinacity with which they cling to customs and observances which have been hallowed by Time. Their languages possess the word "Home"—a word unknown to the Frenchman and the Italian.

Perhaps the first peculiarity which strikes the traveller on entering Germany—and which, unless he be a fool, impresses him most agreeably—is the frank and unrestrained character of public intercourse. It would be impossible to leave four Germans, strangers to each other, alone for half an hour, without their becoming tolerably well acquainted. The Englishman, when abroad, avoids his kind, unless, indeed, he be a nobleman of good sense, who runs no risk of compromising his social position; the German seeks his countryman, by natural affinity. In this respect, the American is a cross between the two. Yet it is as rare a thing to make a new acquaintance in a railroad car, here, as it is common in any of the German States. There the new arrival courteously salutes the other passengers on entering; the departing traveller does the same thing. Time is considered lost if devoted to silence, when it might be agreeably spent in conversation, and all who have purchased tickets of the same class consider each other as equals for the time being. Almost the only examples of reserve which you meet with are the military gentlemen, whose assumed importance is the more insufferable, because it is generally based neither upon wealth, character, nor intellect.

This pleasant trait is not confined to the masculine sex. Ladies, also, enter into conversation with a cheerfulness and cordiality which illustrates alike their good sense and their inherent courtesy. I travelled two days in a diligence in

company with an Austrian Baroness and her daughters, and on parting received a most friendly invitation to visit the family. On another occasion, I met with a very intelligent lady in the depot at Munich, and on reaching Augsburg, where she resided, was introduced by her to her husband—a physician of repute—and cordially invited by both to spend a day with them. In these cases, the ladies knew nothing about me except what they had learned during our brief intercourse. Even in England, I think, such a thing would sooner be possible than with us.

Gallantry towards ladies is a fine manly characteristic, and we Americans have none too much of it. But have we not a right to ask of our ladies *courtesy towards gentlemen*? There is no man worthy of the name but would feel that there was a delicate flattery in the fact of a lady addressing herself to him for information, during a journey in which they were chance neighbors; and there is no man but would be conscious of a sense of insult if his respectful attempt to while away the tedium of travel by conversation, were repulsed. It is the risk of such repulse, not only between travellers of different sexes, but even those of the same sex, which makes our railroad society so grim and depressing. When a lady has not sufficient consideration to thank you for a seat, you may be sure she has no desire to converse with you. If she happens to know who you are, and is sure of your respectability, you may be successful; otherwise, there is something in her mannner, which says: "Bless me! what does he mean! an entire stranger—I never heard of such a thing! what would people say?"

Here, again, is another difference. When strangers meet,

enjoying the hospitality of a mutual acquaintance, there is a tacit social recognition, which dispenses with the formality of an introduction. Any hesitation is justly considered as an offence against the host, implying that he would ask persons to meet you whom it was not proper that you should know. The same custom prevails in England, and is there carried to such an extent that you are frequently embarrassed by receiving invitations from persons whom you may know by sight, but not by name. But the absence of all reserve in such cases—the frank freedom of social intercourse—is a mark of true refinement. All politeness which is not founded on common sense has but fictitious value.

There is, however, one element of courtesy in which the Germans are deficient. Being a people of abstract ideas, and much given to that species of theorizing which breeds intellectual egotism, they lack a proper consideration for the ideas and opinions of others. Hence, a mixed conversation very often assumes the character of an argumentative combat. I have frequently heard facts denied, because they conflicted with some pet theory. As an American and a republican, I was constantly liable to be assailed by those who advocated the monarchical system—not in the way of courteous inquiry, but direct attack. In Art, Literature, and Science, it is the same thing. The Germans have adopted the idea that the great characteristic of the American people is *Materialism*—because this forms a convenient antithesis to the German trait of Idealism—and all the facts one may adduce to prove its falsity go for nothing. So with their ideas concerning European



politics. They are based upon abstract doctrines—theories of race, of “national elements”—which every year sees scattered to the winds, but, nevertheless, they put the fragments together again, and look upon the structure with the same unshaken complacency as before. This intellectual egotism is at first offensive to a stranger, and one never becomes entirely reconciled to it. The same characteristic may be observed among the various classes of ultra-reformers in the United States.

The Teutonic heart cannot beat without expression. The emotions are never subjected to that self-restraint which our Anglo-Saxon pride forces upon us. Tears are shed, and lips kissed, and sacred words spoken, if not in public, at least not in secret. No man is ashamed to let the world see that he loves or grieves. We shrink from such an exhibition because the sanctity of passion is profaned by the presence of curious eyes and unfeeling hearts, but among a people whose sympathies are sensitive there is no restraint. Even in the advertising columns of the newspapers, side by side with announcements of groceries and dry goods, you may read the words of hope, and joy, and lamentation. Let me give a few illustrations. The first act in the universal drama of human life is thus exhibited:

“Our betrothal, which took place yesterday, we hereby joyfully make known to all relatives and friends.

“KARL SCHUMANN,

“ANNA STIEFEL.”

A year afterwards, if the course of true love runs

smooth—which, I must admit, it seems to do more frequently than among us—you may read the following:

“Our conjugal union, which was yesterday consummated, we hereby announce to all relatives and friends.

“KARL SCHUMANN,

“ANNA SCHUMANN,

*née* Stiefel.”

During the three or four following days, the emotional column of advertisements is filled with congratulations, a few only of which need be given. There is usually a great similarity of style, although sometimes congratulatory poems appear. Here are two specimens:

“We hereby offer our heartiest good wishes to our relative, Karl Schumann, on the occasion of his recent marriage. May he and his beloved wife live long and happily together!

“THE GLANZLEDER FAMILY.”

“The marriage of our friends, Karl Schumann and Anna Stiefel, on Wednesday, was joyfully celebrated here the same evening, when our glasses were emptied to the prosperity of the dear couple. All united in a loud and glad hurrah! (*hoch!*)”

In another year (be the same more or less), the second act is chronicled in like manner. What would those exquisitely prudish persons, who object to the publication of births, say to this:

“The fortunate delivery of my beloved wife, Anna Schumann, *née* Stiefel, of a sound and healthy boy, yesterday evening, at fifteen minutes before six, I hereby joyfully announce to all relatives and friends.

“KARL SCHUMANN.”

More congratulations follow the happy event. The christening, however, which usually takes place in six weeks, is only announced in the official register. Most children receive from three to six names, only one of which is used, except in signing legal documents. Supposing the Schumanns to be prolific and long-lived, we must wait fifty years for the final advertisement, which then appears in the following form :

“The gentle departure, after long and patiently endured sufferings, of our beloved husband, father, grandfather, brother, father-in-law, cousin, and brother-in-law, Karl Schumann, yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the age of seventy-five years, two months, and nine days, we hereby sorrowfully announce to all relatives and friends, and beg for their silent sympathy with us.

“THE MOURNERS, WHO ARE LEFT BEHIND.”

One good result of this publicity, at least, is the absence of gossip. Nevertheless, it is repulsive to us, who have been educated in different ideas. I confess, I read such advertisements habitually for the purpose of amusement, rather than “silent sympathy.” An undemonstrative Englishman is sure to be considered phlegmatic, if not cold-hearted, in Germany. Whatever feeling is not expressed is not supposed to exist. *We* err in the opposite extreme, of concealing much honest and noble affection. How often have I heard sincere manly friendship made a taunt, and suspected love a subject for unmerciful badinage!

But Society in Germany has also its tyrannical aspects. The intercourse between the unmarried is most rigidly restricted; the interchange of visits is as punctiliously

regulated as in any other part of the world; and the distinction between the various social degrees is still shown in many ways. Customs and forms of address which ought to be classed among the obsolete absurdities of the Past, keep their place. The stranger, in a new neighborhood, is obliged to make the first calls—a custom which seems the reverse of hospitable, although they excuse it by saying that they wish to leave the new-comer free to select his society.

The betrothed must make a formal round of visits to all their relatives; the newly-married ditto; the mother, after confinement, must make her first public appearance in church, and the corpses are followed to the grave only by males. In Weimar, Altenburg, and other remote parts of the country, the superannuated laws of this sort are numberless. Nowhere can a young lady walk with a gentleman, unless she is betrothed to him, but after that event all restrictions are removed. She is called a “bride,” her lover a “bridegroom,” and each is at once considered as a member of the other’s family.

The forms of address are exceedingly awkward and inconvenient. Every person who has any official position, must be addressed by a corresponding title, and (good news to the strong-minded!) his wife takes the same, with a feminine termination. Thus, if Herr Schmidt happens to be a Counsellor of the Superior Court of Appeals, it is a violation of etiquette to call him Herr Schmidt. You must say: “Herr Counsellor of the Superior Court of Appeals, how is the Frau Counsellor of the Superior Court of Appeals?” Even the Master-Shoemaker, Herr Duntz, is addressed in

the same way, and his wife would be mortified if you did not greet her as "Mrs. Master-Shoemakeress Duntz." Could anything be more comical than to hear: "Mrs. Inspectoress of Penitentiaries, let me introduce you to Miss Fire-Insurance Company's Presidentess?"—and yet this may happen any day in Germany. As the husband climbs upwards on the official ladder, his wife climbs with him. She shares his ambition and his triumphs, and rejoices to be called "Madame Field-Marshales" or "Madame Prime Ministress;" almost as much as if herself had won the star or baton.

A most delightful feature of German life is the conscientiousness with which domestic anniversaries are observed and celebrated. No birth-day passes by unremembered: gifts, even if trifling, flowers, and the favorite dishes at dinner remind each one, in his turn, that his place in the world is still warm. The married celebrate their wedding-day, and Christmas and Pentecost come to all. I am glad that we are gradually naturalizing the former festival, and would willingly see all the others transplanted into our soil, although, when such customs become universal and inevitable, they lose something of that spontaneity which is their greatest charm. *Our* life, on the other hand, is too barren; we press continually forward, on a hard, hot, stony road, neglecting every tree that invites us to rest awhile by the wayside. The Germans are much better economists than we. Recreation and domestic enjoyment are always included in the estimate of expenses, and the business of the household is managed in so careful and systematic a manner, that a family with one thousand dollars a year manages to



extract much more enjoyment from existence, than most American families whose incomes are triple that sum.

I have heard travellers speak of the bad manners of the Germans; of their heterogeneous meals; of their heaviness and awkwardness; and of their uncomfortable mode of life. Such persons generally belong to that class whose standard of judgment is: "I don't do so and so: therefore, the people are wrong." One of them, whom I pressed closely to give me some instances of bad manners, finally stated that he had seen Germans eating fish with knives and drinking Champagne out of Madeira glasses! The little details of the table vary in different countries, and in different generations. Sir Philip Sydney drank beer for his breakfast, and Queen Elizabeth picked her teeth with her fork. Refinement (by which I mean what is snobbishly termed "gentility") does not consist in such small matters. He was a gentleman who died at Zutphen, even though he had never used a pocket-handkerchief. An American woman, travelling in Germany, *minus* the language, has recently published a volume entitled "Peasant Life in Germany," which is filled with the grossest blunders. She measures everything she sees by an American standard, as if that were the only admitted test of excellence.

There is this lesson to be derived from an intimate acquaintance with other lands and other races—that *no country possesses the best*. The advantages and disadvantages of life are distributed more impartially than one would suppose. It would be very difficult for an American to endure the annoyances of living under European laws, but he could scarcely fail to enjoy the order and security pre

vailing under a long-established Government, and the freedom of a matured and settled Society. With complete political independence, we must still endure a *social* tyranny. The opinion of the community in which we live, with regard to our own opinions, actions, and habits of life, is the Autocrat that rules us. Where this public opinion is enlightened, liberal, and generous, very well; no home in the world can be more fortunate. But where it is narrow and uncharitable, resist it and you will become a social martyr.

## XXXVIII.

### A TRUE STORY.

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ON the 15th of October, 1856, a celebration of a peculiar character was held in a small village near Jena. It was an occasion of an entirely local nature, and might have passed over unobserved, and unknown to all, except the immediate vicinity, but for its connexion with the battle which, fifty years and one day before, annihilated the power of Prussia. An account of it, however, was published in most of the German newspapers, and through this circumstance the sequel of the story which I am about to relate, was brought on. At the time the celebration took place, I was residing in Gotha, not more than fifty miles from the spot, and received the story almost in the very words of the chief actor in it. I am sorry that his name, and that of the village, have escaped my memory. All other particulars made too deep an impression upon my mind to be easily forgotten.

We must first go back to the 14th of October, 1806. On that day the windy uplands north-east of Jena witnessed the brief but terrible combat, which resulted in the triumphant entry of the French army into Berlin, eleven days afterwards, during which time Prussia had lost 60,000 men, 65 standards, and 600 cannon. A portion of the French army was encamped on the battlefield, or quartered in the villages around. The poor inhabitants, overwhelmed by this sudden avalanche of war upon their quiet fields, where, for a hundred years or more, they had reaped their harvests in peace, submitted in helpless apathy while their houses and barns were plundered by the lawless soldiery. The battle was over, but there was no lull in the blast of ruin. Through the clouds of cannon-smoke which settled into the bosoms of the deep valleys, as the raw October evening came on, were heard in all directions shrieks of fear, yells of rage or triumph, and cries of pain or lamentation.

Davoust, the "Butcher of Hamburg" (as the Germans call him), took up his quarters for the night in one of the most convenient and comfortable houses which could be found in the neighborhood of the scene of slaughter. Here he rapidly issued orders for the disposition of the forces under his command, gave directions for the morrow, and received reports from his adjutants. He had taken his cloak, and was about retiring to an inner chamber for repose, when an officer entered. "Pardon me, General," he said, "but here is a case which requires attention. This German *canaille* must be taught to respect us. Ten soldiers of Company ——, of the Fourth Infantry, who

quartered themselves in the village of Waldorf [let us say] have been driven away by the people, and two or three of them are severely injured."

Davoust's cold eye glittered, and his moustache curled like the lip of a mastiff, as he turned, halting a moment at the door of the bed-room. "Send a lieutenant and twenty men to the village, pick out any ten of the vagabonds and shoot them down!" was his brief order. "Where is Waldorf?" he added, turning towards one of those useful creatures who are always willing to act as guides and interpreters for the enemy in their own land.

"There is a village called Upper Waldorf, which lies near the head of a small valley, to the left. Middle Waldorf is on the other side of the hill, and Lower Waldorf about half an hour's distance beyond."

The Marshal, not caring to annoy himself by more minute inquiries, went to bed. If ten men were shot, that was sufficient.

The next morning at sunrise, Lieutenant Lamotte, with twenty men, marched over the trampled hills to seek Waldorf. It was a disagreeable business, and the sooner it was over the better. On reaching a ridge which overlooked the intersection of two or three valleys, more than one village was visible through the cold fog, now beginning to rise. "*Où est Waldorf?*" inquired the officer, of a peasant whom he had impressed by the way. "*Das,*" answered the man, "*ist Ober-Waldorf,*" pointing to a village on the left. "*En avant!*" and in fifteen minutes more the Frenchmen marched into the little hamlet.

Halting in an open space between the church and the



two principal beer-houses, the officer summoned the inhabitants together. The whole village was already awake, for few had slept during the night. Their ears were still stunned by the thunders of yesterday, and visions of burning and pillage still danced before their eyes. At the command of the Lieutenant, the soldiers seized all the male inhabitants, and forcibly placed them in line before him. The women and children waited near, in terrible anxiety, for no one understood the words which were spoken, and these ominous preparations led them to imagine the worst.

At this juncture the son of the village pastor appeared upon the scene. He was a young man of twenty, who was studying theology, in order to become his father's successor, and fortunately had some knowledge of French. The appearance of things, without the cries and entreaties of the terrified people, told him that his help was wanted; he immediately addressed himself to Lieut. Lamotte, and begged for an explanation of the proceedings.

"I am ordered to punish this village," answered the latter, "for your treatment of some of our soldiers last night. The Marshal orders that ten of you must be shot. The only thing I can do is, to allow you to draw lots among yourselves, or to point out those concerned in the outrage."

"But," exclaimed the young man, "your General has been misinformed. No French soldiers have visited our village before you. We have truly been in great fear and anxiety the whole night, but the valley is deep, and the village is partly concealed from view by the wood on this side. There are also the villages of Middle and Lower Waldorf, which lie further down in the open valley. You

can soon satisfy yourself, sir, that this village is entirely innocent, and I entreat you not to shed the blood of our harmless people." "There is no time for investigation," said the officer; "I was ordered to proceed to Waldorf, and I am guided hither. I will wait until you make your choice of ten to be sacrificed, but have no authority to do more."

By this time the people had learned the fate in store for them. The women, with tears and appealing gestures, crowded around the officer, begging him to spare their sons and husbands; the men stood silent, with bloodless faces and dumb imploring eyes. The scene was evidently painful, both to the officer and the soldiers, accustomed as they were to the unmerciful code of war. They were anxious to put an end to it, and leave; but the clergyman's son, inspired with the belief that the fate of ten men rested upon his efforts, continued to urge his plea with a zeal and eloquence that would not be set aside. Lieut. Lamotte struggled awhile between his sense of duty and his natural humanity, while the young advocate appealed to his conscience and to the obedience which he owed to a higher Commander than Davoust. Finally, he consented to wait while a serjeant was dispatched to headquarters, accompanied by a peasant, to show him the nearest way. A few lines, hastily pencilled, stated the facts in the case, and asked for further instructions.

Meanwhile the inhabitants waited in a state of suspense scarcely to be endured. Lieut. Lamotte, who, as a thorough Frenchman, soon wearied of a painful emotion, and shook it off at the risk of appearing heartless, said:—

“The morning is keen, and a walk before sunrise does not diminish the appetite; can you give us some refreshment from your hidden supplies?” At a word from the young man many of the women brought together coffee, which they had prepared for their own breakfasts, with black bread, mugs of beer, and a small cheese or two, sufficient for a rough meal, of which the soldiers partook, with the usual laughing comments on “*la cuisine Allemande.*” The company of victims looked on in silence, and more than one muttered gloomily, “We are feeding our executioners.”

“Even if that should be true,” said the young man, “it is but doing as Christ has taught us. Whether or not we obtain Christian charity from these men, let us at least show them that *we* are Christians.”

This solemn rebuke had its effect. A few of the men assisted in entertaining the soldiers, and the latter, with their facility of fraternization, soon made themselves at home. As the stomach fills the heart also enlarges, and the men began to say among themselves: “It is a pity these good fellows should be shot by mistake.”

It was not long before the sergeant and his guide arrived. The former handed the Lieutenant a note, which he hastily tore open and read:—“Waste no more time in parley. It is indifferent which village is punished; an example must be made. Do your duty, and return instantly.” So ran the pitiless answer.

“Choose your men,” said the Lieutenant, rising to his feet, and grinding his teeth to keep down his faltering heart. But now the lamentations broke out afresh. The women

clung around the men who were dear to them, and many of the latter, overcome by the general distress, uttered loud cries and prayers for mercy. The young man knelt down in front of them, saying to the officer: "I do not kneel to you, but I will pray to God that He may remove the sin of this slaughter from your soul."

As the officer met his earnest eyes, full of a sublime calmness and courage, his own suddenly filled with tears. He turned to his men, who stood drawn up in line behind him. They looked at him, but no word was spoken. Their hands were in the proper place, according to drill regulations, and there were drops on many cheeks which they could not wipe away. There was a silent question in the officer's eyes, a silent answer in theirs. The former turned again hurriedly, beckoned the young man to him, and whispered in an agitated voice:—

"My friend, I will save you by a stratagem. Choose ten of your most courageous men, place them in line before me, and I will order my soldiers to shoot them through the head. At the instant I give the order to fire they must fall flat upon the ground. My soldiers will aim high, and no one will be injured. As soon as the volley is fired I will give the order to march, but no one must stir from his place until we are out of sight."

These words were instantly translated to the people, but so great was their panic that no one offered to move. The pastor's son then took his place, alone, in the vacant space before the line of soldiers. "I offer myself," said he, "as one, trusting in God that we shall all be saved, and I call upon those of you who have the hearts of men in your



bodies, to stand beside me." Young Conrad, a sturdy farmer, and but newly a bridegroom, joined him, casting, as he did so, a single encouraging look upon his future wife, who turned deadly pale, but spoke not a word. One by one, as men who have resolved to face death—for the most of them had but a trembling half-confidence in their escape—eight others walked out and took their places in line. The women shuddered and hid their eyes; the men looked steadily on in the fascination of terror, and the little children in awed but ignorant curiosity. The place was as silent as if devoid of life.

Again the Lieutenant surveyed his men. "Take aim!" he commanded—"aim at their heads, that your work may be well done!" But though his voice was clear and strong, and the tenor of his words not to be mistaken, a clairvoyant flash of hidden meaning ran down the line, and the men understood him. Then came the last command, "*Fire!*" but in the second which intervened between the word and the ringing volley, the ten men were already falling. The crack of the muskets and the sound of their bodies as they struck the earth, were simultaneous. Without pausing an instant, the Lieutenant cried "Right about, wheel!" "*Forward!*" and the measured tramp of the soldiers rang down the narrow village street.

The women uncovered their eyes and gazed. There lay the ten men, motionless and apparently lifeless. With wild cries they gathered around them, but ere their exclamations of despair were turned into those of joy, the last of the soldiers had disappeared in the near wood. Then followed weeping embraces, as all arose from the ground, laughter



and sobs of hysterical joy. The pastor's son, uncovering his head, knelt down, and, while all reverently followed his example, uttered an eloquent prayer of thanksgiving for their merciful deliverance.

What this young man had done was not suffered to go unrewarded. A blessing rested upon his labors and his life. In the course of time he became a clergyman, filling for awhile his father's place for the people he had saved, but was afterwards led to seek a wider and more ambitious sphere. He was called to Leipzig, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and finally became known throughout Germany as the founder of the *Gustav Adolf-Verein* (Gustavus Adolphus Union), which has for its object the dissemination of Protestant principles by means of voluntary contributions. In some respects it resembles the Home Missions of our own country. Many churches built by the association are now scattered through the German States, many poor clergymen are assisted and other religious works advanced. It has become a permanent and successful society.

The inhabitants of Waldorf never forgot their pastor, nor he them. He came back from time to time to spend a few days in the quiet little village where much of his youth, and the most eventful crisis of his life was passed. In 1856, three out of the ten pseudo-victims of Davoust were still living in their old homes, and the people bethought them that the semi-centennial anniversary of such an event deserved a special celebration. Dr. ——— of Leipzig (formerly the pastor's son) was invited to be with them. He came—he would have come from the ends of the earth—and after a

solemn and religious service in the church proceeded to the very spot on which he had stood and faced the French muskets, and there related to the children and grandchildren of those he had saved, the narrative which I have here given in less moving and eloquent words. Those who were present describe the scene as having been singularly impressive and affecting. The three old men sat near him as he spoke, and the emotions of that hour of trial were so vividly reproduced in their minds, that at the close they laughed and wept as they had done on the same day fifty years before.

In conclusion the speaker referred to the officer whose humane stratagem had preserved their lives. "Since that day," said he, "I have never heard of him. I did not even learn his name, but he is ever remembered in my thoughts and prayers. Most probably he died a soldier's death on one of the many fields of slaughter which intervened between Jena and Waterloo; but if he should still be living it would cheer my last days on earth if I could reach him with a single word of gratitude."

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In the same year there lived—and no doubt still is living—in Lyons, an invalided and pensioned Captain of the Napoleonic wars. After a life of vicissitudes he found himself, in his old age, alone, forgotten, and poor. Men no braver and better than he had achieved distinction by some lucky chance; fortune had come to others, and others had begotten children to cheer and vitalize their declining days.

Him the world had passed by, and for years he had been living a quiet, silent, pinched life, by the aid of his scanty pension. His daily resort was a café, where he could see and read the principal European journals, and perhaps measure the changed politics of the present time by the experiences of his past life.

One day in November, 1856, he entered the café as usual, took his accustomed seat, and picked up the nearest paper. It happened to be the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*; but he had spent some years in Germany, and understood the language tolerably. His attention was attracted by a letter dated Jena. "Jena?" he thinks—"I was there too. What is going on there now?" He reads a little further—"Celebration at Waldorf? Waldorf? The name is familiar: where have I heard it?" As he continues his perusal, the old captain's excitement, so unusual a circumstance, attracts the attention of the other habitués of the café. "*Grand Dieu!* Davoust—Waldorf—the ten men—the pastor's son! Did I dream such a thing, or is it the same?" Forgotten for years and years—effaced by a hundred other military adventures—overlaid and lost in the crowded stores of a soldier's memory, the scene came to light again. The pastor's son still lived, still remembered and thanked the preserver of his native village! Many a long year had passed since such a glow warmed the chambers of the old man's heart.

That evening he wrote to Dr. —, in Leipzig.

The latter was ill, and but a few months from his last hour, but the soldier's letter seemed like a providential answer to his prayers, and brightened the flickering close

of his life. A manly and affectionate correspondence was carried on between the two while the latter lived. The circumstance became public, and the deed was officially recognised in a way most flattering to the pride of Capt Lamotte. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the King of Saxony conferred upon him the orders of their respective houses, which were followed soon afterwards by the Cross of the Legion of Honor from Louis Napoleon, and an increase of his pension which assured him ease and comfort for the remainder of his life. A translation of the Dr.'s narrative, published in the French papers, drew attention to him, and he was no longer a neglected frequenter of the café. He was known and honored, even without his orders.

**“Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it again, after many days.”**

## XXXIX.

### THE LANDSCAPES OF THE WORLD.

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THE doctrine of "Correspondences"—a system of parallels between the material and spiritual world—which forms so prominent an element in Swedenborgian Faith, asserts its truth in one respect, to the mind of every man who has travelled much. Landscapes exhibit almost as great a variety of expression as the human face—they embrace all moods and all characters in their infinite scale. Nature is both refined and savage, poetic and vulgar, friendly and cruel, beautiful and repulsive. Who has not felt, a thousand times, the sentiment of Leigh Hunt's lines :

"And all the landscape—earth, and sea, and sky,  
Breathed like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly."

Some regions of the earth are as tame and barren as the minds of certain communities; others bask in superb opu-



lence, and squander their boundless stores of beauty; and others again, rise in their unexpected sublimity and power, as far above the average character of scenery, as genius rises above the ordinary level of the human mind.

Nature has her masterpieces in every department of her realm. There is, if we knew it, somewhere upon the earth *one* river which transcends all other streams—*one* mountain whose majesty stands unapproached—*one* coast which makes the voyager forget all other shores—and one valley where the bee finds his sweetest honey and the winds their most delicious balm. I might demonstrate this with all the ease of a proposition in Euclid, without being able to name any one of those favored spots—for who has ever beheld, or ever shall behold, all the landscapes of the world?

We must not be too hasty in trusting to the individual likings of travellers. Many persons are thrown into raptures by a beautiful view, the expression of which touches some taste or passion of their own. Scotland is more enjoyed, by most Americans, than Switzerland, and Rome makes a profounder impression than Athens: yet in the Gallery of Nature, the order of excellence is reversed. Every country has its chosen landscapes, which you must see, or you have missed "the finest sight in the world." The Neapolitan says: "See Naples and then die;" "Who has not in Granada been, verily, he has nothing seen," is the Spanish proverb; "I will not look upon Damascus, lest I should cease to desire Paradise," was the exclamation of Mohammed. The central point of beauty and of grandeur, in Humboldt's memories of scenery, was Chimborazo.

Do not ask me now "which is the finest landscape in the

world?" because it would be as difficult as to decide which was the best man you ever knew. But with regard to separate features there is less embarrassment. The grandest river in Europe is the Danube: but for his long intervals of monotonous plain, he would be the grandest in the world. The Rhine has his phases of extreme beauty—likewise the Rhone, the Elbe, the Connecticut, and the Ohio. None of the great main arteries of Continents—the Mississippi, the Amazon, the Nile, the Volga, and the Yang-tse-Kiang—exhibit a beauty of landscape proportioned to their length and volume. The main characteristic of their scenery—however exquisite it may be in detail—is monotony. But there is one river which, from its source to the ocean, unrolls a long chain of landscapes wherein there is no tame feature, but each successive view presents new combinations of beauty and majesty—which other rivers may surpass in sections, but none rival as a whole—and its name is, The Hudson.

As for cataracts, Niagara, in tremendous volume, drowns all others. The foamy whispers of Alpine streamlets are unheard beside it. But water is Protean in its forms and movements, and there are miracles of beauty which you cannot find clinging to the mighty emerald planes of our great fall. The Rhine at Schaffhausen winnows a stormy chaff of diamonds: the Throllhätta, in Sweden, tosses up globes of pink-tinted spray; the Aar descends like an avalanche of silver cauliflowers, and the Riukan, in Norway, flutters into scarfs of the richest lace. Each of these has its individual charm and fascination, but Niagara is the Titan in whose presence you stand dumb.

An Englishman will probably tell you that the Isle of Wight is the most beautiful island in the world. A New Yorker will mention Staten Island; an Italian point to the rocky lion of Capri, and an East-Indian think of Ceylon. Having never seen Madeira, or Oahu, or palmy Nukaheva, or Upolo, in the Samoan group, I am not capable of deciding; but of all the islands upon which I ever set foot, Penang is far the loveliest. Not more than ten miles in length, it rises on one side into a group of mountains, 2500 feet high, while on the other it spreads out its level orchards of nutmeg and cinnamon trees to the sun. Eastward, across emerald water and snowy reefs of coral, you see the shores of Malacca, and westward, beyond the purple sea, the volcanic peaks of Sumatra. Cold is unknown, but the tropical heats are never oppressive. The air bewilders you with its fragrance, the trees and flowers charm you with their beauty. The island is a miniature Eden,

“Where falls not rain, or hail, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.”

With the exception of the Altai and the Andes of South America, I have seen the principal mountain chains of the world, besides the most renowned isolated groups and separate peaks. Here, again, there are differences of glory. The Alps boast the contrast of pastoral loveliness with the icy desolation of the glaciers; the Taurus has its tremendous defiles and gorges, and the Himalayas their snowy wedges of supernatural height and brilliancy. But there

is one mountain, which, having once seen, you acknowledge ever afterwards as monarch. This is the Peak of Orizaba, in Mexico. The Andes of Ecuador rise from a table land 9,000 feet above the sea; the loftiest summits of the Himalayas lie behind two lower chains, the High Alps are buttressed on all sides—but Orizaba ascends in one splendid sweep from the level of a tropical sea to the height of 18,000 feet!

Standing on the mountain-terrace of Jalapa, which is between four and five thousand feet above the Gulf of Mexico, you see the entire mountain, like a colossal picture painted on the blue background of the air. Leagues upon leagues of palm forests cover the level, sandy plain made by the retrocession of the sea which once washed his feet. Then there are plantations of orange and coffee trees; higher up, woods of chestnut and oak; higher still, a broad, dark belt of pine, then, naked rock, and finally commencing four thousand feet below the summit, the region of eternal snow! The mountain is a steep and perfect cone, leaning, on its western side, against the table-land of Mexico. In certain conditions of the atmosphere, it is visible at a distance of two hundred miles, consequently the rays of the morning sun do not reach its base until nearly fifteen minutes after they have gilded its summit, and the immaculate peak shines like a blazing star in the sky, when the rapid twilight of the Tropics has already darkened Jalapa.

All these, however, are but single features of a landscape, and the crowning triumph of Nature is the grouping of them together in an order which shall heighten the effect

of each, thereby producing a picture perfect and sublime. If, as Mr. Tupper modestly desires, we had the Andes rising on either side of Niagara, the Cataract would gain nothing in effect thereby. On the other hand Mountains and the Sea are foils to each other; so are grim precipices and flowery meadows, white, glittering cities, and ranges of bare blue hills. Nature, at some times a bungler, is at other times a divine artist. Give her a broad canvas, rich colors, and the forms in which she most delights, and she occasionally produces pictures which seem to belong to some happy planet nearer the sun, rather than to this imperfect Earth of ours.

The Orientals have their four famous Gardens of Asia, the charms of which have been celebrated in their poetry for many a hundred years. They are: Damascus, Shiraz, Samarcand, and Cashmere. To these Broussa was added by the Ottomans, while Granada was assigned a still higher place by the poets of Saracenic Spain. But the beauty of a landscape, to the Oriental eye, consists in its abundance of verdure, traversed by running streams—a combination of shade, coolness, and grateful color, which only those can properly appreciate to whom yellow sand, and scorched red hills, quivering in heat, are the habitual features of the Earth. Enclose such a picture in a frame of mountains, some of which rise to the region of snow, and they can imagine nothing more beautiful.

They are so far right, that the masterpieces of landscape must be sought either within the Tropics, or upon their borders. A view which at times is dark and lifeless, or colorless with snow, gives no complete satisfaction to the



mind. Edinburgh, from Arthur's Seat, and Florence from Fiesole, are superb in summer, and imposing at all times; but we cannot award them the first place. No city in the world presents such a wonderful picture as Constantinople, as seen from the entrance of the Bosphorus; Naples and Rio Janeiro are scarcely inferior, but in them that dazzling, fairy architecture, which seems to belong to the realm of dreams, is wanting.

Of the many thousands of landscapes which have delighted my eyes, there are four which remain indelibly impressed upon my memory, as supreme in all the elements of beauty and majesty—four pictures, each of which, in my gallery, occupies a hall of its own; wherein no inferior work shall ever be placed. They are: the Vega of Granada, Damascus, Broussa, and the Valley of Mexico. In attempting to paint them, with paper for canvas, and words for colors, I feel more sensibly than ever the imperfection of all human speech. Even could I select the special capacities of all cultivated languages, and use them as so many pure pigments—could I describe the forests in German, the sea in Swedish, the mountains in English, the running streams in Italian, and the cities in Spanish—I should still achieve but a partial success. For words lack perspective—they cannot truly represent the successive planes of distance; the crystal sea, which, invisible in itself, yet tints the mountains, near and far, with an enchanting scale of color, nor those subtle phases of expression which seem to be independent of the forms of Nature.

Let us first look upon Granada—a landscape more limited in extent than either of the others, yet lacking no

important feature. Climbing the long street of the Darro, we enter the Albaycin, an ancient Moorish suburb, from the crumbling parapets of which the eye takes in at one glance, the city, the Alhambra, the Vega, and its ring of encircling mountains. Across the deep gorge through which the Darro issues from the hills, rises the headland crowned by the palace of the Moorish Kings, the huge red towers of which stand out in massive relief against the dark purple background of the Sierra Nevada. The summit of this single group of mountains rises nearly to the height of the Jungfrau, and their sides of dark-red rocks are streaked with fields of eternal snow. To the right, beyond the gay, glittering city, stretches for twenty-five miles the blooming Vega—a huge parterre of gardens, olive groves, fields, and forests, dotted with white towers and palace-fronts, and lighted by shining glimpses of the winding Xenil. Across the glorious plain towers the huge mountain of Parapanda, while a chain of lesser heights incloses it on all sides. Beautiful as the details of the landscape are, its breadth, and grandeur, and splendor of coloring are the charms which hold you captive.

The view of Damascus, from the Salahiyeh—the last slope of the Anti-Lebanon—is less perfectly proportioned, but more dazzling. It is transfigured by the magic of the Orient. From the mountain-chain whose ridges heave behind you, until, in the south, they terminate in the snowy head of Mount Hermon, the great Syrian plain stretches away to the Euphrates, broken, at distances of ten and fifteen miles, by two detached groups of mountains. The far horizon of sand quivers in a flush of roseate

heat. In a terrible gorge at your side, the river Barrada (the ancient Pharpar) forces its way to the plain, and its waters, divided into twelve different channels, make all between you and those blue island-hills of the desert one great garden, the boundaries of which your vision can barely distinguish. Its longest diameter cannot be less than twenty miles. You look down upon an immense lake of foliage, and fruit, and blossoms, the hue of which, by contrast with the barren mountains and the red rim of the desert, seems brighter than all other gardens in the world. Through its centre, following the course of the river, lies Damascus—a line of white walls, domes, towers, and sparkling minarets, winding away for seven miles through the green sea! In this magnificent picture you have the contrasts of fire and snow—of eternal desolation and eternal bloom.

The finest view of Broussa is from the east, on the road into the interior of Asia Minor. Thence you overlook the entire valley, which, thirty miles long by five in breadth, stretches away to the westward, between the mighty mass of the Mysian Olympus on the one side, and a range of lofty mountains on the other. The base of Olympus is a vast sloping terrace, leagues in length, resembling the flights of steps by which the ancient temples were approached. From this foundation rise four great pyramids two thousand feet in height, and completely mantled with forests. Piled upon these are four lesser ones, above whose green pinnacles appear still other and higher, bare and bleak, and clustering thickly together, to uphold the central dome of snow. The sides of the lower ranges, on either hand,

present a charming mixture of forest and cultivated land. Far in advance, under the last headland which Olympus throws out towards the Sea of Marmora, the hundred minarets of Broussa stretch in a white and glittering line, like the masts of a navy, whose hulls are buried in the leafy sea. No words can describe the beauty of the valley, the blending of the richest cultivation with the wildest natural luxuriance. Here are gardens and orchards; there, groves of superb chestnut-trees in blossom; here, fields of golden grain or green pasture-land; there, Arcadian thickets, overgrown with clematis and wild roses; here, lofty poplars beside the streams; there, spiry cypresses looking down from the slopes—and all blended in one whole, so rich, so grand, so gorgeous, that you scarcely breathe when it first bursts upon you. The only feature which you miss is the gleam of water.

In the valley of Mexico, however—the grandest of these four landscapes—this want is supplied. Whether you behold it from the rock of Chepultepec, or from under the pines of Iztaccihuatl, the great lakes of Chalco and Tezcuco form crystal mirrors for the mighty peaks which look down upon the valley. The landscape has a diameter of a hundred miles, and the average height of the mountains which enframe it cannot be less than twelve thousand feet. Above this majestic wall shoot the broken, snowy summits of Iztaccihuatl and the Nevada of Toluca, and the solitary cone of Popocatapetl. The view seems to embrace a world at a glance. In the centre lies the city with its white palaces and towers, like silver in the sun; all around it are gardens, fields of aloes, embowered villages

and convents, cypress forests and orange groves; then, the flashing of the great lakes, dim fields, and faint villages in the distances; and lastly, the embaying curves of the mountains, now projected near in rugged and barren grandeur, now receding into purple distance, or seeming to overhang their bases, in the delusive nearness of their dazzling snows. When a few scattering clouds are in the sky, and moving belts of golden light and violet shadow lend their alternate magic to these grand and wonderful features, you can only say, again and again, "This is the one great landscape of the world!"



## XI.

### PREFERENCES, AFTER SEEING THE WORLD.

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THE traveller, one would suppose, must necessarily become an optimist, an eclectic, since he has an opportunity of learning what is best in the varied life of the world. Yet, my friend, a little reflection will show you that a considerable amount of philosophy is necessary, to enable him to go through with such a range of experience, and therefore, that even after he has learned all that is best of its kind, he is scarcely the man to complain that he cannot enjoy the same in his own person. In fact, he must possess many standards of comparison—wide ranges of observation—before he is capable of deciding what *is* best, and long before that period arrives, there will be little of the Epicurean element left in his nature.

To begin with a paradox: he is best adapted for a traveller who is capable of the strongest local attachments. Without this characteristic, he will never thoroughly appre

ciate the sentiment of scenery, the significance of popular customs, or the thousand varying traits of domestic life, in other countries. At the splendid court of Kubla Khan, the Polos never forgot Venice; Ibn Batuta, after twenty-five years of wandering, returned to die at the foot of his native Atlas, and the last pages from Park, on the Niger, contained a remembrance of Scotland. It was once my good fortune to have in my hands, for a month, the Russian and Siberian journals of John Ledyard, together with a number of his letters to his relatives in America; and what most struck me in the perusal of the faded lines, was the warmth and tenderness of his attachment to early associations. But the co-existence of a travelled brain and an *untravellered heart*, is what few people can understand.

A thousand times a year (at a moderate estimate), I hear the question: "Now, you have seen all parts of the world, which do you prefer?" Of course but one answer can be given, and the question is no doubt sometimes asked for the gratification of hearing it. An American thinks: "We are the grandest nation in all creation; we have the best form of government, the finest scenery, the richest soil, and the most moral and intelligent population." When he asks "Where would you rather live?" and you answer, "Where I was born," it is a pleasant confirmation of this opinion—yet the reply by no means includes so much. No country has, or ever can have, all that is best. The magic that lies in the word "Home" reconciles us to many disadvantages, which may not exist elsewhere—yea, even petty inconveniences become attractive, when connected with the associations of youth. I find much in other lands to make life

brighter and richer than it is here, at present, yet no temptation could induce me to give up my birthright and adopt a foreign home.

If the best government is that which governs least, then ours is certainly the best in the world. However dishonest our professed politicians may be, however grievous the errors which have crept into our administration of the laws, we nevertheless enjoy, as individual citizens, a degree of independence which makes all other systems unendurable to us. We do not feel the hard hand of Government pressing upon our heads, controlling our movements, repressing our free development. We buy and sell, build and pull down, learn trades, study professions, engage in business, without the permission or license of any one. Our local and municipal governments, it is true, are less carefully administered than in some parts of Europe; we do many things in a bungling manner; but all these minor evils cannot outweigh the one great fact of individual freedom. The law interferes as little as possible with our pursuits, our business transactions, and our habits of life. We may live for years, without being aware, through our own personal experience, that there is any Government at all.

With regard to Society, however, we are still in a transition state. Except in the four large cities of the Atlantic Coast, we find local conventionalities, but not that ease and repose which spring from the adoption of a few broad and general observances. There is no liberal recognition of a man's *social value*, without regard to his religious or political opinions. The main cause of this is, sufficient attention is not paid to the social amenities of life. In all country

communities, work is the prescribed regimen, and a man who chooses to live without it exposes himself to censure and impertinent gossip. In the city of Cincinnati, with 180,000 inhabitants, there is but one man of leisure. (So I was informed by the individual himself, who had vainly sought a companion.)

Too often the prominent religious sect in a town determines the character of its society. Between those of widely diverging creeds there is rarely any familiar intercourse. I can conceive of nothing more unnatural and unchristian than what is called "close communion," which is still a characteristic of two or three Protestant sects, especially in the United States. The true basis of Society (by which I mean Social Intercourse) is Character and Cultivation, not a certain class of opinions. Hence, the introduction of a religious test, which prevails to a greater extent in the United States than in any other country in the world, defeats its object and narrows its character.

There is another feature of small communities, which springs from the nature of our political system. Democracy, which we have thoroughly incorporated into our Government, has two opposite modes of operation in our *Society*. It levels *down* as well as up. The practical effect is, not that the uncultivated many shall imitate the cultivated few, but that the latter shall be dragged down to the lower platform on which the former stand. This, however, is an evil which will remedy itself in the course of time. The progress in the right direction, which has been made within the last twenty years, is amazing

Nevertheless, one who is thoroughly familiar with Society in the two hemispheres cannot but admit that in Europe it stands on a broader, firmer, and altogether more liberal and catholic basis than in this country.

In one respect we might profitably imitate the Germans. Our sorest need, as a people, is recreation—relaxation of the everlasting tension of our laborious lives. Among our Teutonic cousins, a certain amount of recreation, public as well as domestic, is a part of the plan of every man's life. The poorest laborer has his share—*must* have it—and the treadmill round of his years is brightened and sweetened by it. Our seasons of recreation, being so rare, too frequently take the character of excess. They are characterized by the same hurry and fury with which we prosecute our business. If we shall ever intercalate regular periods of genial relaxation into our working calendar, we shall be a healthier and happier people than we are now.

For *comfort* in domestic life we must look to England for an example. True, we have inherited much from our Anglo-Saxon ancestry, but in later times there has been engrafted thereon a French love of show, as well as a barbaric fondness for glaring colors, which I cannot but consider as a retrograde movement. "Look at the Hotel of St. Dives!" cries an enthusiastic patriot; "nowhere will you find such immense mirrors, such carpets, such curtains, and such magnificent furniture!" Perhaps so: but when I enter the hotel, and (after my eyes have recovered from the dazzle of the gilding) look upon the curtains of orange damask, the carpet of crimson and white, sprin-



kled with monstrous flowers of blue, purple, and yellow and the chairs of rosewood and scarlet silk, I remember, in grateful contrast, the home-like parlor in the London hotel, with its quiet green carpet, its easy chairs of green leather, its scrupulous neatness, and its air of comfort, taste, and repose. So it is in our private residences—stiff splendor is preferred to comfort, everywhere. Clean bed linen, an unlimited supply of water and towels, and a neat table, though there is nothing but bacon and potatoes upon it, are the characteristics of the country inns of England. Are they of ours?

In regard to climate, we are met by this difficulty, that that which is most enjoyable is not best adapted to the development of the human race. Here, also, much depends upon the peculiar temperament of the individual. To me our American climate, even with its caprices and extremes, is more agreeable than that of Europe, north of the Alps. Our atmosphere has a dry, fresh, brilliant, vital character, which is there wanting. Nevertheless, our winters are too severe, and our springs too uncertain, so that, although the growths of our summer are those of Italy and Spain, we live practically, for five months, in the latitude of Copenhagen. A hundred miles inland from the Atlantic seaboard, the average duration of life is probably as great as in any country of the world, and the race, in spite of certain ethnologists, does not deteriorate from physical causes.

The most agreeable zone of climate is that where the olive, fig, and orange will grow in the open air. Here the springs are delicious, the summers long and with less

extremes of heat than ours, the autumns mild and balmy, and the winters barely cold enough to brace and stimulate the system. To this zone belong Spain, Italy, Greece, Palestine, California, and Texas. I have visited all except the latter, and unhesitatingly give the preference to California. If a more equable, genial, and healthy climate exists, I know not where it is to be found. Here the air, even in summer, has a dryness and purity which take away all tropical languor from its truly tropical heats; the winters are green and mild, and the springs a foretaste of Paradise. The interior of Texas is said to be similarly favored with regard to climate.

Nothing can be more delicious than some portions of the Tropics, where there is no day of a man's life when he may not sit in the open air—no day without the falling of ripe fruit and the opening of new blossoms. There the climate is an opiate, and life an indolent, sensuous semi-sleep. But how delicious such repose!

“Oh sweet it was, in Aves, to feel the landward breeze,  
A-swing with good tobacco, in a net between the trees,  
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar  
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore!”

One, therefore, who wishes to taste the very cream of the terrestrial existence, must do his work in America, enjoy his recreation in Europe, and go to Java for his days of indolence.

The zone of action and achievement lies between lat. 35° and 55° North. On either side of this belt we have a superabundance of the benumbing or relaxing element.

Our country, stretching from 25° to 49°, enjoys a most fortunate range of climate. Extension southwards would be followed by a slow but certain deterioration in the stamina of the race—unless, perhaps, upon the high table-lands of Mexico, where the annual mean of temperature is not much greater than in Texas or Tennessee. We have, therefore every reason to be satisfied with our lot in this particular. At least he who desires a change, may find whatever climate he prefers, without going beyond the limits of the United States.

Every country has its peculiar habits of life, and it is always most convenient to conform to them. Whether this or that is best, is a thing for each man to decide according to his circumstances, and his bodily temperament. The English dine at the close of the day, after the day's work is done, sit long at table, and do nothing to interfere with the subsequent process of digestion. The Germans dine at one o'clock, and make supper (which is always very substantial) a deliberate and social meal. The Americans eat all meals fast, and work both before and afterwards. Naturally, we have four dyspeptics where there is one in Europe.

Altogether, the most rational and convenient habit of life for a man who does just as much work as he *ought* to do, and no more, is that which prevails in Spain, Mexico, and parts of France. Immediately on awakening in the morning, you are furnished with a cup of coffee or chocolate a biscuit, and a glass of water. You are then ready for your labors; your stomach is warmed, your head clear, and your brain nimble. After three or four hours—from ten to eleven o'clock, generally—you have breakfast, consisting of

substantial dishes of meat and vegetables, with light wine and water, and a cup of coffee at the close. Five to six hours more available time are now before you, during which you accomplish your allotted day's work. At 5 P. M. dinner is served—a generous meal, followed by coffee. The evening is devoted to society or recreation of some kind. At nine o'clock you take a cup of tea, or an ice, but nothing more, and your sleep is untroubled by nightmares. I have never found myself in better health or more admirable working trim, than when following this programme of daily life.

However, each man is but a unit in Society, and must sacrifice many of his individual tastes and likings for those around him. One might as well cry for the moon, like an infant, as attempt to transplant all the pleasant features of life in other climates and among other races into a soil foreign to them. I am well satisfied with the land where my lot is cast, without feeling myself bound to say that nothing is better elsewhere. As I look up from this page, and see, through the open window, *my own trees* tossing the silver lining of their leaves to the summer wind, and the peaceful beauty of the vales and blue hills stretching beyond, I know that no tropic island, no palace on a Mediterranean shore, no advantage of wealth and position in the great capitals of Europe, could ever tempt me to give up the name, the rights, and the immunities of an American Citizen.

# AT HOME AND ABROAD

A SKETCH-BOOK OF  
LIFE, SCENERY AND MEN

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

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SECOND SERIES

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AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION



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# AT HOME AND ABROAD.

## SECOND SERIES

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### I.

#### A COUNTRY HOME IN AMERICA.

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##### 1.—HOW I CAME TO BUY A FARM.

IN the first place, it runs in the blood. If there is any law I believe in, it is that of the hereditary transmission of traits, qualities, capacities, and passions. My father *is* a farmer; my grandfather *was*, and his father before him, and his, and his again, to the seventh ancestor, who came over in one of William Penn's vessels, and immediately set about reducing the superfluous sylvanism of that Apostle's *Sylvania*. If I could brush away the clouds which hang about this portion of the genealogical tree, I have no doubt but that I should find its trunk striking through cottages or country halls for some centuries further; and that "Roger, (*ob.* 1614,) the son of Thomas, the son of Roger," who wore the judicial ermine upon his escutcheon, had his favorite country-house in the neighborhood of London.

The child that has tumbled into a newly-ploughed furrow never forgets the smell of the fresh earth. He thrives upon it as the butcher's boy thrives upon the steam of blood, but a healthier apple-red comes into his cheeks, and his growing muscle is subdued in more innocent pastimes. Almost my first recollection is that of a swamp, into which I went bare-legged at morning, and out of which I came, when driven by hunger, with long stockings of black mud, and a mask of the same. If the child was missed from the house, the first thing that suggested itself, was to climb upon a mound which overlooked the swamp. Somewhere, among the tufts of the rushes and the bladed leaves of the calamus, a little brown ball was sure to be seen moving, now dipping out of sight, now rising again, like a bit of drift on the rippling green. It was my head. The treasures I there collected were black terrapins, with orange spots, baby frogs the size of a chestnut, thrush's eggs, and stems of purple phlox.

I cannot say that my boyish experience of farmwork was altogether attractive. I had a constitutional horror of dirty hands, and my first employments—picking stones and weeding corn—were rather a torture to this superfine taste. But almost every field had its walnut tree, and many of the last year's nuts retained their flavor in the spring; melons were planted among the corn, and the meadow which lay between never exhausted its store of wonders. Besides, there were eggs to hide at Easter; cherries and strawberries in May; fruits all summer, fishing-parties by torch-light; lobelia and sumac to be gathered, dried, and sold for pocket-money; and in the fall chestnuts, persimmons, wild



grapes, cider, and the grand butchering after frost came—so that all the pleasures I knew were those incidental to a farmer's life. The books I read came from the village library, and the task of helping to "fodder" on the dark winter evenings was lightened by the anticipation of sitting down to Gibbon's Rome, or Thaddeus of Warsaw, afterwards. To be sure, I sometimes envied the store-keeper's boy, whom I had once seen shovelling sugar out of a hogs-head, and who now and then stealthily dipped his hand into the raisin-box; but it is not in the nature of any child to be perfectly satisfied with his lot.

A life of three years in a small country town effectually cured me of all such folly. When I returned to the homestead as a youth, I first felt the delight and the refreshment of labor in the open air. I was then able to take the plough-handle, and I still remember the pride I felt when my furrows were pronounced even and well turned. Although it was already decided that I should not make farming the business of my life, I thrust into my plans a slender wedge of hope that I might one day own a bit of ground, for the luxury of having, if not the profit of cultivating it. The aroma of the sweet soil had tinctured my blood; the black mud of the swamp still stuck to my feet.

It happened that, adjoining my father's property, there was an old farm, which was fast relapsing into a state of nature. Thirty or forty years had passed since the plough had touched any part of it. The owner, who lived upon another estate at a little distance, had always declined to sell—perhaps for the reason that no purchaser could be found to offer an encouraging price. Left thus to herself,

Nature played all sorts of wild and picturesque pranks with the property. Two heaps of stones were all that marked the site of the house and barn; half a dozen ragged plum and peach trees hovered around the outskirts of the vanished garden, the melancholy survivors of all its bloom and fruitage; and a mixture of tall sedge-grass, sumacs, and blackberry bushes covered the fields. The hawthorn hedges which lined the lane had disappeared, but some clumps of privet still held their ground, and the wild grape and scarlet-berried celastrus clambered all over the tall sassafras and tulip-trees.

Along the road which bounded this farm on the east stood a grove of magnificent oaks, more than a hundred feet in height. Standing too closely to permit of lateral boughs near the earth, their trunks rose like a crowded colonnade clear against the sky, and the sunset, burning through, took more gorgeous hues of orange and angry crimson. Knowing that if the farm were sold, those glorious trees would probably be the first to fall, and that the sunset would thereby for me lose half its splendor, I gradually came to contemplate them with the interest which an uncertain, suspended fate inspires. At the foot of the oaks, on the border of the field, there was an old, gnarled mother-pine, surrounded by her brood of young ones, who, always springing up in the same direction, from the fact that the seeds were scattered by the nor'west winds, seemed to be running off down the slope, as if full-fledged and eager to make their way into the world. The old pine had an awful interest to me as a boy. More than once huge black snakes had been seen hanging from its

boughs, and the farm-hands would tell mysterious stories of an old mother-serpent, as long as a fence-rail and as swift as a horse. In fact, my brother and I, on our way to the peach-trees, which still produced some bitter-flavored fruit, had more than once seen snakes in our path. On a certain occasion, as my memory runs, I chased the snake, while he ran away. *His* story is, that he chased and I ran—and the question remains unsettled to this day.

In another wood of chestnuts, beyond the field, the finest yellow violets were to be found; the azaleas blossomed in their season, and the ivory Indian-pipe sprang up under the beech-trees. Sometimes we extended our rambles to the end of the farm, and looked down into the secluded dells beyond the ridge which it covered: such glimpses were like the discovery of unknown lands. How far off the other people lived! How strange it must be to dwell continually down in that hollow, with no other house in sight! But when I build a house, I thought, I shall build it up on the ridge, with a high steeple, from the top of which I can see far and wide. That deserted farm was to me like the *Ejuxria* of Hartley Coleridge, but my day-dreams were far less ambitious than his. If I had known then what I learned long afterwards, that a tradition of buried treasure still lingers about the old garden, I should no doubt have dug up millions in my imagination, roofed my house with gold, and made the steeple thereof five hundred feet high.

At last came the launch into the world—a slide, a plunge, a shudder, and the ship rides the waves. Absence, occupation, travel, substituted realities for dreams, and the farm, if not forgotten, became a very subordinate object in

the catalogue of things to be attained. Whenever I visited the homestead, however, I saw the sunset through its grating of forest, and remembered the fate that still hung suspended over the trees. Fifty years of neglect had given the place a bad name among the farmers, while Nature, as if delighted to recover possession, had gone on adorning it in her own wild and matchless way. I looked on the spot with an instructed eye, and sighed, as I counted up my scanty earnings, at the reflection that years must elapse before I could venture to think of possessing it. My wish, nevertheless, was heard and remembered.

In July, 1853, I was on the island of Loo-Choo. Returning to the flag-ship of the squadron one evening, after a long tramp over the hills to the south of Napa-Kiang, in a successful search for the ruins of the ancient fortress of Tima-gusku, I was summoned by the officer of the deck to receive a package which had been sent on board from one of the other vessels. Letters from home, after an interval of six months without news! I immediately asked permission to burn a lamp on the orlop-deck, and read until midnight, forgetting the tramp of the sentry and the sounds of the sleepers in their hammocks around me. Opening letter after letter, and devouring, piece by piece, the banquet of news they contained, the most startling, as well as the most important communication, was—the old farm was mine! Its former owner had died, the property was sold, and had been purchased in my name. I went on deck. The midwatch had just relieved the first: the night was pitch dark, only now and then a wave burst in a flash of white phosphoric fire. But, as I looked westward over the



stern-rail, I saw the giant oaks, rising black against the crimson sunset, and knew that they were waiting for me—that I should surely see them again.

Five months afterwards I approached home, after an absence of nearly two years and a half. It was Christmas Eve—a clear, sharp winter night. The bare earth was hard frozen; the sun was down, a quarter-moon shone overhead, and the keen nor'west wind blew in my face. I had known no winter for three years, and the bracing stimulus of the cold was almost as novel as it was refreshing. Presently I recognized the boundaries of *my property*—yes, I actually possessed a portion of the earth's surface! After all, I thought, possession—at least so far as Nature is concerned—means simply *protection*. This moonlit wilderness is not more beautiful to my eyes than it was before; but I have the right, secured by legal documents, to preserve its beauty. I need not implore the woodman to spare those trees: I'll spare them myself. This is the only difference in my relation to the property. So long as any portion of the landscape which pleases me is not disturbed, I possess it quite as much as this.

During these reflections, I had reached the foot of the ridge. A giant tulip-tree, the honey of whose blossoms I had many a time pilfered in boyhood, crowned the slope, drooping its long boughs as if weary of stretching them in welcome. Behind it stood the oaks, side by side, far along the road. As I reached the first tree the wind, which had fallen, gradually swelled, humming through the bare branches until a deep organ-bass filled the wood. It was a hoarse, yet grateful chorus of welcome—inarticulate, yet




intelligible “Welcome, welcome home!” went booming through the trees, “welcome, our master and our preserver! See, with all the voice we can catch from the winds, we utter our joy! For now there is an end to fear and suspense: he who knows us and loves us spreads over us the shelter of his care. Long shall we flourish on the hill: long shall our leaves expand in the upper air: long shall our grateful shadows cover his path. We shall hail his coming from afar: our topmost boughs will spy him across the valleys, and whisper it to the fraternal woods. We are old; we never change; we shall never cease to remember and to welcome our master!”

So the trees were first to recognize me. Listening to their deep, resonant voices, (which I would not have exchanged for the dry rattle of a hundred-league-long forest of tropical palms,) I was conscious of a new sensation, which nothing but the actual sight of my own property could have suggested. I felt like a tired swimmer when he first touches ground—like a rudderless ship, drifting at the will of the storm, when her best bower takes firm hold—like a winged seed, when, after floating from bush to bush, and from field to field, it drops at last upon a handful of mellow soil, and strikes root. My life had now a *point d'appui*, and, standing upon these acres of real estate, it seemed an easier thing to move the world. A million in bank stock or railroad bonds could not have given me the same positive, tangible sense of *property*.

When I walked over my fields (yes—actually *my* fields!) the next day, this sensation returned in an almost ridiculous excess. “You will of course cut down that ugly old tree,”

said some one. It impressed me very much as if I had been told: "That chapter in your book is inferior to the others—tear it out!" or, "Your little finger is crooked—have it amputated!" Why, even the sedge-grass and sumacs—how beautiful they were! Could I ever make up my mind to destroy them? As for the cedars, the hawthorn, the privet, the tangled masses of climbing smilax—no, by the bones of Belshazzar, they shall stand! "This field will not be worth much for grain." Well—what if it isn't? "Everything is wild and neglected—it wants clearing, sadly." Everything is grand, beautiful, charming: there is nothing like it! So ran the course of remark and counter-remark. I did not suffer my equanimity to be disturbed; was I not sole owner, appellator, and disposer of all? Nor did the trees appear to be sensible of the least fear. They leaned their heads against one another in a sort of happy, complacent calm, as if whispering: "It's all right: let us enjoy the sunshine; he'll take care of us!"

Yes, one cannot properly be considered as a member of the Brotherhood of Man, an inhabitant of the Earth, until he possesses a portion of her surface. As the sailors say, he *stays*, he don't actually *live*. The Agrarians, Communists, Socialistic Levellers, and Flats of all kinds, are replenished from the ranks of the non-owners of real estate. Banks break; stocks and scrips of all kinds go up and down on the financial see-saw; but a fee-simple of solid earth is  THERE! You see it, you feel it, you walk over it. It is yours, and your children's, and their progeny's (unless mortgaged and sold through foreclosure) until the Millennium.

And this is how I came to buy a Farm.

## 2.—“FREE SOIL.”

“FOR and in consideration of the sum of —— dollars, good and lawful money of the state of ——, I, the aforesaid A. B., do hereby convey and transfer to the aforesaid C. D., etc.. etc., his heirs, executors, or assignees, all my right, title, and interest in the aforesaid message and tract of land,” etc., etc. The signatures, duly witnessed, the declaration of the wife, alone in the presence of the magistrate, that she had signed the deed of her own free will, without compulsion on the part of her husband, even the note of registry in the Registrar’s office of —— county, were all there. The stiff phrases and redundant tautology of the law, once so absurd, now seemed highly exact and appropriate. Ought not the casket which holds my property to be so thoroughly wrapped and cemented, that not a rat shall find a hole to creep through? Certes, fifty folios were not too much to secure my right of possession! Let all the synonyms in the English language be exhausted—so much the better. Mrs. Browning tells somebody to say to her: “‘Love me, love me, love me,’ in silver iteration,” and what is true of one kind of love, is true of all kinds. If the deed had simply stated that C. D. had “bought” the land of A. B., I do not think I should have been satisfied. But this luscious lingering upon the circumstance, ringing it over and over upon all words which had a remote approach to the meaning—conveyed, transferred, made over, disposed of, invested with, deeded to, granted, given, empowered—what fulness and richness, what vitality and certainty it gave to the act!

I repeat it, the only positive property is real estate. Not only in imagination, but also in fact. You may hold in your hand a hundred thousand dollars in bank-notes; a sudden puff of wind surprises you, and whisk! away they go. Or you may fall into the water, and they are reduced to a worthless pulp—or the house burns down, and your notes, and jewels, and mortgages, are consumed with it. But whoever heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter? Did any man ever see a counterfeit farm? The market value of land may fluctuate considerably, but, unless Nature is subjected to violence and outrage, its intrinsic value never varies. It always possesses the same capabilities, if not the same qualities.

There is one feature at least—and, to me, not the least important—wherein the bleakest barren is equal to the most bountiful intervale. Within its limits the proprietor is sovereign lord. He may build, tear down, excavate, fill up, plant, destroy, or do whatever else he will. Yea, he may even (in our own country) write, speak, proselytize, establish a new religious sect, adopt another form of government—provided he still pays his taxes—and in every other way, compatible with the rights of his neighbors, give free play to the eccentricities of his individual nature.

I, at least, in receiving the deed, determined that my land should be “Free Soil.” Free to myself, free to my friends, free to all the world,—with certain restrictions to be hereinafter specified. Before proceeding to these, let me note another feature of human nature, which, as *homo sum*, could not have failed to present itself without constituting

me a highly exceptional person. I forget whether it was on the first, second, or third visit I made to the old farm, (I believe I went every day for the first week,) when my satisfaction received a check. The ridge running through the property is the highest in the neighborhood, with the exception of one immediately to the north, which conveniently protects it from the cold winds of winter. My own ridge, therefore, commands an extensive view over the regions to the east, south, and west. Through the inlets of cedar-besprinkled lawn between the triple groves, I caught lovely glimpses of other valleys, between me and the distant purple hills. A line of post-and-rail was drawn across the middle ground of each picture—it was my line fence! There my sovereignty ceased.

My previous sense of possession, "This is mine," was immediately displaced by the unreasonable longing: "If all that were only mine!" Like the Frenchman, who, sitting down to a crust of bread and a cup of water, and being unexpectedly presented with a bottle of wine, growled, "*Peste! vin ordinaire!* you might have given me Burgundy!"—or the child who gets an apple and then cries because he can't have six, I now wanted to feel myself the owner of all the land within the range of vision. My possession was incomplete—it was only *part of a landscape*. Those forests which now so beautifully feather the distant hills may be destroyed at the will of another. I have no power to preserve them. How fortunate are those large landholders in England, who can ride thirty miles in a straight line through their own property! They can mount the highest hill, and all which the rounded sky incloses,



belongs to them—stream, forest, meadow, mountain, village, mills, and mines!

But presently an inner voice whispered: "Great estates are a curse. They flatter the selfish pride of one man, that a thousand others may be homeless. You, who rejoice in the soil you have just achieved, finding therein a better right to residence on the earth, would you crowd out others from the same privilege? You, with your fields and groves, would you grudge the laborer his single acre, or yonder farmer his hill-sides, made dearer to him by the labors of his fathers for a hundred and fifty years? Have you not soil enough for the exercise of your coveted freedom? Were all the land yours, to the furthest hill, you would stand upon that, and extend your wishes to the next horizon. He has enough who makes a wise use of his property. Beware! for there have been those, who, not satisfied with ten thousand acres, were reduced to seek contentment at last in six feet of earth!"

Besides, I thought, this is but the *outside* of my farm. Possession is not merely the superficial area: it extends, legally, to the centre of the earth. I own, therefore, a narrow strip of territory nearly four thousand miles in length! Truly I cannot travel to the end of my dominion; what of that?—I have no desire to do so. And above me, the seas of blue air, the dark, superimposing space—all is mine, half-way to the nearest star, where I join atmospheres with some far-off neighbor! The scattered clouds, as they pass over, the rain, the rainbow, lightnings and meteoric fires, become my temporary chattels. Under my feet, what unknown riches may not exist!—beds of precious minerals, geodes

of jewels, sparry caverns, sections of subterranean seas, and furnaces heated from the central fire! This is wealth which, indeed, would not be received as collateral security for a loan, but it is therefore none the less satisfactory to the imagination.

Standing, once, on the lawn at Farringford, I congratulated Alfred Tennyson on the beauty of *his* view across the Solent, to the blue, wavy outline of the New Forest. "Yes," he answered, "but it wants another feature—three summits of perpetual snow, yonder!" pointing to the northwest. To make my landscape complete, not only those three peaks are required, (also in the northwest,) but a lake or a river in one of the intervening valleys. Until I can procure them, I construct temporary Alps from the masses of sun-gilded cumuli which settle along the western horizon, and flatter myself that I shall be able to see a distant river from the top of my future house. The changes of the atmosphere—the shifting of some prevailing tone in the colors of the landscape—give me, virtually, the range of many lands. My property may lie in Norway, in America, or in Andalusia: it depends upon the sky. Usually, however, it represents the midland vales of England—undulating, deep in the richest foliage, intersected with lanes of hawthorn and clematis, and dotted with old stone country-houses and capacious barns. The sentiment of the scenery is the same—order, peace, and home comfort.

But I have wandered away from the proposed disposition of my farm. It is to be Free Soil, I have said—whereby I do not mean the narrower political, but the larger social sense of the phrase. If I am lord of my own acres, (as the

politicians say, addressing their agricultural constituents,) I can certainly establish my own social laws. In the first place, I proclaim the decrees of Fashion, so far as dress is concerned, to be null and void, anywhere inside of my line-fence. No gentleman shall there be obliged to cut his throat with dog-collars, nor any lady to present the appearance of a smashed skull, by wearing the hideous new bonnet. Understand that I do not prescribe; I merely abrogate: my guests are at liberty to wear the most frightful costumes, if they please. I prefer beauty to deformity—that is all.

Thought and speech (unnecessary profanity excepted, which, indeed, is not to be presumed of any of my guests) shall be as free as possible. My political, religious, or literary antagonist, if he be not inadmissible on personal grounds, shall have free range of my woods and fields. Believing that men can only be justly estimated by their character, not by their opinions, I shall ask no man to declare himself on the foregoing points. I have been treated with brotherly kindness by pious Mussulmen and noble-hearted heathen: God forbid that I should possess a narrower soul than they! There is one class of characters, however, which will be tolerated on no condition. Hypocritical, insincere, time-serving creatures, shams of all kinds, men with creaking boots, stealthy cat-step, oily faces, and large soft hands, (which they are always rubbing)—for such there is no entrance. To this class belong most of the Pharisees, who, it is needless to say, are excluded, severally and collectively. The other variety—the men with thick faces, bilious, sallow complexions and mouths depressed at

the corners, with a melancholy aridity of face—the humar Saharas, in fact—will not seek me.

While I am upon the subject of Prohibition, it occurs to me that there are two other classes of men to whom the taboo must necessarily be applied. Those who worship the Golden Calf, to the exclusion of all other gods, are sometimes men of acquirements, agreeable talkers, candid and consistent characters, even. Where their stinginess is hereditary or congenital, I can make great allowance for it. I could have torn down every fence to let Wordsworth in. Pope, who spent a thousand pounds on his garden, would be most welcome, were he living. But in these examples, the æsthetic sense was as fully developed as the acquisitive faculty. Where the latter predominates, without any counterbalancing grace of mind, it is sure to protrude hatefully in all directions. My trees, for instance, would become so much standing lumber, my lawn a hay-field, my violets “trash,” in the eyes of a genuine miser. My oaks would consider it an insult to be forced to cast their summer shadow on such a head.

At the outer gate I shall hang up a large board, with the inscription, “NO ADMITTANCE FOR BORES.” Not that I expect it will do much good—for the Bore never seems to suspect that he *is* a bore. I have known some so pronounced in character that they might almost be classed under the genus Vampyre, who yet imagined themselves the most charming persons in the world. Unexceptionably dressed, booted, gloved, and perfumed regardless of expense, they resembled automatic figures, and exhausted you in your attempts to find a soul, or to infuse one into

them. You may cry *Procul, O procul!* until you are hoarse. They draw all the nearer, complacently supposing that their parrot phrases are the certain "Open Sesamé!" to your spiritual crypts. May my Dryads and Hamadryads—or, if these fail, my underground gnomes—find some spell to keep them off! If every other charm fails, I think I shall have a special chamber in my house for their accommodation, a reproduction of the *Falterkammer* or torture-chamber of the Middle Ages, where they shall sleep between sackcloth sheets, breathe carbonic acid gas, and be visited at midnight by My Skeleton, which shall issue from its closet in the corner. I shall also assume a character for their benefit—ridicule their ideas, (if they have any,) shock their prejudices, (which they always have,) and so relieve myself of the disgust which I feel for them by making them disgusted with me.

With the foregoing exceptions, all honest men and women are free to my soil. Antagonism does not preclude respect or admiration. I shall be happy to see Mr. H., the young Virginian Christian, feeling confident that he will not attempt to muzzle me, on my own ground. But of all visitors, that class described by Wordsworth in his "Poet's Grave" will be most welcome. The Poet, whether known or unknown, shall have the range of my pastures. He may come with his brother, the Artist, by his side: no question will be asked: the gate will open of itself: the trees will drop their branches in salute, and if the house be built, banners will suddenly unfold from the topmost tower. They may lie in the tropical shade of sassafras trees or bury themselves in arbors of wild-grape; listen to the song of



the wind in the pines, or track the hidden brook under its banks of concealing fern. I can number five poets, already, who have given their benediction to the landscape, and one of them whom Nature has taken to her heart as an accepted lover, said to me, in the hearing of my trees: "Spare them, every one!" With such guests, no secret beauty of my possession shall remain undiscovered. Every mind shall be associated with some new grace, some previously overlooked beauty, until I shall live, as in an island of a tropic sea, enringed with enchanted warmth and bloom.

Thus much may Life grant to me—but can I keep out the spectral visitors which enter every door? Will not Care leap over my fence from her perch behind the horseman? Will not the tutelary deity of these United States—the goddess Worry—compel me to erect an altar for her worship? Ah, me! the soil that is free to light must be free also to shadow. The sun shines upon my southward-sloping lawn, but sometimes a gloomy rain comes over the northern hill. Well, if Care but come hand-in-hand with Cheerfulness—if the statue of Patience look with composed face upon the knit brows of Worry—my soil shall be free, even to the persecuting deities! Like Polycrates, I shall now and then throw a ring into the sea. To enjoy the loan of Peace, which we borrow from a Power outside of this bankrupt world, we must pay an interest of at least ten per cent. of Trouble.

But individual freedom is so rare a blessing as to be worth any price a man can pay. Therefore, whatever visitors take advantage of the open gate, no immunity would be quite so bad as a padlock. The gate shall stay open—

*ruined* back, if need be, like the hospitable doors of Tartary  
—and the Soil shall be Free!

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### 3.—THE BUILDING OF A HOUSE.

As a matter of course, when I bought the old farm, it was with the expectation of building a house at some time or other. Not but that I was for the present satisfied to possess and protect the old trees, and to have a basis of reality for my airy architecture; but I also looked far ahead, and hoped, at least, that the necessity for a house would be among the fruits of Time. For, you understand, a house implies something more than—a house. Nothing in this world should be done without a reason for it, and the true reason, which I could not give at that time, is one which can only come to a man through the favor of some benignant Fate.

Nevertheless, it was pleasant to walk over the briery fields, and say: “In case I *should* build a house, here—or here—would be a good site for it.” “Oh, not there,” would some kind adviser suggest—“but here, in the wood.” “Nearer the road, by all means,” said another. “No, I should build on the foundations of the old house,” was the opinion of a third. Nature, however, had fixed the true site too palpably to be mistaken, and the discovery of this fact saved me all discussion. Between my grove of oaks and the clumps of vine-entangled trees which had sprung up along the line of the old hedge-row, lay some ten acres of ground, sloping gently toward the south-east,

and dotted with the most charming groups of cedars which it is possible to imagine. In the centre thereof stood a single oak, with broad arms drooping until they touched the ground in a wide circle around its trunk. Further down were five scattered chestnut and hickory trees, a glossy gum, two maples, and a bowery wilderness of hawthorns, which, in May, rose like mounds of snow against the borders of another grove on the south. But in the gaps between these scattered trees and the groves on either hand, one could see the village on the hill-top, a mile away, and the soft blue slopes of other and higher hills in the distance.

Here was a lawn, ready-made by Nature, such as half a century of culture could scarcely achieve elsewhere. To the north, where it reached the highest portion of the ridge, the ground was level and bare of trees, except a single group of walnuts, close at hand, and two colossal chestnuts, a little to the west. As the ground began to fall off northward, the cedars again made their appearance, increasing in number as they approached the edge of still another wood, which bounded my possessions on that side. On this ridge, crowning the natural lawn, sheltered on the north, open to the south-east and to the sunset, and surrounded with the noblest specimens of tree-beauty, was the place. Having once imagined a house there, it could not be removed. "Why," said I, "I have only to cut off these briers and turn the sedge-grass into sod, and the building of the house will transform this wilderness into an ancient park, suggesting care and culture every where—

—“an English house,—gray twilight poured  
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,  
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,  
A haunt of ancient Peace.”

Now, what kind of a house shall I build? was the next question I asked myself; and I ran over in my mind the Grecian temples of some years ago, the misnamed Gothic of to-day, the Palladian, the Elizabethan, and the Non-descript (very popular), only building to tear down again, as I saw some incongruity, some want of adaptation to climate, soil, and surroundings. Soon, however, I hit upon the truth, that, as the landscape was already made and the house was not, the former should give the character of the latter. I have no choice: I must build something that will seem to belong naturally to the lawn and the trees. Except in a city, where houses are the accessories of houses—often a mere blank background, against which you can paint anything—the situation of a dwelling must determine its architecture. The cottage that would be charming beside a willowy brook, is ridiculous behind an avenue of elms, and the mansion which dominates superbly over a broad and spacious landscape fails to impress you when built in a secluded valley.

The community, I found, had settled the matter long before me. The house was to contain something of every style of architecture which I had seen in my wanderings over the world. There was to be a Grecian façade, with one wing Gothic and the other Saracenic; a Chinese pagoda at one corner, an Italian campanile at the other, and the pine-apple dome of a Hindoo temple between the chimneys

The doors would be copied from Westminster Abbey, the windows from the Mosque of Omar, the ceilings from the Alhambra, and the staircases from the Mormon temple at Salt Lake. The material, of course, was to be a mixture of brick, granite, porcelain tiles, clap-boards, marble, *adobes*, and porphyry. But a man's life and works, alas! too often fail to realize the expectations of his friends.

More than five years elapsed, from the time the property came into my possession, before I saw a good reason for making it habitable. When I came to think, seriously, upon the plan of a house which was to be built up with no imaginary mortar, but *bonâ fide* lime and sand, I found that the true plan was already there, perhaps unconsciously suggested by the expectant trees. It must be large and stately, simple in its forms, without much ornament—in fact, expressive of strength and permanence. The old halls and manor-houses of England are the best models for such a structure, but a lighter and more cheerful aspect is required by our Southern summer and brighter sky. There must be large windows and spacious verandas for shade and air in summer, steep roofs to shed the rain and winter snow, and thick walls to keep out our two extremes of heat and cold. Furthermore, there must be a tower, large enough for use as well as ornament, yet not so tall as to belittle the main building.

This much being settled, the next step was so to plan the interior arrangements that they should correspond to the external forms. The true way to build a house is to determine even the minutest details before commencing the work. In any case, the interior is of paramount import



ance, and it is better to get the rooms, staircases, closets, doors, and windows rightly arranged at first, and then inclose them with the external wall, than the reverse. Here, again, another subject claims our consideration—the furniture, which demands certain spaces and certain arrangements. In short, none of the appliances of domestic life can be overlooked. I was astounded—when I came to the downright work at last—to find what a multitude of interests it was necessary to harmonize. The *soul* of a house, after all, which is its character as a home, is of more importance than the body.

I do not propose to take up the question of the internal details, as every man—or, rather, every man's wife—has, or ought to have, her own views of housekeeping, and its requirements. I had some general ideas, however, which I determined to carry out, and the result of my experience, inasmuch as it has no reference to individual tastes, may be useful to others.

I saw, in the first place, that the houses built in this century are generally much inferior, in point of comfort and durability, to those built in the last. Walls crack, roofs leak, wood rots, plaster peels off, in a way that would have astonished our ancestors. I know of a house in Maryland, two hundred years old, the foundation wall of which, having been completely undermined at one corner for the purpose of building a vault, held together unmoved, supporting the weight of the house by lateral adhesion only. Good mortar, then, was the first requisite: thick walls, the next: well-seasoned timber, the third. The shells erected in our cities, with mortar that crumbles and joists that

bend or crack, would not be tolerated in Europe. We build in the most expensive style possible—that is, so rapidly and slightly, that a house is ready to be pulled down at the end of twenty-five years, instead of being habitable at the end of five hundred. Here, then, is one error which I shall avoid.

Moreover, once in a lifetime is often enough for most men to build. It is very little more trouble to build a large house than a small one, when one's hand is fairly in. As for running up a building proportioned to your present necessities, and then adding to it as your necessities enlarge, I set my face against it. Besides the repetition of a distracting labor, the result is generally an incongruous mass, where both external beauty and internal convenience are sacrificed. I shall, therefore, I said, build larger than I need. Better have a few empty chambers for some years, than build a second time.

With regard to the material, a stone house is the most beautiful and durable, and, if the external walls have a hollow chamber (as they always should have), as dry and comfortable as any other. I scarcely know a more appropriate house for the country than a rough, irregular stone-wall, with dressed quoins, projecting a little beyond it. My choice, however, has to be directed by other considerations. There are both limestone and hornblende in the immediate neighborhood, and within six miles quarries of serpentine; but I have a bed of excellent clay in one of my own fields. The expense of hauling the stone, in a hilly country, would alone equal the cost of the brick. Some architect has said, that the color of a house should

always have some resemblance to that of the soil upon which it stands—which is really a very good general rule: then why not also, if you can, get the material for your house out of the soil? Some rocks of gray, silvery sandstone which cropped out on the ridge at the edge of the oak-wood, promised to furnish me with the loveliest material, but after furnishing just enough for the foundation-walls, the deposit suddenly ceased.

After much deliberation I decided upon brick, with stone quoins. The clay, to my great satisfaction, had a pale purplish tinge when burned, instead of the usual glaring red, and harmonized admirably with the bluish-gray granite of the corners. There was such an abundance of it that I felt entirely free to carry out my ideas with regard to strength and durability. I therefore fixed the thickness of the walls at two feet, including a hollow chamber of an inch and a half, and the thickness of the inner partition-walls (which were also of brick) at one foot. The latter, besides being fire-proof and almost impervious to sound, proved to be as cheap in the end as studs and laths. The result has satisfied me that no house can be truly comfortable unless the walls are thick, with a hollow chamber, or at least firred on the inside. The latter plan, however, does not always insure complete dryness. On the other hand, I have heard of one brick wall of thirteen inches, which proved to be quite dry; but in this case the mortar was of the best quality. The additional thickness of the wall would be paid for in a few years by the saving in fuel, in many parts of the country.

For the finishing of the rooms there is nothing equal to

the native wood, simply oiled to develop the beauty of the grain. Even the commonest pine, treated in this way, has a warmth and lustre, beside which the dreary white paint, so common even in the best houses, looks dull and dead. Nothing gives a house such a cold uncomfortable air as white paint and white plaster. This color is fit only for the tropics. Our cheap, common woods—pine, ash, chestnut, oak, maple, beech, walnut, butternut—offer us a variety of exquisite tints and fibrous patterns, which, until recently, have been wholly disregarded in building. Even in furniture, we are just beginning to discover how much more chaste and elegant are oak and walnut than mahogany. The beauty of a room is as dependent on the harmony of its coloring as that of a picture. Some of the ugliest and most disagreeable apartments I have ever seen, were just those which contained the most expensive furniture and decorations.

My experience shows that a room finished with the best seasoned oak or walnut costs actually less than one finished with pine, painted and grained in imitation of those woods. Two verandas of yellow pine, treated to two coats of boiled oil, have a richness and beauty of color beyond the reach of pigments; and my only regret connected with the house is, that I was persuaded by the representations of mechanics, to use any paint at all.

There is another external feature which the brilliancy of our sunshine not only suggests, but demands.—*Relief* is an absolute requirement. Most houses should have, not only a cornice proportioned to their dimensions and in keeping with their character, but string-pieces between the



stories, and window-caps and sills projecting sufficiently to cast a shade. I found also, that an excellent effect could be obtained, without additional expense, by setting the windows and doors in raised panels of brickwork, projecting two or three inches from the face of the wall. For the string-pieces, a simple row of dentils, formed by setting out alternate bricks, can be made by the most ordinary workman. Design, not cost, is the only difference between a fine house and a poor one. The same material used in building the plainest and dreariest cube called a house, may be cast into a form which shall charm every one by its elegance and fitness. I have seen very beautiful villas—the residences of wealthy families—on the islands of the Neva, at St. Petersburg, which were built entirely of unhewn logs, exactly of equal size, barked, dovetailed at the corners, and painted the color of the wood. Such a house, with a rustic veranda of unbarked limbs, overgrown with our wild ivy or clematis, would make a more beautiful and appropriate farmer's home than a brown-stone palace.

Let me give one more hint, derived from my experience, to those who may be contemplating a little private architecture. Get all the estimates from the various mechanics, add them together, and increase the sum total by fifty per cent., as the probable cost of your undertaking: but do not say what the real cost is until everything is finished. *Then* you will know. Even the estimates of the most experienced workmen, I have found, are not to be depended upon. It is the little ills of life that wear us out; and it is likewise the little expenses that empty our purses.

However, let me content myself that another requisition



of the Italian proverb is fulfilled—that the house is built, and likely to stand for two or three centuries, when, in all probability, the inscribed stone over its portal will be the only memorial of the name of its builder. That, however, does not concern me. While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful, idyllic landscape, my free country life, at least half the year, and while I possess so much, with the ties out of which all this has grown, I shall own 100,000 shares in the Bank of Contentment, and consider that I hold a second Mortgage Bond on the Railroad to the Celestial City.

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#### 4.—RESULTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Now that my house has been inhabited for upwards of eighteen months—that sedge and briars have vanished from the lawn, and thick green English grass is usurping the place of mullein and white-weed; that, high over the spot where I once walked and dreamed, I now sit and write—it may be well to report, confidentially, to my friends, on the result of the plans already laid before them. A kite of fancy always flies more steadily when it is weighted by a tail-bob of fact. Let no reader presume that the foregoing papers are merely imaginative. Every object I have named I can still exhibit in proof, except the lower boughs of my solitary lawn-oak which a murderous farmer cut off during my absence. The cedars unpruned, but cleared of the choking wilderness and given a smooth base to stand upon, are the admiration of strangers. But a single tree in the grove has been felled—not by my orders. The bees had

chosen one of its hollow limbs for their hive, and some unknown wretch, whom I have not yet forgiven, sawed the stately trunk asunder on a dark midnight, ruining for ever the work of three hundred years! The lightning has cut a deep gash in my tallest tulip-tree from crown to root, and the patriarchal chestnuts have lost some boughs in a storm; out they still retain their twenty-four feet of girth, hang themselves with mealy tassels in June, and feed our squirrels when the burrs crack open in the early frost.

Meantime, our store of associations has been enriched by two discoveries. The muck having been removed from a swamp in the edge of a piece of primitive woodland, we found underneath a compact bed of gravel and blue clay, in which, four feet below the surface, the pick unearthed the guard of a sword-hilt. It was of hammered brass, straight and simple in form, with no feature by which its origin could be determined. I am pretty sure, however, that it is Swedish. More than two hundred years ago, the troopers of Gustavus Adolphus landed on the banks of the neighboring river; and this relic, doubtless, tells of some party of exploration sent inland from the fortress of the giant Printz on Tinicum island. A hundred and thirty years later, the armies of Howe and Cornwallis plundered my farm, on the morning of the Brandywine battle, and it is also possible that the guard may date from that incursion. I prefer the older and more interesting conjecture.

One morning, before the house was built, we were surprised at finding that two large holes had been dug during the night near our clump of walnut-trees, at the corner of the ancient garden. Who the excavator was, we have never

been able to discover, but he was probably some person of the neighborhood who had kept the tradition of the buried treasure. That he had found nothing, was evident, and the fact of the attempt gave so much color to the tradition that I was really very glad it had been made. I can now say, with tolerable assurance, "somewhere near this spot lies the treasure"—but I shall take good care not to dig for it, lest I should not find it. The story is, that one Fitzpatrick (properly known as "Fitz,") a noted highwayman, who was the terror of collectors seventy years ago, had a lair in the neighboring woods, and secreted a portion of his spoils on the old farm. His arrest was so unexpected, and he was so carefully guarded until his execution, that he had no opportunity of imparting the secret to his confederates. The attempt to discover the treasure so long afterwards, shows that the story must have been very generally believed.

The house stands as I have said, and the farm is gradually assuming an aspect of olden culture. One would never guess the wilderness it so recently was. Fifty years of neglect have done for me what twenty years of careful landscape gardening could not accomplish. The groups of dark southern cedars suggest the planting of a hand guided by as true a taste as Downing's; yet they have been so little disturbed that my brood of owls still sit there in the summer evenings and hoot their melancholy music. We have placed a rude table and seats under the walnuts, and lo! they seem to have been the bower of generations. The bunches of blue and white violets, set in among the grass on a sunny bank, come up in the spring as naturally as it

they had grown there for a thousand years. Nature repays with boundless gratitude the smallest attention of her lovers. She seems to know every point of finish that is necessary for her own completeness, and devotes a special energy to the employment of the offered help. Difficult as it is to force her into new and unusual developments, nothing is easier than to lead her towards the beauty which she herself suggests.

Of the pines and firs which I planted along my northern boundary, not one in fifty died, and their growth has been so constant and luxurious as to assure me that they feel themselves to be in their true position. The larches in the openings of the grove are no less satisfied with their places, and I have already discovered spots which the elm, the purple beech, and the magnolia, will at once recognize and appropriate. The experience of a year satisfies me that the cedar of Lebanon, the deodar of the Himalayas, the Japanese *cryptomeria*, and the gigantic *sequoia* of California, can be acclimated to my lawn. The deciduous cypress of the Southern States is a near neighbor; the *magnolia grandiflora* needs but a slight protection through the winter, and I am not without hopes of the live-oak. The ridge on which my house is built, I find, is much more favorable to the growth of delicate trees and plants than are the deep and sheltered valleys on either side. The early and late frosts scarcely touch us, and the extreme cold of winter, besides being dry in its character, is never of long duration. On this very 25th of November, the geraniums, the pomegranates, and the golden-belled arbutilón are still growing in the open air. My latitude, I should explain, is 39° 50'.



I hope all builders of houses will be as well satisfied with their work as I am with mine. Not that the plan might not have been bettered in many ways. There never yet was a house built which its owner could pronounce incapable of further improvement. Further, no new house ever stood a year without certain repairs being necessary. Build as you may, a violent storm will disclose to you the fact, that there is *one* leak in the roof; *one* chimney will smoke when the wind is in a certain direction; one window will rattle o' nights, and one door warp so that the bolt fails to shoot clear. But in the main requisitions, there is success: the thickness of the walls baffles alike cold, heat, and moisture. Storms war around us, and we sit in a calm, dry, pure air. We kindle our fires in the autumn a fortnight later than our neighbors, and let them go out a fortnight earlier, in the spring. In a southern room, which was not heated, the thermometer did not fall below 38°, during the whole of last winter, and the hardier greenhouse plants throve finely. In fact, when the sun shines, fire is scarcely necessary in the rooms that look towards him.

In summer, though the shadow of no tree touches the house, it holds a core of coolness in the midst of the fiercest heat. The sun, unchecked, may exercise his wholesome chemistry. The morning pours into our windows a vitalizing torrent of light, until the air feels crisp with electric vigor: the deep verandas give us shade as the day advances, and keep it until the sunset strikes under them from the opposite side. We thus receive the beneficent influences of light—we keep free space for



the enjoyment of cloud-scenery, and the colors of morning and evening—without being obliged to take the glare and heat with it. I have always considered that the masses of foliage in which most of our country-homes are buried, are prejudicial to the health of the occupants. They are necessary, no doubt, as a protection, both summer and winter, in the absence of thick walls. A cottage low enough to *look under* a tree, may stand beside one; a large mansion should have trees *near* it, but not so close as to hide the out-look from its windows.

Notwithstanding I am so new a resident on my own acres, I have already hoarded up quite a store of suggestions as to what *may* be done. I perceive ways by which I can lure the returning Spring to my doors, in advance of her season, mitigate the green monotony of Summer, arrange in harmonies or splendid contrasts the scattered colors of Autumn, and even contrive a remedy for the bleakness of Winter. There are quaky patches I can drain, and groups of living springs, which I can collect into a pond. There are unsightly features to be hidden, and gaps to be opened for fairer views—here, a bit of rough land to be smoothed and rounded; there, a wild briery clump to be spared for some possible future office in the scenery. The successful commander must know his men, and the gardener, likewise, must have an intimate personal acquaintance with his trees and plants. If you want a certain duty performed, you must select the individual best fitted to discharge it. I really believe that plants will grow better when they are set out in accordance with true taste, than when taste is violated. A weeping-willow, with its pen

dent, swaying tresses, suggesting reliance and dependence, would be ridiculously out of place on the summit of a cliff, and it will not grow there. A beech is handsomest in groups, and it does not thrive so well singly: an oak is most perfect when alone, or at a respectful distance from its brethren. The sassafras is loveliest when it is wedded to the wild-grape, and neither party languishes in the union.

Hence follows a rule, simple enough, but which cannot be repeated too often. Do nothing in a hurry. Above all, lift the axe twenty times before you strike once. Do not remove a tree, until you have studied it for a whole year—until you have seen its autumnal as well as its summer hue, and looked through its bare boughs to see whether the objects behind it would be a gain or a loss to the eye. Whenever you plant, take a mental picture of the full-grown tree, with its individual form and color; place it in the spot, and compare it with the surroundings. Substitute other trees, in your mind, so as to suggest a different effect. Be as patient, if you like, and as hard to suit as a girl in selecting the ornaments for her hair, on the evening of her first ball. Every time you walk over your grounds, perform this imaginary process of planting, until you accustom yourself to see trees, and study their effects in advance of their growth. Then, when you plant, you may plant deep and sure, with a tolerable certainty that your tree will grow and be a credit to you.

These practices have taught me the capabilities (an auctioneer's word) of the country everywhere. The superior beauty of England is owing to no inherent superiority of

soil, vegetation, or climate; it is simply *development*, as contrasted with our transition state. Here, one sees fragments of the wilderness all through the oldest settled States: wood-sides, where the tall naked trunks show that the axe has shaped their boundaries; spindly trees without individuality left standing where woods have been cut away, or stretches of field and meadow without a tree. We lack nothing which England possesses, but her fresh, perennial turf. Our tree-forms are finer, and infinitely more varied, as the forms of our scenery are grander. But those who will see America in her developed beauty will be our descendants a hundred years hence.

Thus, you see, the day-dreams I spun about the old farm long ago, are actually realized. Nor have the later dreams deceived me. The trees are protected, the house is built, and the soil is free! The poet and the artist have tested their right to admittance; the Bore and the Pharisee have shunned my gates. A few clumps of shrubbery will soon hide my line-fence from sight, and I shall then possess the entire landscape. The flag of the undivided Union floats from my tower, and no traitor's footstep has yet blackened my door-sill. So much has been changed from the airy coinage of the brain into the hard ringing gold of actual life, that I have no right to grieve if a piece turns out to be counterfeit, now and then. God is bountiful just in proportion as men are able to see His bounties.

I have often, at sea, gone on deck in a dark, rainy night, and looked abroad into the wild confusion of wind and wave, the chaos of the fatal elements, where life is instantly swallowed up. Yet, under my feet, inclosed within the

hollow timbers, were warmth, and light, and gay triumphant life—a shell of immortal existence rushing onward through darkness, over the surface of death. It seems to me no less miraculous that I have been able to inclose a portion of the common atmosphere, so that heat, cold, wind, and rain, must turn aside and pass it by—a warm region of secure life which they cannot wither or blow away. Every house is such a miracle—a geode, which, however rough on the outside, beaten by the unkind elements, may cover the hollow calm in which jewels ripen. Not unreasonably did the old Romans adopt their lares and penates. Every home attests the presence of the Divinity that works through man. But our Lar shall be a Christian goddess, crowned with amaranth and olive; and on the borders of her garment shall be written, “Content.”

## II.

### NEW PICTURES FROM CALIFORNIA.

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#### 1.—SAN FRANCISCO, AFTER TEN YEARS.

WHEN I first landed in San Francisco, on the 18th of August, 1849, I was put ashore on a clay bank, at the foot of Clark's Hill. I saw before me a large encampment of tents and canvas houses, among which some wooden buildings arose with an air of ostentation. For the fee of two dollars, a Mexican carried my trunk to the Plaza, where I found quarters in the loft of an adobe building—a rude bed, and three meals of beefsteak, bread, and coffee, at thirty-five dollars per week. The town was already laid out, however, and there was much speculation in building-lots. About a dozen streets had assumed a visible outline, but beyond the chaotic encampment rose, bleak and barren, a semi-circle of high sand-hills, covered with stunted chaparral. The population of the place was about 5,000.

On the 28th of August, 1859—ten years and ten days



later—I found, instead of the bay between Rincon and Clark's Point, spacious and well-built streets, completely covering the former anchorage for smaller vessels. From the water-front—which forms a chord across the mouth of the lost harbor—stretched fifteen massive piers out into the bay. The low ground in front of us was crowded with warehouses and manufactories, as the tall brick chimneys denoted; while up the heights behind, stretched row after row of dwellings, and the diverging lines of streets, to the very summits of the four hills. Our steamer drew up to the end of a pier, and made fast; we were immediately saluted with the cries of hackmen and omnibus drivers; runners with hotel cards jumped aboard; residents (no longer dressed in flannel-shirts, revolver-belts, and wide-awakes) came down to welcome returning friends—in fact, there was not a Californian feature about the picture, if I except the morning-blanket of gray fog, which the hills of the Coast Range never kick off until nine or ten o'clock. There were no wash-bowls to be seen; no picks; no tents; no wonderful patent machines; no gold-dust.

The scene upon which I looked was altogether unfamiliar to my eye. Flags in the breeze, church-spires, fantastic engine-houses, gay fronts of dwellings, with the animation of the holiday crowds in the streets below, gave the city a gay Southern aspect. Unlike all other American towns, there was nothing *new* in its appearance. The clouds of sand and dust, raised by the summer monsoon, speedily wear off the gloss and varnish of newly-erected buildings, and give them a mellow tone of age and use—the characteristic, as well as the charm of Mediterranean ports

Without the evidence of my own experience, I should have found it impossible to believe that I looked upon the product of ten years.

When the fog had rolled off seaward, and the soft, pale-blue sky of San Francisco arched over the beryl plain of the bay and its inclosing purple mountains, I experienced a mighty desire to shake off the lethargy of a tropical voyage by a drive into the country. I took the precaution, however, to ask what such a luxury would cost. "Twenty dollars, probably," was the answer. Here I began to realize that I had reached California. Nevertheless, I was about to order a vehicle, when a friend placed his own private team at my disposal. We were advised to take the new San Bruno road, which had recently been opened beyond the mountain of that name, in order to afford a shorter and more agreeable road to San José than the old trail over the hills.

The restless, excited, ultra-active condition of mind and body engendered (in myself, at least,) by the San Francisco air, can only be cured, homœopathically, by draughts of the same. People work here as they work nowhere else in the world. The nor'west wind, flavored with Pacific salt, which draws through the Golden Gate every day at noon, sweeps away not only disease, but sloth, despondency, and stupidity. Bulwer says: "On horseback I am Cæsar, I am Cicero!"—but that afternoon, when I saw again the Mission Valley, and first breathed the heavenly odor of the *Yerba Buena*, sitting behind a span of noble bays, I was Homer, Pindar, Alexander the Great, Peter the Great, Milo of Crotona, and General Jackson, all in one!

We drove through an enchanted land. I thought I had been there before, yet everything I saw was as new to me as it was to my companion. Our hotel stood without the bounds of the San Francisco of 1849. Well I remembered the three miles of loose sand and thorny chapparal which intervened between the ridge terminating in Rincon Point and the Mission of Dolores. Now we drove for half a mile down a broad well-built street. Here and there, behind the houses, lowered a mound of yellow sand, like the scattered forces of a desert kept at bay and but half conquered. The rear of Clay-street Hill, dotted over with small square cottages, resembled Barth's picture of Timbuctoo. But the Mission Valley, in front of us, green and lovely, with a background of purple mountains, was a reminiscence of the fairest scenery of Greece. "Now," said I, "have I found the original type of the landscapes of California!" She has been compared to Italy—to Syria, with more correctness—but her true antetype in nature is Greece.

Even the vegetation had undergone a change since my first visit. Along the streets, in rows, grew the exquisite feathery acacia; from the balconies, fuchsias hung their pendants of coral and sapphire; heliotropes wantoned in immense clumps under the windows; and the fronts of some of the cottages were hidden to the eaves in the scarlet splendor of geraniums. The *malva*, here a tree, opened its hundreds of pink blossoms: the wild pea-vine of Australia clambered over the porticoes, and the willowy *eucalyptus* flourished as if in its native soil. The marshy thickets near the mouth of Mission Creek had vanished

and vegetable gardens filled their place; on either hand were nurseries, breathing of mignonette and violets, and covered, chin-deep, with superb roses—huge bouquets of which were offered us by boys, along the road, at “two bits” apiece. German beer and music gardens, the French Hospital, a sugar refinery, and groups of neat, suburban residences, which extended even beyond the Mission, combined to give the valley an old, long-settled air.

Near the top of the hill, behind the Mission building, was a spot which I looked for with a curious interest. In 1849, I had taken up a claim there, had paid for the survey, and, for aught I could learn, acquired as secure a title as most others in San Francisco. My tract contained about two acres—part of which was stony, and all of which was barren: there was neither grass nor water, but a magnificent prospect. At that time, I could scarcely say that I owned anything; and the satisfaction which I felt in sitting upon one of *my* rocks, and contemplating the view from *my* imagined front-window, amply repaid me for the surveyor’s fee. Where the documents are, I have not the least idea: whether the claim was ever worth anything is exceedingly doubtful; but I noticed with exultation that nobody had as yet built upon it. I herewith magnanimously present the property to the first man who shall be absurd enough (in all eyes but mine) to build the house I imagined, and enjoy the view I admired. And this shall be sufficient to him, his heirs, executors, and assigns, to have and to hold, etc., etc.

Crossing the Mission Creek, the road kept on, over rolling hills, toward the San Bruno mountain. On either side

were farms—the fields divided by substantial fences of red-wood, the houses small and one-storied, but sufficiently comfortable, and the gardens luxuriant with vegetables. The landscape was dotted with windmills, which are very generally used for irrigation, and form a marked feature in the agricultural scenery of California. About six miles from the city, we came upon a hill, divided by a narrow valley from the San Bruno range. The mountains, lighted by the oblique rays of the afternoon sun, gleamed in the loveliest play of colors. The tawny hue of the grass and wild oats, brightening into lines of clear gold along the edges of the hills buttressing their base, brown on their fronts, and dark in the sloping ravines, resembled velvet of the richest texture; while the farther peaks—pink in light, and violet in shade—gave the contrast of a delicate silk. A grove of live-oaks—slanting away from the wind in such curious attitudes of haste, that they seemed to be scampering at full speed over the hill—stood in the foreground, while on our left the transparent green of the bay shifted through blue into purple, far off. For aerial beauty and harmony of color, I have never seen anything to surpass this view, except in Greece.

My first walks through San Francisco were devoted to the search for some old landmark—some wooden, iron, or copper house which had been standing in 1849. But I was disappointed: there was nothing which I recognized. Four great fires had swept away the temporary structures, which had cost almost their weight in silver, and stately houses of brick or granite stood in their places. Montgomery street—which is now, as it was then, the centre of business—would be considered a handsome, well-built street



anywhere; while the other main avenues, although abounding in cheaply-built and hastily-erected wooden edifices, partake, at least, of the same character of life and activity. San Francisco, with its population of 80,000, has already the stamp of the great metropolis which it is destined to be.

Everywhere change! I went to the plaza, which I last saw inclosed by gaming-hells on three sides, and the U. S. Custom House on the fourth. The flimsy structures of '49 had vanished like an exhalation—even the old adobe, with its tiled roof, representing the early days of California, was gone. In place of the Parker House stood a City Hall, of Australian freestone. A lofty, irregular mass of buildings had arisen on all sides, dwarfing the square, which, surrounded by a heavy iron railing, and devoted entirely to threadbare turf and some languishing, dusty trees, had a prim and respectable air, truly; yet I missed the rude, fantastic, picturesque, unrestrained life wherewith it was filled ten years ago. The old Post-Office had almost passed out of memory, and a structure much more massive and spacious than our lubberly city of New York can boast of (which must be content with the most inconvenient little church this side of the Atlantic), is now devoted to Mails and Customs. From all parts of the city rise the spires of churches and engine-houses, showing that the most ample provision has been made for the quenching of both spiritual and temporal fires. To complete the climax of progress, San Francisco is more honestly governed than New York, has a more efficient police, and better guards the lives and property of her citizens.

It is unfortunate that the advice of an intelligent engineer could not have been taken, when the city was first laid out, and thus the advantages of its topography turned to better account. The people seem at first to have cherished the idea that the hills would ultimately be levelled, or, at least, their tops thrown into the hollows between, so as to produce that uniformity of surface in which the American mind delights. Great excavations have been made at the foot of Telegraph Hill, but mainly for the purpose of running a street through to North Beach. The other hills, however, proved too formidable; and the inhabitants have at last found out, perforce, that the slight inconvenience they occasion is a hundredfold atoned for by the picturesque beauty they confer upon the city, and the charms which they give to a residence in it. Clay street Hill is but little short of four hundred feet in height, and the windows of the private houses on its side command the grandest views of the city, the bay, the Golden Gate, and the Mission Valley. Had the streets been arranged terrace-wise along the hills, as in Genoa, they would not only have been more convenient, but far more beautiful. It is still not too late to remedy this mistake, in part.

The view of San Francisco, from either Rincon or Telegraph Hill, surpasses—I say it boldly—that of any other American city. It has the noblest natural surroundings, and will, in the course of time, become the rival of Genoa, or Naples, or even Constantinople. From the breezy height of Rincon, the whole town lies before you, rising gradually from the water to the summit of the semi-circular sweep of hills. Its prevailing colors are gray, white, yellow, and pale red;

while, at this distance, the very confusion and incongruity of its architecture becomes an additional charm. Over Telegraph Hill rise the dark-blue mountains of Angel Island and Sausalito; to the right stretches the bay, with the brown steeps of Yerba Buena guarding the anchorage, while beyond all, the mountains of Contra Costa, bathed in the loveliest golden and lilac tints, melt, far to the north and south, into the distant air. I have seen this landscape, with all its grand features, of a cold, dark, indigo hue, under heavy clouds—glittering with a gem-like brilliancy and play of color, under a clear sky, and painted—bay, islands, and shores—with the deepest crimson of sunset, till you seemed to look on a world smouldering in the fires of Doom. It was therefore no marvel to me, when nine out of ten of my old acquaintances said: “I have made up my mind to live and die here—I cannot be contented elsewhere.”

The first thing which attracts the notice of the stranger who arrives at San Francisco in summer, is probably the last thing which he would expect to find in so recently-settled a country. The profusion, variety, and quality of the fruit which he sees displayed on all sides fills him with astonishment. What magic, he asks, has evoked from this new soil such horticultural splendors? What undiscovered nutriment has fattened these plethoric apples? Whence did these monstrous, melting pears gather their juice? What softer sun and sweeter dew fed these purple nectarines—these grapes of Eshcol—these peaches, figs, and pomegranates?

California, in fact, is the Brobdignag of the vegetable world. The products of all other lands are Lilliputian

compared with hers. Erect your ears and expand your eyes, my reader ; for I am going to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. I forget the exact measurement of the peaches ; but there are none in the world so large—with, perhaps, the exception of those of Papigno, in the Apennines. The size, however, is not procured at the expense of the flavor. Excessive irrigation of the orchards, it is true, dilutes their rich, ambrosial quality ; but the peaches of Marysville and the lower slopes of the Sierra Nevada are not a whit inferior to those of New Jersey or Montreuil. The skin has a peculiarity which I have not found elsewhere. Delicate as the silky lining of an egg-shell, it peels off at a touch ; and the royal fruit, with its golden and ruby nerves laid bare, is flayed without a knife. As you crush it upon your tongue, you remember the ambrosial fruits upon which, according to Arabic tradition, Adam was fed ; and wonder how soon your breath, like his, will be able to turn the coarse growth of the thickets into cinnamon and sandal-wood.

Apples and pears have been raised, weighing three pounds apiece ; and I have been told of instances in which the fruit upon a tree weighed more than the tree itself. An orchard begins to bear the second year after planting ; and the grafts upon an old tree have yielded two hundred pounds' weight of fruit in the same length of time. I have never seen a single instance in which the fruit was knotty, wormy, or otherwise imperfect. Nature seems to possess not only a fecundity, but a degree of health, unknown in any other part of the earth. In Santa Cruz, a peach tree two years old produced *two hundred* perfect peaches. Apple

trees sometimes yield two crops in the course of a single season. The extent to which fruit is already cultivated in California may be inferred from the fact that the peach trees in the State number 2,000,000 ; apple trees, 750,000 ; and pear trees, 100,000. The number of grape-vines is estimated at *five millions*, the average yield of which is fourteen pounds of grapes for each vine.

A few days after our arrival at San Francisco, the annual Fair of the Horticultural Society was held. It was a singular collection of vegetable monstrosities. I saw, for the first time in my life, cabbage-heads weighing between fifty and sixty pounds ; onions as large as my head ; and celery that threatened to overtop corn-stalks and sugar-cane. Upon one table lay a huge, dark-red object, about the thickness of my body. At a distance, I took it for the trunk of some curious tree ; but on approaching nearer, I saw that it was a *single beet*, weighing 115 pounds ! The seed was planted in the spring of 1858 ; and when taken up in the fall of that year, the root weighed 43 pounds. The owner, desiring to procure seed from so fine a specimen, planted it again last spring. But it wouldn't go to seed ! It devoted all its energies to growing bigger ; and here it was, sound throughout, and full of a life which seemed almost supernatural. I was glad to learn that it was to be planted again the next spring, and perhaps the year after — the owner having declared that he would keep on planting it until it reached a thousand pounds, or consented to run to seed !

The circumstances under which I visited San Francisco naturally procured for us a very pleasant introduction to



its society. Besides, many of my friends of '49 were still residing there, no longer lonely and homeless, enduring a virtual exile for the sake of speedy gain, but with their families around them, working with more moderation, and finding a permanent and happy home in the spot which they first looked upon as a temporary stopping-place. Active as their life is, it does not wholly prohibit a fair amount of social relaxation. Society there is also too new to set up exclusive barriers; its tone is liberal and metropolitan, and the mingling of so many various elements relieves it of that prim, respectable dulness which characterizes some of our older cities. The society of San Francisco seems to me to be above the usual average of refinement and cultivation, which is partly owing to the fact that the female portion has improved even more by transplantation than the male.

As we in the Atlantic States often exaggerate the prevailing fashions of Europe, so in California there is a still further exaggeration. Nowhere are wider hoops expanded, smaller bonnets placed *against* the head, or more barbaric circles of gold attached to the ears. Nowhere are the streets swept with such expensive silks. Few of the dwelling-houses, as yet, admit of very luxurious entertainments, but it is easy to foresee that this additional field of expenditure will ere long be opened. Where there is so much female beauty, and where so many of the gentlemen have unlearned habits of close economy, luxury is the natural result. Why, even servant-girls in California dress in silk and wear twenty-dollar bonnets!

I had the best opportunity for judging of the average

cultivation of the San Franciscans. A lecturer sees people *collectively*, as well as individually, and takes their intellectual measure by the impressions which come to him in a single hour—nor are such rapid conclusions as he draws generally far from the truth. Holmes says that a popular lecture should contain nothing which five hundred people cannot understand and appreciate at the same instant: therefore, when a lecturer finds that five hundred out of a thousand are following him closely, treading securely and evenly in the tracks of his thought, he may be sure that their mental calibre is at least equal to the bore and range of his own mind. In San Francisco, lectures (at least special importations for that object) were new: curiosity no doubt contributed to the success of the experiment, but it was none the less a test of the cultivation of the audience.

The impression made upon me was precisely similar to that produced in Boston. At first, there was the usual amount of curiosity, followed by an uncertain silence and impassiveness. Judgment was held in abeyance; each depended a little on the verdict pronounced by others, but all at last silently coalesced unto a mutual understanding, and were thenceforth steadily attentive, critical, and appreciative. These phases of the mind of an audience are not betrayed by any open demonstration. They communicate themselves to the mind of the lecturer by a subtle magnetism which he cannot explain, yet the truth of which is positive to his mind. I am sometimes inclined to think that there is as distinct an individuality in audiences as there is in single persons. The speaker, after a little practice, is able to guess the average capacity as well as the average

cultivation of those whom he addresses. Thus, notwithstanding the heterogeneous character of the population of California, the companies to whom I lectured made no divided impression upon me; each community, new as it was, had already its *collective* character

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## 2.—THE VALLEY OF SAN JOSÉ.

HAVING made arrangements to give two lectures in San José, I availed myself of the kind offer of Mr. Haight, of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco, who proposed conveying us thither in his carriage. The distance is fifty-one miles—San José lying in the mouth of the celebrated valley of the same name, which stretches southward for forty miles between the two ranges of the Coast Mountains—having once been, from all appearance, a portion of San Francisco Bay. I had been over the road four times in 1849—once on foot, once in a cart, and twice on muleback—and flattered myself that I was thoroughly familiar with the country; but I soon found I knew very little about it. The difference between a trail through a wilderness and a fenced-in road, with bridges, taverns, incipient villages even, scattered along it, was greater than I had imagined.

“Where are the nine-league ranches of the native Californians?” I asked.

“They have been swindled out of them.”

“Where are the grizzly bears and coyotes?”

“They have been killed off.”

“Where are the endless herds of cattle?”

“Butchered for the San Francisco market.”

“Who cut down the magnificent trees that once stood here?”

“The Pikes.”

Here I must make an explanation. A “Pike,” in the California dialect, is a native of Missouri, Arkansas, Northern Texas, or Southern Illinois. The first emigrants that came over the plains were from Pike county, Missouri; but as the phrase, “a Pike county man,” was altogether too long for this short life of ours, it was soon abbreviated into “a Pike.” Besides, the emigrants from the aforementioned localities belonged evidently to the same *genus*, and the epithet “Western” was by no means sufficiently descriptive. The New England type is reproduced in Michigan and Wisconsin; the New York, in Northern Illinois; the Pennsylvania, in Ohio; the Virginia, in Kentucky; but the Pike is a creature different from all these. He is the Anglo-Saxon relapsed into semi-barbarism. He is long, lathy, and sallow; he expectorates vehemently; he takes naturally to whisky; he has the “shakes” his life long at home, though he generally manages to get rid of them in California; he has little respect for the rights of others; he distrusts men in “store clothes,” but venerates the memory of Andrew Jackson; finally, he has an implacable dislike to trees. Girdling is his favorite mode of exterminating them; but he sometimes contents himself with cutting off the largest and handsomest limbs. When he spares one, for the sake of a little shade near his house, he whitewashes the trunk.

In all parts of California you now find the Pike. In the valleys of San José, Napa, and Russian River, he has secured much of the finest land. But some of his original characteristics disappear, after he has been transplanted for a few years. He wears a tan-colored wide-awake; sits in a Mexican saddle; becomes full and ruddy, instead of lank and sallow; and loses his chronic bitterness of spirit as "the shakes" cease to torment him. If he would but pay a little more attention to the education of his children, the young Pikes, or Pickerels, might grow up without those qualities which have made their parents rather unpopular. The name "Pike" is a reproach—a disparagement, at least—in most parts of California.

Following the new turnpike until we had passed the San Bruno Mountain, we came upon the rich level country beyond, as the sun, driving the dull fog-clouds seaward before him, brought warmth to the air and color to the landscape. On one side were salt marshes, whereon hundreds of cattle were grazing; on the other, white farm-houses, nestled in live-oak groves, at the bases of the yellow hills. I looked eagerly for the ranche of Sanchez, where I had twice passed a night; but, though our road led us directly past the house, I failed to recognise it. The mud-colored adobe hut, with its tiled roof, had been transformed into a white building, with shining roof and a broad veranda. All the surroundings were changed; other buildings had sprung up in the neighborhood; and the very face of the landscape seemed no longer the same.

I noticed with pleasure that the settlers had generally selected the sites of their houses with good taste, building



them in the midst of the superb natural parks, which were not always wantonly hewed away. The architecture, also, was well adapted to the country and climate—simple forms, roofs flatter than usual, and always spacious verandas, sometimes encircling the whole house. As there is no snow, and but little frost (the thermometer never falling below 20°), both paint and stucco are very durable; and the cheerful, airy architecture of Southern Europe will, in the end, be preferred to any other. What a country this will be, when stately mansions, adorned with art and taste, replace the first rude dwellings, and the noble parks surround the homes for which they have waited thousands of years!

To me, there is no delight of the senses quite equal to that of inhaling the fragrance of the wild California herb—the “yerba buena” of the Spaniards, the “tar weed” of the Pikes. It is a whitish, woolly plant, resembling life everlasting, and exudes, when mature, a thick aromatic gum. For leagues on leagues the air is flavored with it—a rich, powerful, balsamic smell, almost a *taste*, which seems to dilate the lungs like mild ether. To inhale such an air is perfect ecstasy. It does not cloy, like other odors; but strengthens with a richer tonic than the breath of budding pines. If *Life* had a characteristic scent, this would be it: that a man should die while breathing it, seems incredible. A lady with weak nerves informed me that it made her sick—but some persons “die of a rose, in aromatic pain.” To me, it stirs the blood like a trumpet, and makes the loftiest inspiration easy. I write poems, I paint pictures, I carve statues, I create history. If I should live to be old, and feel

my faculties failing, I shall go back to restore the sensations of youth in that wonderful air. /

After a ride of twenty miles, we passed some noble ranches of 2,000 acres each, and approached San Mateo. The deep, dry bed of the creek, shaded with enormous bay trees, chestnuts, and sycamores, was fresh in my recollection. The glorious trees were still standing; but among them, on the right, rose a beautiful Gothic residence; and after we had crossed the arroyo on a wooden bridge, we drew up at a handsome hotel on the left. Everywhere, neatness, comfort, and a profusion of shrubs, flowers, and vines. Opposite the hotel was the country residence of Captain Macondray, my fellow-passenger ten years ago—now one of the oldest inhabitants, happy in a success which he has wholly deserved. As we reached the house, through a lawn dotted with glittering bays and live-oaks, the captain came out to welcome us; and I could not refrain from expressing my delight that San Mateo had fallen into hands which will protect its beauty.

Our walk through the garden was marked by a succession of exclamations. Such peaches, such pears, such apples and figs! What magic is there in this virgin soil? The wild crab is as far behind the products of our Atlantic orchards, as are the latter behind the fruit that we saw. Colossal, splendidly colored, overflowing with delicious juice, without a faulty specimen anywhere, it was truly the perfection of horticulture. In a glass-house (necessary only to keep off the cool afternoon winds) we found the black Hamburg, the Muscatel, and other delicate grapes, laden from root to tip with clusters from one to two feet in

length. The heaps of rich color and perfume, on the table to which we were summoned, were no less a feast to the eye than to the palate.

Continuing our journey, we bowled along merrily over the smooth, hard road, and presently, Redwood City, the county-seat, came in sight. Ten miles ahead, towered the solitary redwood, two hundred feet in height—the old landmark of the valley. The town numbers perhaps four or five hundred inhabitants, having grown up within the last four or five years. Beyond this, the quality of the soil deteriorates somewhat; the sea winds, sweeping over gaps in the coast-range, giving a rawness to the air, and fringing every branch of the oaks with long streamers of gray moss. This part of the road would have been monotonous, but for the magnificent frame of mountains which inclosed it. The bay, on our left, diminished to a narrow sheet of silvery water, and the ranges on either hand gradually approached each other, their golden sides no longer bare, but feathered with noble groves of oak and redwood. All along this *jornada* of twenty miles without water—as it was ten years ago—farm now succeeds to farm, the whirling wind-mill beside every house, pumping up orchards, and gardens to beautify the waste.

After crossing San Francisquito Creek, finding our appetites waxing in the keen air, we looked out for a tavern. The first sign we saw was "UNCLE JIM'S," which was entirely familiar, although the place had an air of "Pike." Our uncle was absent, and there were actually four loafers in the bar-room. That men with energy enough to cross the Plains, should "loaf," in a country ten years old, is a

thing which I would not have believed if I had not seen it. The house betrayed its antiquity by the style of its construction. Instead of being lathed and plastered, the walls and ceilings were composed of coarse white muslin, nailed upon the studs and joists. This is the cheap, early method of building in California, and insures sufficient privacy to the eye, though none at all to the ear. Every room is a Cave of Dionysius. Whatever is whispered in the garret, is distinctly heard in the cellar. There can be no family feuds in such a house; Mrs. Caudle might as well give her lectures in public.

A further drive of ten miles, brought us to Santa Clara. The old Jesuit Mission, with its long adobe walls, tiled roof, quaint Spanish church, and orchards hedged with the fruitbearing cactus, were the same as ever; but beyond them, on all sides, extended a checkerwork of new streets—brick stores, churches, smiling cottages, in the midst of gardens and orchards, which seemed unnaturally precocious. Here both the Catholics and Methodists have large and flourishing schools.

The valley, bathed in sunset, lay before us, calm and peaceful as Eden. The old avenue of trees still connects Santa Clara with San José; but as we drove along it, I looked in vain for the open plain, covered with its giant growth of wild mustard. The town now lies imbedded in orchards, over whose low level green rise the majestic forms of the sycamores, which mark the course of the stream. As the eastern mountains burned with a deep rose-color, in the last rays of the sun, the valley strikingly reminded me of the Plain of Damascus; color, atmosphere,

and vegetation were precisely the same—not less, but even more lovely. But in place of snowy minarets, and flat oriental domes, there were red brick masses, mills, and clumsy spires, which (the last) seemed not only occidental, but accidental, so little had they to do with architectural rules.

San José, nevertheless, is a very beautiful little town. Many of the dwellings recently erected are exceedingly elegant, and its gardens promise to be unsurpassed. Its growth has been slow (the population, at present, not exceeding twenty-five hundred), but it has scarcely recovered from the misfortune of having been the State capital. The valley in which it lies is one of the most favored spots in the world, in point of fertility, salubrity of climate, and natural beauty. When the great ranches are properly subdivided, as they will be in time, and thousands live where units are now living, there will be no more desirable place of residence anywhere on the Pacific coast.

What a day was that which succeeded our arrival! As Howadji Curtis says: "Opals and turquoises are the earth's efforts to remember a sky so fair." As soon as the last fringe of fog disappeared, and the valley smiled in cloudless sunshine, we twain, seated in a light buggy, behind an enthusiastic horse, set out for the mines of New Almaden. Our road led southward, up the valley. Near the town, the soil, baked by four months of uninterrupted sun, and pulverized by thousands of wheels, was impalpable dust for six inches deep; but the breeze blew it behind us, until some eddy caught and whirled it into slender, smoky pillars, moving across the yellow stubble-fields until they



dissolved. After three or four miles, however, the road became firm, and gloriously smooth; and the ambrosial herb, which had been driven back by gardens and orchards, poured its intoxicating breath on the air.

Now, how shall I describe a landscape so unlike anything else in the world—with a beauty so new and dazzling that all ordinary comparisons are worthless? A valley ten miles wide, through the centre of which winds the dry bed of a winter stream, whose course is marked with groups of giant sycamores, their trunks gleaming like silver through masses of glossy foliage: over the level floor of this valley park-like groves of oaks, whose mingled grace and majesty can only be given by the pencil: in the distance, redwoods rising like towers; westward, a mountain-chain, nearly four thousand feet in height—showing, through the blue haze, dark-green forests on a background of blazing gold: eastward, another mountain-chain, full-lighted by the sun—rose-color, touched with violet shadows, shining with a marvellous transparency, as if they were of glass, behind which shone another sun: overhead, finally, a sky whose blue lustre seemed to fall, mellowed, through an intervening veil of luminous vapor. No words can describe the fire and force of the coloring—the daring contrasts, which the difference of half a tint changed from discord into harmony. Here the Great Artist seems to have taken a new palette, and painted his creation with hues unknown elsewhere.

Driving along through these enchanting scenes, I indulged in a day-dream. It will not be long, I thought—I may live to see it before my prime of life is over—until Sar

**José** is but a five-days' journey from New York Cars which shall be, in fact, travelling-hotels, will speed on an unbroken line of rail from the Mississippi to the Pacific. *Then*, let me purchase a few acres on the lowest slope of these mountains, overlooking the valley, and with a distant gleam of the bay: let me build a cottage, embowered in acacia and eucalyptus, and the tall spires of the Italian cypress: let me leave home when the Christmas holidays are over, and enjoy the balmy Januaries and Februaries, the heavenly Marches and Aprils of my remaining years here, returning only when May shall have brought beauty to the Atlantic shore! There shall my roses out-bloom those of Pæstum: there shall my nightingales sing, my orange-blossoms sweeten the air, my children play, and my best poems be written!

I had another and a grander dream. A hundred years had passed, and I saw the valley, not, as now, only partially tamed and revelling in the wild magnificence of Nature, but from river-bed to mountain-summit humming with human life. I saw the same oaks and sycamores, but their shadows fell on mansions which were fair as temples, with their white fronts and long colonnades: I saw gardens, refreshed by gleaming fountains—statues peeping from the gloom of laurel bowers—palaces, built to enshrine the new Art which will then have blossomed here—culture, plenty, peace, happiness everywhere. I saw a more beautiful race in possession of this paradise—a race in which the lost symmetry and grace of the Greek was partially restored—the rough, harsh features of the original type gone—milder manners, better-regulated impulses, and a keener apprecia

tion of all the arts which enrich and embellish life. Was it only a dream?

After a drive of ten miles, we drew near the base of the western mountains, and entered a wilder, but not less beautiful region. The road led through a succession of open, softly-rounded hills, among which the first settlers were building their shanties. The only persons we met were Mexicans, driving carts, who answered my questions in Spanish. Three miles further, a deep, abrupt glen opened on our right. The hot, yellow mountain-sides shut out the breeze, and the sun shone fiercely upon the deep, dazzling green of the trees which overhung a little brook below us. Presently we reached a large, white mansion, surrounded by a garden of fig, peach, and pomegranate trees. A uniform row of neat wooden cottages followed; and beyond them, on an open space, rose the tall, black chimneys of the smelting-furnaces. This was New Almaden.

At a small, but comfortable, tavern we obtained dinner. The host, a perfect specimen of sunburnt health and natural politeness, afterwards showed us the soda spring and the smelting-houses. The mines of cinnabar are two miles off, near the top of the mountain, and thirteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea. As they were then under litigation, instituted by the United States government, all labor had been suspended. The principal adit is four thousand feet in length—the ore being found in detached masses. The average annual production is something over a million of pounds, which is obtained at an expense of \$280,000, and yields a profit considerably greater. The

process of smelting is very simple, the mercury being detached from the cinnabar by heat, and afterwards collected by condensation. Below the condensing chambers are huge bowls, some of which were still partially filled with the metallic fluid. It was a curious sensation to set your foot into the cold, slippery mass, which, as if disdainng such treatment, rolls off, leaving your boot unsoiled. Huge heaps of cinnabar, of a rich dark-vermilion color, lay idly beside the furnaces. Some specimens, which I ventured to carry away, contained seventy-five per cent. of quicksilver.

Before leaving San José, I visited two or three of the pleasant private residences, which, with their gardens and orchards, adorn the outskirts of the town. It seems really incredible that ten years could work such a marvellous change. Instead of a bare, open plain, there were groves and bowers—streets lined with rows of trees, and houses hidden in foliage and blossoms. Fig-trees, laden with their second crop of fruit, encircled the fountain-basins; rustic summer-houses, overgrown with fuchsia, passion-flower, and the Australian pea, rose out of thickets of acacia, laurel, and the African tamarack, with its thin, thready foliage; and with the simple protection of glass, the orange and banana flourished as in the Tropics. A cluster of cottonwoods, planted eight years ago, were already fifty feet high, with trunks fifteen inches in diameter! Here, old proverbs fail. A man does not plant an orchard, that his grandchildren may have fruit, or a tree, that his sons may sit beneath its shade: if he can count on five more years of life for himself, he does these things for his own sake.



Now, I ask, where Nature does so much, should we not expect proportionably more from *Man*? The Californians have labored well, it is true, but not so much as they might have done. I am not going to flatter them with unmingled praise. Coming from such a stock, carrying the habits, tastes, and ideas of the older States with them, they could not have accomplished less, without exhibiting a deterioration in character. The material progress of the State is not so much to be wondered at, when we consider that every improvement either *pays*, or is expected to pay. There are fine roads constructed at great expense, all through the mining districts—but ask the teamsters how much toll they pay. There are good bridges everywhere—your purse acknowledges the fact, as well as your eyes. But there is, as yet, no thorough geological survey of the State: the Common School system is far less generally established than it should be: and the population are too bent upon money-making to insist on the proper administration of the laws, which, except in San Francisco, are as loosely and carelessly regarded as in—New York City. The *energy of Selfishness* has worked wonders—but it takes something more to make a State great, wise, and happy.

We determined to return to San Francisco up the eastern shore, through Alameda County, thus making the circuit of the bay. The distance to San Antonio near Oakland, is about forty miles; the fare, if you take a team at a livery-stable, is twenty-five dollars—by the stage, it is one dollar. The difference would buy an acre of land: so we took the stage. To avoid the dust, as well as the rough crowd of French laborers, Chinamen, and Pikes



inside, my wife and I climbed to the top of the Concord coach, and established ourselves behind the driver. The morning was overcast and raw: the mountains were drab instead of golden, and the bay indigo, instead of purple. To conciliate the driver, I presented him with a cigar, accompanied with a remark. He had a full, handsome face, a military moustache, and a rough courtesy in his manners, emphasized with profane words. I should never have suspected him of being a "Pike," if he had not admitted it. He had been in the country nine years; weighed one hundred and twenty-seven pounds when he came; now weighed one hundred and ninety; used to be sick all the time at home; had the shakes—had 'em *bad*; never had 'em now; was afraid to go home, for fear he should git 'em again. Knowed all about horses; druv 'em so's to go fast, and so's not to hurt 'em nuther. Some — drivers upstot the stage, goin' over side-hills; — if he did; passengers might swear 'cause he went slow; *he* knowed what he was about—*he* did. All which latter statements proved to be perfectly true. He was an honest, careful, skilful fellow; and we enjoyed the journey all the more, from our confidence in him.

For some ten miles our road led over the level floor of the valley. The land here appeared to be tolerably well divided into farms, the fields fenced with redwood, regardless of expense, and the most superb orchards and vineyards springing up everywhere. I was glad to see that the fences were all substantial post-and-rail—none of those hideous "worm-fences" which are so common in the Middle and Western States. Redwood timber has a great dura-

bility in a moist soil, though it is liable to dry rot elsewhere. Col. Fremont saw a redwood post at the Mission of Dolores, which had been in the ground seventy-five years, and had only rotted to the depth of half an inch. Nearly all the frame houses are built of this timber, and I never saw without pain its rich, *beautiful* natural color—intermediate between that of mahogany and black walnut—hidden under a coat of paint. If it could be preserved by oil, or a transparent varnish, nothing could be more elegant.

We were obliged to stop at Warm Spring (which lies off the road) on account of the mail. As we slowly climbed the glen, the national flag, flying from a flag-staff which towered above a clump of sycamores and live-oaks, announced the site of the hotel. Here was truly a pleasant retreat. A two-story frame building, with a shady veranda, opening upon a garden of flowers, in the midst of which the misty jet of a fountain fluttered in the wind, vineyards in the rear, and the lofty mountain over all. There must be leisure already in this new world of work, when such places exist.

Three miles further, up and down, crossing the bases of the hills, brought us to the Mission of San José. I found the old Mission intact, but a thriving village had sprung up around it. Its former peaceful seclusion has gone for ever: a few natives, with their sarapes and jingling spurs, lounge in the tiled corridors; while, in bar-rooms opposite, the new owners of the land drink bad liquors and chew abominable tobacco. The old garden on the hill has passed into the hands of speculators, and its wealth of figs, pears, and melons is now shipped to San Francisco.

Here I left my trail of 1849, which turned eastward, over the mountains, while our road kept along their base, northward. As the sun came out, the huge stacks of heaves, in the centre of the immense wheat-fields, flashed like perfect gold. I have never seen grain so clean, so pure and brilliant in color. If the sheaves had been washed with soap-suds and then varnished, they could not have been more resplendent. The eastern shore of the bay is certainly more fertile than the western, and richer in arable land, though it has less timber and less landscape beauty. The land appears to be all claimed (generally in despite of the original proprietors) and nearly all settled.

We now saw the dark line of the Encinal, in front, and sped onward through clouds of black dust to San Antonio, which we reached at noon. An old friend was in waiting, to convey us to his home in the village of Alameda, two miles distant. We here saw more of the wonders of horticulture—but I am really tired of repeating statements so difficult of belief, and will desist. We spent the afternoon under his live-oaks, bathed in the aroma of giant pears and nectarines, and in the evening returned to San Francisco.

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### 3.—A JOURNEY TO THE GEYSERS.

A WEEK later, we left San Francisco in a little steamer for Petaluma. I had made arrangements to lecture there on Saturday evening, and in Napa City on Monday evening; and determined to accomplish a visit to the Geysers

in the intervening time, although most of my friends pronounced the thing impossible. Yet, at the same time, they all said: "You must not think of leaving California without seeing the Geysers"—those who had never been there being, as usual, most earnest in their recommendations. It was all new ground to me, as I had seen literally nothing of the north side of the bay during my first visit.

Petaluma is the westernmost of three valleys which, divided by parallel spurs of the Coast Range, open upon the north side of San Pablo Bay. It communicates, with scarce an intervening "divide," with the rich and spacious valley of Russian River—a stream which enters the Pacific at Bodega, some twenty miles north of the Golden Gate, where the Russians once made a settlement. It is thus, virtually, the outlet of this valley to the Bay of San Francisco; and the town of Petaluma, at the head of navigation, bids fair to become a place of some importance. In 1849, the valley was an Indian ranche, belonging to one of the brothers Vallejo; and the adobe fort, built for protection against the native tribes, is still standing. At present, there is a daily line of steamers thither—a fact which shows that the progress of California is not restricted to the gold-bearing regions.

We passed close under the steep mountain-sides of Angel Island. At the base, there are quarries of very tolerable building-stone, which are extensively worked. Across a narrow strait lay Sausalito, overhung by dark mountains. Here there is a little settlement, whence is brought the best supply of drinking-water for San Francisco. An hour more brought us to Point San Quentin.

where the State prison is located. In this institution, terms of imprisonment are shortened by wholesale, without the exercise of executive clemency. When the inmates have enjoyed a satisfactory period of rest and seclusion, they join in companies, and fillibuster their way out. During my sojourn in California, forty or fifty of them took possession of a sloop, and were only prevented from escaping, by a discharge of grape-shot, which killed several.

As we approached Black Point, at the mouth of Petaluma Creek, the water of the bay became very shallow and muddy, and our course changed from a right line into a tortuous following of the narrow channel. The mouth of the valley is not more than two miles wide; and the creek, which is a mere tide-water slough, winds its labyrinthine way through an expanse of reedy marshes. To the westward, towers a noble mountain-peak, with groves of live-oak mottling its golden sides; while on the east a lower range of tawny hills divides the valley from that of Sonoma.

The windings of the creek were really bewildering—more than doubling the distance. But there is already enterprise enough to straighten the channel. Gangs of men are at work, cutting across the bends, and in the course of time, the whole aspect of the valley will be changed. We left the steamer at a place called The Haystack, about two miles from Petaluma. Time is gained by taking an omnibus here, and avoiding the remaining curves of the stream. The town, built on the southern slope of a low hill, makes a very cheerful impression. The main street, built up continuously for near half a mile, slowly climbs the hill—its



upper portion overlooking the blocks of neat cottages and gardens in the rear. The houses, of course, are mostly frame; but a beautiful dark-blue lime-stone is rapidly coming into use. The place already contains 2,500 inhabitants, and the air of business and prosperity which it wears is quite striking.

After collecting all possible information concerning the journey to the Geysers, I determined to go on the same night to Santa Rosa, sixteen miles further up the valley. A considerate friend sent a note by the evening stage to Mr. Dickinson, a landlord in Healdsburg (in Russian River Valley), engaging horses for the mountains. I then sought and found a reasonable livery-stable, the proprietor of which furnished me with a two-horse buggy—to be left at Napa City, twenty-four miles distant, on the third day—for \$20. The vehicle was strong, the horses admirable, and I was to be our own driver and guide. I had intended employing a man to act in the latter capacity, until I was told, "You can never find the way alone."

After my evening duty was performed, and the moon had risen, we took our seats in the buggy, well-muffled against the cold night-wind. I was especially warned against this midnight journey to Santa Rosa. People said: "We, who have been over the road, lose the way in going by daylight. How can you find it by night?" But I have my plan of action in such cases. I ask half a dozen men of very different degrees of intelligence, separately, to give me instructions. No matter how much they may differ, there are always certain landmarks which coincide: hold on to these, and let the rest go! Thus, after much ques

tioning, I found out that I must keep a certain main road until I had passed the Magnolia Tavern; then turn to the right around the garden-fence; then cross a gully; then *not* take a trail to the right; then drive over a wide, fenceless plain; then take the right hand, and mount a hill: and, after I had struck the main fenced road, keep it to Santa Rosa.

Accompanied with good wishes and misgivings, we left the Washington Hotel, in Petaluma. The yellow landscape shone with a ghastly glare in the moonlight; and the parched soil and dust of the road were so nearly the same color, that I was only able to distinguish the highway by the sound of the wheels. I found the Magnolia, rightly enough; turned around the garden, crossed the gully, and struck out boldly over the dim plain. The cold wind, still raw from the Pacific, blew in our faces, and cheered us with the balsam of the tar-weed. No sound of coyote or gray-wolf disturbed the night. Through a land of ghostly silence the horses trotted steadily onward. Up the promised hill; through groves of wizard oaks; past the dark shanties of settlers: with wheels rattling on gravel or muffled in dust; crossing the insteps of hills, and then into an apparently boundless plain—so we dashed until midnight, when we reached a large stream. Thus far we had not seen a living soul; but now, a “solitary horseman” came up behind us.

“Is this the road to Santa Rosa?” I asked.

“You are in Santa Rosa now,” was the reply.

Once over the stream, there lay the village, which the oaks and sycamores had concealed from us.

I thundered vigorously on the door of a tavern; but it was long before there was any answering sound. Finally, the door was opened by a barefooted man, in shirt and trowsers—not growling, as I anticipated, but excessively polite and obliging. Passing through a parlor, with glaring ingrain carpet and hair sofa, he ushered us into a bedroom, bounded on one side by a kitchen, and on the other by a closet, where servant-girls slept. It had evidently been his own room; for the bed was still warm, and no imagination could endow the limp cotton sheets with freshness. The room was disgustingly dirty—old clothes, indescribable towels and combs being scattered in the corners. Fortunately, our fatigue was great, and the five hours' sleep (which was all we could take) cut short the inevitable loathing.

Our lodging cost two dollars; our horses the same. Soon after six o'clock, we were under way again—intending to take breakfast at Healdsburg, sixteen miles further. As we got out of the shabby little village of Santa Rosa, I perceived that we were already in Russian River Valley. Its glorious alluvial level, sprinkled with groves of noble trees, extended far and wide before us—bounded, on the west, by the blue mountains of the coast. The greater part of the land was evidently claimed, and the series of fenced and cultivated fields on either side of the road was almost uninterrupted. It was melancholy to see how wantonly the most beautiful trees in the world had been destroyed; for the world has never seen such oaks as grow in Russian River Valley. The fields of girdled and blackened skeletons seemed doubly hideous by contrast with the glory of the

surviving trees. Water seems to be more abundant in this valley than in that of San José: the picturesque windmill is not a feature in the landscape. The settlers are mostly Pikes; but one man, of whom I asked the way, rather puzzled me, at first. His shaggy brown hair, flat nose, and Calmuck nostrils, led me to suspect that he might be a Russian remnant of the old settlement of Bodega. After trying Spanish and German without success, I was vainly straining after a Russian phrase, when he suddenly addressed me in French. His patois, however, was harsh and barbarous, and I set him down for a Basque or a Breton.

The valley gradually narrowed to a breadth of five or six miles; the mountains became more densely wooded; imperial sycamores lifted their white arms over the heads of the oaks; and tall, dark redwoods towered like giants along the slopes and summits. The landscapes were of ravishing beauty—a beauty not purchased at the expense of any material advantage; for nothing could exceed the fertility of the soil. Indian corn, which thrives but moderately elsewhere in California, here rivalled the finest fields of the West. The fields of wild oats mocked the results of artificial culture; and the California boast, of making walking-canes of the stalks, seemed to be scarcely exaggerated. Then, as we approached Russian River, what a bowery luxuriance of sycamores, bay trees, shrubbery, and climbing vines! What wonderful vistas of foliage, starry flowers, and pebbly reaches, mirrored in the sparkling water! It was a kindred picture to that of the Valley of the Alpheus, in Greece, but far richer in coloring.

Such scenery was not to be enjoyed without payment.

There was beauty around, but there was dust below. After crossing the river, our wheels sank into a foot of dry, black powder, which spun off the tires in terrific clouds. It was blinding, choking, annihilating; and the only way to escape it was, to drive with such rapidity that you were past before it reached the level of your head. But under the dust were invisible ruts and holes; and the faster you drove, the more liable you were to snap some bolt or spring, by a sudden wrench. Less than a mile of such travel, however, brought us to the outskirts of Healdsburg. This town—which is only two years old, and numbers six or eight hundred inhabitants—is built in a forest of fir and pine trees. The houses seem to spring up faster than the streets can be laid out, with the exception of an open square in the centre—a sort of public trading-ground and forum, such as you see in the Slavonic villages of Eastern Europe. Wild and backwoodsy as the place appeared, it was to us the welcome herald of breakfast.

The note dispatched from Petaluma had had the desired effect. Mr. Dickinson had gone on to Ray's tavern, at the foot of the mountains, with the saddle-horses; and his partner soon supplied us with an excellent meal. The road to Ray's was described as being rough, and hard to find; but as the distance was only eight or nine miles, and my instructions were intelligibly given, I determined to take no guide. There are settlements along Russian River, almost to its source—some seventy or eighty miles above Healdsburg; and still beyond the valley, as you go northward, extends a succession of others, lying within the arms of the Coast Range, as far as Trinity River. They are said



to be wonderfully fertile and beautiful, and those which are not appropriated as Indian reservations, are rapidly filling up with settlers. As there are no good harbors on the coast between Bodega and Humboldt, much of the intercourse between this region and the Bay of San Francisco must be carried on by the way of Petaluma and the Russian River. The sudden rise of Healdsburg is thus accounted for.

Resuming our journey, we travelled for four or five miles through scenery of the most singular beauty. To me, it was an altogether new variety of landscape. Even in California, where Nature presents so many phases, there is nothing like it elsewhere. Fancy a country composed of mounds from one to five hundred feet in height, arranged in every possible style of grouping, or piled against and upon each other, yet always rounded off with the most wonderful smoothness and grace—not a line but curves as exquisitely as the loins of the antique Venus—covered with a short, even sward of golden grass, and studded with trees—singly, in clumps, or in groves—which surpass, in artistic perfection of form, all other trees that grow! “This,” said I, “is certainly the last-created portion of our planet. Here the Divine Architect has lingered over His work with reluctant fondness, giving it the final caressing touches with which He pronounced it good.”

Indeed, our further journey seemed to be through some province of dream-land. As the valley opened again, and our course turned eastward toward the group of lofty mountains in which Pluton River lies hidden, visions of violet peaks shimmered afar, through the perfect trees

Headlands crowned with colossal redwood were thrust forward from the ranges on either hand, embaying between them the loveliest glens. The day was cloudless, warm, and calm, with barely enough of breeze to shake the voluptuous spice from the glossy bay-leaves. After crossing Russian River a second time—here a broad bed of dry pebbles—we found fields and farm-houses. The road was continually crossed by deep *arroyos*, in and out of which our horses plunged with remarkable dexterity. The smaller gullies were roughly bridged with loose logs, covered with brush. We were evidently approaching the confines of civilization.

I missed the road but once, and then a cart-track through the fields soon brought me back again. At noon, precisely, we reached Ray's—a little shanty in a valley at the foot of Geysers Peak. Thence we were to proceed on horse-back to the region of wonders.

Ray's Tavern (or stable) is only twelve miles from the Geysers; yet we should find these miles, we were told, longer than the forty we had travelled. Some of our friends had given us threatening pictures of the rocks, precipices, and mountain-heights to be overcome. It was fortunate that the horses had been ordered in advance; for Ray's is a lonely place, and we might otherwise have been inconveniently delayed. Mr. Dickinson and an Indian boy were the only inhabitants. There was a bar, with bottles, a piece of cheese, and a box of soda-crackers, in one room, and a cot in the other.

Presently, our horses were led up to the door. Mine was a dilapidated mustang, furnished with one of those

Mexican saddles which are so easy in the seat and so uneasy in the stirrups (on mountain roads); while my wife received a gray mare, recommended as an admirable creature; and so she was—with the exception of a blind eye, a sore back, and a habit of stumbling. “You can’t miss the trail,” said Mr. Dickinson—which, in fact, we didn’t. Starting off, merrily, alone, up a little cañon behind the tavern, with the noonday sun beating down fiercely upon our backs, it was not long before we breathed a purer air than that of the valley, and received a fresher inspiration from the richly-tinted panorama which gradually unfolded before us.

The high, conical peak, behind which lay the Geysers, and the lower slopes of which we were ascending, was called Monte de las Putas, by the Spaniards; but is now, fortunately, likely to lose that indecent appellation, and return to respectability, as Geyser Peak. Its summit is 3,800 feet above the sea, and distinctly visible from the Bay of San Francisco. Eastward, across an intervening valley, rises the blue bulk of Mount St. Helene, 5,000 feet high; while, to the West and South, the valley of Russian River, which here makes an abrupt curve, spread wide below us—a dazzling picture of warmth, life, and beauty, covered as with a misty violet-bloom. Our road was shaded with pines and oaks, with an undergrowth of buck-eye and *manzanita*. The splendid forms of the trees were projected with indescribable effect against the yellow harvest which mantled the mountain-sides. The *madrono*, elsewhere a shrub, here becomes a magnificent tree, constantly charming the eye with its trunk of bronze, its branches of copper, and its leaves of supernatural green.

Ascending gradually for a mile and a half, we reached the top of the first terrace or abutment of the mountain-chain. Here stood a shanty, near a spring which suddenly oozed out of the scorched soil. Half-a-dozen used-up horses were trying to get a drink, and a hard of at least four hundred sheep was gathered together under the immense spreading boughs of some evergreen oaks; but settlers and shepherds were absent. I rode up to the window; but a curtain of blue calico, placed there to exclude the sun and flies, baffled my curiosity.

We now followed the top of the ridge for three or four miles, by a broad and beautiful trail marked with cart-wheels. A pleasant breeze blew from the opposite height, and the clumps of giant madronos and pines shielded us from the sun. As we cantered lightly along, our eyes rested continually on the wonderful valley below. The landscape, colossal in its forms, seemed to lie motionless, leagues deep, at the bottom of an ocean of blue air. The atmosphere, transparent as ever, was palpable as glass, from its depth of color. No object lost its distinctness, but became part of an unattainable, though not unreal world. The same feeling was excited, as when, leaning over a boat in some crystal cove of the tropical sea, I have watched the dells and valleys of the coral forests below. Across a deep hollow on our right, splendidly robed in forests, rose Geyser Peak, covered to the summit with purple *chamisal*. I am afraid to describe the effect of this scenery. It was a beauty so exquisite, a harmony so complete, as to take away the effect of reality, and our enjoyment was of that supreme character which approaches the sense of pain.

Finally we descended into the nollow, which narrowed to an abrupt gorge, losing itself between steep mountain walls. Masses of black volcanic rock, among which grew Titanic pines, gave the place a wild, savage air, but the bottom of the gorge was a bower of beauty. An impetuous stream of crystal water plunged down it, overhung by a wilderness of maples, plane-trees, and deciduous oaks. As we were about to cross, a wild figure on horseback dashed out of the thicket. It was a Pike boy of fourteen, on a Mexican saddle, with calzoneros, leather-gaiters, and a lasso in his hand. "Have you seen a stray cow?" he shouted. We had been looking at something else than cows. "'Cause," he added, "one of ourn's missin'. You're goin' to the springs, I reckon? Well, I'm goin's fur's the Surveyor's Camp." He had been four years in the country. His father lived in the valley, but sent cattle upon the hills to pasture. "Lost cattle reg'lar. Grizzlies eat 'em sometimes—still, it *paid*. What was them trees?—*matheroons* (madronos)." "Like California?" "Yes. Didn't want to go back, nohow. Didn't want a cigar—*chawed*," as a dexterous squirt of brown juice over his horse's head proved. Such was the information elicited by my questioning.

Meanwhile we had been gradually regaining the summit of the ridge beyond the gorge; riding under broad-leaved oaks, which reminded me of the Erymanthean forests. Presently there opened the most unexpected picture. A circular meadow of green turf, the peak on our right, golden and purple to its summit; an oak-knoll on the left, dotted with white tents, with picketed horses, men lying in the shade, and all the other picturesque accessories of a camp



It was the head-quarters of Capt. Davidson, of the Coast Survey—evidently a man of taste as well as science. The repose was tempting, especially to my companion, to whom rough mountain travel was a new thing; but we had no time to lose, for there were the Geysers before us, and a journey of sixty miles on the morrow. A *made* trail, engineered up the steep by easy windings, led us to a height of 3,200 feet above the sea; whence the unknown realms behind Geyser Peak became visible, and we turned our backs on Russian River Valley.

It was a wild region upon which we now entered. Sheer down slid the huge mountain-sides, to depths unknown, for they were concealed by the thick-set pillars of the fir and redwood. Opposite rose heights equally abrupt; over their almost level line, the blue wall of a chain beyond, and scattered peaks in the dimmest distance. The intervening gorges ran from east to west, but that immediately below us was divided by a narrow partition-wall, which crossed it transversely, connecting the summits of the two chains. Over this wall our road lay. The golden tint of the wild oats was gone from the landscape. The mountains were covered to the summits with dense masses of furze, chamisal, laurel, and manzanita, painting them with gorgeous purples, yellows, browns, and greens. For the hundredth time I exclaimed, "What a country for an artist!"

On the sharp comb of the transverse connecting-wall over which we rode, there was barely room for the trail. It was originally next to impassable, but several thousand dollars expended in cutting chapparal, blasting rocks, and bridging chasms, have made it secure and easy. The carcass of a

calf, killed by a grizzly bear a few days before, lay beside the path. We also passed a tethered mule, with a glimpse of somebody asleep under a rock; after which, the silence and solitude was complete.

We reached the opposite ridge with feelings of relief—not from any dangers passed, but because we knew that Pluton River must lie in the gorge beyond, and we were excessively fatigued and hungry. The sky between the distant peaks became so clear as to indicate that a considerable depression lay below it, and I conjectured (rightly, as it proved,) that this must be Clear Lake. Looking down into the gulf below us, I noticed only that while the side upon which we stood was covered with magnificent forests, the opposite or northern steep was comparatively bare, and the deep gullies which seamed it showed great patches of yellow and orange-colored earth near the bottom. But no sound was to be heard, no column of vapor to be seen. Indeed, the bottom of the gorge was invisible, from the steepness of its sides.

Straight down went the trail, descending a thousand feet in the distance of a mile. It was like riding down the roof of a Gothic church. The horses planted themselves on their fore feet, and in some places slid, rather than walked. The jolts, or shocks, with which they continually brought up, jarred us in every joint. Superb as was the forest around, lovely as were the glimpses into the wild dells on either side, we scarcely heeded them, but looked forward at every turn for the inn which was to bring us comfort. At last we saw the river, near at hand. The trail, notched along the side of its precipitous banks, almost overhung it, and a sin

gle slip would have sent horse and rider into its bed. Here is a row of bathing shanties. A thin thread of steam puffs out of a mound of sulphur-colored earth, opposite. Is that all? was my first dolorous query—followed by the reflection: if there were nothing here, we have still been a thousand times repaid. But—there comes the hotel at last!

It was a pleasant frame building of two stories, surrounded with spacious verandas. Patriarchal oaks shaded the knoll on which it stood, and the hot river roared over volcanic rocks below. A gentleman, sitting tilted against a tree, quietly scrutinized us. While I was lifting my helpless companion from the saddle, an Indian ostler took the beasts, and an elegant lady in a black-velvet basque and silk skirt came forward to receive us. I was at a loss how to address her, until the unmistakable brogue and manners betrayed the servant-gal. She conducted us to the baths, and then assumed a graceful position on a rock until we had washed away the aches of our bones in the liquid sulphur. A pipe, carried from a spring across the river, supplies the baths, which have a temperature of about 100 degrees. In their vicinity is a cold spring, strongly impregnated with iron.

The bath, a lunch, and a bottle of good claret, restored us so thoroughly, that my wife declared her ability to make the tour of the Geysers at once. In the meantime, Mr Godwin, the proprietor of the hotel and the adjacent Pandemonium, arrived with Capt. Davidson, who had been endeavoring to ascertain the temperature of the steam. The former was kind enough to be our guide, and we set

out immediately, for the remaining hour and a half of daylight was barely sufficient for the undertaking. The Geysers lie in a steep little lateral cañon, the mouth of which opens on Pluton river, exactly opposite the hotel. The best way to visit them is, to enter the bottom of this cañon, and so gradually climb to the top. Many persons, ladies especially, are deterred from attempting it, but there is nothing very difficult or dangerous in the feat. The air of the valley is strongly flavored with sulphur, but beyond this fact, and the warmth of the stream, there are no indications of the phenomena near at hand.

Mr. Godwin first showed us an iron spring, in a rude natural basin among the rocks. The water is so strongly ferruginous, that a thick, red scum gathers on the top of it, and the stones around are tinted a deep crimson. A little further there is an alkaline spring, surrounded with bubbling jets of sulphur. The water becomes warmer as we climb, the air more stifling, and the banks of the ravine higher, more ragged in form, and more glaringly marked with dashes of fiery color. Here and there are rocky chambers, the sides of which are incrustated with patches of sulphur crystals, while in natural pigeon-holes are deposits of magnesia, epsom salts, and various alkaline mixtures. One of these places is called the Devil's Apothecary Shop. Hot sulphur springs become more frequent, gushing up wherever a little vent-hole can be forced through the rocks. The ground grows warm under our feet, and a light steam begins to arise from the stream. The path is very steep, slippery, and toilsome.

After passing several hot springs, impregnated with

epsom salts and magnesia, we come, finally, to the region where sulphur maintains a diabolical pre-eminence. The trees which shade the ravine in the lower part of its course, now disappear. All vegetation is blasted by the mixture of powerful vapors. The ground is hot under your feet: you hear the bubbling of boiling springs, and are half choked by the rank steam that arises from them. From bubbling, the springs at the bases of the rocks gradually change to jetting, in quick, regular throbs, yet—what is most singular in this glen of wonders—no two of them precisely alike. Some are intermittently weak and strong, like a revolving light; some are rapid and short, others exhale long, fluttering pants or sighs, and others again have a double, reciprocal motion, like the sistole and diastole of the heart. In one you fancy you detect the movement of a subterranean piston-rod. They have all received fantastic names, suggested by their mode of working.

With the light bubbling and sputtering of these springs, and the dash of the boiling brook, there now mingles a deeper sound. Above us are the gates of the great chamber, whose red, burnt walls we dimly see through volumes of whirling steam—nothing else is visible. We walk in a sticky slush of sulphur, which burns through the soles of our boots; we gasp for breath as some fiercer whiff drives across our faces. A horrible mouth yawns in the black rock, belching forth tremendous volumes of sulphurous vapor. Approaching as near as we dare, and looking in, we see the black waters boiling in mad, pitiless fury, foaming around the sides of their prison, spirting in venomous froth over its jagged lips, and sending forth a hoarse, hiss



ing, almost howling sound. This is the Witches' Caldron. Its temperature, as approximately ascertained by Capt. Davidson, is about 500 degrees. An egg dipped in and taken out is boiled; and were a man to fall in, he would be reduced to broth in two minutes.

Climbing to a little rocky point above this caldron, we pause to take breath and look around. This is the end of the cañon—the gulf of perdition in which it takes its rise. The torn, irregular walls around us glare with patches of orange, crimson, sulphur, livid gray, and fiery brown, which the last rays of the sun, striking their tops, turn into masses of smouldering fire. Over the rocks, crusted as with a mixture of blood and brimstone, pour angry cataracts of seething milky water. In every corner and crevice, a little piston is working or a heart is beating, while from a hundred vent-holes about fifty feet above our heads, the steam rushes in terrible jets. I have never beheld any scene so entirely infernal in its appearance. The rocks burn under you; you are enveloped in fierce heat, strangled by puffs of diabolical vapor, and stunned by the awful hissing, spitting, sputtering, roaring, threatening sounds—as if a dozen steamboats blowing through their escape-pipes, had aroused the ire of ten-thousand hell-cats. You seem to have ventured into a prohibited realm. The bubbling pulses of the springs throb in angry excitement, the great vents overhead blow warning trumpets, and the black caldron darts up frothy arms to clutch and drag you down.

I was rather humiliated, that I alone, of all the party, was made faint and sick by the vapors. We thereupon climbed the “*nery Alps*,” crushing the brittle sulphur

crystals, and slipping on the steep planes of hot mud, until we reached the top, whence there is a more agreeable, but less impressive view of the pit. I here noticed that the steam rushes from the largest of the vent-holes with such force, and heated to such a degree, that it first becomes visible at the distance of six feet from the earth. It there begins to mix with the air, precipitate its moisture, and increases in volume to the height of eighty feet. In the morning, when the atmosphere is cool, the columns rise fully two hundred feet. These tremendous steam-escapes are the most striking feature of the place. The term "Geysers" is incorrect: there is no spouting, as in the springs of Iceland—no sudden jets, with pauses of rest between: yet the phenomena are not less curious. Mr. Godwin informed me that the amount of steam discharged is greater during the night than by day, and in winter than in summer. I presume, however, that this is only a difference in the *visible* amount, depending on the temperature of the air—the machinery working constantly at the same rate of pressure.

A short distance to the east is another cluster of pulsating springs, on the side of the hill. Here the motions are again different, and present some curious appearances. In one place are two pistons working against each other; in another, a whirling motion, like that produced by the blades of propeller. Still further up the valley are other springs, which we had no time to visit. The accounts heretofore published are very incorrect. No appreciable difference in the temperature of the valley is occasioned by these springs. The hotel is 1800 feet above the sea, and snow falls in the

winter. The abundance of maples and deciduous oaks shows the same decrease of warmth as is elsewhere observed at the same height. The plan of planting tropical trees on the sides of the cañon, which I have seen mentioned in the California newspapers, is preposterous. No vegetation can exist within the limits of the heated soil.

Sunset was fading from the tops of the northern hills, as we returned to the hotel. The wild, lonely grandeur of the valley—the contrast of its Eden-like slopes of turf and forest, with those ravines of Tartarus—charmed me completely, and I would willingly have passed weeks in exploring its recesses. A stage-road is to be made over the mountain, but I should prefer not to be among the first passengers. One man, they say, has already driven across in his buggy—a feat which I could not believe to be possible. The evening before our arrival, a huge grizzly bear walked past the hotel, and the haunch of a young one, killed the same day, formed part of our dinner. In the evening I sat in the veranda, enjoying the moonlight and Capt. Davidson's stories of his adventures among the coast tribes, until thoroughly overcome by sleep and fatigue.

At sunrise, the hissing and roaring was distinctly audible across the valley. The steam rose in broad, perpendicular columns, to an immense height. There was no time for another visit, however, for we were obliged to reach Napa City the same evening, and by seven o'clock were in our saddles. The morning air was fragrant with bay and aromatic herbs as we climbed the awful steep. A sweet wind whispered in the pines, and the mountains, with their hues of purple and green and gold, basked in glorious sunshine

In spite of the rough trail and rougher horses, we got back to Ray's in three hours and forty minutes. My companion dropped from the saddle into a chair, unable to move. Mr Dickinson, with kindly forethought, had provided some melons, and I think I was never refreshed with more cold and luscious hydromel.

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#### 4.—A STRUGGLE TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT.

THE change from our bone-racking saddle-horses to the light, easy buggy and span of fast blacks, made the commencement of our journey a veritable luxury, in spite of the heat and dust. Our road led up a lateral arm of Russian River Valley, extending eastward toward the foot of Mount St. Helene. Though the country was but thinly settled, there was more than one stately two-story farmhouse standing, with a lordly air, in its natural park of oaks, and we passed—what I had been longing to see—a school-house. The few cultivated fields were fenced without regard to expense—or, rather, with a proper regard to their bountiful harvests—yet the trees, whose slaughter we had lamented, further down the valley, were generously spared. The oaks were hung with streamers of silver-gray moss, from one to three feet long, and resembling, in texture, the finest point-lace. So airy and delicate was this ornament, that the groves through which we passed had nothing of that sombre, weeping character which makes the cypress swamps of the South so melancholy. Here they were

decked as if for a bridal, and slept in languid, happy beauty, in the lap of the golden hills.

More than once, the road was arbitrarily cut off, and turned from its true course, by the fencing in of new fields. This was especially disagreeable where a cove of level bottom-land had been thus inclosed, and we were forced to take the hill-side, where the wheels slipped slowly along, one side being dangerously elevated above the other. I was informed (whether truly or not I cannot say) that the county has never yet located a single road—consequently, the course of the highways is wholly at the mercy of the settlers, each of whom makes whatever changes his interest or convenience may suggest. A mile of side-hill was sometimes inflicted upon us, when a difference of ten yards would have given us a level floor. Our horses, however, were evidently accustomed to these peculiarities, and went on their way with a steadiness and cheerfulness which I had never seen equalled.

Still more remarkable was their intelligent manner of crossing the deep *arroyos* which we encountered near the head of the valley. There were rarely any bridges. The road plunged straight down the precipitous side of the gully, and then immediately mounted at the same angle. As we commenced the descent, the horses held back until they seemed to stand on their fore-feet, poising the buggy as a juggler poises a chair on his chin. When half way down, they cautiously yielded to the strain, sprang with a sudden impetus that took away one's breath, cleared the bottom, and, laying hold of the opposite steep as if their hoofs had been hands, scrambled to the top before the vehicle had



time to recover its weight by wholly losing the impulsion. Even my inexperienced companion, to whom these descents seemed at first so perilous, was soon enabled to make them with entire confidence in the sagacity of the noble animals.

In one instance, they showed a self-possession almost human. We came to an *arroyo*, which, at first sight, appeared to be impassable. It was about forty feet deep, the sides dropping at an angle of forty-five degrees, and meeting in a pool of water at the bottom. Down we went, with a breathless rush; but, fearing that the sudden change from the line of descent to that of ascent might snap some bolt in the vehicle, I checked the speed of the horses more than was prudent. We were but half way up the other side, when the buggy recovered its weight, and began to drag back. They felt, instantaneously, the impossibility of bringing it to the top; stopped; backed, with frightful swiftness, to the bottom, and a yard or two up the side they had just descended; then, leaping forward, in a sort of desperate-fury, throwing themselves almost flat against the steep, every glorious muscle quivering with its tension, they whirled us to the summit. I felt my blood flush and my nerves tingle, as if I had witnessed the onset of a forlorn hope.

Finally, the valley, growing narrower, wholly lost itself in a labyrinth of low, steeply-rounded, wooded hills. The road, following the dry bed of a stream, was laboriously notched in the sides of these elevations. There was barely room for a single vehicle, and sometimes the hub of one wheel would graze the perpendicular bank, while the tire of the other rolled on the very brink of the gulf below us.

The chasms were spanned by the rudest kind of corduroy bridges. Bad and dangerous as the road was, it was really a matter of surprise that there should have been any road at all. The cost of the work must have been considerable, as the cañon is nearly two miles in length. I had every confidence in the sagacity of our horses, and knew that our vehicle could safely go where a settler's cart had already gone; but there was one emergency, the possibility of which haunted me until my nerves fairly trembled. What if we should *meet* another vehicle in this pass! No turning out, no backing, often not even the chance of lowering one of them by ropes until the other could pass! The turnings were so sharp and frequent, that it was impossible to see any distance ahead; and I approached every corner with a temporary suspension of breath. Suddenly, in the heart of the cañon, where the bays exhaled thick fragrance in the hot air, a dust arose, and horses' heads appeared from behind a rock. My heart jumped into my mouth for an instant, then—riders, thank Heaven!

“Is there a team behind you?” I cried.

“I think not,” said one of them. “Hurry on, and you're safe!”

The pass opened into a circular valley, behind which towered, in the east, the stupendous bulk of Mount St. Helene. This peak received its name from the Russian settlers, as a compliment to the Grand-Duchess Helene. It is generally called St. Helena by the Americans—who, of all people, have least sense of the fitness of names. The mountain, 5,000 feet high, rises grandly above all the neighboring chains. As seen from this point, its outline

strikingly resembles that of a recumbent female figure, hidden under a pall of purple velvet. It suggests to your mind Coreggio's Magdalen, and a statue of St. Cecilia in one of the churches of Rome. The head is raised and propped on the folded arms; the line of the back swells into the full, softly-rounded hip, and then sweeps away downward in the rich curve of the thigh. Only this Titaness is robed in imperial hues. The yellow mountains around are pale by contrast, and the forests of giant redwood seem but the bed of moss on which rests her purple drapery.

It was now past noon, and still a long way to Napa City, where I had engaged to lecture in the evening. I supposed, however, that we were already in Napa Valley, with all the rough and difficult part of the road behind us. Driving up to the first settler's shanty I accosted a coarse, sunburnt fellow, who was making a *corral* for pigs and cattle.

"How far to Napa?"

"Well (scratching his head), I don't exactly know."

"Is this Napa Valley?" I then asked.

"No," he answered; "this is Knight's Valley. You've got to pass Knight's afore you come to Napa."

Presently, another man came up with a lasso in his hand, and stated, with a positive air of knowledge that was refreshing, that we had thirty miles to go. In doubtful cases, however, I never trust to a single informant; and this was the result of my inquiries in passing through Knight's Valley:

Head of valley . . . . .	(to Napa City)	30 miles.
A mile further . . . . .	" "	27 "
Half mile . . . . .	" "	35 "
One " . . . . .	" "	45 "
One-fourth mile . . . . .	" "	40(1) "

After this, I gave up the attempt in despair, being satisfied that I was upon the right road, and that if the place could be reached, I should reach it. At Knight's, near the eastern end of the valley, we found a company of emigrants, who had just crossed the plains, and were hastening on, dusty and way-worn, to settle on Russian River. The men were greasing the wheels of their carts, while the younger children unhitched and watered the horses. The former had a sullen, unfriendly look—the result of fatigue and privation. An emigrant, at the close of such a journey, is the least social, the least agreeable of men. He is in a bad humor with the world, with life, and with his fellow-men. Let him alone; in another year, when his harsh experience has been softened by memory, the latent kindness of his nature returns—unless he be an incorrigible Pike. Nothing struck me more pleasantly, during this trip, than the uniform courtesy of the people whom we met.

Crossing an almost imperceptible divide, after leaving Knight's, we found ourselves in Napa Valley. The scenery wore a general resemblance to that of Russian River, but was, if possible, still more beautiful. Mount St. Helene formed a majestic rampart on the north; the mountain-walls on either hand were higher, more picturesquely broken, and more thickly wooded; the oaks rising from the floor of the valley, were heavier, more ancient—some of them, in fact, absolutely colossal—and fir-trees two hundred feet in height rose out of the dark glens. A wide smooth highway, unbroken by arroyos, carried us onward through Druid groves, past orchards of peach and fig farm-cottages nestled in roses, fields and meadows, and the

sunny headlands of the mountains. It was a region of ravishing beauty, and brought back, lovelier than before, the day-dreams which had haunted me in the valley of San José.

As the valley grew broader, and settlements became more frequent, we encountered the old plague of dust. The violet mountains, the golden fields, even the arching avenues of the evergreen oaks vanished in the black cloud, which forced me to close my eyes, and blindly trust to the horses. To add to our discomfort, we were obliged to pass drove after drove of cattle, each enveloped in almost impenetrable darkness. But my gallant blacks whirled on, in spite of it, and at sunset we reached a gate with the inscription "OAK KNOLL"—the welcome buoy which guided us into our harbor for the night.

Oak Knoll is the residence of Mr. Osborne, one of the largest farmers and most accomplished horticulturists in California. His ranche of 1600 acres is on the western side of the valley, four miles north of Napa City. It is a princely domain, as it comes from the hands of Nature, and its owner has sufficient taste not to meddle unnecessarily with her work. The majestic oaks she has nurtured for centuries form a splendid irregular avenue for the carriage-road to his house, which stands upon the mound she placed for it, sheltered by the mountains behind, and overlooking the valley in front—no glaring mass of brick, or Grecian temple with a kitchen attached, but a quaint wooden structure, full of queer corners and gables, which seemed to have grown by gradual accretion. Its quiet gray tint, framed in dark green foliage, was a pleasant relief



to the eye, after looking on the dazzling colors of the fields and hills.

After riding to Napa City and back again to Oak Knoll in the misty night-air, I felt satisfied with the day's work -- twelve miles of mountain-climbing, fifty-five in a vehicle, and one lecture (equal, under the circumstances, to fifteen more!). The next evening, however, was appropriated to San Francisco, involving another journey of nearly equal extent. So, with the first streak of dawn, I tore my bruised body from the delicious embrace of the bed, and prepared to leave the castle. The steamer to San Francisco left Napa on alternate days, and Tuesday was not one of them. There was no other way, then, but to drive to Benicia, cross the Straits of Carquinez, take a fresh team to Oakland, and catch the last ferry-boat across the Bay. It was a difficult undertaking, but it was *possible*. Mr. Osborne, to whom there is no such word as "fail," started us off with a cheering prediction and a basket of his choicest fruit. The five dusty miles to Napa City soon lay behind us, and I left my Petaluma team at a livery stable, in good condition.

The distance to Benicia was estimated at twenty-two miles. It was necessary that I should reach there by eleven o'clock, as the ferry-boat only makes a trip every two hours. I asked for a two-horse buggy and driver, which the stable-keeper refused, on the ground that there was no use for it. A less expensive team would do the business. He produced a tall, clean-limbed dun mare, which he said would "put you through." I could drive, myself, and leave the team in Benicia. Ten dollars. There was really no time to make any other arrangement, so I acquiesced—wondering why it

is that the liverymen in California always prefer to let you drive to your destination, and then go to the trouble of sending for the team. I never obtained a driver—though I always offered to pay especially for one—without reluctance.

It was half-past eight when we were fairly seated and in motion. Napa City, by daylight, resembles any young Western “city”—which means, a very moderate specimen of a village. There were two or three blocks of low houses, brick and frame, ambitiously stuck against each other, so as to present a metropolitan appearance—outside of these a belt of frame cottages inserted in small garden-plots, with here and there the ostentatious two-story residence of the original speculator and the “head-merchant,” surmounted by a square pigeon-box, called an “observatory”—we all know how such a place looks. The population is about eight hundred, and not likely to increase very fast, as the region supplied from this point does not extend beyond the valley. Just below the town, Napa Creek terminates in a tide-water slough, which enters the Bay of San Pablo near Mare Island, forming a channel for vessels of light draught. Tulé swamps, forming at first narrow belts on both sides of this slough, gradually widen as you descend the valley until, at its mouth, they usurp nearly the whole of its surface.

It was impossible to lose the road, I was told. I therefore drove on boldly, occupied with getting the dun mare gradually warmed up to her best speed, until I noticed that we had entered a lateral valley, which lost itself in a deep cañon between two mountains to the eastward. The road was broad and well-travelled; but after proceeding two

miles, it split into several branches. I began to suspect that we were on the wrong trail, and therefore hailed two women who were washing clothes near a shanty. They pointed to the main branch, which, I could see, climbed the mountain, assuring me that it was the road to Suscol—the first stage on the way to Benicia. The broad slope of the mountain was covered with a stream of lava, from an eruption thousands of years ago. The rough blocks had been cleared away from the road, but the ascent was still very toilsome. Twisted live-oaks partly shaded the highway; above us towered the mountain, bare and yellow, while the cañon, on our left, sank suddenly into a gulf of blue vapor. It was a singularly wild and picturesque spot, and I marvelled that my friends had made no mention of it.

From the summit we had a prospect of great beauty. All Napa Valley, bounded to the west by the range which divides it from Sonoma, lay at our feet—the transparent golden hue of the landscape changing through lilac into violet as it was swallowed up in the airy distance. The white houses of the town gleamed softly in the centre of the picture. I gave our animal but a short breathing-spell, and hurried on, expecting to find a divide, and a valley beyond, opening southward toward the Straits of Carquinez. I was doomed, however, to disappointment. There was no divide; the road became very rough and irregular, with side-hill sections, as it wound among the folded peaks. We passed the shanty of a settler, but nobody was at home—the tents and wagons of an emigrant party, deserted, although recently-washed shirts and petticoats hung on the bushes; and, to crown all, no one was abroad in the road

Presently, side-trails began to branch off into the glens; the main trail, which I kept, became fainter, and finally,—two miles further—terminated altogether in front of a lonely cabin!

A terrible misgiving seized me. To miss one's way is disagreeable under any circumstances; but to miss it when every minute is of value, is one of those misfortunes which gives us a temporary disgust toward life. I sprang from the buggy, halloed, tried the doors—all in vain. "O ye generation of vipers!" I cried; "are ye never at home?" Delay was equally impracticable; so I turned the horse's head, and drove rapidly back. A boy of eighteen, who came down one of the glens on horseback, thought we were on the right road, but wasn't *sure*. At last I espied a shanty at a little distance; and, leaving the buggy, hastened thither across a ploughed field, taking six furrows at a stride. A homely woman, with two upper teeth, was doing some washing under a live-oak. "Which is the road to Benicia?" I gasped. "Lord bless you!" she exclaimed, "where did you come from?" I pointed to the cañon. "Sakes alive! that's jist right wrong! Why didn't you keep to the left? Now you've got to go back to Napa, leastways close on to it, and then go down the valley, folerin' the telegraph poles."

Talk of a "sinking of the heart!" My midriff gave way with a crash, and the heart fell a thousand leagues in second. I became absolutely sick with the despairing sense of failure. Here we were, in the mountains, seven miles from Napa, all of which must be retraced. It was a doubtful chance whether we could reach Benicia in season for the

next ferry-boat, at 1 P. M.—and then, how were we to cross the mountains to Oakland (twenty-five miles) by 5 P. M. ? It had been my boast that I *always* kept my appointments. During the previous winter I had lectured 135 times in six months without making a failure. I had ridden all night in a buggy, chartered locomotives, spent, in some instances, more than I received, but always kept the appointment. I had assured my doubting friends in San Francisco that nothing short of an earthquake should prevent me from returning in season: yet here I was, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, with sixty-six miles of mountains, bays and straits to be overcome! The merchant who loses half his fortune by an unlucky venture is a cheerful man, if his sensations could be measured with mine.

I do not know whether other lecturers experience the same weight of responsibility. If they do, there is no more anxious and unhappy class of men. The smallest part of the disappointment, in case of failure, falls upon the lecturer himself. In the first place, the evening has been chosen by the association which engages him, with a nice regard to pecuniary success. Nothing else must interfere, to divide the attendance of the public. In the second place, five hundred, or a thousand, or three thousand people, as the case may be, hurry their tea, or decline invitations, or travel many miles, in order to attend; they “come early to secure good seats,” wait an hour or two—the dreariest of all experiences—and then go home. It is no agreeable sensation to be responsible for the disappointment of one individual: multiply this by a thousand, and you will have the sum total of my anxiety and distress.



Back again, through the wild cañon; down the steep, whence the landscape, so sunny before, now looked dark and wintry; over the bed of lava; across the bottom-land and over the hill we went—until, just in the outskirts of Napa City, we found the telegraph poles and a broad road leading down the valley. Two hours and a half were still left us for the twenty-two miles. The dun mare was full of spirit, and I began to pluck up a little spirit also. Rolling along over low, treeless hills, we reached Suscol (five miles) in half an hour. The dun mare whisked her tail and stretched out her head; her hoofs beat a lively tattoo on the hard, dry soil, as she trotted off mile after mile, without a break. A cool wind blew up from the bay, bringing us balsam from the fields, and the ride would have been glorious, if we could have enjoyed it. A carriage travelling the same way enveloped us in dust. I submitted to this, as we were approaching the town of Vallejo, opposite Mare Island, by avoiding which we could save a mile or more, and I had a presentiment that the carriage was bound for Benicia. True enough, it struck into an open trail; I followed, and in fifteen minutes found myself on the main road to Benicia. For this service I thanked the travellers, by pushing ahead and giving them clouds of dust to swallow. The straits of Carquinez lay on our right, sparkling in the sun. The road crossed the feet of the bare, yellow hills, upon which the sun beat with culinary force; flecks of foam gathered on the mare's hide, but she still stepped out merrily, and at a quarter before one we were in Benicia.

The ferry-boat, I found, did not leave before half-past

one, and consumed half an hour in crossing the Strait to Martinez. This left me but three hours and a half for the journey thither to Oakland. Clearly it would be impossible to make the trip over the mountains in a vehicle—but it might be done on horseback. I therefore decided to leave my wife in Benicia (whence she could reach San Francisco by the evening boat from Sacramento) and try my further luck alone. Having telegraphed to San Francisco that if I should not arrive in the last boat from Oakland, it was to be specially sent back for me, regardless of expense, there was nothing further to be done. Dinner was upon the table at the hotel, but although I had driven forty-one miles since breakfast, I found it impossible to eat.

While waiting at the pier for the ferry-boat, a man came up hastily, saying :

“Have you heard the news? Broderick is killed!” “What?” “When?” “How?” rang on all sides. “This morning—there is a telegraphic dispatch—Judge Terry shot him. Broderick is dead, and Terry has run away!” “Well,” said one of the bystanders, “it’s no more than was expected.” This was true, in fact. I had already, a dozen times, at least, heard the prediction: “Broderick will be killed after the election is over.” I do not suppose that there was really anything like a conspiracy to that end, as his friends afterwards charged; but from the virulence which marked the campaign, a series of duels was anticipated, in one of which he would probably fall. No man in California had warmer friends or bitterer enemies.

The boat was delayed by taking on board a herd of cattle, and it was a quarter past two before I landed at Mar

tinez. I hastened up the long pier, and up the hot village street, until I discovered a livery stable. The keeper was lounging indolently in the shade, and the horses seemed to be dozing in their stalls. "Can I magnetize this repose, and extract speed from it?" was the question I put to myself; whereupon the following dialogue ensued:—

"I must reach Oakland in time for the last boat for San Francisco. Give me two fast saddle-horses and a guide."

"It can't be done!" (with a lazy smile.)

"It *must* be done! What is the shortest time you have done it in?"

"Four hours."

"How much do you get—two horses and a man?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"You shall have twenty-five—saddle the horses immediately."

"There's no use in taking saddle-horses—a two-horse buggy will get along faster."

"Get it then! Instantly! Don't lose a second!"

He was magnetized at last. The pass which I made over the region of his pocket, subjected him to my will. Hostlers, horses, and vehicles, were magnetized, also. There was running hither and thither—examination of bolts, buckling of straps, comparison of horses—chaotic tumult burst out of slumber. At half-past two I jumped into the buggy. We had exactly three hours in which to make a journey of twenty-five miles, by a rough road, crossing a mountain range two thousand feet high. The horses were small, not handsome, but with an air of toughness and

courage: the driver had the face of a man who possesses a conscience. These were encouraging signs. My spiritual mercury immediately rose to fifteen degrees above zero.

It was hard, though, to sit still while we drove moderately up the hot glen behind Martinez, waiting for the horses to get the requisite wind and flexibility of muscle. I quieted my restless nerves with a cigar, sufficiently to enjoy the Arcadian beauty of the scenery. Clumps of evergreen oak, bay, and sycamore, marked the winding course of the stream; white cottages, embowered in fig-trees, nestled at the foot of the hills, every opening fold of which disclosed a fresh picture; and to the eastward towered, in airy purple, the duplicate peak of Monte Diablo. Out of this glen we passed over low hills into another, and still another, enjoying exquisite views of the valleys of Pacheco and San Ramon, with Suisun Bay in the distance. The landscapes, more contracted than those of Napa and San José, had a pastoral, idyllic character, and I was surprised to find how much loveliness is concealed in the heart of mountains which, as seen from the Bay, appear so bare and bleak. Scarcely any portion of the land was unclaimed. Farm succeeded to farm, and little villages were already growing up in the broader valleys.

The afternoon sun burned our faces, though a light breeze tempered the heat enough to allow our horses to do their best. I urged upon the driver the necessity of making all he could at the start, and evaded his inquiries with regard to the time. This plan worked so well that we reached a village called Lafayette, thirteen miles from Martinez, in one hour and ten minutes. Here we watered

the horses, and I lighted a fresh cigar. The mercury had risen to 32°. Beyond this extended a wild, winding valley, some three or four miles in length, to the foot of the high range. The hills shut us in closely: settlements became scanty, and at last we entered a narrow gorge, through which the road had been cut with much labor. A clear brook murmured at the bottom; bay-leaves scented the air, and climbing vines fell over us in showers, from the branches of the trees. Through the dark walls in front rose the blue steep of the mountain which we were obliged to scale. The roughness of the road and the chance of being stopped by meeting another team could not wholly spoil my delight in the wild beauty of this pass.

Now we grappled with the bare mountain-side, up which the road zigzagged out of sight, far above. Of course, it was impossible for the horses to proceed faster than a walk, and the lingering remnants of my anxiety were lost sight of in the necessity of preserving the equilibrium of our vehicle on those sidelong grades. We leaned, first to the right and then to the left, changing at every turn, to keep our wheels upon the slippery plane, until the shoulder of the range was surmounted, and we saw the comb about half a mile distant. From the summit we looked down, as from the eaves of a house, into the throat of a precipitous cañon which yawned below us. Between its overlapping sides glimmered, far away, a little triangle of the Bay of San Francisco. Now, let us see how much time is left to reach the shores of that blue vision? Fifty-five minutes! The mercury immediately sank to 10°.

What a plunge it was until we reached the bottom of the



summit-wall, where the first springs gushed forth!—and how the horses held back, with our weight pressing upon them, was more than I could understand. The narrow cañon then received us, and the horses, as if maddened with the previous restraint, dashed recklessly down the shelving road, which, as it crossed from one side to the other, back and forth, obliged us to fling our weight always on the uppermost wheels. From the rapidity of their descent, a little jolt would have been sufficient to have hurled us over into the bed of the stream. The excitement of the race made us perfectly regardless of the danger: there was even a keen sense of enjoyment, to me, in the mad, reckless manner in which we turned the sharp corners of the ravine, or spun along brinks where the pebbles, displaced by our wheels, rattled on stones twenty feet below. Neither of us said a word, but held fast for life, flinging our bodies half out of the vehicle as the road shifted sides. There was *one* fear hanging over us, but we no more mentioned it than the Alpine traveller would shout under the poised avalanche which the sound of his voice might start from its bed.

Corner after corner was passed; the horizon of the Bay, seen through the gap in front, sank lower, and the intervening plain glimpsed nearer. Then a house appeared—lo! the end of the cañon, and in fifteen minutes from the top we had made the descent of more than two miles! We both, at the same instant, drew a long, deep breath of relief, and the driver spoke out the thought which was in my own mind. “That’s what I was afraid of,” said he, without further explanation. “So was I,” was my answer. “I didn’t say a word about it, for fear talking of it would make it

happen—but think, if we had met another team on the way down!” “But we *didn't*,” I shouted; “and now we'll catch the boat! And my thermometer stands at 90°—and the world is beautiful—and life is glorious—and all men are my brethren!” He smiled a quiet, satisfied smile, merely remarking: “I thought I'd do it.”

The remaining trot of five miles over the plain was child's play, compared with what we had done. When our smoking and breathless horses were pulled up on the steamboat pier at Oakland, there were just eight minutes to spare! We had made the trip from Martinez in *two hours and fifty-two minutes*—the shortest time in which it had ever been accomplished. The bystanders, to whom my driver triumphantly proclaimed his feat, would not believe it. I paid the stipulated twenty-five dollars with the greatest cheerfulness—every penny of it had been well earned—jumped aboard the ferry-boat, and threw myself on one of the cabin sofas with an exquisite feeling of relief. The anxiety I had endured through the day wholly counteracted the fatigue of the journey, and the excitement continued without the usual reaction. When we reached San Francisco, at seven o'clock, I found my friends waiting for me on the pier. They had arranged to send the boat back in case I should not arrive, which would have cost one hundred dollars.

Fortifying myself with repeated doses of strong coffee (for there was no time to get dinner), I made my appearance on the rostrum at the appointed hour. My face was baked and blistered by the sun, and my lungs somewhat exhausted by the day's labors, but I went through the discourse of an hour and a half with very little more than the

usual fatigue. At the close, when I felt inclined to congratulate myself a little, I was rather taken aback by my friends, who seeing my fiery face, and knowing nothing of the day's struggle, exclaimed, with wicked insinuation: "You have been dining out this evening!" At ten o'clock, my wife arrived in the Sacramento boat, and our supper at the Oriental was a happy finis to the eventful day.

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### 5.—THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

BEFORE completing my engagement at San Francisco, I had already made arrangements for a lecturing tour through the interior of the State. Literary associations are few in California: the prosperity of the mining towns is, in general, too precarious—their population too shifting—to encourage the growth of permanent institutions of this character; and the lecturer, consequently, misses the shelter and assistance to which he has been accustomed at home. He must accept the drudgery along with the profit. I confess that, after my previous experience, the undertaking was not tempting; but while it was incumbent upon me to visit the mining regions before leaving California, it was also prudent to make the visit (such is human nature!) pecuniarily advantageous. For Sacramento and the mountain-towns, I secured the services of Mr. E——, news-agent, as *avant-coureur*, hirer of theatres, poster of placards, and distributor of complimentary tickets.

This arrangement took the drudgery of the business

off my hands, it is true; but, at the same time, it brought me before the public in a new and less agreeable character. No longer the invited guest of societies—no longer introduced to audiences by the presidents thereof—I fell to the level of itinerant phrenologists and exhibitors of nitrous oxide gas: nay—let me confess it—I could no longer look down upon the Ethiopian minstrel, or refuse to fraternize with the strolling wizard. It did not surprise me, therefore, that the principal of a classical academy, in a town which shall be nameless, not only refused to hear me, but denied permission to his scholars. “He is an author!” exclaimed this immaculate pedagogue; “yet he degrades his calling by thus appearing before the public. I have too much respect for authors to countenance such degradation!”

My lecture in Sacramento was to take place on Saturday, and my friend, Judge Hastings, of Benicia, arranged for the previous evening at the latter place. Preparing ourselves, therefore, for a month’s journey, we left San Francisco in the afternoon boat.

About twenty-five miles from the Golden Gate, the Bay of Pablo terminates, and we enter the Straits of Carquinez, which connect it with Suisun Bay, the reservoir of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, lying beyond the Coast Range. These straits are from six to seven miles in length, with a breadth varying from half a mile to four miles. With their bold shores, and their varying succession of bays and headlands on either side, they have been compared to the Bosphorus—which, indeed, they surpass in natural beauty. When the hills, folding together in softly-embracing swells, which give the eye a delight

like that of perfect music to the ear, and now draped in gilded velvet as the sunset strikes along their sides, shall be terraced with gardens of never-fading bloom—when, besides the live-oak, the dark pillars of the cypress, the umbelliferous crowns of the Italian pine and the plummy tufts of the hardy Chinese palm shall flourish in their sheltering arms, and when mansion on mansion shall line the water's edge, with balconies overhanging the tide, and boats tossing at the marble steps—then the magnificent water-street which leads from Constantinople to the Euxine will find itself not only rivalled, but surpassed.

As the sun went down, in a blaze of more than Mediterranean beauty, we reached Benicia. In 1849, many persons actually supposed that this place would become the commercial metropolis of the Pacific, and speculation raged among the lots staked out all over its barren hills. Vessels of the largest tonnage could lie close to the shore, said they—forgetting that it was possible to build piers at San Francisco. There was a fine back-country—as if all California were not the back-country of its metropolis! In fact, there was no end to the arguments (especially if you owned a lot) advanced to prove that San Francisco must go down, and Benicia must go up! But Commerce is a wilful and a stubborn goddess. She pitches on a place by a sort of instinct, and all the coaxing and forcing in the world won't budge her a jot. Benicia was made the headquarters of the Army—but it didn't help the matter. Lots were given away, shanties built, all kinds of inducements offered—still, trade wouldn't come. It was made the State capital—but, alas! it is not



even the county seat at present. It is still the same bare looking, straggling place as when I first saw it, but with more and better houses, the big brick barracks of the soldiers, and the workshops of the Pacific Steamship Company. The population is about 3,000.

I have no doubt the failure of his plan broke old Semple's heart. Robert Semple, the lank Indiana giant—one of the first emigrants to California, and the President of the Constitutional Convention at Monterey—owned a great part of the land, and it would bring, he believed, millions of money into his coffers. He never spoke of San Francisco, but with the bitterest disgust. "Augh!" he exclaimed to me, as we once camped together in the Pajaro Valley; "don't mention the name: it makes me sick!" If this feeling was general among the speculators, there must have been a great many invalids in California about that time.

The superb, solitary mass of Monte Diablo, robed in the violet mist of twilight, rose before us as we landed at Benicia. Monte Diablo is a more graceful peak than Soracte: he reproduces the forms as well as the tints of the storied mountains of Greece. Like Helicon or Hymettus, he overlooks a ruin. At his base, on the shore of Suisun Bay, another metropolis was founded by Col. Stevenson, who commanded the New York Regiment sent to California in 1846. He called his embryo city (Heaven help us!) "New-York-of-the-Pacific!" Nature tolerates many strange names in our United States, but this was more than she could stand. In 1849, I saw three houses there; and *then*, one could not venture to laugh at beginnings. What was my joy, when I now beheld only *two* houses—one of them uninhabited—

and was informed that the shore was covered with the skeletons of musquitos which had died of starvation!

To keep my engagement at Sacramento the next evening, it was necessary that we should make the journey thither by land, a distance of sixty miles. After riding in a jolting stage around the great tulé marsh, to Suisun City, twenty miles off, I had the good luck to meet a gentleman who placed a two-horse team at our disposal. We were thus free to finish the journey on our old independent footing.

The day was cloudless, and intensely hot, and even the dry, yellow grass appeared to have been scorched off the cracked and blistered earth. Low undulations of soil rolled away before us, until the plain vanished in fiery haze, and the wind which blew over it was as the blast from out a furnace. At intervals of four or five miles, we found a settler's cabin, with its accompanying *corral* and garden, and a windmill, lazily turning in the heated gusts. Miles away on our right, a blue line of timber marked the course of the Sacramento River, apparently separated from us by a lake, dotted with island-like clumps of trees. Every distant depression of the plain was filled with the same illusive water. Newly-arrived emigrants, unacquainted with the mirage, often ride far out of their trail, in the endeavor to reach these airy pools. An accustomed eye has no difficulty in detecting them, as the color is always that of the sky, whereas real water is a darker blue.

After a steady travel of nearly five hours, the road swerved to the right, and ascended an artificial dyke, or embankment, which has been made with much labor, in order to raise it above the reach of the winter floods. At

intervals of fifty or a hundred yards, there are bridges, to allow passage for the water: and I think we must have crossed twenty-five of them in the distance of a mile. On either side were dried-up swamps of giant tulé. This causeway conducted us to the river-bank, which is considerably higher than the plain in its rear. Thence, for six miles, we followed the course of the stream—the road, deep in dust, winding among golden and purple thickets, which exhaled the most delicious fragrance, and under the arching arms of the oak and sycamore. It was a storehouse of artistic foregrounds. I know not which charmed us most—the balmy, shadowed sweetness of the air, the dazzling gaps of sunshine, the picturesque confusion of forms, or the splendid contrasts of color.

Four miles below Sacramento, we crossed the river on a ferry-scow, and hastened onward through Sutterville; for the sun was nigh his setting. A cloud of white dust hid the city, and lay thick and low all over the plain. Increasing in volume, huge, billowy eddies of it rolled toward us, and we were presently blinded by the clouds that arose from our own wheels. Of the last two miles of the drive I can say nothing—for I saw nothing. Often there was a rattling of wheels near me, as the strings of vehicles returning from the fair-grounds passed by; but the horses instinctively avoided a collision. I shut my eyes, and held my breath as much as possible, until there came a puff of fresher air, and I found myself in one of the watered streets of the city. Blinded, choked, and sun-burned, we alighted at the St. George Hotel, and were so lucky as to find a room. The city, like San Francisco, was altogether a different

place from the picture in my memory. Having been not only laid in ashes, but completely washed away by the inundation of 1853, not a house remains from the pioneer times. It was, in reality, only six years old—a fact which accounted for the light character of much of the architecture, and the unusual number of one-story buildings. The streets are broad, inflexibly right-angled, and prosaically named after the numerals, and the letters of the alphabet. The business portion of the city extends five or six blocks back from the river, and a greater distance along J, K, and L streets. Beyond this region, there are many beautiful private residences and gardens. The place is greatly admired by its inhabitants, but the uniformity of surface and plan made it appear tame and monotonous, after San Francisco.

The first thing I looked for, and totally missed, was the profusion of grand, ancient oaks and sycamores, which once adorned the streets. Every one had fallen—some destroyed in the conflagration, but the most part cut down, because they interfered with buildings, or dropped their aged limbs in a storm. Their place was miserably filled with rows of young cottonwoods, of astonishing growth, which cast alternate showers of down and sticky gum upon the garments of those who walk in their shade. I grieved over the loss of the noble old trees. Perhaps it was inevitable that they should fall, but it was none the less melancholy.

Sacramento is a cheerful, busy town of about 15,000 inhabitants, with a State-house which would be imposing if it were all one color, substantial churches and school-houses, a few flourishing manufactories, and drinking saloons innu

merable. It boasts the best daily paper in the State (*The Union*), the biggest hotel, and (being the capital) the worst class of politicians. It is a city whose future is *sure*, but whose character must necessarily be provincial. Its difference from San Francisco, in this respect, is already striking.

Hearing the sound of solemn singing in the street, on Sunday morning, I went upon the balcony. There was a crowd below, collected around a young man with a pale face and short-cut blonde hair, who was singing a Methodist hymn, in a clear, penetrating voice. After he had finished, he commenced an exhortation which lasted about twenty minutes, the crowd listening with respectful attention. At its close, a seedy-looking individual went around with a hat, with such good result, that some twenty or thirty dollars in silver were poured out on a stone at the preacher's feet. By this time, most of the ladies in the hotel were collected on the balcony. Casting his eyes upward, the preacher acknowledged their presence in a series of remarks rather courtly than clerical. He concluded by saying: "That distinguished traveller, *Bay-ard Taylor*, has also stated that, wherever he went, he was kindly treated by the ladies! When he visited the Esquimaux, in the Arctic Regions, the ladies received him with great hospitality; and even among the Hottentots, his friends were still—*the ladies!*" Not content with attributing Ledyard's sentiment to myself, he made that noble traveller guilty of a vulgarity. Ledyard said "*woman*," not "*lady*." After this, I can almost credit Miss Martineau's statement, that an American clergyman said, in one of his sermons: "**Whc**



were last at the cross? Ladies! Who were earliest at the sepulchre? Ladies!"

The State Agricultural Fair (then in progress) was held in a Pavilion, the erection of which, for this special occasion, was the boast of the city. It was a hall of brick, resting on a basement—two hundred, by one hundred and fifty feet in dimensions, and fifty in height. About seven weeks, only, were consumed in building it. The display of productions—agricultural, horticultural, mineral, mechanical, and artistic—astonished even the Californians themselves. Few of them had been aware of the progress which their State had made in the arts—nor, though familiar with the marvellous energies of her soil, could they guess how rich and varied were its productions, until thus brought together. Few of the annual fairs of our Atlantic States could have surpassed it in completeness, to say nothing of the vegetable wonders which can be seen nowhere else in the world.

Entering the basement, you saw before you a collection of carriages, fire-engines, saddlery, harness, furniture, and agricultural implements—all of California manufacture: blocks of granite and freestone, blue, white, and amber Suisun marble: statuary, cured hams, pickles, sauces, preserves, canned fruits, dried fruits, honey, oil, olives, soap butter, cheese, vinegar: twenty or thirty different varieties of wine: rows of bee-hives near the windows, which were opened, that the unembarrassed insects might go on with their work: rope, tanned hides, boots, clothing; in short, all the necessaries of life, and not a few of the luxuries. Coming upon a pile of green boulders—huge geodes of

malachite, you suspect—you find them to be water-melons walking down a glen, between rounded masses of orange colored rock, you see, at last, that they are only pumpkins, weighing two hundred and sixty pounds apiece! What is this silvery globe, the size of your head? Bless me, an onion! Are those turnips, or paving-stones? White columns of celery, rising from the floor, curl their crisp leaves over your head; those green war-clubs are cucumbers; and these legs, cut off at the groin and clad in orange tights, are simply carrots!

Again, I say, it is useless to attempt a description of California vegetables. The above comparisons suggest no exaggeration to those who have seen the objects—yet my readers this side of the Rocky Mountains will not believe it. Growth so far beyond the range of our ordinary experience seems as great a miracle as any which have been performed by the toe-nails of saints. I have been informed even, that some vegetables change their nature, after being transplanted here for a few years. The lima-bean becomes perennial, with a woody stem; the cabbage, even (though I should prefer seeing this), is asserted, in one instance, to have changed into a sort of shrub, bearing a head on the end of every branch! I believe no analysis of the various soils of California has yet been made. It would be curious to ascertain whether this vegetable vigor is mostly due to a fortunate climate, or to a greater proportion of nutriment in the earth than is elsewhere found.

The great hall was devoted principally to fruits, and presented a rare banquet of color and perfume. Green, lemon yellow, gold, orange, scarlet, pink, crimson, purple, violet

blue, and their mottled combinations, fairly made the mouth water from the delight of the eye. There were thousands of specimens, from gardens in the Sierra Nevada and gardens on the sea-coast; in Los Angeles, under the palm, and in Oregon under the pine. A fountain, at one end of the hall, played upon two enormous cubes of crystal ice—one from Nevada Lake and one from Sitka. The latter was so airily clear, that it would have been invisible but for the gleam of light on the edges. As an illustration of progress in California, the contents of the pavilion were doubly remarkable. Who so mad, ten years ago, as to have predicted this result? Who, now, can appreciate, without seeing it?

I must not leave Sacramento without speaking of the garden and nursery of Mr. A. P. Smith, a visit to which was the crown and culminating point of a glorious ride over the plain around the city. After dragging along through deep roads, where wagon-loads of straw had been scattered, to keep down the dust, we approached the American Fork, some three miles above Sacramento. There were various suburban beer-gardens, shaded with cottonwoods, and with long arbors of grape-vines to attract the Teutonic imbibers—all of them pleasant places, but tame and vulgar in comparison to what we were to see.

An avenue, lined with locusts and *arbor vitæ*, conducted us, finally, to some neat wooden cottages, the verandas of which were overrun with the scarlet-fruited passion-flower. A clean gravel road inclosed a circle of turf, in the centre whereof grew willow, locust, and pomegranate trees, beyond which extended a wilderness of splendid bloom. Behind

the house rose the fringe of massive timber which lines the American Fork. A series of stairs and balcony-terraces connected one cottage with another, and formed an easy access to the very roof-tree. A wild grape-vine, which had so covered an evergreen oak that it resembled a colossal fountain, pouring forth volumes of falling Bacchic leaves, stretched forth arms from the topmost boughs, took hold of the balconies, and ran riot up and down the roof, waving its arms above the very chimneys. Behind this Titanic bower were thickets of bay and willow, with a glimpse of the orange-colored river, framed on the opposite side, by as grand and savage a setting. From the top of the roof, the eye overlooked the whole glorious garden, the spires of the city, the yellow plain, vanishing in purple haze, and the range of violet mountains in the east.

I was curious to see what had been done toward introducing the trees and plants of other parts of the world into a climate so favorable to all, from Egypt to Norway. I found even more than I had anticipated. There, side by side, in the open air, grew the natives of Mexico, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, China, the Himalayas, Syria, Italy, and Spain. The plants were mostly very young, as sufficient time had not elapsed since the seeds were procured, to enable any of them to reach a full development; but the character of their growth was all that could be desired. To my great delight, I found not only the Indian *deodar* and the funeral cypress of China, but the cedar of Lebanon, and the columnar cypress of Italy, and the Orient. The exquisite Cape *ericas* and *azaleas* flourished as in their native air; the thready tamarack of Africa, the Indian-rubber

tree, the Australian *eucalyptus*, and the Japanese *camelia* were as lush and luxuriant as if rejoicing in their new home. In the conservatories, no artificial heat is required, except for the orchids and other tender tropical plants. What a vegetable splendor will California present in fifty years from now! I should almost be content to live so long, that my eyes might behold it.

Not less remarkable was the superior luxuriance which the growths of the Atlantic States exhibit, when transferred to the Pacific Side. The locust, especially, doubles the size of its leaf, and its pinnated tufts almost rival those of the sago palm. The *parolonia* spreads a tremendous shield; and even the evergreens, especially the *thuya*, manifest a new vitality. The rose is frequently so large as to suggest the idea of a peony, yet loses nothing of its fragrance and beauty. I never beheld a more exquisite bouquet of half-blown roses, than Mr. Smith's gardener cut for my companion. Great beds of violets, heliotrope, and mignonette, fairly ran wild, like weeds, and the lemon verbena became a bush, higher than our heads. The breezes fainted with excess of perfume as they came over this garden—the languid, voluptuous atmosphere of which can only be compared to that of the nutmeg orchards of Ceylon.

Mr. Smith related to me a curious fact with regard to the habits of fruit-trees in California. He uses no irrigation—in fact, finds no necessity for it. Seeing that the young trees thrived without interruption, during the long summer drouth, he was led to examine them closely, and discovered that every plant makes it the first business to send down a straight, slender tap-root, until it reaches the stratum of



moisture. Having once accomplished this, it feels secure, and devotes its energies to the visible portion of its body. I saw a pear tree, three feet high, which in one summer had thrust a tap-root *six feet* straight down into the earth, and no thicker than a knitting-needle! All plants appear to change in this respect.

And then comes the question—if plants change, wherefore not men? And if so, how? Or is the change only in the hidden roots of our character, not in the boughs and blossoms which we show to the world?

Travelling in California is very like what it was in the Atlantic States thirty years ago. The stage-coach, obsolete among us, is there a prominent institution. The various lines are very well managed, on the whole—the proportion of speed and safety being fully up to the old average. There are, however, three disadvantages—jolts, dust, and Chinamen. The amount of freighting done on all the principal roads speedily wears the best highways into holes and ruts; the hoofs of four horses, playing in a bed of powdered earth, raise volcanic puffs of brown dust; and unless you are on a hard plain, where there is a pick of tracks, and the wind abeam, you have your mouth jerked open as fast as you can shut it, and choked every time it is opened. Then the proximity of a greasy, filthy Chinaman, with his yellow, libidinous face and sickening smell of stale opium, is in itself sufficient to poison all the pleasure of the journey. I have often felt an involuntary repulsion when seated near a negro in some public conveyance, at home; but I confess I would rather be wedged in between two of the **blackest Africans** than be touched by one Chinaman. **I**

both cases, the instinct is natural and unconquerable; but on the score of humanity, the former race stands immeasurably above the latter.

I must plead guilty to a prejudice against the Chinese. If it were possible for human nature to be so thoroughly perverted that even the simplest, most general ideas of right and wrong should be transmitted from generation to generation in distorted forms, this phenomenon would be found among them. Of all people with whom I have become acquainted, they stand on the lowest moral platform—rather, indeed, on none at all: and when one once knows with what abominations their lives are filled, he sees, thenceforward, pollution in their presence. Those who have been in China will understand me—for many of the reasons of my dislike cannot be told. The Chinaman in California, it is true, is hardly treated; but it were better if he could have been wholly excluded. He has the one virtue of industry, and his cheap habits of life enable him to get a profit out of bars deserted by the white miners, and soil scorned by the white farmers. In this way, he adds something to the production of the State: he also washes, cooks, and serves in various menial capacities—but I doubt whether these services atone for the moral contamination of his presence. I have never found it more difficult to exercise Christian charity, than toward these *fungi* of a rotten civilization.

On leaving for Marysville, I avoided the three discomforts of stage travel, by securing a seat behind the driver. Rolling out through the watered streets of Sacramento, between shivering rows of dusty cottonwoods, which con

tinually drop their gum and tow on the promenaders, we speedily reached the American Fork. The color of these rivers, since the discovery of gold, has changed from a pure crystalline beryl to an opaque reddish-yellow, similar to that of pickled salmon. They are not only hopelessly polluted, but the earth brought continually down from above fills up the channel, changes its course, increases inundations, and year after year, so clogs the bed of the Sacramento that steamboat navigation—which is now feasible for one hundred and eighty miles above the city—threatens to be cut off altogether.

A balmy wind blew from the north, carrying the dust away from us, and the journey, in my lofty seat, with a free outlook over the vast landscape, was very enjoyable. At the Six-Mile House, our horses were watered, and the passengers brandied: at the Twelve-Mile House, the horses were changed, and the passengers whiskied. Our speed perceptibly increased after each halt, and ere long, the far line of oaks marking the course of the Feather River became visible. First, a pale-blue braid, tacked along the hem of the landscape, it gradually became an irregular flounce, cut into embayed scallops; and, finally, the very pattern on the golden ground of Nature's dress. The eye rested with double delight on those superb trees, after the monotony of the sun-scorched plain. The river flows in a more contracted bed than the American Fork, whence it is navigable, although the body of water is not greater.

A quiet, sleepy little place is the town of Nicolaus, on Feather river, twenty-five miles from Sacramento. Huge oaks, stretching their arms over the single broad street,

give it an air of rural repose. There is also a very comfortable inn, where we halted a few minutes, and the passengers beered or brandied. Owing to this fact, no doubt, the new horses were exceedingly spirited, and the four miles to Bear Creek were accomplished in twenty minutes. Over the hard, level road, through alternate belts of sunshine and shade, galloped the four fiery animals until we reached a spot which was to have been called "Oro," and would have been, if anybody could have been induced to settle there. A single house, on a knoll above the dry bed of Bear Creek, is all that is to be seen. This was formerly one of the many capitals of the State. A certain State Senator, who bought a ranche here, introduced a bill making it the seat of government. "Why," remarked another member, "there is no water in Bear Creek: how will steamboats get up to the place?" "Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed the mover of the bill, fiercely brandishing his cane; "I assure the House that *The Senator* can reach the spot every day in the year, and I will chastise you if you deny my word!" "The Senator" was a large steamboat, which plied between San Francisco and Sacramento. Thereupon the other apologized, withdrew his remark, and the bill passed. The ranche was immediately staked into lots, and the possessor realized some forty or fifty thousand dollars by the sale thereof.

Summer came, Bear Creek dried up, and the humbug was seen by everybody. "What did you mean by saying that *The Senator* could get here every day in the year?" exclaimed the indignant purchasers. "Why," coolly answered the ex-Senator, "it is true: the Senator who



contradicted me *can* get here at any time—what is to hinder him? I never said a *steamboat* could do it!" Having thus reconciled the swindle to his conscience, the gentleman prudently retired from California. This was told me by two fellow-passengers, while passing the spot.

As it drew toward noon, the breeze fell, and the sun beat fiercely upon our heads. The temperature was at least 90° in the shade—which, for the 19th of September, was a fair degree of heat; though, as the driver said: "This here ain't a circumstance to the hot days in June." "How hot was it then?" I asked. "Why," said he, "120° in the shade." "Impossible!" "Well, it *was*, and more'n that. Lord! how the horses used to drop dead along this road! The leaves jist curled up in the heat, and the trees looked as they was ready to take fire. The wind blowed from the south, and you'd ha' thought a piece of hot sheet iron was held before your face. Why, the crows couldn't fly, but jist sot on the branches; and every now an then one would tumble off, dead as a hammer." "That's so!" said one of the passengers; "it was the awfulest heat I ever see. The ground burnt through your boots, and the sky was sort o' hazy, like the world was nigh bustin' into a blaze." These accounts were afterwards corroborated by others. The temperature must have equalled that of the Sahara—yet the effect upon human life seems not to have been so fatal as some of our "heated terms" on th Atlantic Coast.

The Sacramento Buttes—a curious isolated group of hills, which form a landmark for near a hundred miles up and down the valley—now rose blue and beautiful before us,



their craggy sides tinted with rose-color in the sunshine. From the topmost peak, which is about twelve hundred feet above the level of the valley, there is a wonderful panorama, in clear weather. The view extends from Monte Diablo in the south to the solitary Alpine cone of Shasta in the north, a distance of more than two hundred miles. Lovely little dells lie between the bases of the group; and the citizens of Marysville, only eight miles distant, are beginning to perceive the prudence of securing residences in a spot which combines so many natural advantages. Here, again, there is the basis for another Arcadian day-dream.

As we approached the Yuba River, the country became rolling, the road a fathomless bed of dust—yet this was disregarded, in the contemplation of the superb trees, studded with growths of misletoe, and hung with a gorgeous drapery of wild grape-vines. Where the land had been cleared, there were fields of Indian corn which surpassed anything I had ever seen. The average height of the stalks was not less than fifteen feet, and the size and number of the ears was in proportion. The brick blocks of Marysville now appeared in front, on the west bank of the Yuba, which we crossed by a lofty and substantial bridge.

Marysville is the best-built town of its size in California. At the head of navigation on Feather River, it occupies the same situation with regard to the northern mines that Stockton does to the southern, while the opening of Honey Lake and Pitt River valleys insure for it a more prosperous future. Its founder, Mr. Fall, who is still the largest proprietor, is one of the few men who made a lucky hit at the

start, and kept it. He was absent on a trip to Carson Valley at the time of my visit, and I regretted that I did not see his garden, which is one of the most beautiful in the State. Marysville has already a population of eight thousand. It is laid out in regular squares, the houses being mostly of brick, flat-roofed, and two stories high. The prevailing red tint is not agreeable to the eye; but this will probably disappear in the course of time. The situation of the town is very beautiful, the Yuba, in spite of its orange tint, being a lovely stream, not yet denuded of its timber, through the openings in which you see the far peaks of the Sierra Nevada.

My performances were held in the theatre, which was then vacant. Considering the fact that five or six hundred of the principal citizens were then in Sacramento, attending the State Fair, the attendance was very good, and I was gratified at seeing, in the gallery, quite a number of flannel-shirted miners. One circumstance puzzled me at first. After I had been discoursing for half an hour, several gentlemen got up and left. Presently, another party rose and retired in a body. Well, thought I, they are certainly bored: it is not the entertainment they expected: they have been accustomed to negro minstrels, and anything of a serious nature is tiresome to them. But, to my surprise, they all returned in five minutes afterwards, and sat quietly until the close. On stating this to a friend, he laughed. "Why," said he, "didn't you guess it? They only went out *for a drink!*" I afterward got accustomed to this practice, as it happened almost every night. The innocence with which it was

done amused me, although the interruption was annoying. I had serious thoughts of engaging waiters, in felt slippers, to attend, take orders, and bring to each thirsty auditor the drink he desired. In other respects, the Marysville audience was very agreeable—decidedly more warm and genial than in San Francisco, with an equally intelligent attention.

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### 6.—THE NORTHERN MINES.

I HAD made an engagement with a literary society in the town of Nevada, high up in the mountains, for the next evening; and it was therefore necessary to take a stage which left Marysville at three in the morning. The driver cruelly picked us up first of all, and then went around the town, in the cold morning starlight, calling for the other passengers. Two or three miners and traders and a Chinese woman entered—the latter surrounded with a hideous, jabbering crowd of countrymen, who yelled after her adieux which sounded more like curses. Then we drove off upon the dark plain, silent and uncommunicative for the first two hours. The dawn came as we were passing through the oak openings at the base of the foot-hills, and revealed to us the bearded faces and stalwart forms opposite, and the squat yellow figure on the middle seat, with her lantern, tea-kettle, paper-box, and various other articles, tied separately in dirty handkerchiefs. She looked around with a grin, cackled a few unknown words, and then proceeded to roll a cigar, strike fire, and smoke

Noticing my wife, she made a second cigar, and offered it to her. As this was declined, she took a small black cake in her harpy talons, and made a second attempt to be friendly. To refuse, without an open manifestation of disgust, was all that was possible.

By sunrise, we were toiling up and down a rough, side ling road, on the west bank of the Yuba. I looked with great interest for the first signs of gold-washing, and they were soon visible in the bare, yellow, devastated river-bed below us. Soon after entering the hills we reached Long Bar, a mining-camp which extends for some distance along the river. Wooden flumes, raised on tall tressels, brought water from some reservoir above to the diggings, where it fell into the sluices in which the earth is washed. The absence of any appearance of permanent settlement—the rough board shanties in which the miners live—did not give evidence of a great yield of gold. In fact, they were washing the same bars over for perhaps the fifth or sixth time. Every year some new deposit is struck, besides what is continually brought down by the winter floods; but the chances of great strikes are gradually lessened. These operations are now carried on by small companies of miners: individual labor, which was the rule in 1849, has almost entirely ceased.

The miners were just turning out of their bunks, and the doors of their shanties being open, enabled us to see how rude and simple are their habits of life. They lived, two or three in a hut, doing their own cooking and house-keeping. Some were washing their eyes, and combing their matted hair: some kindling fires in little stone ovens



others taking a morning draught at the "*Hotel de la France!*" and some few singing songs in the patois of the Canadian *voyageurs*. Rough, ruddy fellows they were, with any amount of animal health and animal appetites. Where culture is engrafted on such a physical stock, the fruit is—MEN.

Crossing the Yuba by a species of floating bridge, we climbed the opposite bank, and after winding among the red, dry-baked hills for a mile or two, reached Timbuctoo—a place which has recently grown into notice through the hydraulic mining carried on there. It lies in a narrow glen, down the bottom of which poured a stream of yellow batter, scarcely to be recognized as water after it has been employed in mining. The village consists of a single street, well-built, though wooden, and lively and cheerful to look upon. We only stopped to leave the mails, and then drove on, gradually ascending, to the Empire Ranche, two miles further, where breakfast awaited us. Fine oak-trees, a large barn and stabling, a peach-orchard, vineyard, and melon patch, were the first signs of permanent settlement we had seen since entering the hills. The breakfast was abundant and good, and there was a marked increase of social feeling among the passengers, afterwards.

Beyond this, the hills, which had been terribly denuded of timber, retained their original forests. The road crossed several spurs, and then entered a long, shallow cañon, up which we toiled in heat and dust. Blue mountain-ranges gleamed afar, through the gaps in the trees; the clayey water rushed overhead through the flumes, or fell in turbid cascades down the side of the hill, and huge freight teams



drawn by long strings of mules, occasionally blocked our way. It was a singular mixture of savage and civilized Nature. From the top of the cañon we descended three or four miles into Penn's Valley, a rich, circular tract of bottom land, studded with magnificent trees, and already mapped into farms, and fenced. Two miles beyond this is Rough-and-Ready, a mining camp in a very rich ravine. It had recently been destroyed by fire: half of it consisted of new, uninhabited shanties, and the other half of blackened embers.

Another hour, over a rolling, well-timbered region, two thousand feet above the sea, and crossing the brow of the hill, we saw a large town below us. Blocks of brick buildings, church spires, suburban cottages and gardens, gave it quite an imposing air—but war and tempest seemed to have passed over the surrounding landscape. The hills were stripped of wood, except here and there a single pine, which stood like a monumental obelisk amid the stump head-stones of its departed brethren: the bed of the valley was torn into great holes and furrows; and wherever the eye turned, it met with glaring piles of red earth, like redoubts thrown up in haste and then deserted. This was Grass Valley, famous in the annals of mining: and such are the ravages which the search for gold works on the fair face of Nature.

Descending into the town, we found macadamized and watered streets, and plank sidewalks, respectable hotels, theatre, express offices, and all other signs of a high civilization. Here the young woman called John (every Chinaman, male or female, is called "John" in California) left us. Mails were delivered, and we bowled along over

a broad turnpike to Nevada, four miles farther. The approach to the town, along the steep bank of a ravine, is very striking. The houses rise along the opposite bank, on both sides of a lateral ravine, sending out irregular arms up the hills, to the foot of a conical peak, called the Sugar Loaf, which overlooks it. But for the red brick, I should compare it to some Syrian city. Around it there is a barren, desolated space, full of yawning gaps, and piles of naked earth, with here and there a young garden interposed; and over all—like a raised rim to the basin in which it lies—a forest of pines. The place is a little larger than Grass Valley, having about four thousand inhabitants.

We found comfortable quarters in Mr. Lancaster's fire-proof tavern. The afternoon was devoted principally to repose, as my day's work had to be done in the evening. An audience of more than three hundred assembled in the theatre, which, as the tickets cost a dollar, was equivalent to double the number at home. With the exception of San Francisco, the attendance was the best I found in California. In character, the people resembled the communities of the Western States—genial, impulsive, quick, anticipative even. Professional talkers will understand how pleasant is an audience of this character.

Having expressed a great desire to get a sight of the central chain of the Sierra Nevada, Mr. Rolfe proposed an excursion along the main ridge, which runs parallel with the South Fork of the Yuba, up to the Truckee Pass. We started early the following afternoon, designing to reach a point some eight or ten miles distant, whence the highest peaks of the northern Sierra could be seen. Behind Nevada,

an admirable road, cut along the side of the mill, leads off in a north-eastern direction for two miles, gradually mounting to the summit of the ridge. The unbroken, primitive forest then received us. Pillars two hundred feet high and six feet in diameter, straight as a lance, and tapering as gracefully as the shaft of the areca palm, rose on all sides: far above mingled the tufted boughs, admitting only chance beams of sunshine, which struck in slanting lines of gold through the fragrant, shadowy air. The road was a rough, rutty, fathomless bed of dust, but elsewhere the dry earth was hidden under a carpet of yellow ferns. Where the ridge fell off on either side, the summits of the trees below formed an impervious canopy which shut out the distant view. We drove for several miles through the aisles of this grand natural cathedral, before which the pillared hall of Karnak and the aspiring arches of the minster of Cologne sink into nothingness. No Doric column could surpass in beauty of proportion those stupendous shafts. They are the demigods of the vegetable world.

Here and there we saw a small clearing, or a saw-mill—the blasphemous dragon which lays waste these sacred solitudes—or a tavern, patronized by the teamsters who traverse this road on their way to the upper diggings, near the source of the Yuba. Still further on, we were surprised by a fierce roaring sound, and the sight of scarlet gleams of fire, flashing out of the shades. The giant trunks stood scornfully in the midst of it, secure in their bulk, but the underwood and the dead boughs which had fallen snapped and crackled, as the flames leaped upon them. We drove through the midst of it, and, on a ferny knoll beyond, saw

whence it originated. A company of Digger Indians, half naked, lay upon the ground. They had been burning a dead body, and, according to their custom, had plastered their hair and cheeks with a mixture of pitch and the fat rendered out of the dear departed, as a token of sorrow. During the performance of this ceremony, their howlings and lamentations are frightful. Those whom we saw had completed their task, and had an air of stupid satisfaction, resulting from the consciousness of having done their duty.

The dust raised by our wheels was so fine, penetrating, and suffocating, that the excursion became a torture rather than a pleasure. We, therefore, relinquished the idea of going on to Gold Hill—a picturesque mining-camp on a terrace overhanging the river—and halted at a point where the ridge turns sharply to the south, allowing a wide outlook to the north and east. The view was vast in extent, grand and savage in character, yet monotonous in form, lacking the usual abruptness and picturesqueness of mountain scenery. Directly below us yawned the valley of the South Fork, at least two thousand feet deep. Opposite, rose a ridge similar to that on which we stood, dividing the South and Middle Forks—its summit presenting an almost even line, covered with dark forests. Over this a few higher peaks lifted themselves, in the distance; and still further, Pilot Knob and the other summits of the Sierra, beyond Downieville. Eastward the deep gorge vanished between vapory mountain-walls, over which towered the topmost heights between us and the Great Basin of Utah. The highest peaks were about ten thousand feet above the sea-level; yet, greatly to our disappointment, no snow was



to be seen. The unusual heat of the summer had denuded even the loftiest summits, and they stood bare and broken, of a pale violet color, like the dolomite mountains of Southern Tyrol.

Returning along the same track, we emerged from the forest just at sunset, and halted, involuntarily, at the wonderful beauty of the scene before us. The deep, trough-like glen down which our road lay, slept in shadow: at its mouth Nevada, with her encircling hills, burned in a flush of imperial purple light; while the mountains of the Coast Range, seventy miles away, were painted in rose-color, transparent against the sunset. I know of but one pencil capable of reproducing this magic illumination. In Spain, and Sicily, and Syria, I have never seen a lovelier effect of color. For a full half-hour the glow lingered, as if reluctant to fade away and leave to us the unlovely reality of shanties, shabby houses, heaps of dirt, and riddled and perforated hills.

While in Sacramento, I had received an invitation to spend an evening in Timbuctoo, and on my way to Nevada, completed the arrangements for visiting that unknown and mysterious place. It involved a journey of twenty miles over the road I had already travelled, and a return to Nevada on the following day; but as Timbuctoo is said to be the grandest example of hydraulic mining in California, I did not grudge the extra travel. Early on Monday morning we took saddle-horses, my companion being ambitious to gain experience in an art new to her. We had a pair of spirited animals—almost too much so, in fact, for such a sultry, stifling day—and got over the four miles to Grass



Valley in short order. Thence to Rough-and-Ready and Penn's Valley, all went well; but as the sun mounted higher, and the dust rose, and the unaccustomed arm wearied of the check-rein, the inspiration of the ride flagged, and never was haven more welcome than the Empire Rancho, two miles from Timbuctoo.

In the afternoon, Mr. Carpenter, to whom I was indebted for the opportunity of visiting the place, accompanied me to view the mining operations. A ridge about five hundred feet in height divides the glen in which the town lies from the Yuba River, and the whole of this ridge from the summit down to the bed-rock, contains gold. At first the washings were confined to the bottom of the valley, and to Rose's Bar, on the Yuba. After the richest deposits were exhausted, short drifts were carried into the hills at their base, and it was finally ascertained that if any plan could be devised to curtail the expense of labor, the entire hill might be profitably washed down. In this manner originated what is called hydraulic mining—a form of working, which, I believe, is not known in any other part of the world.

The undertakings for the purpose of procuring a steady supply of water through the dry seasons, commenced as early as 1850. It was found that the deposits of gold were not only on the river-bars, but that scarcely a valley, or glen, or dip among the hills, throughout the whole extent of the gold region, was barren of the precious metal. That these might be worked, the rivers were tapped high up in the mountains, and ditches carried along the intervening ridges, raised on gigantic flumes wherever a depression

occurred, from distances varying from fifteen to forty miles. Here was immediately a new field for enterprise. Water companies were formed for the construction of these vast works, and the ditches led so as to supply the greatest number of mining localities. The water is furnished at so much per inch—generally at very exorbitant rates—and is therefore a surer source of profit than mining itself. Nothing seemed to me more remarkable, in travelling through the gold region, than the grand scale on which these operations are conducted.

The ditch which supplies Timbuctoo is thirty-five miles long, and was constructed at a cost of \$600,000. Yet, on this capital it yields an annual dividend of at least forty per cent. Some ditches are still more profitable than this, and it may be said that none of them has failed to pay handsomely, except through mismanagement. One of the companies at Timbuctoo uses water to the value of \$100 every day. Near the end of the ditch there is a reservoir, into which the stream is turned at night, in order to create a reserve for any emergency.

Following a line of fluming along the top of the ridge, we presently came to a great gulf, or gap, eaten out of the southern side of the hill. A wall of bare earth, more than a hundred feet high, yawned below our feet, and two streams of water, pouring over the edge, thundered upon the loose soil below, which was still further broken up by jets from hose which the workmen held. After the water had become thoroughly commingled with earth, it was again gathered into a stream and conducted into a long sluice, in the bottom of which grooves of quicksilver

caught the scattered grains of gold. Nothing could be more simple than the process. The water of itself ate channels into the lofty wall of earth, and then pulverized and dissolved the dirt it had brought down. Commencing at the base of the hill, the soil has thus been gradually eaten away to the depth of two hundred yards, down to the bed rock, leaving a face exposed, in some places 150 feet in perpendicular height. The whole of the immense mass of earth which has been displaced has passed through the sluice, deposited its gold, and been carried down by the waste water to clog the currents of the Yuba, the Feather, and the Sacramento.

On the northern side, a similar process was in operation, and the two excavations had approached each other so nearly, that a few months only were requisite to break the back of the hill. Crossing the narrow bridge between, I approached the end of the ridge, and found myself on the edge of a third, and still grander work! Thousands on thousands of tons had been removed, leaving an immense semicircular cavity, with a face nearly 150 feet in height. From the summit, five streams fell in perpendicular lines of spray, trampling and boiling in cauldrons of muddy foam as they mingled with the loose dirt at the bottom. While I gazed, a mass of earth, weighing, at least, five tons, detached itself from the top, between the channels cut by two of those streams, and fell with a thundering crash, which made the hill tremble to its base. Another and another slide succeeded, while the pigmies below, as if rejoicing in the ruin, sprang upon them with six-inch jets from the hose serpents which coiled around the bank, and reduced the

fragments to dust. Beyond this scene of chaos, the water gathered again, and through the straight sluice—like a giant bleeding to death from a single vein—the mountain washed itself away.

It seemed a work of the Titans. When I saw what the original extent of the hill had been—how certainly the whole ridge, which rose so defiant, as if secure of enduring until the end of the world, was doomed to disappear—how the very aspect of Nature would be in time transformed by such simple agents as this trough of water, and those three flannel-shirted creatures with their hose—I acknowledged that there might be a grandeur in gold-mining beyond that of the building of the Pyramids.

Some fascination must be connected with this labor, or men would not trifle so recklessly with the forces they attack. Scarcely a week passed without some report of workmen being buried under the falling masses of earth. Though continually warned—though familiar with the danger from long experience—they become so absorbed in the work of undermining the slippery bluffs, that they gradually approach nearer and nearer; the roar of the water drowns the threatening hiss of the relaxing soil—down comes the avalanche, and, if the man's foot is not as quick as his eye, he is instantly crushed out of existence. In descending to the village, I followed two miners, taking a path which led downward, on the top of a narrow wall, left standing between the two excavations on the southern side. In some places, the top was not more than six feet wide, and the appearance of the loose, gravelly soil, dropping straight down a hundred feet on either hand, threatening to give

way beneath my weight, was not calculated to inspire confidence. Seven days afterward, the entire mass fell (fortunately in the night), with a crash that jarred the earth for a mile around.

In Mr. Carpenter's office, I found a choice collection of standard works—Ruskin, Coleridge, Emerson, Gœthe, Mrs. Somerville, and others, whom one would not expect to find in the midst of such barren material toil. I also made the acquaintance of a miner—a hired laborer—who had sent all the way to Boston for a copy of Tennyson's "Idyls," knew "In Memoriam" by heart, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Browning. One of my first visitors, on reaching San Francisco, was an old Oregon farmer, who called to know whether I had ever seen the Brownings—what was their personal appearance—what sort of a man was Tennyson, also Longfellow, Whittier, and various other poets. Verily, no true poet need despair—

" His words are driven

Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,

Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,

The birds of Fame have flown"—

and, also, where such birds have not flown. If I knew, as Tennyson does, that a poem of mine made an imprisoned sailor, in the long Arctic night, shed tears, I would smile upon the critic who demonstrated, by the neatest process of logic, that there was no veritable afflatus to be found in me.

The next day we returned to Nevada—my companion, much less enthusiastic than before, taking the stage, while



I galloped back with a led horse attached to my right arm. The day was overcast, with a presentiment of ill in the atmosphere. It was that anxious, oppressed, congested feeling, which Nature often experiences before a rain, when life looks cheerless, and hope dies in the soul of man. Anywhere else I should have laid my hand on *The Book*, and affirmed that rain would come—and even here, rain *did* come. I did not believe my ears, when I heard the pattering in the night—I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I looked abroad in the morning, and saw the dust laid, the trees washed and glittering, and the sky as clear and tranquil a blue as—no matter whose eye. We were to go to North San Juan, an enterprising little place on the Middle Yuba, ten miles off; and, in spite of bruised bones, there was no thought of fatigue. With the help of that exquisite air, we could have climbed Chimborazo.

This time, however, it was a light, open buggy and a capital black horse. I have rarely seen better or more intelligent horses than there are in California. Probably the long journey across the Plains sifted the stock, the poorer specimens dropping by the way, as many humans do, blood and character holding out to the end. Be this as it may, I made the acquaintance of no horse there to whom I would not willingly have done a personal favor. Merrily we rattled up the planked street of Nevada, around the base of the Sugar Loaf, past the mouths of mining drifts, and the muddy tails of sluices, and into a rolling upland region, about half stripped of its timber, where every little glen or hollow was turned upside down by the miners. After a drive of three or four miles, the blueness

of the air disclosed a gulf in front, and we prepared for a descent to the bed of the South Yuba.

It was a more difficult undertaking than we were aware of. The road plunged down the steep at a pitch frightful to behold, turning and winding among the ledges in such a manner that one portion of it often overhung another. Broad folds of shade were flung into the gulf from the summits far above, but the opposite side, ascending even more abruptly, lay with its pines and large-leaved oaks, sparkling, in the clearest sunlight. Our horse was equal to the emergency. Planting himself firmly on his fore-feet, with erect, attentive ears, he let us carefully, step by step, down the perilous slopes. With strong harness, there is really no danger, and one speedily gets accustomed to such experiences.

The northern bank, as beautifully diversified with picturesque knolls and glens as the rapidity of the descent would allow, confronted us with an unbroken climb of a mile and a half. Luckily we met no down-coming team on the way, for there was no chance of passing. At the summit, where there is a little mining-camp called Montezuma, we again entered on that rolling platform, which, like the *fjelds* of Norway, forms the prominent feature of this part of the Sierra Nevada—the beds of the rivers lying at an average depth of two thousand feet below the level of the intervening regions. Looking eastward, we beheld a single peak of the great central chain, with a gleaming snow-field on its northern side. Montezuma has a tavern, two stores, and a cluster of primitive habitations. The *genus* “loafer” is also found—no country, in fact, is so new that it does

not flourish there. Far and wide the country is covered with giant pines, and not a day passes but some of them fall. They are visibly thinning, and in a few years more, this district will be scorched and desolate. It is true young trees are starting up everywhere, but it will be centuries before they attain the majesty of the present forests.

Pursuing our winding way for three miles more through the woods, we saw at last the dark-blue walls of the Middle Yuba rise before us, and began to look out for San Juan. First we came to Sebastapol (!), then to some other incipient village, and finally to our destination. North San Juan is a small, compact place, lying in a shallow dip among the hills. Its inhabitants prosecute both drift and hydraulic mining, with equal energy and success. As at Timbuctoo, the whole mass of the hill between the town and the river is gold-bearing, and enormous cavities have been washed out of it. The water descends from the flumes in tubes of galvanized iron, to which canvas hose-pipes, six inches in diameter, are attached, and the force of the jets which play against the walls of earth is really terrific. The dirt, I was informed, yields but a moderate profit at present, but grows richer as it approaches the bed-rock. As each company has enough material to last for years, the ultimate result of their operations is sure to be very profitable. In the course of time, the very ground on which the village stands will be washed away. We passed some pleasant cottages and gardens which must be moved in two or three years. The only rights in the gold region are those of miners. The only inviolable property is a

"claim." Houses must fall, fields be ravaged, improvements of all sorts swept away, if the miner sees fit—there is no help for it.

The next morning, we drove back to Nevada betimes, in order to reach Grass Valley before evening. Before taking leave of the pleasant little town, where we had spent three delightful days, I must not omit to mention our descent into the Nebraska Mine, on the northern side of Manzanita Hill. This is as good an example of successful drift mining as can readily be found, and gave me a new insight into the character of the gold deposits. All the speculations of the early miners were wholly at fault, and it is only within the last four or five years that anything like a rational system has been introduced—that is, so far as so uncertain a business admits of a system. Hydraulic mining, as I have before stated, is carried on in those localities where gold is diffused through the soil; but drift mining seeks the "leads"—mostly the subterranean beds of pre-Adamite rivers—where it is confined within narrow channels, offering a more contracted but far richer field.

These ancient river-beds are a singular feature of the geology of the Sierra Nevada. They are found at a height of two thousand feet above the sea, or more, often cutting at right angles through the present axis of the hills, jumping over valleys and re-appearing in the heights opposite. One of them, called the "Blue Lead," celebrated for its richness, has been thus traced for more than a hundred miles. The breadth of the channels varies greatly, but they are always very distinctly marked by the

bluff banks of earth, on each side of the sandy bed. Their foundation is the primitive granite—upon which, and in the holes and pockets whereof, the gold is most abundant. The usual way of mining is, to sink a shaft to the bed-rock, and then send out lateral drifts in search of the buried river. The Nebraska Company at Nevada has been fortunate enough to strike a channel several hundred feet wide, and extending for some distance diagonally through the hill. Until this lead was struck, the expenses were very great, and a considerable capital was sunk; but now the yield averages ten thousand dollars per week, at least three-fourths of which is clear profit.

One of the proprietors, who accompanied us, was kind enough to arrange matters so that we should get a most satisfactory view of the mine. After having been arrayed, in the office, in enormous India-rubber boots, corduroy jackets, and sou'-westers, without distinction of sex, we repaired to the engine-house, where the sands of the lost Pactolus are drawn up again to the sunshine, after the lapse of perhaps five hundred thousand years. Here, my Eurydice was placed in a little box, from which the dirt had just been emptied, packed in the smallest coil to avoid the danger of striking the roof on the way down, and, at the ringing of a bell, was whisked from my eyes and swallowed up in the darkness. I was obliged to wait until the next box came up, when, like Orpheus, I followed her to the shades. A swift descent of six hundred feet brought me to the bed-rock, where I found those who had gone before, standing in a passage only four or five feet high, candles in their hands, and their feet in a pool of water.



Square shafts, carefully boxed in with strong timbers, branched off before us through the heart of the hill. Along the bottom of each was a tram-way, and at intervals of five minutes, cars laden with gray river-sand were rolled up, hitched to the rope, and speedily drawn to the surface. Following our conductor, we traced some of these shafts to the end, where workmen were busy excavating the close packed sand, and filling the cars. The company intend running their drifts to the end of their claim, when they will commence working back toward the beginning, cleaning out the channel as they go. Probably, three or four years will be required to complete the task, and if they are not very unreasonable in their expectations, they may retire from business by that time. We sat down for half an hour, with the unstable, sandy ceiling impending over our heads, and watched the workmen. They used no other implements than the pick and shovel, and the only difficulty connected with their labor was the impossibility of standing upright. The depth of the sand varied from three to six feet, but the grains of gold were scantily distributed through the upper layers. In one place, where the bed-rock was exposed, we saw distinctly the thick deposits of minute shining scales, *in situ*.

The air was very close and disagreeable, and the unrelieved stooping posture so tiresome, that we were not sorry when the guide, having scraped up a panful of the bottom sand, conducted us by watery ways, to the entrance shaft, and restored us to daylight. The sand, on reaching the surface, is tilted down an opening in the floor, and is instantly played upon by huge jets of water, which sweep

it into a long sluice. Here it is still further agitated by means of riffles across the bottom, and the gold is caught in grooves filled with quicksilver. Every week, the amalgam thus produced is taken out and assayed. The tailings of these sluices are frequently *corraled* (a California term for "herded" or "collected"), and run through second sluice, or turned into some natural ravine, which is washed out twice a year. In spite of this, a considerable percentage of the gold, no doubt, escapes. There is a gentleman in Nevada, who owns a little gully, through which runs the waste of a drift on the hill above. He had the sagacity to put down a sluice and insert quicksilver, thinking sufficient gold might be left in the sand to pay for the experiment; and his net profits, from this source, amount to fifteen thousand dollars a year.

The pan of dirt brought up with us, having been skilfully washed in the old-fashioned way, produced a heap of mustard-seed grains, to the value of five or six dollars, which was courteously presented to my wife as a souvenir of her visit. Those who predict the speedy failure of the gold of California, do not know what wonderful subterranean store-houses of the precious metal still lie untouched. The river-bars were but as windfalls from the tree.

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#### 7.—TRAVELLING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

SAN JUAN was the northern limit of our mountain wanderings. I then turned southward—having so disposed of my time, that a fortnight would be devoted to the mining

regions between the Yuba and the Stanislaus. Leaving Nevada on Thursday afternoon, we drove over to Grass Valley, where Mr. E—— had arranged for my discourse in the theatre that evening. I found that the announcement had been made with more zeal than modesty. When that gentleman asked me, before starting on his journey of preliminaries: "What shall I put on the posters in addition to your name?" I earnestly charged him to put nothing at all. "If the subject of the lecture will not attract auditors, I must do without them; and I shall never be guilty of blowing my own trumpet." I leave the reader to imagine my feelings, when, on entering Grass Valley, the colossal words, "The world-renowned traveller and historian!!!" stared at me from every blank wall. And so it was wherever I went. My agent's indiscreet zeal made me appear, to the public, not only as a monstrous self-glorifier, but also as arrogating to myself a title to which I had no claim. "The printers would have it so," was his meek excuse.

Grass Valley and Nevada, being only four miles apart, and very nearly of the same size and importance, are, of course, deadly rivals. Curiously enough, this fact was the occasion of some pecuniary detriment to myself. The circumstance was, at the same time, laughable and vexatious. In the evening, shortly before the appointed hour, a gentleman approached me with a mysterious air, and, after some beating about an invisible bush, finally asked, plumply: "Are you going to lecture to-night for the benefit of the Nevada people?" "What do you mean?" I exclaimed, in great astonishment. "Why," said he, "it is reported that

the Society in Nevada has engaged you to come here, ~~as~~ if on your own account, so that *we* sha'n't know anything about it, and they are to have the profits!" "What do you take me for?" I asked, indignant at such a mean suspicion; "but even if *I* were capable of it, the Nevada people are above such trickery." "Well," said he, "I will hurry out and correct the impression, as far as possible; for it is going to prevent scores of people from coming to hear you."

My next point was Forest Hill, a new mining camp, situated on the left ridge between the North and Middle Forks of the American River. The distance was more than thirty miles, over a very wild and broken portion of the mountains, and I was obliged to hire a two-horse buggy and driver, at an expense of \$35 for the trip. A miner from Michigan Bar, returning homeward, also joined us, and his knowledge of the road proved indispensable. We took an eastward course on leaving Grass Valley, crossing bleak, disforested hills, where the dust was frightfully deep and dry; then, approaching Buena Vista Rancho, plunged by degrees into the woods, where the air was cool and balsamic, and the burnt ground was hidden under a golden plumage of ferns. The road at last dropped into a linked succession of dells, which enchanted us with their beauty. The giant pillars of the forest rose on all sides, but here and there the pines fell back, leaving grassy knolls dotted with clumps of oak, or green meadows fringed with laurel and buckeye, or tangled masses of shrubbery and vines. There were also cottages and gardens, secluded in these Happy Valleys, where, one sighed to think, care, and pain, and



sorrow, come as readily as to the bleakest moor or the rudest sea-shore.

For four or five miles we drove merrily onward through that Arcadian realm. The blue sky shone overhead, the pines sang in the morning wind, the distant mountains veiled themselves in softer purple, and the exquisite odors of bay and pine, and dry, aromatic herbs gave sweetness to the air. Then the scene became wilder, a rugged cañon received us—a gulf opened in front—broken, wooded steeps rose opposite, and we commenced the descent to Bear Creek, the first of the valleys to be crossed. It was, however, an easy task, compared with that of the South Yuba. The road was stony and sideling, to be sure, but not more than half a mile in descent.

At the bottom was a bridge—useless in the dry season—with a toll of a dollar and a half at the further end. A ruddy, bustling woman, who kept the toll-house and accompanying bar-room, received us with great cordiality. Hearing the driver address me by name, she exclaimed: “Why, are you Mr. Taylor? Excuse me for not knowing you! And that is your wife, I suppose—how do you do, Mrs. Taylor? Won’t you have a bunch of grapes?” Into the house she popped, and out again, with a fine cluster of black Hamburgs. “Now then,” she continued, “since we know one another, you must come and see me often.” “With pleasure,” said I; “and you must return the visit, though it’s rather a long way.” “Oh, I don’t mind that,” she rejoined; “but you must stop longer the next time you come by”—which I readily promised. Really, thought I, as we drove away, this is fame to some purpose. How



friendly this woman became, as soon as she found out who I was! How much she must admire my writings! What a sublime contempt she has for time and space—inviting us to *come over often*, and visit her! My complacent reflections were interrupted by a chuckle from the driver “Well,” said he, “the old lady’s rather took in. She thinks you’re Mr. Taylor, that lives up t’other side o’ the Buena Vista Ranche!”

Regaining the summit on the southern side, we found a rolling country, ruder and more broken than that we had passed through, and in half an hour more reached a large mining camp, called Illinoistown. It was eleven o’clock, and we determined to push on to Iowa Hill, eight or nine miles further, for dinner. As we approached the North Fork of the American, a far grander chasm than any we had yet encountered yawned before us. The earth fell sheer away to an unknown depth (for the bottom was invisible), while a mighty mountain wall, blue with the heated haze of noonday, rose beyond, leaning against the sky. Far to the east, a vision of still deeper gorges, overhung by Alpine peaks, glimmered through the motionless air. We had an uninterrupted descent of two miles, and a climb of equal length on a road hacked with infinite labor along the sides of the steeps, and necessarily so narrow that there were but few points where vehicles could pass. It was not long before we arrived at a pitch so abrupt that the horses, with all their good-will, could not hold back; we alighted and walked, enjoying the giddy views into the abyss, which enlarged with every turn of the road. The muddy river was already in sight, and the bottom seemed not far distant,

when three heavy teams emerged from around a corner, dragging their slow length up the height. Our driver selected the widest part of the road, drove to the edge, and ran his near wheels into the outside rut, where they held firm, while the off portion of the vehicle dropped over the edge, and remained thus, half-suspended. There was barely space for the teams to graze past. We reached the bottom with tottering knees, and faces plastered with a thick mixture of dust and sweat.

The bridge-toll was two dollars—which, however, included a contribution for keeping the road on both sides in good repair, and was really not exorbitant. The road itself, considering the youth of the country, is a marvel. We found the ascent very tedious, as the horses were obliged to stop every fifty yards, and regain their wind. But all things have an end; and at two o'clock, hot, dusty, and hungry, we drove into Iowa Hill.

This was formerly a very flourishing mining town, but has of late fallen off considerably, on account of some of the richest leads giving out. In spite of a broad, planked street, hotels, express offices, and stores, it has rather a dilapidated appearance. At the tavern where we stopped for a dinner, the following notice was stuck up :

“CONSTABLE'S SALE.

“Fifty Chickens and Six Rose Bushes will be sold on Friday next.”

The guests' parlor was, at the same time, the sitting room of the landlord's family, and, while we were waiting for dinner, the hostess entered into conversation with my wife. “Why won't you stop here this evening?” she asked

"We are bound for Forest Hill," was the reply. "But you might as well stop; our theatre is empty, and everybody would go." Thinking she referred to my lecture, my wife answered: "The engagement was made at Forest Hill for this evening." "I wish I could go," exclaimed the lady; "I *do* like to hear concerts. You give quartetts, of course, as there are four of you. Is he (pointing to the driver) the comic one? What is your husband—tenor or bass? I'm sure you could get our theatre at a minute's notice. We haven't had no concert for a long while; and if there's fun, you'd have lots of people!"

We started again at three, as there were still twelve miles to be gotten over. A scene of truly inspiring beauty now received us. Emerging from the woods, we found ourselves on the brink of a deep, wild, winding valley, up which streamed the afternoon sun, tinting its precipitous capes and their feathery mantle of forests with airy gold, while the intervening gulfs slept in purple gloom. The more gradual slopes on either side were nobly wooded, with a superb intermixture of foliage. The road—broad, smooth, and admirably graded (costing, I am told, \$30,000)—wound around the hollows and headlands, sometimes buried in the darkness of oracular woods, sometimes poised in sunshine over the hazy deeps. Our journey across this magnificent valley was a transit of delight. There is nothing more beautiful anywhere in the Sierra Nevada.

Now, what do you suppose is the name attached to this spot? What melodious title enfolds in its sound a suggestion of so much beauty? It is called—conceal thy face, O modest reader! I write it with a blush mantling my

steel-pen, down to the very point—"Shirt-tail Cañon!" Palsied be the profane tongue that first insulted Nature by bestowing it! The story is, that the first miner, washing in the stream, with nothing on but his shirt, was seen by the next comers, carrying up his gold in the tail thereof, like an apron, regardless of appearances. Be that as it may this part of the Sierra Nevada has been made infamous by its abundance of the most condemnable names which a beastly imagination ever invented. A little further up in the hills is a mining-camp, called "Hell's Delight!" There is also "Bogus Thunder" not far off, and a village with the delicious appellation of "Ground Hog's Glory!" Hallelujah! what a field the future poets of California will have! Fancy one of them singing:

' When in Shirt-Tail Cañon buds the grove,  
And the larks are singing in Hell's Delight,  
To Ground Hog's Glory I'll come, my love,  
And sing at thy lattice by night!"

Or thus :

" My heart is torn asunder,  
My life is filled with pain ;  
The daughter of Bogus Thunder  
Looks on me with disdain !"

I have only given the most favorable specimens. There are some places, the names of which are current from mouth to mouth, but which, for obvious reasons, are never printed. Some of them are out-of-way camps, which will never become classic localities—but a spot of such remarkable beauty as the cañon we have just passed through (I will not repeat the name) deserves to be immediately redeemed

Let me suggest a title. I noticed a resemblance, in certain features, to a wild and beautiful valley in the Taygetus. Let it, therefore, be called "Spartan Cañon"—which will, at the same time, convey the idea of the original name to the classical traveller. I call upon ye, inhabitants of Iowa Hill, Forest Hill, Yankee Jim's, Mount Hope, and Hell's Delight, to accept this name (if you cannot find a better) and let the present epithet perish with the wretch who first applied it!

Toward sunset we reached Yankee Jim's—a very picturesque and cheerful little village, in spite of its name. Thence, there were four miles along the summit of a ridge covered with gigantic pines and arbor vitæ (the latter often 200 feet high), to Forest Hill. The splendor of the sunset-glow among these mountains is not to be described. The trees stood like images of new bronze, inlaid with rubies—the air was a sea of crimson fire, investing the far-off ridges with a robe of imperial purple—while dark-green and violet hues painted the depths that lay in shadow. The contrasts of color were really sublime in their strength and fierceness.

We wandered off the trail, and, before knowing it, found ourselves in the bottom of a weird glen, called the "Devil's Cañon." The dusk was creeping on; sheets of blue smoke, from fires somewhere in the forest, settled down between the huge, dark trunks; unearthly whispers seemed to float in the air; and the trail we followed became so faint in the gloom as barely to be discerned. I thought of the "Wolf's Glen," in *Der Freischütz*; and "Samiel, come! appear!" was on my lips. The only exit was by climbing a bank



which seemed almost perpendicular. By springing out and holding on the upper side of the vehicle, we prevented it from capsizing, regained the proper trail, and ere long reached Forest Hill. Mr. Webster, the express agent, kindly tendered us the hospitalities of his house—the repose of which was most grateful after our long journey.

Forest Hill is a charming little place, on the very summit of the lofty ridge overlooking the Middle Fork of the American, and at least three thousand feet above the sea. The single broad street is shaded by enormous pines and oaks, which have been left standing as the forest is thinned away. The hill is perforated with drifts, which run under the town itself; and, as they settle, will some day let it down—as recently occurred at Michigan Bluffs, where the people awoke one morning to find one side of the street five feet lower than the other. Forest Hill is a new and successful camp, and probably secure for two or three years yet. When the leads fail, it will fall into ruins, like Wisconsin Hill.

From a point near the village, we had a fine view of the main chain of the Sierra Nevada, dividing the waters of the American from Carson Valley. Pyramid Peak (which rises to the height of near twelve thousand feet) was clearly visible, with a few snow-fields yet lingering on its northern side. Directly opposite to us lay Georgetown, my destination for the night; but the great gulf of the Middle Fork intervened; and while the distance, in an air-line, was not more than five miles, it was ten miles by the bridle-path across, and *thirty* by the wagon-road which we were obliged to take. This will give some idea of the grand fissures by which this region is divided.

The journey from Forest Hill to Georgetown was so tedious, so fatiguing, and so monotonous, that I have no mind to say much about it. Our vehicle was an old-fashioned carriage, with seats about six inches apart. Being wedged in so tightly, we were doubly sensitive to the incessant furious jolts of the road; while, the day being intensely hot and still, the dust arose in clouds, which rarely allowed us to open our eyes. There were fifteen mortal miles of jolting down the gradually descending ridge to Murderer's Bar (another name!) and then fifteen miles up a similar ridge to Georgetown. Here and there, we had a pleasant bit of landscape; but generally, the scenery was tame, compared with that of the previous day.

Georgetown is one of the oldest mining camps in the State. I heard of it in 1849, although my trip did not extend so far north. The place has a compact, quiet, settled appearance, which hints at stagnation rather than progress. The hotel is a very primitive affair—the bed-rooms being simply stalls, divided from one another, and from the sitting-room by muslin partitions. The theatre is a bankrupt church: nothing seems to flourish except drinking saloons. Mining was at a low ebb at the time of my visit, and many persons had taken up gambling instead. Nevertheless, there are several jolly and genial gentlemen in the place, and its atmosphere of leisure was rather attractive to me than otherwise. After rising in season, next morning, for the journey to Placerville, I had the satisfaction of rousing the sleeping stable-men, and waiting a full hour in the growing dawn before they were ready with the vehicle. Across

the way was a drinking-saloon, in which a company of gamblers, who had been sitting there the evening before, were still plying their trade, with haggard faces, and blood-shot eyes. The law against gambling is quite inoperative in the mining districts, as the Maine Liquor Law, or any other statute repressing the coarse, natural appetites of men would be. The ruder the toil, the ruder the indulgence for which it pays. So long as the population of these places fluctuates according to the mineral wealth, and the moral influence which springs from a stable society is wanting, this must continue to be the case. I see no help for it. Men *will* have cakes, though stuffed with nightshade berries; and ale, though it be hell-broth.

It was fairly sunrise before we got away from Georgetown, and the temper with which I began the day's journey was not sweetened by the knowledge that I had lost an hour of precious sleep to no purpose. But the balmy air, the golden light, and the soothing flavor of a sedative herb worked their accustomed magic, and I reserved my discontent for the heat and dust to come. We travelled for six miles, or more, through a succession of pleasant little valleys, all more or less populated, and, consequently, ravaged and devastated by pick and spade. In place of the green meadows, set in circles of glorious forest, as in 1849, there were unsightly heaps of dirt and stones, and naked hill-sides, perforated with drifts, and spanned by lofty flumes, from which poured torrents of liquid mud, rather than water. Nature here reminds one of a princess, fallen into the hands of robbers, who cut off her fingers for the sake of the jewels she wears.

The passage of the South Fork of the American, which followed, resembled that of the other branches, on a smaller scale. Once on the summit, two miles across the flat top of the ridge brought us to the brink of a narrow, winding valley, in the bottom of which lay Placerville. Passing between rows of neat cottages, shaded with young cottonwoods, or embowered in trellises of passion-flower and Australian pea, we reached the business portion of the town—jammed in the narrow bed between the hills, compact, paved, and bustling—and halted at the Cary House. To travellers coming from Utah, who have lived ten days on salt pork, and drank the alkaline waters of Humboldt River, this hotel must seem a veritable Elysium; and even to us, who had had no breakfast, and were unconscionably hungry, it was a welcome haven. Clean, comfortable rooms, and an obliging host, seconded the first impression, and I did not so much wonder at the toughness of the meats, on learning that there is but one butcher in the place, who buys out or competitively ruins, all rivals.

The diggings around Placerville are among the oldest in California. The place was known, in 1849, as "Hangtown," but having become a permanent centre of business, and the capital of Eldorado County, the original name (suggestive of Lynch law) was very properly dropped. I cannot say, however, that property is much more secure than under the old *régime*. A few days before our arrival, the County Treasurer's office was broken into, and the public funds, amounting to \$8,000, carried off. Scarcely a day passed during our sojourn in the mountains, without our hearing of some store or express office being plundered.



and it did not once happen that the thief was caught. As the currency is specie (banks being prohibited by the Constitution), money is a serious embarrassment. Besides, it cannot be identified, if stolen. One result of this prohibition is, that many capitalists, having no secure place of deposit, bury their money until they need it. From one end of California to the other, coin is potted and put into the earth for safe keeping. Often, when a farmer wishes to make an investment, you may see him measuring so many feet from such a tree, at such an angle with such another tree, etc., until he has found the right spot, when he will dig you up five, or ten, or twenty thousand dollars. This is a phenomenon which I commend to the attention of political economists.

To return to Placerville. The sides of the hills around are scarred with surface-mining and penetrated with drifts, while the stamps of quartz-mills may be heard pounding in the valley. Ditches, brought from the river twenty-seven miles above, are carried along the summits of the ridges, where they not only furnish means for washing the dirt, but occasionally irrigate gardens on the slopes. The best placers, I was told, are exhausted, and mining in the immediate neighborhood of the town is rather precarious, at present. I was more interested in visiting the reservoir of the Water Company, on a height some three or four miles distant. The cost of the ditch, fluming, etc., was upwards of \$750,000. No idea can be formed of the immense labor bestowed on such works, along the whole range of the Sierra Nevada. There has been some wild engineering, it is true, and many of the works might have been con



structed at half the expense ; yet they are none the less an exhibition of the colossal enterprise of the new country.

In the afternoon, we paid a visit to a quartz mill, in a little ravine behind the town. The propelling power is steam, and the capacity of the mill twenty stamps, which will crush about one hundred tons of rock per week. These stamps are simply heavy iron *pounders*, lifted by the action of cogs on a main shaft, which turns behind them, and then allowed to fall on the pieces of broken quartz, which are fed in below. A stream of water flows constantly over the bed whereupon they fall, carrying away the powdered rock, after it has been reduced to sufficient fineness, over an inclined plane, at the bottom of which it is gathered into a sluice. The quicksilver then separates the gold in the usual way. No use, I believe, has yet been made of the refuse quartz-powder ; but I should think it might be profitably employed in the manufacture of stone-ware. The plan of working is the simplest that can be devised. In many places, the old Spanish *arastra* is still employed. This is a hopper, in the centre of which is an upright shaft, turned by horse-power, in the same manner as a cider-mill. From the shaft project two horizontal bars, at the end of which heavy stones are suspended, while the hopper is filled with broken quartz. By the turning of the shaft, the stones are dragged over the quartz, slowly crushing and reducing it. It is a tedious, but very cheap manner of extracting the gold.

## 8 —THE SOUTHERN MINES.

HITHERTO, my journeys in the Sierra Nevada had been entirely over new ground; but now, I was to revisit the field of my adventures in 1849. I looked forward with much interest to seeing again the bear-haunted woods, the glens where I had been lulled to sleep by the baying of the wolves, and where a chorus of supernatural voices sang to my excited imagination. The fresh, inspiring beauty of those scenes was still present to my eye, and I did not doubt that I should find them, if possible, still more attractive since the advent of civilization.

The first point to be reached was Jackson, the capital of Amador county, about thirty-five miles from Placerville. As it was a cross road, traversing the ridges at right angles, this was an ample journey for one day. We were obliged to start before sunrise, taking the Folsom stage as far as Mud Springs, whence, after a delay of an hour, another vehicle set out for Drytown. This interval we employed in getting breakfast, which, had quantity and quality been reversed, would have been a good meal. The table-cloth, from its appearance, might have lain all night in a barnyard, trampled by the feet of cattle; upon it were plains of leathery beef, swimming in half-congealed tallow, mountains of sodden potatoes and leaden biscuit, with yellow, stratified streaks of potash, and seas of black, bitter fluid, which—mixed with damp, brown sugar, and cold, thin milk—was called coffee. Satan would have rejoiced to see the good gifts of God so perverted. We starved in the midst of plenty. It was

“Victuals, victuals everywhere,  
And not a bit to eat.”

Presently the stage came along. It was a square-bodied machine, with imperfect springs, drawn by two horses. The seats were hard and flat, and covered with slippery leather. As Cowper says, “The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part;” and one was obliged to be on the look-out, lest he should find himself on the floor of the vehicle in descending the hills.

The country through which we drove, though at a considerable elevation above the sea, was comparatively level. It was sparsely timbered, and more brown and scorched in appearance than the hot plains below. Here and there, however, were some pleasant little valleys—still pleasant to the eye, though cruelly mutilated by the gold-diggers. Quartz-mills, driven by steam, were frequent; I could not, however, ascertain their proportion of success. I was struck with the great variety of opinion regarding quartz-mining among those with whom I conversed. I made it a point to ascertain the views of intelligent men, for the purpose of drawing juster conclusions. I found about an equal number of the sanguine and desponding. Some said: “The richest yield is at the top of the vein; it gradually runs out as you go downward”—while others affirmed, with equal certainty: “The gold increases as you approach the bed-rock; and it is very evident that quartz-mining will give a deeper return as the drifts are sunk deeper.” Most of them, however, considered the auriferous harvests of California as tolerably certain for the next fifty years.

After several additional miles, through the same torn and

devastated region, offering very little to gratify the eye, we reached Drytown. This is a village of four or five hundred inhabitants, in a district once famed for its rich placers. The only interest it had for us was, that it gave us a dinner and an hour's respite from our jolting stage-coach. Both these refreshments were welcome, as we still had ten or twelve miles to Jackson.

I now began to look out for remembered land-marks; but after a time gave up all hopes of recognising anything which I had seen before. In 1849, I had travelled this road on foot, plodding along through noble forests, which showered their suspended rain-drops upon my head, rarely catching a view of the surrounding hills. Now, the forests are cut away; the hollows are fenced and farmed; the heights are hot and bare; quartz-mills shriek and stamp beside the road, and heavy teams, enveloped in dust, replace the itinerant miners, with wash-bowl on back and pick in hand. The aspect of this region is therefore completely changed. Even the village of Amador, which I remembered as a solitary ranche, was no longer to be recognised. The changes were for the worse, so far as the beauty of the scenery is concerned.

After crossing Dry Creek, the road ascended a long, gradual slope, on gaining the crest of which, I cried out in delight at the vision before us. The level, crimson rays of the sun streamed through the hazy air, smiting the summits of the mountains with a bloody glow. In the valley, two miles off, lay Jackson, half hidden by belts and groups of colossal pines. High in the east towered the conical peak of The Butte, which *my* feet first scaled, and to which I

gave the name of Polo's Peak. In front, violet against the burning sky, was Mokelumne Hill and the picturesque heights around the Lower Bar—while far away, in an atmosphere of gorgeous color, we saw, or thought we saw, a pyramid of the Sierra Nevada. I knew the prominent features of the landscape, yet beheld them again, as in a dream.

My recollections of Jackson were of two rough shanties in the woods, where I tried to feed a starving horse on corn-meal, and afterward slept all night on a raw hide spread on the ground, beside an Indian boy. Now, in the falling twilight, we drove down a long, compact street, thronged with miners and traders, noticed the gardens in the rear, the church and court-house, and finally a two-story hotel, with a veranda filled with tropical flowers. As the sunset faded, and the half-moon shone in the sky, veiling whatever was peculiarly Californian in the appearance of the place, I could easily have believed myself in some town of the Apennines.

Midway between Jackson and Mokelumne Hill rises the Butte, a noble landmark far and wide through the mountains. On my way to the Volcano, in November, 1849, I climbed to its summit; and by right of discovery, conferred upon it the name of a brave old Indian Chieftain (Polo), who once lived in the neighborhood. I had hoped the name might remain, but was disappointed. It is now universally called the Butte (which means any isolated hill), and all my inquiries had no greater success than to ascertain that there was *one* man on the Mokelumne who had heard some other man say, years ago, that he (the other man) had heard it once called "Polo's Peak." My good



name (as I conceived it to be) is forgotten, while "Bogus Thunder" and "New-York-of-the-Pacific" still exist. Suck is life!

I was glad to find, however, that a tradition of my ascent is still preserved in the neighborhood. The summit is now a favorite place of resort for pic-nic parties, in the pleasant season. Not long ago, a romantic widow of Jackson made it a condition that she should be married there—which was accordingly done; clergyman, bride's-maids, friends, and refreshments all being conveyed to the top. There is no limit, however, to the eccentric fancies of brides. During the State Fair at Sacramento, a young couple succeeded in having themselves married on the platform of the great hall, in the view of two thousand people. While in Minnesota, I heard of a marriage behind the sheet of Minne-ha-ha. Fancy the happy pair standing with their feet in mud and their heads in spray, the clergyman yelling through the thunder of the fall: "Wilt thou have this man?" etc., and the bride screaming "I will!" at the top of her voice! Others have been married in the Mammoth Cave, on Table Rock, on the Washington Monument, in a balloon, for aught I know. Whenever I see such an external straining after sentiment, I always suspect an inner lack of it.

The next morning dawned warm and cloudless. Our day's journey was but eight miles to the village of Moke-lumne Hill, which we had seen the evening before, in the last rays of the sun, on the top of a mountain beyond the Mokolumne. I therefore hired a two-horse buggy, with a bright, intelligent driver, and we set out early, to avoid the noonday heat. After crossing some hills, which gave us

lovely views toward Polo's Peak, we entered a narrow cañon, winding downward to the river between steep acclivities. The road, which was broad and of easy grade, had been excavated and built up with great labor; ditches of sparkling water ran along the opposite bank, and groups of bay, evergreen oak, and manzanita rose warm in the sunshine. While we were heartily enjoying the wild, shifting beauty of the glen, the driver suddenly turned around to me, saying:

"You know this place, don't you?"

"I seem to recognise parts of it," said I, "but everything is so changed, since '49, that I could not be certain."

"Why," he exclaimed, "the people say you are the first man that ever went through this cañon!"

Looking more closely, and taking the bearings of the hill above Lower Bar and the Butte, I saw that it was in reality the same ravine up which I had climbed after leaving the river, supposing that it might be a shorter passage to an Indian trail beyond. The old, forgotten picture came back suddenly, as if revealed by some lightning-flash in the dark of Memory. There was the gusty November sky; the wild ravine, wet with recent rains; dark pines rising from its depths; suspicious clumps of madrono and manzanita, which might conceal some grizzly bear; and myself, in well-worn corduroy armor, slowly mounting the rocky bed of the stream. This circumstance, which I had wholly forgotten, had been remembered by others, and the descent of the cañon had a double enjoyment to me, after the discovery.

We came upon the Mokelumne River at Middle Bar, a

great bed of gravel and sand, now almost deserted, except by a few Chinamen in huge umbrella hats, who were foraging here and there, after the gleanings left by the white harvesters. A turn of the river concealed from my view the camp on the hill-side at Lower Bar, where Lieut. Beale and I had shared the hospitality of Baptiste, the *voyageur* and where, during a two-days' rain, I had amused myself by watching Senator Gwin lay down the political wires which he afterward pulled to some purpose. There I ventured on my first and last speculation. I was persuaded to invest \$200 in an operation for damming the river. It promised well, the work was completed, the washings turned out splendidly, and I was in full hopes of receiving \$1,000 in return for my venture, when the rains fell, the river rose, and away went the dam. "Let me give you a serious piece of advice," said Washington Irving to me, one day, "never invest your money in anything that pays a hundred per cent.!" And I never have, since then, and never will.

For the sake of old times, I should gladly have gone down to the Lower Bar, but the sun was already high and not, and an ascent of near a mile and a half lay before us. The Mokelumne at this point, however, does not lie in a tremendous trough, like the Forks of the American and the Yuba; the steeps on either side are of irregular height, and broken by frequent lateral cañons. The scenery is, therefore, less savage and forbidding in appearance, but infinitely more picturesque. On reaching the summit of the mountain plateau, we saw before us the village—perched, as it were, on scattered hills, a loftier peak over

hanging it on the east, a table-shaped mountain (with a race-course on the top), guarding it on the south, while elsewhere the steeps dropped off into gorges filled with dim blue mist. Though on a still grander scale, it reminded me somewhat of the positions of Perugia, or Narni, among the Roman Apennines.

In other respects, the resemblance was quite as striking. The dry soil, with its rich tints of orange and burnt sienna—the evergreen oaks, so much resembling the Italian ilex—the broad-leaved fig-trees in the gardens—the workmen with bare, sunburnt breasts—the *dolce far niente* of a few loungers in the shade—and the clear, hot, October sky, in which there was no prophecy of winter, all belonged to the lands of the Mediterranean. If we had here the grace which Art has cast over those lands, thought I, we might dispense with the magic of their history.

Bidding a reluctant good-bye to Mokelumne Hill, next morning, we continued our journey southward across the mountains—our next destination being San Andreas, the court-town of Calaveras county. The table-shaped mountain behind the former town is the water-shed between the Mokelumne and the Calaveras—the latter river having a broad and comparatively shallow basin, with numerous affluents, while the Mokelumne and the Stanislaus, to the north and south of it, flew through deep, precipitous troughs. After we had passed the summit, our road dropped into a picturesque, winding glen, beyond which rose the blue mass of the lofty Bear Mountain.

It was a journey of only eight miles to San Andreas, through a rolling, cheerful country, with some beginning



at cultivation. A farmer who was threshing his wheat in the open air informed me that the yield averaged forty-two bushels to the acre; this, of course, without manure, and with the most superficial ploughing. The vine grew with the most astonishing luxuriance wherever it was planted, and I have not the least doubt that the best wines of California will ultimately be produced from the hill-sides of the Sierra Nevada. As we approached the Calaveras river the range of Bear Mountain rose high and blue on our left, like a last bulwark against the plain of the San Joaquin. The view from its summit is said to be magnificent.

At noon we reached San Andreas, a village of perhaps eight hundred inhabitants, scattered over the northern slope of a hill, whose conical summit overhangs it. The place is neither so picturesque nor so well-built as Moke-lumne Hill, with the exception of the hotel, a new and spacious edifice of brick. Here, everything was neat and commodious, and we congratulated ourselves on finding such agreeable quarters. The hot autumnal afternoon disposed to laziness, yet we could not resist the temptation of strolling through and around the town, running the gauntlet of the curious eyes of the loafers congregated about the doors of the drinking-saloons.

In their structure, these mining villages are very similar. The houses are built close against each other, as in a large city. The most of them are of wood, and one story in height. Here and there, you see a block of brick stores, two stories high, flat-roofed, and with iron doors and shutters, as a protection against fire. There are plank sidewalks, and very often the streets are planked, also.



Awnings keep off the hot sun, and verandas are introduced wherever it is practicable. Behind the main street are clusters of shanties inhabited by the miners—small, dusty, barren of ornament, and usually standing alone, with a rough oven of stones and clay adjoining. On the outskirts of these are the still more rude and repulsive dwellings of the Chinese. The alleys between are strewn with rags, old clothes, broken bottles, and miscellaneous filth, and swarm with—fleas, at least. This portion of the village strikingly resembles the native towns in Central Africa. There are usually one hotel, one small church, a theatre of rough boards, and five-and-twenty dram-shops to a place. On pleasant locations in the vicinity, are the comfortable residences and gardens of the successful traders, the owners of “leads,” or quartz-mills, and the holders of office.

Life in such a place, to a refined and cultivated man, must be rather dreary. There is already, it is true, some little society; but relaxation of any kind is irregular and accidental, rather than permanent. Women fail; reading (except of political newspapers) is an obsolete taste; and the same excess which characterizes labor is too often applied to amusements. On the other hand, there is a freedom from restraint—an escape from that *social tyranny* which is the curse of the Atlantic States—almost sufficient to reconcile one to the loss of the other advantages of society. I do not think that the Californians, now that they have cast off their trammels, will ever voluntarily assume them again. The worst feature of the absorbing rage for gold is the indifference of the people to the morality of those whom they elect to office. No State

in the Union has been, and still is, more shamefully plundered.

Reaching the slope of the hill, where a hot breeze, charged with rich, minty odors, blew in our faces, we climbed to the summit, which, as we now saw, was a level of about two acres, laid out and inclosed as the cemetery of San Andreas. A lofty cross is its appropriate crown. No roses were planted on the graves, but the manzanita and a sort of dwarf ilex grew in clusters. The place had a solemn, yet soothing and cheerful aspect. No nearer hills interrupted the azure circle of the air, wherein the distant mountains floated; the noises of labor, and trade, and profanity, and jollity, in the town below, blended into an indistinguishable hum; while, to the east and west, a gap in the mountains seemed purposely left, that the sun might give this spot his first and latest greeting. The predominant colors of the landscape were blue and a pale golden-brown, mottled with the dark, rich green of scattering trees. A range of irregular peaks to the east shut out the snowy chain of the Sierra Nevada, but a lofty mountain, near the head-waters of the Stanislaus, was visible, far in the south.

From the flat roof of the veranda, upon which our window opened, we enjoyed a delicious view of the sunset illumination of the landscape. Evening after evening, the same phenomenon had been repeated—a transmutation of the air into *fluid color*, of a pale crimson tinge, which lent 'tself to every object touched by the sun. The mountains shone like masses of glowing metal, and the trees near at hand stood as if formed of compact flame. During the

few minutes of sunset the color changed into the purest vermillion, after which it gradually faded into dull purple, followed by an *after-glow* (as among the Alps), of faint golden radiance. The wind always falls at this hour, and the atmosphere is balmy, and fragrant with the odor of dry herbs. The nights are cool, but not cold—making one blanket comfortable, and requiring no more.

We hailed the morrow, for it was to take us to the southern limit of our journey through the mining regions. Two weeks of such rough, dusty travel, unrelieved by a single day of rest, had made us heartily weary, while the scenery, grand as it is, is nevertheless too monotonous to inspire an unflagging sense of enjoyment. The stage-coaches are terribly uncomfortable, and the inhaling of an atmosphere of dust which effectually hides your complexion and the color of your hair in the course of two or three hours, is not one of those trifling discomforts to which you soon become accustomed. It is said not to be unhealthy—in fact, our lungs suffered no inconvenience from it—but it often produces violent inflammation in weak eyes. There are instances of persons having endangered their sight from this cause. The first symptom is an acute pain, intermittent in its character—which, if not allayed, terminates in ophthalmia more malignant than that of Egypt. Women are more subject to it than men, and the worst cases are probably those who have been accustomed to a life of unnatural semi-darkness at home.

At nine o'clock, the stage-coach from Mokelumne Hill to Sonora arrived, and we took passage to the latter place thirty-four miles distant. As fate would have it, I was

crammed into the narrow back-seat, beside a disgusting Chinaman. If there had been any enjoyment in the journey, this fact alone would have spoiled it. The stale, musky odor of the race is to me unendurable: no washing can eradicate it, and this fellow was not washed. Huc, in his travels in Tartary, refers to the peculiar smell of the Chinese, and states that the dogs always discovered him under any disguise, by the difference of his *bouquet*. I do not doubt the statement. I would undertake to distinguish between a Chinaman, a Negro, an Indian, and a member of the Caucasian race, in a perfectly dark room, by the sense of smell alone. The human blossoms of our planet are not all pinks and roses; we find also the *datura stramonium*, the toad's-flax, and the skunk-cabbage.

Our course at first led in a southeastern direction, through one of the tributary valleys of the Calaveras, with the Bear Mountains rising grandly on our left. Here the drooping, elm-like evergreen oaks, which had so charmed us in the valley of Russian River, again made their appearance, and the landscapes were once more warm, idyllic, and characterized by exquisite harmony of color and outline. The hollows were less frequently scarred by surface-washings: the plough only had disturbed, in order to beautify, the face of Nature. On the other hand, it was evidently a region of gold-bearing quartz. In the neighborhood of Angel's, I noticed a number of mills, many of them running from twenty to thirty stamps. Some of these mills are said to be doing a very profitable business. They have effectually stripped the near hills of their former forests, to supply fuel for the steam-engines and beds for the sluices in which the

gold is separated from the crushed rock. The bottoms of the sluices are formed of segments a foot thick, sawed off the trunks of pine-trees and laid side by side; yet such is the wear and tear of the particles of rock and earth, carried over them by the water, that they must be renewed every two or three weeks.

We found Vallecitos (an intermediate place,) to be a brand-new village of about three hundred inhabitants, having been burned to the ground a fortnight previous. The new houses were of wood, stuck side by side, like the old ones; and the place will probably burn again, every summer. There was a French hotel and restaurant, which our conductor scorned—halting before the “Valhalla,” an open saloon, with lager beer attachment. A dinner of sour-kraut and boiled pork smoked upon the table; but the beer, which should have completed the three-fold chord of Teutonic harmony, was decidedly out of tune. It mattered little, however, as but five minutes were allowed us for the meal.

The worst part of the journey was still before us. The road wound for two or three miles up a shallow valley, walled on the right by a steep, level ridge, which denoted our approach to the Stanislaus River. In a dip of this ridge is the reservoir of the ditch which supplies the mines in the neighborhood. Our road led past it, and over a low “divide,” into a glen thickly wooded with oak and pine. The soil was very stony, and our progress rough and painful, though rapid. In the middle of this glen, where it opened to the sun, stood a neat farm-house, with a melon-patch and an orchard of luxuriant fruit-trees. Two miles beyond, crossing a ridge, and emerging from the thickest



portion of the forest, we found ourselves on the brink of the great chasm of the Stanislaus.

This pass, or gorge, is only equalled by that of the North Fork of the American. The length of the descent is about two miles; but advantage is taken of little spurs and shoulders of the mountain to obtain a less difficult grade. The river was invisible, and we could only guess its distance below us by the perspective of the misty mountain-wall beyond. The scenery was of the most grand and inspiring character. Giant oaks and pines clung to the almost precipitous steeps; clumps of manzanita, covered with red berries, fringed the road, and below us yawned the gulf, full lighted by the afternoon sun, except to the eastward, where its sides so approach and overhang as to cast a perpetual shade.

I walked to the bottom, but preferred riding up the opposite ascent. The other passengers, who trudged on in advance, found their advantage in a rest of twenty minutes at the summit, and the hospitality of a farmer's wife, who regaled them with milk and hot biscuits. Before fairly reaching the top, I was surprised to see traces of mining operations, on all sides. On the left of the road was a deep chasm, resembling a tropical *barranca*, which appeared to have been entirely excavated by art. Beyond it, on a level tract which was left standing, like an island between two arms of the chasm, was an orchard of splendid peach-trees—the branches whereof trailed upon the ground under the weight of their fruit. In the east rose a mountain-ridge—a secondary elevation of the Sierra Nevada; for it appeared to overlook all between it and the central line of snowy

pyramids. We entered a broad basin, inclining to the south, and drained by winter streams, which join the Stanislaus further down. Everywhere the soil was dug up, and turned up, and whirled upside down.

Presently, cottages and gardens offered a more cheerful sight, and the reservoir which supplies the mining companies of Columbia with water lay spread out before us like a lake, reflecting in its bosom the houses and spires of the town beyond. We were surprised and delighted at the extent and evident stability of the place. The population cannot be less than three thousand. There are solid blocks of buildings, streets of stores, a wide extent of suburban cottages dotting the slopes around, and all the noise and life of a much larger town. The airy verandas, festooned with flowering vines, the open windows, the semi-tropical character of the trees and plants, make a very different impression upon the visitor from that produced by Nevada or Grass Valley. Although scarcely a degree and a half apart, there are still the distinctive traits of North and South. In the population you find something of the same difference—the Northern emigrants taking to the northern mines by a natural instinct, and the Southern to the southern.

Columbia and Sonora, towns of nearly equal size, are only four miles apart—rivals, of course. The broad valley lying between is probably the most productive placer in California. It has been dug over a dozen times, and still pays handsomely. From the perseverance with which every particle of earth, down to the bed-rock, has been scraped away in many places, one sees that the soil must be every

where gold-bearing. Such a scene of ravage I have never beheld. Over thousands of square rods, the earth has been torn and burrowed into, leaving immense pits, out of which project the crooked fangs of rocks, laid bare to the roots and knotted together in unimaginable confusion. A savage, coming upon such a place, would instantly say: "Here the devil has been at work!" Our road, sometimes, was a narrow ridge, left standing between vast tracts where some infernal blast of desolation seemed to have raged. I was involuntarily reminded of the words of a hornpipe, more rowdy than refined:

Did you ever see the Devil,  
With his iron wooden shovel,  
Scratchin' up the gravel  
With his big toe-nail?"

Here was the very place where he must have performed that operation. The earth seemed to have been madly *clawed into*, rather than dug out. I thought I had already seen some evidence of the devastation wrought upon Nature by gold-mining, but this example capped the climax. It was truly horrible. You may laugh, you successful operators, who are now fattening upon the gains drawn from these incurable pits; but still I say, they are horrible. No cultivation, no labor will ever be able to remove such scars from the face of the earth.

I found Sonora a very lively, pleasant place. Many intelligent Southern gentlemen are among the inhabitants, and, though there is scarcely a greater amount of fixed society than elsewhere, what there is of it is genial and attractive. The mining operations are carried on, not only around the

town, but in it and under it. The principal street is completely undermined in places, and I even saw a store which was temporarily closed, in order that the cellar might be dug out. The Placer House had been burrowed under within the past year, and a large quantity of gold extracted. Some of the inhabitants seemed to think that the whole town would be gradually removed, until all the houses rest on the bed-rock, below which there is nothing.

If a vein of gold could be found extending straight through the Sierra Nevada, there would soon be a tunnel, without cost, for the Pacific Railroad!

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#### 9.—THE BIG TREES OF CALAVERAS.

At Vallecitos (where we had dined the previous day, in the Valhalla of the Teutonic gods), we were but twenty miles from the grove of Giant Trees, in Calaveras county. This grove was one of the things which I had determined to see, before setting out for California. I have a passion for trees, second only to that for beautiful human beings, and sculpture. I rank arboriculture as one of the fine arts. I have studied it in all its various schools—the palms of Africa, the cypresses of Mexico, the banyans and peepuls of India, the birches of Sweden, and the elms of New England. In my mind there is a gallery of master-pieces, which I should not be afraid to place beside those of the Vatican and the Louvre. Types of beauty and grace I had already—the Apollo, the Antinous, the Faun, even the Gladiator—but here were the Heraclidæ, the Titans!

Besides, on the American Continent, trees are our truest antiquities, retaining (as I shall show) the hieroglyphics, not only of Nature, but of Man, during the past ages. The shadows of two thousand years sleep under the boughs of Montezuma's cypresses, at Chapultepec: the great tree of Oaxaca is a cotemporary of Solomon, and even the sculptured ruins of Copan, Palenque, and Uxmal are outnumbered in years by the rings of trunks in the forests which hide them. In California, the only human relics of an earlier date than her present Indian tribes, are those of a race anterior to the Deluge; but those giants of the Sierra Nevada have kept, for forty centuries, the annual record of their growth. As well think of going to Egypt without seeing the Pyramids, as of visiting California, without making a pilgrimage to her immemorial Trees!

I procured a two-horse team, with driver, in Sonora, regardless of expense. Mr. E——, whose labors were now drawing to a close, also accompanied us. We had but two days for the trip—in all, sixty miles of very rough mountain-road—and therefore started with the first peep of dawn. As far as Vallecitos, our road was that which we had traversed in coming from San Andreas, crossing the great chasm of the Stanislaus. The driver, however, took another route to Columbia, leading through a still more terribly torn and gashed region, and approaching the town from the eastern side. Here were huge artificial chasms, over which the place seemed to hang, like Fribourg over its valley. The multitude of flumes, raised on lofty tressle-work, which crossed these gulfs—the large water-wheels—the zigzag sluices below, and the cart-roads running on nar-



row planes of different elevation into the various branches of the mines, with distorted masses of primitive rock sticking up here and there, formed, altogether, a picture so vast and grotesque as to make us pause in astonishment. I remember nothing like it in any other part of the world.

We breakfasted at the Broadway Hotel, and then hastened on, in order to reach Murphy's by noon. The gulf of the Stanislaus was crossed without accident, as it was rather too early for any other teams to be abroad on the road. The possibility of meeting another vehicle is the one great risk which haunts you, during such transits. Near Vallecitos, while crossing one of the primitive bridges, our "off" horse got his leg into a hole, injuring it rather severely, though not so as to prevent his going on. The miners carry their ditches and sluices across a road just as they please; and in order to save a few planks, bridge them with rough logs and the branches of trees, interspersed with irregular boulders, to hold them. "When a stick is too crooked for anything else, they make a bridge of it," growled the driver, who threatened to tear up a fence or a flume, and would have done so, had not the bridge been mended on our return.

At Vallecitos, we left the road to San Andreas, and took a trail leading eastward to Murphy's, an old mining-camp, four or five miles distant. We passed through a succession of shallow valleys, which in spring must be lovely, with their scattered trees, their flowery meadows, and the green of their softly-rounded hills. They were now too brown and dry—not golden with wild oats, like the Coast Mountains, but showing the dull hue of the naked soil. In one of the

broadest of these valleys lay Murphy's—a flourishing village until ten days previous, when it was swept away by fire. This was the *fourth* mining town destroyed during our visit! The cottage residences, standing alone in the midst of their gardens, escaped; but the business portion of the place, including the hotel, was utterly consumed.

The proprietors of the hotel, the Messrs. Perry, are also the owners of the Big Trees. They enjoy a wide reputation for their enterprise, and the good fare wherewith they regale the traveller. They had already erected a shanty among the ruins, and promised us dinner while the horses were feeding. My wife was kindly received by Mrs. Perry, and I was overwhelmed with cordial invitations to stop and entertain the Murphyites—which, to my regret, was impossible. We had, in fact, a miraculous dinner—everything was good of its kind, and admirably cooked. What more can be said? The claret was supreme, and the pears which we purchased for dessert dissolved in inexpressible fragrance upon the tongue. The farmer from whom we procured them presented me with a watermelon, Mr. P. added some fresh meat for our supper at the forest hotel, and we went our way rejoicing.

In the outskirts of the village were encamped companies of newly-arrived emigrants, among their shattered wagons and their weary cattle, and we met numbers of others on the way. From Luther's Pass at the head of Carson Valley, a trail turns southward, crosses the Sierra, and passing down the ridge above Silver Valley to the Big Trees, forms the most direct road from Carson River to the Southern mines. These emigrants were now at the end of their toil

and sufferings; but, instead of appearing rejoiced at the deliverance, their faces wore a hard and stern expression, with something of Indian shyness. The women, as if conscious that their sun-browned faces and their uncombed hair were not particularly beautiful, generally turned their heads away as we passed. Dirty, dilapidated, and frowsy as many of them were, they all wore hoops! Yes, even seated in the wagons, on the way, their dusty calicoes were projected out over the whiffle-trees by the battered and angular rims of what had once been circles! It was an exhibition of sacrifice to fashion, too melancholy for laughter.

The valley of Murphy's is 2,000 feet above the sea, and lies at the foot of those long lateral ridges which connect the broken ranges called the Foot-Hills with the central ridge of the Sierra Nevada. The distance to the Big Trees is fifteen miles, with an additional ascent of 2,500 feet. Immediately on leaving the village, we entered a close, wooded cañon, down the bottom of which rushed the water of a canal, as if in its natural bed. It was delightful to drive in the shade of the oaks and pines, with the clear waters of a roaring brook below us—*clear* water being the rarest sight in these mountains. Gaining the summit of the ridge, we drove for miles over an undulating, but rapidly-ascending road, deep in dust and cut into disagreeable ruts by the wheels of emigrant wagons. Huge shafts of fir, arbor-vitæ, and sugar-pine, arose on all sides, and the further we advanced the grander and more dense became the forest. Whenever we obtained an outlook, it revealed to us hills similarly covered: only now and then, in the hollows, were some intervals of open meadow. The ditch,

coming from far up in the mountains, still kept beside us, sometimes carved in the steep side of the hill, and sometimes carried across a valley on a wooden framework a hundred feet high.

The air perceptibly increased in coolness, clearness, and delicious purity. The trees now rose like colossal pillars, from four to eight feet in diameter, and two hundred feet in height, without a crook or a flaw of any kind. There was no undergrowth, but the dry soil was hidden under a bed of short, golden fern, which blazed like fire where the sunshine struck it. We seemed to be traversing some vast columned hall, like that of Karnak, or the Thousand Columns of Constantinople—except that human art never raised such matchless pillars. Our necks ached from the vertical travels of our eyes, in order to reach their tops. Really, the Western hyperbole of tall trees seemed true, that it takes two men to see them—one beginning where the other leaves off.

Our progress, from the ascent, and the deep dust which concealed the ruts, was slow, and would have been tedious, but for the inspiring majesty of the forest. But when four hours had passed, and the sun was near his setting, we began to look out impatiently for some sign of the Trees. The pines and arbor-vitæ had become so large, that it seemed as if nothing *could* be larger. As some great red shaft loomed duskily through the shadows, one and then another of us would exclaim: "There's one!"—only to convince ourselves, as we came nearer, that it was not. Yet, if such were the courtiers, what must the monarchs be? We shall certainly be disappointed: nothing can



fulfil this promise. A thick underwood now appeared, radiant with the loveliest autumnal tints. The sprays of pink, purple, crimson, and pure gold flashed like sprinkles of colored fire amid the dark-green shadows. "Let us not ask for more," said I; "nothing can be more beautiful."

Suddenly, in front of us, where the gloom was deepest, I saw a huge *something* behind the other trees, like the magnified shadow of one of them, thrown upon a dark-red cloud. While I was straining my eyes, in questioning wonder, the road made a sharp curve. Glancing forward, I beheld two great circular—shot-towers? Not *trees*, surely!—but yes, by all the Dryads, those are trees! Ay, open your mouth, my good driver, as if your two eyes were not sufficient, while we sit dumb behind you! What can one say? What think, except to doubt his senses? One sentence, only, comes to your mind—"there were giants in those days."

Between these two colossi, called The Sentinels, ran our road. In front, a hundred yards further, stood the pleasant white hotel, beside something dark, of nearly the same size. This something is only a piece of the trunk of another tree, which has been felled, leaving its stump as the floor of a circular ball-room, twenty-seven feet in diameter. Dismounting at the door, we were kindly received by the Doctor, and assured of good quarters for the night. The sun was just setting, and we were advised to defer the inspection of the grove until morning. Seating ourselves in the veranda, therefore, we proceeded to study The Sentinels, whose tops, *three hundred feet in the air*, were



glowing in golden lustre, while the last beam had passed away from the forest below them.

To my astonishment, they did not appear so very large, after all! Large they were, certainly, but nothing remarkable. At first, I was puzzled by this phenomenon, but presently remembered that the slender saplings (apparently) behind them, were in themselves enormous trees. In dwarfing everything around them, they had also dwarfed themselves. Like St. Peter's, the Pyramids, and everything else which is at once colossal and symmetrical, the eye requires time to comprehend their dimensions. By repeatedly walking to them, pacing round their tremendous bases, examining the neighboring trees, and measuring their height by the same comparison, I succeeded in gradually increasing the impression. When the last gleam of twilight had gone, and the full moon mounted above the forest, they grew in grandeur and awful height, until the stars seemed to twinkle as dew-drops on their topmost boughs. Then, indeed, they became older than the Pyramids, more venerable than the triune idol of Elephanta, and the secrets of an irrecoverable Past were breathed in the dull murmurs forced from them by the winds of night.

“Thank God that I have lived to see these works of His hand!” was the exclamation with which I turned away, reluctantly driven in-doors by the keen, frosty air. Before a cheerful fire the doctor related to us the history of the discovery of the grove. When I was on the Mokelumne, in 1849, its existence was unknown. At the close of that year, some miners, prospecting high up in the mountains, are reported to have come upon some of the trees, and to

have been laughed at, and called hard names by their friends, on account of their incredible stories. In the spring of 1850, however, a company on a tour of prospecting, hunting, and general speculation, happened to encamp in a valley about four miles distant. One of the men, pushing up the ridge, alone, found himself at last in the midst of the monstrous grove. He was at first frightened (I can well imagine it), then doubtful, then certain. Returning to the camp, he said nothing about the trees, knowing that he would only be called a liar, but informed the leader of the party that he had found signs of gold, or of deer, higher up, and offered to guide them. By this device he brought them all to the grove—and the story of the Big Trees soon afterward astonished the world.

But with discovery came also ruin. After the first astonishment was over, came the suggestion of a speculative mind—"Can't some money be made out of this here thing?" A plan was soon formed. One of the biggest trees must be cut down, barked, and the pieces of bark numbered, so that when put together again in the same order, they would, externally, exactly represent the original tree. Take them to New York, London, Paris—and your fortune is made. How to get the tree down? was the next question. A mass of solid wood, *ninety feet* in circumference, was clearly beyond the powers of the axe. Where was the saw, or the arms to wield it, which could do the work? But the prospect of money sharpens the wits, and this difficulty was finally overcome. Pumpaugers were the thing! By piercing the trunk with a great number of horizontal bores, side by side, it might

finally be cut asunder. Augers were therefore procured, and two sets of hands went to work.

After a steady labor of six weeks, the thing was done—but the tree stood unmoved! So straight and symmetrical was its growth, so immense its weight, and so broad its base, that it seemed unconscious of its own annihilation, tossing its outer branches derisively against the mountain winds that strove to overthrow it. A neighboring pine, of giant size, was then selected, and felled in such a way as to fall with full force against it. The top shook a little, but the shaft stood as before! Finally the spoilers succeeded in driving thin wedges into the cut. Gradually, and with great labor, one side of the tree was lifted: the line of equilibrium was driven nearer and nearer to the edge of the base: the mighty mass poised for a moment, and then, with a great rushing sigh in all its boughs, thundered down. The forest was ground to dust beneath it, and for a mile around, the earth shook with the concussion.

Yet, perhaps, it is as well that *one* tree should be felled. The prostrate trunk illustrates the age and bulk of these giants better than those which stand. We learn from it that the wood was sound and solid throughout; that the age of the tree was thirty-one hundred years; that it contained two hundred and fifty thousand feet of timber; and that, a thousand years ago, the Indians built their fires against its trunk, as they do now. The stump, as I said before, is the floor of a ball-room: higher up (or, rather further off), is a bowling-alley. The pine trees, forming the forest around the house, though apparently so small

average six feet in diameter, and over two hundred in height.

Our quarters at the little hotel were all that could be desired. Pure, ice-cold water, venison, delicious bread and butter, and clean beds, all combined to make us regret that our stay was so limited. At daybreak the Doctor summoned us, and we prepared for a stroll through the grove before sunrise. The great Trees, to the number of ninety, are scattered through the pine-forest, covering a space about half a mile in length. A winding trail, ascending one side of the glen, and descending on the other, conducts to the principal trunks. They have all received names, more or less appropriate. Near the house is the "Beauty of the Forest," really a paragon of colossal elegance, though comparatively young. Her age is probably not more than two thousand years.

How cool, and silent, and balmy was the stupendous forest, in the early morn! Through the open spaces we could see a few rosy bars of vapor far aloft, tinted by the coming sun, while the crimson and golden sprays of the undergrowth shone around us, like "morning upbreking through the earth!" The dark-red shafts soared aloft rather like the great, circular watch-towers of the Middle Ages, than any result of vegetable growth. We wandered from tree to tree, overwhelmed with their bulk, for each one seemed more huge than the last. Our eyes could now comprehend their proportions. Even the driver, who at first said, "They're not so—*condemned* big, after all!" now walked along silently, occasionally pacing around a trunk, or putting his hand upon it, as if only such tangible proof could satisfy him



We first visited the "Three Graces," then the "Miner's Cabin" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The two last are hollowed out at the bottom by Indian fires, which have burned themselves central chimneys far up the trunk. Either of them would give shelter to a family of moderate size. The next group bore the traces of fools. Some love-sick blockhead, visiting the grove in company with three ladies, one of whom looked coldly upon his suit, another sang, and another did something else, has fastened upon three of the trees marble tablets, inscribed severally, in letters of gold, "The Marble Heart (!)" "The Nightingale," and "The Salem Witch." I said to the Doctor: "Have you a ladder and a hammer about the house?" "Yes—why?" "Because if I were to remain here to-night, you would find those things smashed to-morrow morning." His furtive smile assured me that the search for the trespasser would not be very strict. Miss Avonia Jones, an actress, who was there a short time previous, bestowed her own name upon a tree, and likewise had a marble tablet prepared, regardless of expense. Fortunately the tablet happened to reach Murphy's, on its way to the grove, just before the fire, and was destroyed. Fancy one of those grand and awful trees bearing the name of "Avonia Jones!" Even Senator Gwin, as I was informed, had his name cast on an iron plate, and sent to the Mariposa Grove, to be placed on one of the largest trees. Oh! the pitiful vanity of our race!

At the top of the glen stands the "Mother of the Forest," ninety-three feet in circumference, and three hundred and twenty-five feet high. Her bark, which has been



stripped off to a height of one hundred and ten feet, now represents her in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. This was wanton wickedness. She now stands blasted, stretching her bare, reproaching arms high over the forest. She forms part of what is called the "Family Group," numbering twenty-four trees. Here we commenced the return trail, and soon came upon the "Father of the Forest," which surpasses everything else by his tremendous bulk. He lies upon the earth, as he fell, centuries ago. His trunk is one hundred and ten feet in circumference at the base, and his original height is estimated to have been four hundred and fifty feet! In contemplating him, one almost refuses to credit the evidence of one's senses. By counting a few of the rings, and making a rough estimate, I satisfied myself that his age could not have been less than *five thousand years!* The interior of the trunk is burned out, forming a lofty, arched passage, through which you walk for one hundred and eighty feet, and then emerge from a knot-hole! Not far off is another prostrate trunk, through which a man may ride on horseback for more than a hundred feet.

There are a variety of trees named after various States, also the "Old Maid" and "Old Bachelor," two lonely, leaning, dilapidated figures, and "Pike," a tall, gaunt trunk, not so inappropriately named. The largest of all the living trees is called "Hercules," and is, if I mistake not, ninety-seven feet in circumference. I suggested that his name should properly be changed to "The Patriarch." Young trees, sprung from the seeds, are seen here and there, but the soil seems insufficient to nourish many of

them, until the older race passes away. The Doctor called my attention to a new and curious fact. In the earth, completely covered by the gradual deposits of centuries of falling leaves, are the trunks of the progenitors of these giants. The wood is almost black, and has a dry, metallic sound. In one place a living tree, between two and three thousand years old, is found to be planted astride of another trunk, entirely hidden in the soil! It is evident that eight, or perhaps ten, thousand years have elapsed since this race of trees first appeared on the earth. One is bewildered by the reflections which such a discovery suggests.

During our walk, we watched the golden radiance of the sun, as, first smiting the peaks of the scattered giants, it slowly descended, blazing over a hundred feet of their massive foliage, before the tops of the enormous pines were touched. This illumination first gave us a true comprehension of their altitude. While sketching *The Sentinel* afterwards, from the veranda, the laws of perspective furnished a new revelation. The hostess and my wife, standing together at the base of a tree, became the veriest dwarfs. Beyond them was what appeared to be a child's toy-cart—in reality the wagon of an emigrant family, which had arrived the evening before! Some of the young "Pikes," expert with their rifles, brought down a few cone-bearing twigs, two of which the Doctor presented to me, together with a large stick of timber, and a piece of bark, four inches thick, of a golden-brown color, and with the softness and lustre of velvet.

Botanists have now decided that these trees are akin to

the California redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, and they will henceforth be known as the *Sequoia gigantea*, thereby settling the national quarrel as to whether they shall be called *Washingtonia* or *Wellingtonia*. It is singular that this discovery should not have been sooner made: a single glance at the cone is enough. It is very small, not one-fourth the size of a man's fist, containing a few thin, laminar seeds, something like those of a parsnip. As the tree will bear a degree of cold equal to zero, it may be successfully grown in the latitude of Washington. The growth is slow at first—so the gardeners in Sacramento and San Francisco inform me—but increases rapidly as the tree gains root.

Since the discovery of this grove, three others have been found, showing that the tree is not phenomenal in its appearance. One of these groves, near the head-waters of the Tuolumne, lies at an altitude of six thousand feet, and contains about four hundred trees, but few of which are thirty feet in diameter. The Mariposa Trees, on the road to the Yo-semite Valley, number about three hundred, one of which is said to be one hundred and two feet in circumference. Visitors are divided in opinion as to which grove is grandest and most impressive in its character. But he who would not be satisfied with the Calaveras Trees is capable of preferring his own nondescript cottage to the Parthenon, and his own crooked legs to those of the Apollo Belvidere.

Taking a last look at these immemorial giants of the forest, as they stretched their tufted boughs silently in the sunshine, over the heads of the vassal trees, we drove

down the mountain through the aisles of pine, and between the gem-like sprays of the thickets. In four hours we reached Murphy's, dined again luxuriously, and then sped away for Columbia, where my evening's work awaited me. It seems almost miraculous that we should cross the great chasm of the Stanislaus for the *third* time, without meeting another team.

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#### 10.—CALIFORNIA, AS A HOME.

At last we packed for a final departure from the mountains. The trip to Stockton, a distance of about fifty-five miles, was to be accomplished in a single day. At three o'clock in the morning we took our seats in the stage, and after picking up a sufficient number of passengers to fill the huge, swinging vehicle, emerged from Sonora by the lower entrance of the valley. The morning was chill, the road rough, and our ride remarkably tedious. After we had made ten or twelve miles, the sun rose, we breakfasted, and the scenery improved. There were three or four villages on the road, which had an air of permanence and prosperity, but the valleys were too narrow and too entirely given over to gold-mining to allow of farming to any great extent. The road was, at the same time, stony and dusty, and we were heartily glad when the settlement at Knight's Ferry, on the Stanislaus, announced our exit from the mountain region.

Knight's Ferry is a smart, busy place of near a thousand inhabitants. The broad bar which the river here makes is quarried up, and trenched in all directions by the indefati-

gable gold-miners. There is a large hotel, the chief energy of which appears to be expended on a spacious bar-room, well supplied with ice and liquors. We here changed stages, having the satisfaction of knowing that only thirty miles, for the most part of level road, separated us from Stockton. A few more long, sweeping undulations—the last subsiding waves of the Sierra Nevada—and we entered the great plain of the San Joaquin. We lost, it is true, the pure mountain air, the blue chasms, the splendid pines, but we had no longer the dread of meeting vehicles, the danger of overturns, the jolts and the dry quagmires of dust. Merrily our coach rolled along over the level floor, between the high redwood fences, past occasional groves of live-oak, farm-houses, dusty orchards, wind-mills, turning in hot puffs of southern wind, and stacks of shining straw or snowy bags of grain. Ten rapid minutes, only, were allowed us for dinner, and by two o'clock we saw the spires of Stockton over the groves of scattering oaks which surround the town.

Broad, cheerful, watered streets, suburban gardens, neat churches, and a glimpse of shipping in the tide-water slough, gave us a pleasant initial impression of the place, which was not diminished by the clean, comfortable quarters we found at the Weber House. How delicious it was to sit in the open French windows, watching the golden afternoon light deepen into sunset color on the blue water, the groves of oak, the church-spires, and the dim mountain-ranges far away, knowing that our month of rude mountain-travel was over! Repose is always sweet, but never more so than after prolonged fatigue.



We were greatly delighted with our visit to the residence of Mr. Weber, the original proprietor of Stockton, who has transferred a tongue of land, between two arms of the slough, into a garden, and built himself a spacious house in the centre. There is no more delightful villa on Bellosguardo or the slopes of Fiesole. A thick hedge, outside of which is a double row of semi-tropical trees, surrounds the peninsula. The gate opens into a lofty avenue of trellis-work, where the sunshine strikes through pulpy bunches of amethyst and chrysolite, while, on either hand, beds of royal roses of every hue (except the impossible blue) fill the air with ripe odor. The house is low, but spacious, with wood-work of the native redwood, scarcely less beautiful than mahogany. Vine-covered verandas surround it and keep off the sun, and every window discloses a vision of plants which would be the glory of any greenhouse on the Atlantic side.

In Mrs. Weber, I found an old acquaintance of my former visit. Well I remembered the day when, hot, hungry, and foot-sore, I limped up to the door of her father's ranche, in the valley of San José, and found her reading a poem of mine (no author ever had a more welcome introduction!)—when her father saddled his horse, and rode with me to the top of a mountain, and her own hands prepared the grateful supper and breakfast which gave me strength for the tramp to Monterey. It was pleasant to meet her again as the happy mistress of such a princely home.

The garden delighted us beyond measure. The walks were waist-deep in fuchsia, heliotrope, and geranium; the

lemon verbena grew high above our heads, and the pepper trees, with their loose, misty boughs, hailed us as old friends from the skies of Athens. A row of Italian cypresses, straight and spiry as those which look on Florence from San Miniato, were shooting rapidly above the other growths of the garden. How they will transform the character of the landscape when, at last, their dark obelisks stand in full stature! Here, in the middle of October, all was bloom and warmth, as in our Atlantic Augusts. A week or two of heavy rain, in November, ushers in the winter, and the balmy skies, green turf, and sprouting daisies of January, announce the coming of another beautiful year. What a country is this for a home—if it were not quite so new!

Our passage was taken for Thursday, the 20th of October, so that but few days were left us on Californian soil, and we hastened back to San Francisco. We had already overstayed by a fortnight the time which we had allotted to our visit, but although private interests and sacred ties alike called us home, we could not conceal an emotion of sorrow and regret at the thought of leaving. We had found many kind friends in San Francisco, so that the charm of human associations was added to that of its climate and scenery. Besides the free, liberal, sensible life of the place has its separate attractions. The society of San Francisco is a combination of two extremes—the aristocratic and democratic principles in sharp contrast—Puritanism in religion, and Sunday theatres—and between the two, a man of sense and reflection finds a clear space, where he may live and move untrammelled.

On Wednesday evening, I gave my final lecture, for the benefit of the Protestant Orphan Asylum—making, in all, *thirty-eight* lectures in California, in the space of eight weeks. As the first attempt to transplant the Great Institution to the Pacific Coast, the result was in the highest degree cheering. My visit was made at probably the most unfavorable period of the year—at the close of the dry season, when business is dull, and in the midst of violent political excitement—yet there was no single instance of failure. The people everywhere showed themselves wide-awake, intelligent, and appreciative.

Although my impressions of California have been scattered plentifully throughout the foregoing sketches, my readers may, like myself, feel the necessity of reproducing them in a final *résumé*, detached from my narrative of personal experiences. During the interval of ten years between my two visits, I traversed the three continents of the ancient hemisphere, passing through all zones of the earth (with the exception of the Antarctic); and therefore possessed the best possible means of verifying or correcting the impressions of the first visit by those of the second. This circumstance, I trust, may give additional weight to my opinions, even with those who may honestly differ from them.

The first thing to be considered, in discussing the character of a new country, is its climate. California possesses the great advantage of lying upon the western side of the continent, which, as compared with the eastern, is an isothermal difference equal to ten degrees of latitude. Thus, San Francisco, lying on very nearly the same parallel as

Richmond, possesses the climate of Andalusia and Sicily—or Jacksonville, Florida, on our Atlantic Coast. There are local differences, however, which give it an advantage over countries in the same latitude in Europe. Climate, it is well-known, is greatly modified by the character of the prevailing winds. California, like India, is exposed to the action of a periodical monsoon, blowing from the north west during the summer, and from the south-east during the winter. The former wind, cooled by the Arctic current which sweeps downward along the coast, precipitates fog as it meets with the hot, dry winds of the interior; and the summer, in the valleys of the Coast Range, seems actually to be cooler than the winter. In the same manner, the dry, warm south-east winds, coming over the vast deserts of heated sand on both sides of the Colorado, heighten the winter temperature. The mean temperature of noonday, throughout the year, is remarkably equable, for such a latitude. The seasons seem to have shifted their parts, the winter being green and fragrant with flowers, and the summer brown and bare on the hills, while the forests of live oak, bay, redwood, and pine, rejoice in eternal verdure.

A record of temperature has been for nine years carefully kept by Dr. Gibbons, at San Francisco. The greatest cold in that time was  $25^{\circ}$ , and the greatest heat  $98^{\circ}$ . These may, therefore, be taken as the extremes, showing the *utmost* range of the thermometer. The difference is  $73^{\circ}$ , but the average annual range is not more than  $65^{\circ}$ . In New York and the New England States, it is near  $130^{\circ}$ . At San Francisco, in 1853, the maximum was  $88^{\circ}$ , and the



minimum 40°. Another peculiarity of the climate is the difference between the temperature of day and night. The mean daily range varies from 12° to 23°, being least in winter and greatest in summer. The nights, therefore, throughout the year are of a much more uniform temperature than the days—a fact which contributes very greatly to the health of the inhabitants, as well as to the vigor of vegetation. In the interior, where the heats of summer are much more intense than in the coast valleys, the difference is still greater. The summer thus possesses a bracing element in the midst of her fiercest fires. California presents the anomaly of a semi-tropical climate, with all the inspiring and invigorating qualities of a Northern atmosphere.

In this respect, therefore, our Pacific Coast stands unequalled by any land in the world. It is not without drawbacks—for the cold coast-winds of summer, the unfathomable dust of autumn, and the first deluging rains of winter, are things to be endured—but no one, except a fool, expects to find absolute perfection on this planet. The dry, pure air possesses no taint of malaria; fevers are rare, except in a few localities, and the great, world-encircling epidemics lose half their violence. The statistics of San Francisco show that it is, already, one of the healthiest cities in the world. As a place for the development and the enjoyment of animal life, I know no land equal to California.

The peculiarity of the climate, combining great variation between day and night—with comparatively little variation between winter and summer—seems to be especially favorable to vegetable life; and this, I suspect, is the main cause of those productions which have astonished the world.



Something, of course, may be attributed to the virgin vigor of a new soil; but where this has already been expended, as in the region about Los Angeles, the same results are obtained. With the exception of the apple, all fruits, from the fig to the pear, from the pomegranate and olive to the gooseberry and currant, thrive better than elsewhere. With regard to grapes, the average annual yield is fourteen pounds per vine. When all the vines now planted are in bearing condition, they will produce *five million* gallons of wine annually. A more wholesome and delicate sparkling wine is not easily found than that manufactured by the Brothers Sansevain, who bid fair to reproduce, on that far shore, the famous "Sansovino," the praises of which Redi, the Tuscan Bacchus, sang in his dancing verse. Let me add a few more specimens of vegetable production to those I have already given. The *California Register* says: "A fig-tree, four years from the cutting, is seventeen inches around the stem, twenty feet high, and bears two crops a year; a grape-vine, three years old, yields eighty pounds of grapes; a tree, three years old, bears fifty-five apples, weighing, on an average, nine ounces each!"

The six months during which no rain falls have not the usual effect of a drouth in the Atlantic States. The grain is all ripe early in the season, and may be cut, threshed, measured, and sold (all in the open air) just as the farmer can spare time. The hard-baked surface of the earth covers a stratum of moister soil, into which the trees thrust their roots, and flourish; and though the velvet turf, which is the glory of northern lands, is wanting, yet the blue lupin, the orange-colored poppy, and other salamandrine flowers

luscious in all the valleys. I saw but one genuine piece of turf in California. It was in front of a house in San José, where it was kept alive and fresh by artificial showers. Its dazzling greenness and beauty seemed to be little short of a miracle. Trees, when transplanted, require to be carefully watered the first summer, after which, they are generally able to supply themselves. Water, which is struck everywhere in the valleys, at a depth of twenty or thirty feet, is sweet and good.

So far as scenery is concerned, I can imagine nothing lovelier than the valleys of San José, Napa, Russian River, and San Ramon. The one feature which they lack—in common with the landscapes of Italy and Spain—is *water*. The streams which traverse them in winter, become dry, stony beds in summer, and the matchless trees which adorn their banks, have no glass wherein to mirror their beauty. In all other respects—color, outline, harmony of forms—there is nothing to be desired. Even the great plains of Sacramento and San Joaquin are redeemed from tameness by the superb framing of the distant mountains on either side, and thus are far more beautiful than those dreary, interminable prairies of the West, which fatigue the sight with their monotony. The scenery of that portion of the Sierra Nevada which I visited is less picturesque and striking than that of other mountain-chains of equal height, owing to the uniform character of the great slopes between the rivers, buttressing the central chain. The two or three exceptions to this judgment, are Spartan cañon, the region about Mokelumne Hill, and Columbia. The valley of the Yo-Semite, further south, is the one grand and

incomparable feature of the Sierra Nevada. Further north, however, the Shasta Peak, Lassen's Butte, and the upper valley of the Sacramento, present a new series of magnificent landscapes, forming the proper vestibule through which to approach Oregon, with its giant cones of solitary snow.

On the whole, California is a land where life seems to be most plastic—where, so far as climate, soil, and scenery are concerned, one may shape his existence in the most various moulds. Within the range of two hundred miles, he may live on the mountains, or by the sea—among pines or pomegranates—in snow or flowers—in the maddest whirl of business, or in dreamy indolence—on the confines of barbarism, or the topmost round of civilization. Why not, then, escape care, consumption, cold, neuralgia, fashion, bigotry, east-winds, gossip, and chilblains, and fly to that happy shore? For one simple reason: It is *too new*—too recently fallen into the possession of man—too far away from the great centres of the world's life—too little touched, as yet, with the genial influences of Art and Taste. Life, at present, is beautiful there, but lonely; and so it must remain for another generation to come. In the valleys of the Coast Range, Nature is in advance of Man. Gold is yet King—though, I think, and hope, already beginning to shake a little on his throne.

Taking into consideration the fact that California was settled exclusively by persons in pursuit of wealth, and that money-making is, more especially there than elsewhere, the main object of life, the character of society is far less cold and sordid than might have been expected. Even the

wealthy circles, composed of families from all parts of the United States, and of all phases of refinement, have less pretentiousness and exclusiveness than the same circles in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. There is a genial liberality, courtesy, and heartiness of demeanor, which is as refreshing as it is unexpected. A highly cultivated person would, undoubtedly, find many agreeable associates in San Francisco—though he might miss that vitalizing influence which a *productive* class of authors, artists, and *savans* always imparts to the intellect of a country. These are flowers that only grow after all other kinds of growth have been in a measure accomplished.

The influence of the climate has already made its impression on the character of the people. They will, in time, exhibit the same combination of Northern and Southern peculiarities; and the result, I hope, will be as favorable to their moral, as it undoubtedly will be to their physical nature. If this should be so—if they should possess an equal capacity for action and repose, warmth without fickleness, principle without coldness, a broad and genial humanity, earnestness combined with grace and softness, and a perception of life's duties in the midst of its sensuous enjoyments—there will at last be a *happy* American-born race. But this is expecting too much. I confess, when I look into the vile pit of California politics (holding my nose all the time), and note what is the standard of honesty in public affairs, my hope grows small. It is no worse, I must admit, than in the city of New York—an admission which does not better my statement. The home of Literature and Art, however, will be in the valleys near the coast—

not among the scarred and tortured hills of gold, where official misrule most flourishes.

The children born in California are certainly a great improvement upon those born among us. Nowhere can more rosy specimens of health and beauty be found. Strong-limbed, red-blooded, graceful, and as full of happy animal life as young fawns, they bid fair to develop into admirable types of manhood and womanhood. To them, loving their native soil with no acquired love—knowing no associations which are not linked with its blue skies and its yellow hills, we must look for its proper inhabitants, who will retain all that is vigorous, earnest, and generous in the present race, rejecting all that is coarse and mean. For myself, in breathing an air sweeter than that which first caught the honeyed words of Plato—in looking upon lovelier vales than those of Tempe and the Eurotas—in wandering through a land whose sentinel peak of Shasta far overtops the Olympian throne of Jupiter—I could not but feel that Nature must be false to her promise, or Man is not the splendid creature he once was, if the Art, and Literature, and Philosophy of Ancient Greece are not one day rivalled on this last of inhabited shores!



### III.

#### A HOME IN THE THÜRINGIAN FOREST.

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##### 1.—TAKING POSSESSION.

JULY 1, 1861

THE postillion has driven off down the hill, the letter-carrier has brought in the last small bundle, the landlady has opened the rooms and initiated us into all the mysteries of closets, cupboards, and cellars—and here we are, at home! I herewith take possession of my little study, with its one window opening on the mountains, and the writing cabinet, (as small and plain as that which Schiller used,) and feel myself already lord and master of the cottage and garden, and co-proprietor of the landscape. The air is so cold—after six days' rain—that we have kindled a fire of pine-splints in the great earthenware stove. The fir-clad mountains are black and lowering, and there is really, just at this moment, no very cheerful point in the scenery, unless it be the Felsenkeller, a rustic tavern on the ridge beside us, where the beer is always of the best.

Nevertheless, the gloom of the evening is counterbalanced by our pleasant feeling of independence—by the knowledge that we occupy a house which we can temporarily call our own, conducting our housekeeping as we see fit. The rooms are neatly but completely furnished; a little bare, perhaps, to an American eye, but we are accustomed to the simplicity of German life, and, moreover, our home is rather *outside* than inside the cottage. Still, it is well to know that the beds are of fresh linen, that the supply of water is ample, and that the cane arm chairs in the drawing-room are agreeable to sit upon. A peep into the kitchen disclosed the surprising fact that we have butter, eggs, salad, and raw Westphalian ham, and as Hanna, the tidy servant-girl who awaited our arrival, has already made a fire in the ponderous range, I feel that our supper is secure. Let no apprehension for the morrow, therefore, disturb our first day of possession!

Really, this is the ideal of Travel. Not in great hotels, where one lives according to fixed rules, or pays enormously for breaking them—not in capitals, where the levelling civilization of our century is fast annihilating social peculiarities, and establishing, so to speak, a uniform gauge, adapted to all nationalities, can one feel the pulse of a foreign life. Men must be studied in their homes, and, whenever possible, *from* a home among them. We must find an empty cell in the hive, and inhabit the same, though it be in the character of a drone. What the tent—the wandering house of the nomad—is to the traveller on the Tartar steppes, the furnished summer residence is to the stranger in most European countries. But one must not.

like poor Tom Hood, on the Rhine, be so ignorant of the language, as to have a bunch of quills put on the table instead of a fowl, nor so wedded to his home habits as to make himself unhappy because he cannot retain them. With a little human flexibility, a catholic breadth of taste, and an entire freedom from the prejudices of the Little Peddlington in which most men are born, we may, without sacrificing a jot of our individuality, without hazarding the loss of a single principle, live the life of other races and other climates, and thus gather into our own the aggregate experience of Man.

This is the true *Heimskringla*, or World-Circle—the completed sphere of life on this planet, which he must traverse who shall write the yet unwritten *human* Cosmos.

—This little study, I find, illustrates a truth which is known to authors, and to none else: that the range of thought is in inverse proportion to the dimensions of the material dwelling of the thinker. In other words, the narrower your chamber, the wider your brain: hence poets seek garrets by a natural instinct, and the philosopher who could not sling a cat in his room assuredly never felt the need of that diversion. The mental labor which it would be difficult to perform in a spacious Gothic hall, would be comparatively easy in a low hut, with one window. If this journal should be discursive—of which I have a strong presentiment—the reason will be apparent.

But where is our home? A familiar spot in a foreign land—distant, happily, from any capital, except that of a small principality, aside from the highways of tourists, yet embosomed in a region of the loveliest scenery, and breath-

ing an atmosphere of song and saga. Thuringia is the Heart of Germany, embracing the scattered Saxon Duchies of Gotha, Weimar, Meiningen, and Schwarzburg. Its soil has not only witnessed the most picturesque episodes of mediæval German history, but is the home of the fairest traditions, as, in later years, it has been the chosen home of poets.

In a valley on the northern slope of the mountain-range known as the Thuringian Forest, separated by a low ridge from the Ducal park and castle of Reinhardtsbrunn, lies the little city of Friedrichsroda. Although claiming a remote antiquity, like most of the towns hereabout, it was first brought into notice by Frederic Perthes, the pious and successful publisher, of whom you have doubtless heard. The beauty of the scenery, the purity of the mountain air, and its proximity to a number of attractive or historically famous localities, gradually drew strangers hither, until the city has now become a sort of summer suburb of Berlin. I say "the city" intentionally, for, although the place has but 2,300 inhabitants, I should give offence by calling it a village. There was formerly a sculptured head with wide-open mouth, over the gate, recording the fate of a stranger, who, on his arrival, asked "what is the name of this village?" He had no sooner said "*village*," than his jaws became set, and his mouth remained open; nor could he close it until he perceived his error. The place was best known in the Middle Ages by a malicious song which the jealous inhabitants of the neighboring towns were accustomed to sing. One verse thereof will be sufficient:

“Tell me, of what is the church-spire made,  
Oho, in Friedrichsroda?  
They took and killed a lean old cow,  
And made the spire of her tail, I trow,  
Oho, in Friedrichsroda!”

It is nearly nine years since, descending from the heights of the Inselsberg, I first saw the quiet, peaceful, pleasant little *city*, lying in its green valley-basin, with a protecting rim of dark forests. I then made some acquaintances which, in the course of time, and through the course of circumstances, became family connections, and thus it is that I now find myself here. Three years ago my friend Dr. K. built a summer cottage in his garden, above the town, on the ridge between Friedrichsroda and Reinhardtbrunn, commanding a charming view of both valleys. This cottage I kept in my mind, and was so fortunate as to secure it before leaving home, as a little eddy into which I might whirl and rest for a few weeks, out of reach of the roaring stream. My predecessor, Dr. Petermann, the distinguished geographer, left no inharmonious associations behind him. The invisible pictures of Timbuctu, and the White Nile, and the Tanganyika Lake, which no doubt cover the blue-papered walls of my study, might have floated out of my own brain. Palms and crocodiles and hippopotami! They are to me as welcome and as familiar as the stately firs which I can see by lifting my head, or the three ravens on the grass before my window.

One only thought disturbs the peace and seclusion of my mountain home. I do not need to close my eyes, to see that long, imperial street, transformed into an avenue of



banners—to see the sudden blossoming of national colors from every roof, every church-spire, every hilltop—to see the “sun-burst” of Freedom spreading southward in a mighty arc, slowly driving before it the black cloud of tyranny and treachery. I see my noble countrymen, God bless them! creating a race of heroes, refreshing our slow commercial blood from the fountains of sublime self-sacrifice and purest patriotism; I wait for the tardy messages which reach me across the Atlantic, and with every new instance that a great people is thoroughly in earnest, with every illustration of bravery, and endurance, and devotion to the good cause, I hear a voice saying, like Henry of Navarre: “*Pends-toi, brave Crillon: nous avons combattu, et tu n’y étois pas!*” My consolation is, that if “they also serve, who only stand and wait,” in the present crisis they who are afar from the field of action may yet make themselves echoes of the battle-trumpets—interpreters of the war-cries. to these millions of European spectators.

Yes! Here, at this distance, I see truly the significance of the struggle. Here, where, in years past, I have combated hostile opinions, grappled with tough monarchical prejudices, and exhausted myself in endeavors to make our political system clear to minds which, otherwise well instructed, had not the least comprehension of its character—my present difficulty is, not to show that the rebellion should be suppressed, but to show how it could possibly have arisen. The fatal imbecility of Buchanan’s administration has seriously damaged our prestige abroad: any hesitancy, any tampering with treason, any failure on the part of our rulers to press the war boldly and vigorously

to a conclusion, would complete the mischief. In Europe, it is our republican form of government that is on trial. A despotic assumption of power would injure us far less, in the present instance, than an exhibition of weakness. As an orthodox believer in self-government, my constant prayer is: "God preserve us from the shame, the ineradicable infamy of Peace on any other terms than the unconditional submission of the traitors!"

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The postman has returned with a manuscript-book, in which we are required to write our names. At the same time he is authorized to receive "contributions," which go into a common fund for the preservation of the forest-paths, of the numerous benches, or "rests" as they are called, and for newspapers for the reading-room. The latter institution, I have discovered, is no other than the aforesaid Felsenkeller, where one can read *The Cologne* and *The National Gazette*, it is true, but is expected to drink a mug of beer at the same time. As for the paths and benches, there is no part of the world where the convenience of strangers is so carefully consulted, as here. The entire mountain-region, fifty miles in extent, resembles a private park, traversed by macadamized highways, gravelled foot-paths, and with comfortable benches or even arbors at every possible point where the scenery offers any attraction for the eye. Fancy the White Mountain group *civilized* in a similar manner! This is Nature stripped of her paint and feathers, washed, and her nakedness decently covered. You may admire the strength and primitive rudeness of the savage, but you

better love the tamed domestic creature who sympathizes with your calm, cheerful, or reflective mood, walks by your side with ordered step, and can sit down with you, quietly, in the sweet, rosy silence of the long summer evening.

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## 2.—HOW WE SPENT THE FOURTH.

JULY 4TH—EVENING.

ON awaking this morning, I became aware of an unusual sound of hammering about the cottage. A mysterious whispering between the two servant-maids in the passage also attracted my attention. I went into the *salon*, which opens upon the veranda, and was surprised to find two long ladders reared in front of the glass-doors. Dr. K. standing on the grass-plot, under an apple-tree, appeared to be gazing steadfastly at the roof. As we found the house in admirable condition, I was curious to ascertain what repairs or improvements he had in view. There were two men on the ladders, employed in fixing the last clamp to a flag-staff which rose from the apex of the gable. Just then, a breeze came down from the mountains and blew out the folds of—an American flag! Yes—our national banner, although it contained but six stripes; for the good Dr., in his anxiety to give me at once a surprise and a welcome on this day of all days, had been more kind than correct. But the *stars* were all there. The whole thirty-four glittered in the blue field, in defiance of secession or compromise; and thus the first American flag which ever

waved above the Thüringian Forest was no symbol of a divided Union! How brightly the red stripes shone against the background of the firs! How the stars seemed to lighten and sparkle in the morning sun!

To-day, it occurs to me, is the pivot on which our political balance turns. As the men who this day meet in Washington shall decide, shall Honor or Disgrace, Weakness or Strength, prevail. I am so far away that the involuntary conflict of hope and fear is worse than useless, and before these words can reach America, the doubt will either be dissolved in hopeful confidence, or deepened into desperation. This much is certain: the path of Honor, of Duty, of Patriotism is plain—there is but one. Woe to the Republic, if that path be not followed!

—The weather, thus far, has not been propitious for our contemplated mountain walks. Unhappily, after a fortnight of splendid weather, it rained last week, on the day of the Seven Sleepers! This, in German weather-prophecy, denoted rain every day for seven weeks thereafter; and, this year, the rule seems likely to hold good. The sun rises in cloudless splendor, but by seven o'clock the sky is overcast: heavy bluish-gray clouds drag along the mountain-tops: distant thunder is heard, and presently a hard shower comes driving from the West. In half an hour the sky is blue, the meadows sparkle, and snowy masses of cumuli topple over the forests. We rejoice at the prospect of a lovely afternoon, and straightway plan an excursion to one of the legendary spots in the neighborhood. Perhaps we are already under way, enjoying the warmth and sunshine, heedless of an ominous blackness which is gathering behind

the Evil Mountain—evil, indeed, to us!—until, suddenly the sun vanishes, and a far-off rustle among the woods announces the inevitable fate.

It is singular how slight a degree of heat suffices to provoke a thunder-shower in this region. Even to an American, accustomed to sudden changes of temperature, the continual vibrations of the thermometer are far from agreeable. Two or three hours of sunshine, at 80°, and you see the gray veils of showers on the horizon. Then the air is suddenly cooled for a time, but becomes close and sultry again as soon as the breeze falls. The latitude (nearly 51°) is partly accountable for these vagaries, yet I attribute them principally to the fact that the spine of the Thuringian forest, which is only about three miles above us, divides two weather systems, which occasionally overlap each other. It is difficult to realize that less rain falls here annually than in our Middle States, and I am inclined to suspect that the comparison was based on the estimate of a single year, which did not represent the normal average. In the chronicles of the country there are accounts of years in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when so much rain fell that the harvests were destroyed, and thousands of persons died of hunger and of a pestilence engendered by the rotten grain. On the other hand, it is true that the streams which issue from these mountains are remarkably small, and but slightly swollen after heavy rains. The deep bed of spongy moss which forms the floor of the forests, holds much of the moisture, and perhaps accounts for both facts.

An atmospheric phenomenon, scarcely known to us, is of



frequent occurrence here. It is called the *cloud-burst*, a term which describes its character. The clouds, heavily laden, and balled or rolled together by the wind, suddenly *break down* under their combined burden, and discharge a deluge of water, which often occasions immense damage to the fields and herds. Where the burst takes place at the head of a narrow valley, an instantaneous flood is formed, from ten to twenty feet in depth, uprooting trees and sweeping houses from their foundations. A few weeks ago the town of Sköhlen, not far from Jena, was visited by one of these cloud-bursts, whereby thirteen persons were drowned and more than twenty buildings destroyed. In countries which have not yet been denuded of their forests, such a phenomenon is less likely to occur. Richardson describes a cloud-burst which overwhelmed his camp at Tin-tellust, on the frontier of Asben, in the Sahara, and our trappers can tell of others on the plains.

Hail-storms are so frequent and so destructive in Northern Germany, that the prudent farmer always insures his grain in the Hail Insurance Company—a regular branch of the insurance business. The hail-cloud is recognized at a distance by the hard, cold, yellowish-white color of its dropping curtain. Its upper edges are often of a pale brownish hue. Even when it passes by at a distance, it chills the atmosphere far and wide, as an iceberg chills the sea-air.

This morning dawned so brightly, and the scattered clouds hung so lazily around the bottom of the sky, that we felt tolerably sure of a favorable day for our private festival. At ten o'clock the postillion's horn announced

The approach of our friends, and the post-chaise slowly climbed the hill, and discharged its cargo of four ladies, two gentlemen, one child, and a supply of meat and drink, at our door. There were cordial greetings, for we had been separated three days, and those whose hospitality we had so often enjoyed—or rather claimed as a right—were now for the first time our guests. To honor them, as well as the day, I had sent to the landlord at Reinhardtbrunn and ordered six pounds of trout, fresh from the tank. I also secured a supply of the nobler German beverage, as was meet, and therewith *my* duties ended.

Our guests took eager possession of the veranda and garden; the children first embraced and then pulled each other's hair, and thus the festive machinery was put in motion. In Germany one does not need to go around with a conversational oil-pot and grease the individual cogs and cranks; the wheels turn as soon as they touch. It is as easy as rolling a snow-ball down a steep hill. The least impetus is sufficient. The ball increases in volume as well as in swiftness, and the only danger is in attempting to stop it. This, of course, where the material is not too composite; though, even in this respect, you can safely combine more various elements than in any other society I know of.

In England, a successful dinner-party is the result of consummate art. The social ingredients are as carefully measured and mixed as in a sauce or a salad. The oil of Mr. A. is secured to neutralize the vinegar of Mr. B. The Misses X. are the chickens, those promising young gentlemen the lettuce, rich Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so the

'obster, and somebody else the mustard. The host is usually the spoon. Here, I am glad to say, there is more nature and less calculation. Repellant substances are avoided, of course, but the attractive quality of the social atoms is much greater. Another advantage—it is a part of German politeness *to talk*. A “wall-flower” or a “dummy” is the rarest apparition. Johanna Kinkel, with a good deal of truth, calls the habitual silence of many really intelligent English-women a *laziness of the jaws*. Such persons have no scruple in shirking their share of social duty. They find it less trouble to look on and listen, caring not that their silence becomes a rock, against which the flow of social feeling is turned aside. Who does not know how one moody individual may obstruct the sunshine of a whole company of cheerfully-attuned persons? Society, while offering enjoyment of the highest character, imposes a corresponding obligation—a fact which many honest and worthy people seem not to recognize.

In the German language there is no epithet which exactly translates our word *bore*, or its intensification, *vampyre*. The nearest approach to it, “*lemsieder*,” means, literally, “a boiler of glue,” and applies especially to a man who takes you by the button-hole. This fact, alone, indicates a more correct social culture—at least, so far as the social duties are concerned. There is no society without its faults, which have their root in faults of national character. Of these I shall speak at another time. Let me now return to the Fourth of July.

There was no reading of the Declaration of Independence, for the very good reason that we have no copy thereof

Neither was there an oration portraying the greatness and glory of Our Country, because it has yet to be demonstrated, by the last and severest test, that our country is truly great and glorious. On this day of this year, 1861, orations are out of place. But a divided family, united for the first time in three years, took their places at the round table, and when the trout and the roast-beef (quite as much an American as an English reminiscence) had disappeared, a young German spoke thus: "Seeing that we, whose hopes and labors are directed toward the establishment of German unity and nationality, cannot be indifferent to the preservation of the American Union, which is in many respects the realization of our own political ideas—seeing that so many of our countrymen have become American citizens, and that a thousand ties of blood and friendship unite us—seeing, moreover, that in the present struggle we recognize a conflict between Barbarism and Civilization, between Anarchy and Order, let us drink to the success of the Defenders of the Union, and the triumph of the Good Cause!"

We all rose and drank the toast standing, and the silvery clinking of the glasses was like a peal of distant bells, ringing in the (let us hope) not distant day of our national redemption.

After one of the inevitable showers, the day again became bright and balmy. Our arm-chairs were transferred to the shadow of an apple-tree on the little lawn, and while the younger ladies indulged in a somewhat irregular game of ball, we enjoyed anew the beauty of the landscape in the enjoyment of our friends. At our

feet lay Friedrichsroda, its tiled roofs crowded together in a long line through the middle of the valley. The slopes on either side, divided into narrow strips of grain, varying in growth and color, are evenly covered, as with a ribbed velvet carpet, above which, dark and grand, stand the fir forests. At the bottom of the valley, facing us, is the Badger Mountain, rising square against the sunny blue and gold of the distant hills. Southward, wooded to the summit, stands the Kernberg, divided by a shady glen from the Praise-God (*Gottlob*)—a conical hill, from the western slope of which rise shattered pillars of basalt, the topmost crowned with a rustic temple. Between the Praise-God and the Wolf's-steep opens a deep mountain valley, glooming purple with its forests. On the other side we see the profile of the Abbot's Mountain, green with beeches, overlooking Reinhardtsbrunn, and behind it the Evil Mountain, whence comes all our weather-woe. Groups of summer guests are constantly threading the lanes, or climbing to the benches disposed along the heights, and the three asses in the town are always in requisition to carry children or female invalids. Women pass us, laden with basket-loads of hay from the meadows, or fir-twigs from the hills; the men work among their turnip and potato fields; carriages rattle along the highways, and every morning and evening we hear the multitudinous chime of the cow-bells, as the herds are driven out to their pastures. The landscape, with all its beauty, is full of life, which is the greatest beauty of all.

The evening came, and with it the postillion, blowing:



“A rose in his hat, and a staff in h's hand,  
 The pilgrim must wander from land unto land;  
 Through many a city, o'er many a plain,  
 But ah! he must leave them, must wander again!”

And so it was with our friends. The grandfather must back to his telescope and the new comet: there were household duties for the women—expected relatives from afar: each was bound by some one of the strands which go to make up the thread of life. And, after they had left, I took up this, my own particular strand, which having spun to this length, I now leave until I receive a fresh supply of material—silk, or flax, or spider-gossamer—anything but Cotton!

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### 3.—REINHARDTSBRUNN, AND ITS LEGEND.

JULY 6, 1861.

WITHIN a mile of our cottage is the castle of Reinhardtbrunn, one of the summer residences of Ernest II., the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. As a specimen of landscape gardening, the surrounding park is unsurpassed by any similar spot on the Continent. The castle is built on the ruins of a former Benedictine monastery, which owed its foundation to one of the most romantic passages of Thuringian history. The first landgrave of Thuringia was Ludwig the Bearded, who, in the first half of the eleventh century, built the castle of Schauenburg, (just beyond the Wolf-steep, and almost visible from my window,) and made himself master of all the region round about

His eldest son Ludwig succeeded to the title and possessions. The latter was a stalwart, handsome fellow, and it is perhaps comprehensible that Adelheid, wife of the Count Palatinate of Weissenburg, should have loved him, in preference to her husband. Unfortunately for both, the passion was mutual, and a quarrel, purposely brought on, resulted in the death of the Count Palatinate, at the hands of his wife's lover.

A year afterwards the guilty pair were wedded, but the matter having come to the ears of the Emperor, Henry IV., he ordered the landgrave to be arrested. The latter refused to obey the mandate, but was finally taken by stratagem and confined in the fortress of Giebichenstein, near Halle. Here he remained two years and eight months, waiting for trial. (Justice appears to have been as slow, if not as blind a divinity, then, as now!) Finally, weary of the long confinement, he pretended to be mortally sick, and was allowed to see a servant who was to bear his last message to his wife. The servant, however, received orders to bring the landgrave's white horse, The Swan, to the meadow below the castle, on a certain day. When the time arrived, the landgrave, who continually complained of cold and was wrapped in thick mantles, tottered to the window as if to take a last look at the sun. The six knights who guarded him were absorbed in a game of chess. The castle was built on a rock, overhanging the river Saale. The prisoner, with a cry of "Holy Virgin Mary, save thy servant!" leaped from the window. The mantles spread out, broke the force of the fall, and he descended safely a hundred feet into the water. A fishing-

boat, purposely in waiting, picked him up, and in a few minutes afterwards he was on the back of the Swan, speeding homewards.

For this daring feat he received the name of Ludwig the Leaper, by which he is still known in German history.

Notwithstanding the matter was finally compromised, and the landgrave allowed to retain his possessions, neither he nor his wife was happy. They had conscience enough to be troubled by the remembrance of their crime; and so it happened once, on a Good Friday, that Adelheid placed dishes of fowl and game before her husband. Whereupon, he marvelling that she should expect him to sin in this manner, she answered: "Should *this* sin be worth considering, in comparison with that other sin whereof we have not yet repented?" Both wept, and consulted as to what penance was proper. The result was a journey to Rome. The Pope promised them complete absolution, provided the landgrave should build and richly endow a monastery, and his wife, in like manner, establish a nunnery. The former returned to his home in the Schauenburg, and busied himself with the choice of a site, but for a long time found himself unable to decide upon one.

His attention was finally directed to the neighboring valley, where, deep in the forest, lived a potter named Reinhardt. There, beside a strong fountain which gushed from the earth, this potter saw, at night, two lights like candles, which disappeared whenever he approached them. The landgrave, having himself witnessed the phenomenon, accepted it as a sign from above, and founded the stately monastery of Reinhardtsbrunn on the site of the potter's

humble cottage. This was in the year 1089, according to the chronicles, but more probably in 1098. A few years afterwards, Ludwig the Leaper became a monk, and remained in the monastery until his death, in 1123.

The place was completely ransacked and destroyed during the *Bauernkrieg*, or Peasants' War, and remained a ruin until the accession of Ernest I. of Coburg (father of the present Duke) to the sovereignty of Saxe-Gotha. This prince removed the tottering walls of the old monastery and built a summer palace on the foundations. The material used was a warm gray sandstone, found in the neighboring mountain, and the style that domestic Gothic which harmonizes so exquisitely with the forms of a Northern landscape. The old Duke also restored the monkish fishponds, and completely remodelled the gardens, woods, and meadows, but with a sparing and beautifying, not a destroying hand. In this respect, his taste was admirable. He appreciated scenery with the intuition of an artist, and knew where to prune, and where to plant, so as to attain that ideal grace and loveliness which Nature, unassisted, can never reach.

There ought to be some better name for this faculty and its exercise. "Landscape gardening" is both incongruous and incomplete. The German expression, "Art-gardener," is better; but the idea of a garden is too limited, when the artist's plan embraces the landscape to its furthest horizon. In his eyes, all its features are, to a certain extent, plastic. That which he cannot change or remove, he can throw into perspective, or so conceal by the intervention of other forms, that its individual ugliness shall

become a component part of the general beauty. To contracted spaces he can impart a character of expansion; dead levels he breaks by picturesque interruptions; he works not alone for the eye, but excites the fancy by stolen glimpses which hint at some concealed charm. He collects the wandering rills, and opens a mirrored under-sky, to brighten the too uniform green; he arranges his trees with regard to their forms and tints, to the lights they catch and the shadows they cast, until they stand as far in beauty above the uncultured woods as the pediment-groups of Grecian temples are above a group of ordinary men. He sees, like the sculptor, the suggestions of Nature, and pilfers the graces of a hundred forms to blend them harmoniously in one ideal. Should not this *Earth-sculpture* have its place among the Fine Arts?

The park, or garden-park, of Reinhardtsbrunn (for it is neither alone, but a combination of the two) is an almost perfect illustration of the art. The lower ridges of the Querberg and Reinhardtsberg, thrust out at right angles to the axis of the Thuringian Forest, inclose it on either side, and the lofty Abbot's Mountain, a part of the main chain, fills up the intervening space. Northward, the brook, fed by its ponds, flows toward the plain through a narrow, falling glen. The castle, with its picturesque confusion of towers, Gothic gables, and quaint out-buildings, stands near the foot of Reinhardtsberg, on an irregular, natural terrace, sloping toward the water on two sides. The landscape visible therefrom has a length of two miles and a half, with an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile. Though not wholly included in the park, it is subjected to



the artist's will, to the very summits of the mountains, and the transitions from fir-forest and meadow to the shelvy terraces of roses and verbenas, from evergreen to deciduous trees, from ivied castle and gravelled avenues to the seclusion of bowery foot-paths and the sun-sprinkled shade of the woods, are so skilfully managed that you fail to distinguish the boundaries. You see but one rich, harmonious, many-featured, enchanting picture.

In the forms and colors of the trees, and their disposition with regard to each other and to the character of their background, we detect that art which never appears *as art*—never can offend, because it is developed through the ordinary processes of Nature. Plant a tree, and it will take, of itself, its own characteristic form. Nature, however, can simply produce; she cannot combine and arrange. She will not plant yonder weeping-ash on the slope, so that its outer boughs shall just touch the water: she will not rear those purple beeches to relieve the huge green masses of the ancient lindens, nor give the silver birch an airy lightness and distinctness by a background of pine. She plants weeds among the flowers and ripple-grass in the turf, muffles the brook with autumn leaves, and fills the pond with sickly water-mosses.

Here there is nothing of that. She is kept clean and healthy by a regimen which simply aims at developing her highest beauty. There seems to be, verily, a joyous consciousness thereof in the trees and flowers. Nowhere stunted, nowhere deformed, they give to the summer the deepest tints, the richest undulations of foliage. The sunbeams touch them with a softer splendor, and their shadows

have a clearer purple or violet than elsewhere. In the late afternoon, when golden breaks of light stream down the long meadows, between the cloudlike gloom of the forests, turning the turf to fiery velvet, smiting the lakes and the red-and-white flag on the floating skiff; when the banks of flowers burn with blinding color, and the venerable firs of the Reinhardtsberg take the hue of bronze, and the wooded glen beyond swims in hazy shadow, it is the landscape of a brighter planet, a transfigured earth.

At the bottom of the valley, where it contracts into the glen, there is a spacious inn, which has a wide renown for its good though somewhat expensive cheer. At all hours of the day, unless the rain is unusually hard, the out-door tables and benches, under the shelter of the firs, are frequented by visitors from all parts of the Thuringian Forest. We sometimes go thither for tea, and find it difficult to obtain places among the crowd. The fat waiter, and his two juvenile assistants, go back and forth with empty or foaming beer-glasses, sausages, black bread, raw ham, fermented cheese, cucumbers, salted sardines, or trout and potatoes. The German supper usually consists of some of these articles, each of which has a positive flavor. The cheese, even in the open air, must frequently be covered with a glass bell, on account of its powerful odor of decomposition. It seems to improve in digestible quality, however in proportion as it becomes insufferable to the nostrils. Beer is the unvarying masculine beverage. The ladies drink tea, or a mixture of beer, water, sugar, and black bread, which is called "*music!*" It is a very weak harmony indeed.

It is singular that, with their fondness for the open air the Germans should have such a dread of "draughts," in houses and railway-carriages. Doors and windows are closed as soon as there is a motion in the air. On entering a shop, on a warm day, you are generally told "Pray, put your hat on: you are warm." Nay, this goes so far that by many intelligent persons (hereabouts at least) colds are considered contagious. Possibly, one cause of such a physical sensitiveness is the difference of temperature between the sun and shade, which is more marked in a Northern latitude. Prof. Bergfalk, of Upsala, told me that during his first summer in America he lived in great dread of the draughts to which he was exposed, until he found that his health did not suffer. On returning to Sweden, however, he resumed his former sensitiveness.

—It is impossible to write more this evening, while the sunset beckons from the mountains,—especially when my household, bonneted and shawled, is beckoning also. I am not hard to move, for I prefer the outer to the inner air, the reality to the description. So, here is the last ink I shall shed to-day. Rest, you weary steel, that are not always mightier than the sword!

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#### 4.—THE FIRST GERMAN SHOOTING-MATCH.

JULY 12, 1861.

HERE is already a considerable gap in my journal, and the reader, referring to his own experience, may suspect that my undertaking is beginning to flag. Only the most

ultra-methodical minds are capable of noting down their "thoughts, feelings, &c." (as the school-girls say) day after day, whether or no there is anything to note. For my part, having so many a *dies non* to record, I have never been able to hold out longer than two months, except upon my journeys abroad. I was recently very much amused at finding, among some old papers, a journal conscientiously commenced at the age of ten, to be continued thenceforth indefinitely; but on the eighth day the entry stood—"weather cloudy, and I find it impossible to keep a journal!"

After all, I presume the true explanation is, that a journal, to be really worth anything to the writer thereof, must be a *confessional* in the broadest sense of the word—a record of weakness and error, as well as of good deeds or good resolutions. Everybody agrees that the *true* history of one life would be worth all the romances ever written, yet nobody writes the whole truth, even for his own eyes, lest other eyes should accidentally get sight of it. In Stifter's story of the "Fortress of Fools," the heads of the family, in a direct line, write their own secret biography, which each one places in a rock-hewn chamber, whereto he only possesses the key—which, with the obligation to continue the history, he transmits to his son. The result is, in the course of a few centuries, a race of madmen. There are few eyes steady enough to look on the absolute Truth—few hands bold enough to lift the last veil from the image in the temple of Saïs.

I, however, whose journal is personal only so far as I am connected with scenes and subjects which may interest my friendly readers, am not troubled by these considerations

The simple fact is, we have all been absent for the past four days, attending a Pan-Germanic festival in the neighboring city. The great popular movement which now prevails, from the Alps to the Baltic, has for its basis the idea of National Unity. It is singular to note how unsteadily the political balance is held in the hands of nations. As the scale rises in one hemisphere, it sinks in the other. Here, where in spite of the jealousies, the hostilities even, of a thousand years, in spite of differences of character, customs, dialects, ideas, institutions, and creeds, there is an earnest desire to kindle a spirit of patriotism which shall rise above all narrower distinctions, and lay the foundation of one great and homogeneous empire: while, across the Atlantic, the same principle is violently assailed, and the Nation's blood and treasure must be spent to prove that she is a nation, in fact. The miserable divisions from which Italy is being healed, which Germany is leaving behind her by sounder and safer paths than she chose in '48, which even the Slavic and Scandinavian races are seeking to avoid, are now racking our political frame. Is this a disease from which our land can only be freed, by communicating it to another?

Gotha had been excited, for weeks in advance, by the anticipation of the Convention of German Riflemen, which was appointed to meet on the 8th. As this was the first convention of the kind which embraced all Germany, and had therefore a political significance, there was much fear that the little city would not be able to hold all her guests. She resolved, at least, that they should be worthily entertained, and her citizens (with the exception of the nobility,



who, for the most part, stood sullenly aloof,) spared neither pains nor expense. Hundreds of houses were opened for the strangers; flags were made, wreaths woven, triumphal arches built, and prizes, by scores, contributed for the victors. Silver goblets came from the Duke and Duchess, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Albert, and the Free Cities; rifles and revolvers; sets of silver spoons, cases of wine, gold watches, embroidered gun-belts and game-bags, shoes, meerschaum pipes, cigars, portfolios, cushions, books and statuettes; and even the children's schools in the neighborhood brought together their *pfennings* to buy some trifle which should represent their interest in the festival.

It was pleasant to witness this universal sympathy with a movement which, however indirect its political influence might be, was at least directly attacked by the Reactionary Party, and therefore, to that extent, a political expression. I rejoiced with my German friends, not only for the sake of Germany, but because the least progress anywhere helps Progress everywhere. During the whole of last week the weather was watched with great anxiety, and every additional shower was welcomed, since it lessened the probability of continued rain, in spite of the Seven Sleepers. Even when Sunday came, and dark thunder-clouds, rising in the West, took their way to the Thuringian Forest or the distant Hartz, they said "let it rain!" The companies of riflemen who were to arrive would have a wet reception, it was true, but better that than have the grand procession on the morrow spoiled by a storm.

As this procession was to be organized at seven in the

morning, we drove over to Gotha in the afternoon, during an interregnum of sunshine between two storms. The trees of Reinhardtsbrunn sparkled with unshed rain-drops; the Hörsel Mountain (the home of the minstrel Tannhäuser) stood out, bare and yellow as a mountain of Palestine against the dark sky; and in the village of Wahlwinkel the wife-stork, standing up in her nest, was drying her wet wings in the sun. Ah! here is at once the entrance to another digression: but no! I will avoid the by-path, pastoral and pleasant though it be, and follow the highway of my narrative. I will return to the storks to-morrow.

From afar, over the trees, the old banner of the German Empire—black, red, and gold, in horizontal bars—waved a welcome. It is not ten years since these colors were prohibited in almost every part of Germany. As we entered the suburbs, the colors of Saxony (green and white) and Thuringia (red and white) floated from every house, subordinate, however, to the all-embracing national flag. The streets leading to the railroad-station, whence came the sound of music, were crowded with riflemen, hurrying down to welcome expected corps from abroad. On reaching our family home, we found the gentlemen sporting badges of white satin, and Fräulein Hildegarde trying on her wreath of oak-leaves before the looking-glass. She was one of a hundred maidens who, thus crowned, in white dresses, with scarfs of red, black, and gold, were to take part in the procession.

Presently we hear the yelling of two locomotives, which come slowly up the grade from the direction of Weimar, drawing twelve cars. We make for an arbor, overlooking

the main avenue, up which the strangers must march. Trumpets blow, the people rush past, the thunders rattle, out goes the sunshine and down comes the rain! We huddle together in the leafy house, which affords but slight protection against the driving sheets of water. But in half an hour the sun follows, and a double rainbow, complete and magnificent, arches above the Seeberg. The trumpets blow again, the target-men in scarlet caps and shirts tramp by with the baggage, the hacks, garlanded with flowers, follow, and then the riflemen with their escort, cheerfully keeping step on the muddy road. The banners and the crowds of spectators are their only welcome. There is no shouting—no waving of hats. The Germans have not yet learned that. They have been kept silent so long that they have not the full use of their voices.

In the morning, we set out betimes for the market-square in the centre of the city, where the procession was to form. I had the honor of escorting Hildegarde, in her oak-wreath and scarf. From under the linden boughs of the park two other German maidens sprang out to meet us, and the three formed a vanguard, before which the crowd fell back and made us a passage. The market-square lies on the northern side of the steep hill, crowned by the castle of Friedenstein. Approaching it from the top, we looked down, as into an arena, filled with waving flags and moving masses of men, and sprinkled all over with glittering points of color. The gray old council-hall, in the centre, thrust a flag from every window, and shook its pendant wreaths of oak-leaves in the wind. The fountain was hidden in a pyramid of birch boughs, and daring young peasants clung to every 'coign

of vantage" offered by its layers of basins. In the middle of an open space, kept clear by gensd'armes, the chief marshal was riding to and fro, while his aids stationed the different deputations of riflemen at their posts, ready to fall in at the proper time. The crowd, thousands in number, looked on in silence.

We descended into the square, broke through the guarded space, and took leave of our maidens at the door of the council-hall, where ninety-seven others were waiting for them. On all sides waved the flags of the various German States—the black and white of Prussia; blue and silver of Bavaria; red and yellow of Baden; fortress in a red field, of Hamburg; the Saxon and Thüringian colors; the tri-color of Schleswig-Holstein; the cross of Switzerland—and, over all, the symbol of strength and unity, the red, black, and gold. What was my delight, at seeing from a corner of the square, the stars and stripes of America!—singularly enough, the only foreign power thus represented. Every house was hung with garlands—principally of the German oak, looped up with knots of roses, and disposed in an infinite variety of forms, but in every instance with excellent taste. The general effect was exceedingly beautiful.

The streets through which the procession was to pass, were similarly decorated. Occasionally the wreaths were of fir, with gilded cones as pendants, or with rosettes of forget-me-nots and harebells. Even in these details there was a national significance. You may be sure, whenever a German is sufficiently advanced to express himself by means of outward symbols, he always puts an idea behind them.



We followed the path of the procession to the outskirts of the city, where, in the house of the architect S., hospitable windows had been offered to us. I continued my walk to the shooting-hall and target-stands, around which a court of show-booths had already sprung up. There was a menagerie, in front of which, as an attractive sign, a live elican was perched on a high post. I did not wonder that the bird yawned terribly. There was also an "Art-Cabinet," with "Anatomical Specimens"—the "Harbor of Fortune," where you either won a penny plaything by firing off a pop-gun, or lost your penny—"Live Bushmen from Africa," and two *carrouseles*, or flying-horses for children. In spite of my satin badge, I was refused admittance into the shooting-grounds before the arrival of the procession, and contented myself with admiring the triumphal entrance, the work of my friends S. and S. The square gateway was composed of the shields of German States, set in frames of fir-twigs, while on either side two lofty masts, spirally wreathed to the summit, lifted high in air their crowns of banners. From the centre of the arch floated the colors of the German empire. Really, I could find no fault with the structure. From end to end it was arranged with admirable taste, and the moral I drew therefrom was this: "why cannot our officials or committees, on such occasions, employ artists and architects as well? Why can't we put round men into round holes?"

Boom! went the cannon from the castle, announcing that the procession had started. All the church-bells began to chime, a circumstance whereat the few Reactionists in Gotha were deeply shocked. The road was already lined



with expectant crowds, who filled the banks on either side while the central space was kept clear by mounted gens d'armes. On my return to our friends at the window I met the Duke, already on his way to the shooting-ground. He was driving a span of dun-colored horses, with black manes and tails, and with such a skilful hand that I have no doubt many of the strangers supposed he was the coach man. I took off my hat to the gay, clear-eyed, *galliaro* Prince, whom I had recently had occasion to know and to honor, as a man. For him, it was a well-deserved day of triumph.

Next to the house of our friend S. was another American flag of silk, floating from a wreathed staff. I also took off my hat as I passed it. Everybody knew it, and looked upon it with a friendly eye. Suppose it had been the Virginia coat-of-arms or even the New York "Excelsior?" It would probably have been torn down as an abortion—a counterfeit of nationality—even granting that any person had known what it meant. State pride! State fealty paramount! what wicked nonsense passes for wisdom in some parts of our favored Republic! However, there is not much likelihood that the starveling Palmetto itself would have been recognized, for in these inland European cities the people know but little about national symbols. In the garden opposite our window there was a banner of Schleswig-Holstein (red, blue and white, horizontal), which the Furners—who ought to have known better—were on the point of tearing down, supposing it to be that of France!

A blast of trumpets—a stretching of the necks of the crowd—an increasing murmur, and the procession comes!

It is a double display, for the Turners of Thuringia hold their convention in Gotha at the same time, and have joined their forces to those of the riflemen. The former first appear, preceded by music, and graced by the presence of a second hundred of maidens in white, with wreaths of white flowers and rose-colored scarfs. Our friend E., as Grand Marshal, rides in advance, and his baton bends us a solemn greeting. Then come the Turners. Ah! here is some sign of life, but not from the spectators. *They* are simply silent and curious. The various deputations greet our ladies with genuine cheers; mild, indeed, but well meant. Handkerchiefs flourish acknowledgment. Students in velvet caps wave their swords, banners dip, and the trumpets blow a *fanfaron*, as they pass. Hurrah! hurrah! I should like to shout, but there is no one to join me. Young, gallant fellows, in gray linen, they can do something else besides spring over bars and climb ladders, hand over hand.

M. counts the maidens, who seem to be portioned off as angelic escorts to the standard-bearers, to the hundredth. Now come the riflemen! The band plays "Schleswig-Holstein, sea-surrounded," as they pass the tri-colored flag. I wish they knew the Star-Spangled Banner, but they don't. Here is Hildegarde, in the van, shaking her bouquet at our window. The tall brother follows, in a white sash. Then, company after company of riflemen, in plain gray or blue fatigue uniform, but preceded by officers in astonishing costume. Who are these in green and gold, with such plumed chapeaux, such excessive epaulets, such length of sword? Generals? Field-Marschals? you ask

By no means, my friend: they are not even soldiers. It is some relief to know that the vanity of seeing oneself in "full regimentals" is not confined to our militia officers at home. Some of the banners, however, tattered and riddled in former wars, were genuine. The number of persons in the procession is certainly over two thousand, and the spectators number at least twenty thousand. It is not a large affair, compared with some of our political gatherings, but in point of order, taste, harmony, and effect, I have never seen it surpassed.

The presence of the two hundred maidens was decidedly the most pleasing feature of the display—to the eye, at least. The flowing lines of the white robes, the soft gleam of the colored scarfs, and the bright flush of the girlish faces, wound like a thread of grace and beauty through the long files of the men. Here, again, one recognizes the artistic sense, if not the direct arrangement of an artist.

Another lesson of the festival was afforded by the perfect order preserved by the spectators, thousands of whom were peasants from the surrounding country. The very freedom which was allowed was in itself a guarantee of order—a fact which the Continental governments are slow to learn.

But—here is the end of the procession, and of to-day's chapter.

## 5.—THE SAME, CONTINUED.

JULY 13, 1861.

FIRST—To resume the interrupted narrative :—

After the procession had passed, we descended from our windows and followed in the rear, designing to enter the inclosure in season to hear the Duke's address of welcome, and the song, "The German Tri-color," to which he had himself composed the music. But, on reaching the gateway, we were informed, "Ladies cannot be admitted at present." This portion of the party, supposing it to be a precautionary measure, on account of the crowd, returned, and I entered in company with a Russian relative. To my surprise, there was ample space within, and the prohibition was a gratuitous rudeness. By this time the address had been delivered, and the strains of the song were swallowed up in the noise of the multitude.

The Duke's speech occupied about four minutes in delivery. I know some persons who, under similar circumstances, would not have let us off under three-quarters of an hour. After referring to that new direction of the popular ideas which had called forth the festival, he said, in a firm, decided tone: "Strength and skill shall to-day unite in emulation for prizes, in order that the individual, elevated by the consciousness of his own value, may become more valuable to the entire people. The chief aim of these mutual endeavors should be the protection of the great German Fatherland, and the preservation of its honor. With such feelings let us reach to one another the fraternal

hand!" Many of the riflemen from abroad, who were accustomed to see their own rulers surrounded by the most rigid ceremonials, were astonished at the manly simplicity for which Ernest II. is distinguished. It was amusing to hear their remarks: "Why, he took off his hat to us!" "He wears a plain citizen's dress—not even a star on his breast!" "Ah, that's the right sort of a Prince!"

Two riflemen who were quartered in our residence were loud in their expressions of delight. "Why," said one of them, "it's really comical to see your Duke!" "Why so?" I asked—not knowing that "comical," in his dialect, expressed the highest admiration. "You see," he said, "I once had the honor of standing before our King. Ah, ha! bow down, and be silent: don't you recognize the divinity? But here—he's a man, like ourselves—yes, actually a human being! He walks, and talks, and lets the sun shine without his permission. Why, there was a gentleman in a hunting-coat with him, who joked and clapped him on the shoulder, and he took it all like a *bon camarade*." We were obliged to laugh at this description of our worthy B., whose connexion with us the speaker did not guess.

The shooting, which was to continue four days, immediately commenced. There were thirteen hundred riflemen in all, and but twenty targets, and the pressure for a chance was very great. The shooting-stand was a spacious pavilion, erected for the purpose, on the western side of which were twenty stalls, numbered to correspond with the targets. The latter were also named, in the order of rank; the first, to which the highest prizes were attached, being "Germany," the second "Duke Ernest," the third



“Thüringia,” and the fourth “Schleswig-Holstein.” Afterwards came the German rivers, and then the representative men, among whom Humboldt, Fichte, and Arndt had a place. The distance was four hundred feet for ten of the targets, and two hundred and fifty feet for the remaining ten. The manner of shooting was divided into three classes, arranged so that all should apply to both the distances: First, shooting “with free hand,” without rest or aid of any kind; second, with the use of the diopter, or sight-gauge; and lastly, with rests. These technical arrangements were a great worry to the committee, who were obliged to take into consideration such a variety of habits and preferences among the riflemen. It must be admitted, however, that they performed their work with great tact, and to the satisfaction of the guests.

The cracking of rifles became more and more frequent, and soon rattled, like scattering volleys, from one end of the pavilion to the other. I was interested in noticing the arrangement of the targets. Each was double, and turned on a pivot midway between the two, so that when one was up the other was down, and concealed from sight in a pit, in which the attendant sat. His duty was, whenever a shot was fired, to turn the axle, thus bringing the target down to note the shot, while he elevated the other for a fresh one. The shots were carefully registered, and the record sent back to the pavilion from time to time, in a bag attached to a travelling rope. It is a lucky circumstance that none of the attendants were shot during the festival. Once, indeed, there was a slight alarm. One of the targets having failed to revolve, the firing was sus

pended, and the pit examined, when the man was found lying fast asleep at the bottom! It is no less an illustration of the care and method native to the German character, that although thirty-five thousand shots, in all, were fired, no accident of any kind occurred.

I was invited to take part in the trial, but as my rifle-practice is very limited, and I was the only representative of a country famous for sharp-shooters, I judged that I could best preserve our reputation by declining. I had an opportunity of doing some service, nevertheless, by explaining the character of the rebellion against the Federal authority, for there was no lack of eager questioners and sympathetic listeners.

Wandering about through the crowd, I fell in with Dr. Petermann, the geographer, who had left his maps to swell the crowd of those who wish to abrogate geographical distinctions. His first question, also, was in relation to our American difficulty. I was midway in a statement when we were joined by Gustav Freytag, the author of "Debit and Credit," and one of the clearest thinkers in Germany. "What do the people of the Free States think of the struggle?" he asked. "They see now that it is inevitable," I answered. "Furthermore, the general impression is, that it *must* have come, some time, and better now than later. When I left, the feeling was that of relief, almost of satisfaction." Freytag is one of those men with whom it is a pleasure to talk, as well as to hear. His brain is warm and vital, and seeks and assimilates, instead of repelling, warmth in others.

In another group I found the artists Jacobs and Gurlitt,

with both of whom I established a freemasonry of interest, in our reminiscences of Greece. The "Temple of Gifts" attached to the shooting-hall had, as one of its pediments, a striking picture from the pencil of the former. It represented Germany, crowned with oak, leaning on her sword and offering a wreath to the victor. The other pediment, by Professor Schneider, illustrated the (just now more than ever) popular legend of the slumbering Barbarossa. The old Emperor sits in the vaults of the Kyffhäuser, with his red beard grown to his feet, while the ravens fly around his head. So long as they fly, the enchantment binds him: the hour of his awaking has not yet come. But, on either side, in the lower caverns, the mountain-gnomes are busy, forging swords, casting bullets and hammering the locks of guns. Barbarossa symbolizes the German Unity. I should have represented him, however, if not in the act of awaking, as starting in his sleep, at least. To complete the allegory, one of the ravens should be double-headed, with yellow wings (Austria); the second wearing the papal tiara and with the keys of St. Peter in his claws; and the third, with a spiked helmet, representing, not Prussia, but that combination of pride and obstinacy which distinguishes the military profession in Germany.

By this time other pavilions than those of the riflemen, were crowded with visitors. Beside *one* of these I counted, at eleven o'clock in the morning, thirteen empty beer-barrels! The Turners, grouped together at tables under the trees, sang in chorus; the bands played; and outside of the inclosure you could hear the voices of showmen, crying: "This way, Gentlemen: here is the wonderful and astonish

ing," etc. I strayed down thitherward, where thousands of peasants were looking and listening with open mouths and eyes. The family of Bushmen from Africa attracted me, and I entered the booth. A young fellow, with loud voice and eyes fixed on vacancy, performed the part of lecturer and interpreter. "Here, your Lordships!" he cried, "I will show you the wild people of Africa, the only specimens in Europe. I will first call them. You cannot understand their language, but I will translate for you. *Tath imangkoko!*" "*Nya—a—a—a!*" answered a voice behind the curtain. "*Kilibu-ba-bingo!*" he repeated; "that means, I told them to come out." Thereupon appeared a little old woman, with a yellow skin, and an immense bushy head of hair, followed by a girl of eighteen, ditto. Bushmen they were not, nor Africans: very likely ordinary gypsies, dyed and frizzled. "*Marino-ba-bibblee-boo!*" he commanded; "I told them to sing." And sing they did, or rather scream. "Your lordships," said the showman, who looked enough like the old woman to be her son, "they want money to buy raw flesh, which is their food." The girl took up a collection, in a cocoa-nut shell. "Your lordships," he continued, "if you have cigars, or pipes, or tobacco, they would like to have them." The peasants winked at each other, as much as to say "we've had enough of this," and eft in a body, I following.

In the afternoon the Turners had a grand performance followed by a ball at the Theatre, in the evening. As all wearers of badges had the right of entrance, we determined to go thither as spectators. But here the order, which had characterized the festival, failed. The building



was open on all sides, to every one. There were no door keepers, no managers, and from the back of the stage to the top of the gallery, the space was crammed to suffocation with a mixed multitude, varying in costume from the most elegant ball-toilet to the shabby dress of the street-oafer. We made our escape as soon as possible, strongly impressed with the inconsistency of shutting out ladies from the ceremonies of the morning and admitting the unwashed to the festivities of the evening.

At a subsequent visit to the shooting-stand I encountered B. who said to me: "Have you seen Auerbach?" Berthold Auerbach here! W. and I immediately set out in search of him, although our chance of success seemed slight indeed. But before we had made our first round through the crowd, I espied a pair of familiar broad shoulders, in the middle of which, on a short neck, was planted a sturdy head. Without more ado I gave the shoulders a hearty slap, whereupon the head turned with an air of resentment which immediately resolved itself into friendly surprise. The genial author of "Village Stories" and "Little Bare-foot" joined us, but was so constantly hailed by friends and admirers that we soon lost him again. I learned, however, that he has another story in press, called *Edehweiss*—the name of an Alpine flower.

At the dinner of riflemen, on the same day, at which the Duke presided, one of the guests gave the following toast: "Let us not forget, on this occasion, our brethren across the Atlantic, who are also proving their fidelity to the sentiment of Unity, who are engaged in upholding the cause of Law and Order. Success to the Germans who are fighting the



battles of the Union, in America!" This was received with a storm of applause, the whole company rising to their feet.

At the close of the Convention, De Leuw of Düsseldorf was declared to be the first shot, and Dorner of Nuremberg the second. Besides the contributed prizes, four hundred in number, there were additional prizes in money, and the lucky first dozen of sharp-shooters received several hundred dollars apiece, together with their silver goblets and spoons.

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#### 6.—ERNEST OF COBURG.

Now that the smoke of the thirty-five thousand shots has cleared away, the guests have departed, the oak-wreath withered, the banners rolled up for the next time, and the first National Convention of German Riflemen declared to be a great success, we may already begin to calculate its direct results. In the popular estimation it stands for more than it really is, and, therefore, *is* more than it seems.

Mere expertness with the rifle is a simple art, and the various corps of shooters might develop their skill to an equal extent without leaving home. But the *éclat* given to that skill by a public trial at which all Germany looks on—the wide renown, the rich rewards which await the victor—tend directly to make these volunteer associations popular, and to greatly increase their number and efficiency. Again, behind this consideration lies the idea of making the German people strong for their own defence, of

bringing them together from the remotest states, and promoting a spirit of unity, a harmony of interests and of aims, in spite of political divisions. Not in vain has the lesson of Italy been studied here. The people at last understand that they must be a PEOPLE, divided by no provincial jealousies, animated by no narrow aims, before Germany can be the one powerful consolidated Empire, which is their political dream.

In the Convention at Gotha, as well as in the Singers' Festival, to be held in Nuremberg (and at which five thousand participants are already announced), this is the deep, underlying idea. The *National-Verein* (National-Association), which was established in 1859, and already numbers between twenty and thirty thousand members, has for its object the union of all the scattered elements of Progress in an organized body, which shall work for the same end. After long wanderings hither and thither; after many a chase of ignes-fatui through the swamps of Red Republicanism, Communism, and Socialism, the Liberal Party in Germany has at last found its rational and proper path. There is no longer a Republican, but a wise, enlightened National Party, against whose growing strength the reaction is beaten back on every side.

Not the least important of the circumstances which have contributed to the success of the Convention is the fact that the party possesses a leader who not only enjoys an unbounded popularity among the masses, but, being himself a reigning Prince, is at once a guarantee of its character for his fellow-rulers, and a shield for itself against their forcible opposition. This leader is Ernest II., Duke of

Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whom we best know in America as the elder brother of Prince Albert of England, while in Germany the latter is best known as the younger brother of the Duke. The Reactionists—especially the *Junkerthum*, or Squirearchy, as the reactionary nobility are called—charge Ernest II. with being a demagogue; with heading the popular movement merely for the sake of gratifying a hollow ambition: but they cannot deny that his course has been thoroughly consistent from the beginning, and that he remained true to the cause, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of his royal relatives, at a time when it seemed to be utterly crushed. If he is simply cunning, and not sincere, as they affirm, it is that nobler cunning which foresees the inevitable course of events, and rides on the top wave of the flood which it cannot stay.

Certainly since the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which he commanded the battery at Eckernfiord, whereby the Danish frigate *Christian VIII.* was destroyed, no German Prince has been so popular with the people as Ernest II. During the last two years this popularity has taken a much wider and deeper significance. In 1859 he not only welcomed the establishment of the National-Verein, but when the *Free City* of Frankfort refused to allow its members to meet in convention there, invited them at once to Coburg. A month ago the Legislative Assembly of the Duchy, at his recommendation, concluded a military convention with Prussia, whereby the useless little army of the State is consolidated into that of the greater power—a practical step toward unity. And now, by his indefatigable labors as President of the Convention of Riflemen, by his

plain, cordial bearing, his conciliatory patience and kindness in adjusting disputes and jealousies among the guests, and, more than all, by his earnest, patriotic utterances, he has sprung to a height of popularity which might make giddy a head less clear and cool than his.

On the last day of the Convention, when the members assembled in the hall, the Duke made a short address, recommending the formation of a permanent union of volunteer rifle-corps throughout all Germany, not only for the purpose of uniting upon normal regulations in regard to the exercises, but also to arm and discipline the young men, so that they may finally constitute a reserve for the regular army. "The time to create a sensation by words alone," said he, "is past. The people demand action, for the sake of their strength and unity. I hear of dangers which threaten our Fatherland; but a people is beyond danger as soon as it is truly united, truly strong." The proposal was unanimously adopted. A plain-spoken doubter, however, during the day, ventured to approach the Duke and to say: "Your Highness, your words were noble and patriotic; but will you stand by them?" The Duke answered, good-humoredly clapping the speaker on the shoulder, "My friend, all that I have heretofore promised I have performed: I think you may safely confide in me this time."

I had recently the honor of a long personal interview with Ernest II., from which I came away with a most agreeable impression of his character and talents. I had previously been presented to him during the visit of Prince Albert to Gotha, three years ago, and was then struck by



his free, off-hand, animated demeanor, which offered a marked contrast to the somewhat reserved and haughty bearing of his younger brother. On my way through Coburg to the Franconian Switzerland a month ago, I expressed a wish, through a friend in the Ministry, to wait upon him at the castle of Callenberg, near that city—his residence in the early summer. The permission was at once given, and with a cordiality which relieved me from any fear of intrusion.

On alighting from the train at the Coburg station, I was accosted by a personage in a white cravat, who, after satisfying himself as to my identity, announced, "His Highness expects you to dinner, at the Callenberg, at seven o'clock this evening." Then probably suspecting that an American might be unfamiliar with the requirements of costume, he added, in a whisper, "You only need a black cravat and a dress-coat." I satisfied his mind on that score, and we proceeded together to the hotel. He took the further precaution of ordering the carriage, in order that I might be punctual; but I was already aware that punctuality is a necessary virtue of princes.

The evening was delicious, and the drive of three miles was a cheerful ante-chamber, through which to enter pleasant society. (There are few European courts which can be thus designated.) The old fortress of Coburg, where Luther wrote, "*Our Lord, He is a Tower of Strength,*" stood golden in the sun, and long shadows lay across the meadows of Rosenau. A mild breeze, hay-scented, blew over the hills, and frosted the poplars with the silver of their upturned leaves.

The Duke's valet, a stout African, met me at the



entrance, and conducted me to an upper terrace—a lovely, shaded spot, planted with flowers in rococo patterns, with a fountain in the centre. The castle completely covers the sharp summit of the mountain, and is visible far and wide. I was about entering, when I was confronted by a tall, stately gentleman, who bowed with appropriate gravity. One of the lackeys, seeing that I did not recognize him, introduced him, with ready tact, as “The *Oberhofmarschall* (Chamberlain) von —.” This personage courteously conducted me around the terrace and pointed out the beauties of the landscape. I had been upon the Callenberg years before, but had never seen it in the splendor of summer.

There is scarcely a more exquisite situation in Germany. It differs from Reinhardtsbrunn as a mountain differs from a valley, depending more on the natural characteristics of the view than on the artistic development of Nature. It is high enough to command a wide and grand panorama, yet not so high as to lose the sentiment and expression of the different features. Each angle of the parapet gives you a new landscape. There is, first, the valley of Coburg, crowned by its hill and fortress; then a broad mountain of dark firs, all else shut out from view; then a vision of England—hedge-row trees, green lawns, clumps of oak, and water; and, finally, a rich plain, stretching away to the west, where the volcanic peaks of the Gleichberge rise against the sky. The trees on the hill itself are superb and the castle on the summit so thoroughly harmonizes with the scenery that it seems the natural crowning expression of the whole.

Presently the Duke's Adjutant, Herr. von Reuter,

arrived, in company with his wife and sister, to all of whom I was presented in due form. The Adjutant was a slight, gentlemanly person, with an air of refinement and intelligence; the ladies handsome and graceful, and simply, but very elegantly, dressed. Scarcely had we exchanged a few commonplaces, when the Duke and Duchess came out upon the terrace. The Chamberlain immediately presented me to the latter. She was the Princess Alexandrina, of Baden, a sister of the reigning Grand-Duke. Of medium height, a full rather than plump figure, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a quiet, almost retiring, simplicity of manner, I could readily understand the affectionate regard in which she is held by the people. Her kindness of heart is evident to any one who looks on her face.

The Duke then advanced and addressed me very cordially. He has but a slight family resemblance to Prince Albert, than whom he appears younger, although two years older. His features are not so regularly chiselled as those of his brother, who is certainly one of the handsomest men in Europe, but far more animated and expressive. He is about five feet ten inches in height, slender, but perfectly symmetrical, and quick and elastic in his movements. His face is a fine oval, the forehead expansive at the temples, and the eyes a clear, splendid hazel. His nose is rather long, but not prominent, the lips firm and sharply cut, while a mustache and short, pointed beard increase their character of decision. It is a mediæval rather than a modern head—such as might have belonged to that Ernest who was carried off by the robber-knight, Kunz von Kaufungen, and who was his own ancestor in a direct line. He

is passionately fond of hunting, riding, driving, and all other out-door diversions, of which taste his tanned face and hands gave evidence.

He took me off to the parapet and began to comment on the landscape ; but in a few minutes dinner was announced, and we rejoined the company. The etiquette observed was very simple. The Duke and Duchess took the lead, I, as a stranger, following—in advance of the ladies, to my surprise—and the Chamberlain brought up the rear. The princely pair were first served, of course, but this was the only formality observed. There was a free, unrestrained flow of conversation, in which all took part, and the subject was naturally varied, without waiting for the Ruler to give the cue. The Duke, it is true, was the leader, not from his position, but from natural right. I cannot judge of the depth, but I can testify to the great extent of his acquirements. He has, at least, the mental qualities of *attraction* and *assimilation*, which are not the least important concomitants of genius. With an admirable memory and a vital interest in every field of knowledge, there are few subjects upon which he cannot converse brilliantly. Quick, animated, sparkling, he provokes the electricity of those with whom he comes in contact. His greatest aversion, I should think, would be a dull person. Perhaps this is the reason why there is so little love lost between him and the nobility. He would rather talk with an intelligent burgher than a stupid baron.

The Duke has talents which, if he were not a duke, might have made him eminent in various ways. He is the author of a work on the Schleswig-Holstein war, and the

composer of five operas, two of which—"Santa Chiara" and "Diane de Solanges"—have attained a certain popularity. I have never had an opportunity of hearing either. As an amateur player he is said to be admirable. Yet, with all these brilliant qualities, he is steady, prudent, and clear-headed—ambitious, no doubt, but *intelligently* so. It is no damage to his future that his enemies are nobles and princes, and his friends the people.

After dinner, which lasted about an hour, we went upon the terrace for coffee and cigars. The Duke called my attention to a small but thrifty specimen of the *Sequoia*, or California tree, and inquired particularly about the soil in which it grew, the temperature it could endure, etc., as he was anxious to acclimate it completely. He then invited me to a corner of the parapet, looking down on the loveliest woods, where our conversation soon became entirely frank and unreserved. He expressed his political views without the least reticence, and thereby instituted—what he probably desired—a similar frankness on my part. In fact, I ceased to remember that I was addressing a reigning Prince, and he had the full advantage of such forgetfulness. I have not the right to repeat this conversation, but I will venture to give one remark in evidence. In speaking of a certain crowned head, the Duke said: "He has one rare quality. He hears, patiently, views which are directly opposed to his own, turns them over in his mind, and, if he finds them good, adopts them, frankly acknowledging that he was wrong." "An admirable quality!" said I: "it would be a blessing to Europe if all her rulers possessed it." To which he assented most heartily.



His last political step—the account which he has rendered to the German people of his position as ruler—is, in its boldness and candor, a new apparition, and marks the downfall of a fossilized conventionalism in politics. As this expression undoubtedly was suggested by the results of the national-shooting match, I quote its manly conclusion: “The popular mind resembles the swelling, swift-advancing current of a river. To dam it, to delay it in its course, is a fruitless undertaking. The waves rise foaming aloft, and sweep every barrier away with them. Patriots and princes should therefore be inspired by the same endeavor, to keep the flood pure in its forward movement, and restrain it within its proper banks. In order to accomplish this, the active sympathy of the people themselves is necessary. They should not stand aloof from the men whose duty it is to hold the reins of government. It is to be condemned, indeed, when one struggles for popularity, in the universally-accepted sense of the word, and makes himself artificially popular, regardless of the work in his hands. But it is equally wrong to suppose that without the warm sympathy of the people—therefore, without popularity in its truer sense—patriotic men can beneficently exercise the leadership of the masses. The people must, therefore, honor the names of their leaders, themselves protect them from aspersion, and should never lose sight of the fact that mutual confidence is inseparable from mutual charity and consideration.”

In regard to our American difficulties, the Duke expressed himself as earnestly as I could have desired. He doubted, however, whether the rebels would hold the field, after



ascertaining the immense force which the Federal Government could bring against them. I explained that resistance, even against such odds, was but a part of that enormous Southern vanity which did not seem to be appreciated by European spectators of the struggle; but he evidently disbelieved in a vanity so at variance with common sense.

At ten o'clock there was a movement of departure. The Duke shook hands with a friendly "*au revoir!*" and I followed the Chamberlain, Adjutant, and ladies to the carriages. Independently of the interest connected with the principal personage, I had passed, socially, a most delightful evening, and returned to Coburg with the agreeable conviction that some Princes can be men as well.

—This chapter is what Jean Paul calls an "Extra-Leaf," interpolated into the regular course of my journal. It is possible that in the future developments of German history Ernest II., of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, will occupy an important place, and my readers will then thank me for having made them, to this extent, acquainted with him.

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## 7.—STORKS AND AUTHORS.

JULY 15, 1861.

After four days of such agreeable excitement as the Festival in Gotha had given, it was nevertheless with renewed satisfaction that we returned to our cottage in the mountains. We did not even wait for the closing fireworks, (the illumination of Constantinople in the night of

Bairàm having spoiled us for all inferior displays,) but started at sunset, leaving the banners and trumpets behind us, for the welcome gloom and stillness of the Forest.

The carriage rolled rapidly, in the soft glow of evening, over the familiar road. Past the old quarries of red sandstone, past the "Mad Dog," a noted "beer-locality," through the little village of Sundhausen, and then out on the rich, undulating plain. To the left lay the Boxberg, a low, wooded hill, where I had enjoyed family pic-nics years ago, and frightened the German children with an imitation of the cry of the American wild-cat; and far to the right, purple in the twilight, the haunted Hørsel. By and bye, as the dusk fell, we reached Wahlwinkel (Election-corner), but the little one who should have sent the wife-stork a greeting, as she sat on her nest, was sound asleep. The stork looked down, and nodded, as much as to say: "Ah ha! Is that the little one I brought from Egypt three years ago? How she's grown!"

And straightway, in the dusk, opened a gate into Fableland. I saw not only the Osiride pillars of rosy sandstone in the halls of Karnak, but the pass-word of that magic which unites the divided Palm and Pine, was whispered in my ear. "What are you doing here?" said the stork, as she clapped her bill from her nest on the chimney; "I saw you once, under the palms of Luxor. The brown mare is dead, and Hassan is blind of an eye, and Teffaha, who danced by torch-light—oh, I saw it, through a hole in the temple-roof!—went away long ago; but the sphinx says to me every winter, 'Have you seen him? will he come back soon?' and I answer: 'He'll come—be sure of that!'

I saw him sitting on the steps of the Parthenon, as I flew over with the lotus-bud in my bill. He was looking across the sea and the sand.' ” I gave the stork a message in the same language ; but what the message was, you must ask the sphinx at Luxor, and I don't believe she will tell you.

Incredulous readers may doubt my knowledge of the stork-language, and, to justify my assertion, I must give them proofs of the higher intelligence which this bird possesses. In Germany he is sacred ; and he knows it. I have seen him walking in the crowded street of a city, with as much gravity and composure as if he had black pantaloons on his red legs and an umbrella under his wing. He builds his nest only on house-tops, and comes back regularly to the same spot from his yearly journeys to Africa. He is a faithful provider for his family, irreproachable in his connubial relations, and of a Spartan strictness of discipline. He does not associate with other birds—unless, perhaps, with the Ibis, whose aristocracy is of about as old a date as his own. Staid, constant, thrifty, conscientious, he sets an example on the top of the house to the family under him, and is therefore fastidious in his selection of a residence.

Moreover, the stork is the only bird that regularly *pays rent*. During the first year of his residence, he plucks out stout feather from his wing, and casts it down. The second year, his payment is an egg, and the third, a young bird. He would be highly offended, if the payment should be returned. While he is very devoted in his attachment to his mate, he requires an equal devotion from her, and forgives no departure from the strict line of duty

A person once perpetrated the cruel joke of taking a stork's egg out of the nest while the parents were absent, and putting a goose's egg in its place. When the brood was hatched out, the astonishment of the male and the dismay of the female bird were without bounds. The former presently flew off and summoned a council of his fellow-storks, who, after examining the unfortunate gosling, pronounced a verdict of "Guilty!" and thereupon pierced the innocent female to death with their sharp bills.

A curious case of a different character occurred last summer, in Holstein. A male-stork, well-known to the inhabitants, reached his summer home at the usual time, unaccompanied by his mate. He repaired and re-lined his nest, like a careful husband: still, the wife did not come. He became sad, then restless, and finally, taking a sudden resolution, brought home a blushing young stork-bride from a neighboring colony. The household was now happily formed, and everything went on as usual, until, a week afterwards, the old wife suddenly made her appearance. Her anger, the alarm of the younger female, and the embarrassment of the husband, were so expressive, that the spectators at once understood the situation. After the first confusion was over, calmer explanations followed. The difficulty was dispassionately considered, and the result was, that all three set to work the next day to enlarge the nest, and the reconciled wives hatched out a double brood of young. Here are two additional facts for the use of those who maintain that animals can not only express their feelings, but relate narratives and discuss questions. For my part I once heard a lengthened conver



sation (which the attending circumstances made perfectly intelligible to me) between two crows.

It was quite dark as we entered the glen, leading to Reinhardtsbrunn, and the postillion's horn breathed forth only slow, lamenting melodies, the notes of which wandered far away under the trees, as if seeking an outlet to the starlight. Our cottage glimmered on the height, as we approached, and the flag flapped in the night-wind, saying: "All's well!" The house-maid, Hanna, had heard the horn, and stood already at the door, with a candle in her hand. Verily, the place already possessed an atmosphere of home.

The next day, I rested from the past excitements, enjoying Gray's highest idea of earthly happiness. That is, it was rainy, and I read a novel, which gave me a new and interesting insight into a particular field of German literature. In England, the three-volume novel is the fashionable form: in Germany, of late years, it is the *nine-volume* novel! If a mystical luck is connected with the number three, why, three times three is of course a double assurance. The work in question is Gutzkow's "Knights of the Mind" (*Ritter vom Geiste*), which I should call a *panoramic* novel, since it seems to embrace the whole circle of the philosophies, the sciences and the passions. Still, in spite of the undoubted genius which it displays, I am inclined to think that there is a little too much of it. Here, I have gotten through with three volumes, or nearly fifteen hundred pages, and the action has advanced but eight days since the commencement! The fourth volume, upon which I am now engaged, is wholly taken up with



the transactions of a single evening. At this rate, if the author's plan had extended over a year, we should have had a hundred volumes, instead of nine. Gutzkow has recently published a second novel, "The Wizard of Rome," also in nine volumes. One is tempted to ask: "Why *nine*?" In literature as in painting, it is not the immense frescoes that are the greatest pictures. Gutzkow is a fine artist, but he takes too large a canvas.

It occurs to me that in this manner a popular novelist might, with a little cunning, secure to himself employment for life, and a permanent income. Let him first announce a work in five or six volumes, to be published at intervals of three months. At the end of the first year, having obtained from twenty to fifty thousand readers, he could state that the exigencies of his plot required him to add half a dozen more volumes. After having led his readers thus through four or five years, the simple fact of their *having already read so much*, would secure them for the rest of his life. The work would have the same attraction as a lottery, each consecutive volume promising to be the prize (that is, the conclusion,)—and, in spite of fifty blanks, the poor readers would still hope for better luck next time. Dumas' "Three Guardsmen" and its successors, are specimens of this strategy, on a smaller scale.

The "Knights of the Mind," however, has the advantage of a strong national interest, which has caused it to be read with avidity in Germany; while, for the same reason, a translation of it into English would not repay the publisher. Many of the characters are real individuals slightly disguised, and the thread of the story, which is

sufficiently improbable, is subordinate to its political and philosophical development. As I said before, it exhibits great powers, but unnecessarily diluted.

Saturday dawned fair and warm, and the wooded mountains blissfully enjoyed the sunshine. Our old friends across the gardens, and the Councilloress B. with her boys, joined us at breakfast, under the locust-trees in front of the Felsenkeller. Scarcely had we taken our seats, when the plague of the Thüringian Forest—the lace-peddlers—assailed us. In valley and on height, by wood and field, they lay in wait for you. Sit under a tree, and one of them drops from the branches; look into a pond, and the shadow of another opens its pasteboard-box. Denial does no good, and it is not lawful to use force. On this particular morning, the lady B., in a flow of merry spirits, took up a new weapon, which, to our surprise, proved entirely effectual. “Lace!” said she, assuming an air half tragic, half sentimental, “talk not of lace (*spitzen*) in the majestic presence of Nature! we have mountain-peaks (*berg-spitzen*) already. For the border (*saum*) of a dress? see, yonder is the edge of the forest (*wald-saum*)! Remove your lace, ye profane! The bosom of Nature requires it not!” The rest of us took up the cue, and the peddlers, at first mystified, presently went off in great indignation.

At Reinhardtsbrunn we met B., in company with a giant rifleman, the Captain von K——, on their way to the summit of the Inselsberg. We straightway joined the party, the ladies promising to meet us at the Hunter’s Rest, high on the mountain, in the afternoon. It was intensely hot as we drove up the Monsters’ Ravine, between its tall

bluffs of rock, now and then scaring a doe from her pasture. I secretly rejoiced that the easy grade of the macadamized road allowed me to keep my seat while climbing the steep at the end of the glen. Once on the ridge, we had a long level to the foot of the Inselsberg, with a view extending northward to the Brocken, and southward over the principality of Saxe-Meiningen into Bavaria. The Captain, an Austrian by birth, had much that was interesting to relate. He had made the campaign in Italy in 1849, had been in Dalmatia, in Turkey and Hungary, and was now an inhabitant of Holstein—a Liberal in his political views, but by no means a Democrat. Although himself a noble, he was excessively severe upon the *adelstolz*, or pride of caste, which is the chief characteristic of a large portion of the German nobility. “For a young fellow who has been brought up at home, by a silly mother, and knows no better,” said he, “I have only commiseration; but a nobleman who has seen the world, and is acquainted with men, and still exhibits this pride of caste, is a stupid ass!” We all laughed at the Captain’s honest emphasis, and I mentally contrasted his good sense with the conversation of certain F.F.V.’s whom I have met, and who so bored me with accounts of “good families,” that I devoutly wished there had been a few bad families in Virginia.

We had a lovely day for the view from the Inselsberg. Now, I shall not attempt to describe this view, for I find that the panoramas visible from inland mountains which rise beyond a certain height, have very much the same general features. All the lower ranges are flattened to the eye, and the perspective of color passes through the same

delicate gradations. Nearest below you a group of dark fir mountains, then a middle distance of varying green, brown, and gold ; and, embracing all, a glassy, transparent horizon-ring of the tenderest blue and purple tints. Any one who has stood upon a mountain can from these hints construct the picture.

The landlord recognized in B. a beneficent patron, and gave us a sumptuous dinner, including trout and venison, in his lofty hotel. We drank our coffee in the open air, taking (I at least) full draughts of the loveliest colors for the palette of the eye, while the fragrant Mocha gratified the palate of the baser sense. The Hunter's Rest was visible far below, a green meadow-spot among the woods, and we descried, through a telescope, a familiar rose-colored dress, which announced that the ladies had already arrived. We joined them in season to pass an hour of the sweet evening in their company, and then walked together in the cool twilight, three miles down the mountain, to our cottage.

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### 8.—“THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.”

JULY 17, 1861.

DID you ever read De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death?"—that powerful, fascinating paper, which whirls you onward with impetuous speed as to an inevitable doom, and finally terminates in a puff of dust, leaving you a little bewildered, but none the worse! It was recalled to my mind yesterday evening by a vision more terrible



than that which he describes, and as fortunate in its close I have not read the article for years, but I shall read it again with that keen understanding, that sharp interior illumination which a moment's sensation is sufficient to give. I look out of my window on the fair valley, fairer than ever in the morning sunshine and the ripening grain, and as my eyes touch one point where a row of trees bends along the side of the mountain, an icy chill suddenly strikes to my heart. Yet—everything remains as it was twenty-four hours ago, in Nature, in my own household, in all our hopes and plans. The ship that just grazes an iceberg comes into port as surely as that which passed it, out of sight; but the passengers step on shore with very different feelings.

Four miles eastward of this, on the end of a mountain-spur, is the site of the first Christian church in Middle Germany. The whole neighborhood round about was consecrated by the labors of that "Apostle of Peace," St. Bonifacius, whom Saxon England sent to redeem her mother-land from heathendom, and this church was the first temple he raised over the ruined altars of Odin and the Druid oaks which he felled with his own hand. An excursion to the spot was part of our summer programme, which we carried out yesterday afternoon. During all my previous rambles in the Thuringian Forest I had somehow neglected this locality, and when the cool air, the shaded sky, and the subdued, mellow light which lay upon the landscape, giving its tints that ripe, *juicy* depth which is to the eye as a strong flavor to the palate, lured us forth from our cottage, I said "Let us go to Altenberga!"



That the reader may follow this pilgrimage with the proper interest, let me communicate to him the history of St. Bonifacius and his labors, as I have gathered it from the Thüringian Chronicles. The commencement of Christianity in Germany was also the commencement of Civilization, and Bonifacius deserves a place next after Charlemagne, among the founders of the Empire. His true name was Winfried. He was born in England in the year 680, and was educated in the monastery of Nut-shell (?), where, as a boy, he determined to devote his life to missionary labors. His first attempt was made in Friesland, as an assistant of the English bishop, Willibrod. Failing in this, he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and was consecrated for the work by Pope Gregory II. Crossing the Alps, he passed through Bavaria to Thüringia and Hessa, where he preached to the people at first with more zeal than success. Afterwards, having secured the protection of Charles Martel, the virtual ruler of the Franks, to whom nearly the whole of Germany was then subject, his labors began to exhibit cheering results. He made himself the object of special awe among the people by the boldness with which he overthrew and destroyed the rude statues of their gods. At the village of Geismar, in Hessa, he seized an axe and hewed down the immense Thunder-oak, sacred to Thor, while the people looked on in silent consternation.

It was in or about the year 726, (the precise date cannot be ascertained) when he built a chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist, on the hill overlooking the village of Altenberga. Tradition relates that the people so crowded

to hear him preach that the chapel was soon unable to contain them, and he was obliged to hold service in the open air. The Devil thereupon sent flocks of crows, ravens and blackbirds, who made such a chatter as to drown his voice ; but at his prayers, and the repeated sign of the cross, they flew off in affright and returned no more.

Gradually, with an activity that never wearied, a zeal that never grew cool, Bonifacius planted the Christian religion in the place of the paganism which he had so forcibly rooted out. He became the head of the Church in Germany, and was made Archbishop of Mayence by Gregory III. in 746. During the internecine wars which followed the death of Charles Martel, his influence was potent in the councils of the Franks, and when Childeric III., the last of the Merovingian dynasty, was set aside, his hands anointed Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, at Soissons, in 752. But he had no personal ambition to be flattered by these honors. His heart yearned for a renewal of his early triumphs, as a simple missionary. Laying down the archepiscopal dignity, he set out for Friesland, the scene of his earliest labors. The wild race fell upon his little party with sword and spear. Holding the Bible before him as his only shield—relying, perhaps, upon a miraculous interposition of heavenly aid—he met his death, at the age of seventy-four, after a life without a blot, the death he had coveted when a boy. He was canonized, but his holiest title is “The Apostle of Peace.”

In Germany a thousand years seem to embrace a narrower cycle than two hundred years in America. We still see the primitive race, in wampum, moccasin and war-paint,

in the streets of New York; but here, the footsteps of the ante-feudal era are so completely washed out, the grooves in which the life of the present race moves are so old and worn, apparently so irrevocably fixed, that we look back upon the long-haired, half-naked savages of the seventh century, as if they were cotemporaries of the Egyptian Remesides. In throwing out, here and there, a thread of comparative chronology, as I read these historical fragments, I find myself constantly forgetting that our history covers so small a portion of the time, and that Frederic with the Bitten Cheek was not a cotemporary of Petrus Stuyvesant. The Seven Years' War, here, seems no farther back in the Past than with us the Missouri Compromise. The explanation is, perhaps, that we live *more* in the same length of time.

Let me look out of the window, to correct the digressive influences of my contracted study. There! the sight of yonder mountain, where

“Like black priests, in order slow,  
Round and round, row after row,  
Up and up the pine-trees go,  
And so down on the other side—”

brings me back to the story. It was a family pilgrimage, in which the whole household, servants excluded, took part. A donkey was procured for our little one and her Russian cousin, respectively three and four years old, the two occupying a single saddle, upon which they were so tied that they could neither fight nor fall off, while a forward and stupid boy held the bridle. I have frequently

noticed that men degenerate by continual intercourse with horses (witness grooms, hackmen and jockeys), swapping their good traits with the animal, for his vices. This boy proved the same with regard to donkeys. He brayed as continually, and concealed a talent for malicious tricks under a like aspect of innocent stupidity. However, we were too much interested in the delight of the children to notice such traits at the start.

Passing through the town, we followed the highway along the side of the Kernberg, around its eastern base, and through a dark wood into the neighboring valley. How surprising was the aspect of this quiet and seclusion, in contrast with the lively Friedrichsroda! The irregular valley-basin, a mile in diameter, and bounded by forests on all sides, seemed to be entirely deserted. The picturesque little village of Engelsbach, in the centre, was finished at least a century ago, and has stood still ever since. Now and then a white-headed child popped a "good day!" at us from the window, but adult inhabitants were not to be seen. They were off somewhere in the "under-land," or far up in the woods. No girls gossiped around the fountain, and the tavern-sign creaked with a lonely sound, for the lusty beer-drinkers failed.

Some sculptured fragments built into the churchyard wall attracted my attention; but my hope of discovering mediæval relics was soon dissipated. Under a half-length bas-relief of a man with incomplete features and very angular muscles was the inscription: "Adam. 1747."—while a similar being, with the addition of two inverted tea-cups between her arms, was designated "Eva." They

were the work of a pious wood-cutter—an unconscious Pre-Raphaelite.

At the other end of the valley we found a toll-house, where the boy was obliged to pay for his donkey. Here, you pass a toll-tree about every four miles, but you have the finest roads in the world. From Friedrichsroda to Gotha and back (twenty miles in all) the toll is about twenty-five cents for a two-horse carriage, which is little enough for a macadamized highway, good in all weathers and at all seasons. Loose cattle are also tolled: in fact, pedestrians are the only exempts. “The ass pays nothing,” said our gate-keeper. “How—nothing?” “Why, because he can’t carry money: the boy pays for him”—and the old man grinned with delight at a jest which he had already repeated seven hundred times.

The way to Altenberga led through delicious pastoral landscapes. Through the smooth, emerald meadows wound brooks shaded with alder trees, while the heights were clothed with mingled woods of oak and fir. The villages of Altenberga and Catterfeld, on opposite slopes, are united by a narrow isthmus of hill, on the highest point of which stands a fine old church, in a grove of lindens. Below it, the drainage of the mountains forms a pool, reflecting the sky in a sheet of darker blue. The site of the chapel built by Bonifacius is on the summit of the mountain, south of the first-named village. Here, in an open space, surrounded on three sides by the forest, is a monument of sandstone, thirty feet high, in the form of a candlestick. Its existence is owing to the zeal of a pious miller, with whom originated the idea of thus commemo



rating the spot. The eccentric Duke August of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg designed the monument, which is a very heavy candlestick indeed. The gilded flame at the top is divided into four parts, which, as there is no doctrine of a Quaternity, may have mystical meaning not apparent to us. The foundations of the original chapel have been laid bare, and a stone, said to have been part of the baptismal font, stands under the adjacent trees: but it is evidently of a much later date. There seems to be no doubt, however, as to the antiquity of the foundation-walls, which, in all probability, are those laid by the Apostle.

We returned more rapidly than we went, on account of the difference of the donkey's pace towards home. We passed Engelsbach and turned the corner of the Kernberg, whence the narrow grain-fields along the slope of Reinhardtsberg, which they covered as with a mantle of striped and watered silk, were visible, gleaming with a truly silken lustre in the evening sunshine. The children, crowded together in the saddle, had exhausted the novelty of the ride, and were growing tired. They were a little in advance of us, and we did not notice that the donkey-boy, who was tying on a hat which one of them had dropped, had carelessly let go of the bridle. All at once the beast sprang forward, and in a second was out of the boy's reach, careering at full gallop along the highway. 'Run for your life!' I shouted to the bewildered fellow, following him as fast as my strength could carry me. The terrified children screamed as they were violently tossed to and fro, helpless and happily unaware of the fearful peril. I ran, as it were, between Death and Despair. Behind

me, the frantic cries of two mothers ; before me, the two young lives, flung from side to side, as by a wind, which at any moment might blow them out for ever.

The sight sickened me with a dread which I never felt before, and yet I could not turn away my eyes. One tumbled on the highway, hard as stone—one more bound, and the fate might come ! And with all the speed which my desperation could give me, I came no nearer. The cries ceased : was it from terror, or a cause I dared not suspect ? Something hung from the saddle—but no ! let me draw a veil over the torture of those few moments. I had run upwards of a quarter of a mile, and felt, with a pang of despair, that my strength would soon begin to fail, when the donkey slackened his pace. The boy soon caught and stopped him, and I saw, as I approached, that the saddle was half-turned, and the children were hanging nearly to the ground. To cut the fastenings which held them, to catch them in my arms, and set them on their feet to determine whether any limbs were broken—all this happened I scarcely know how. Thank God for a miracle ! our darlings were unharmed. Shaken, stunned, and terrified, they were yet able to stand, and I stepped aside that the mothers might see their safety before they came.

We walked back to the cottage, silent and shuddering. The transition from our careless security to an almost hopeless horror, and our release from the latter, had been equally sudden. The current of our lives flowed onward in its accustomed channel, but it had passed over a bed of ice, and retained the chill. We had beheld the "Vision of Sudden Death."

As we came upon the height where our cottage stands, the sun breaking through a bank of clouds, poured an unspeakable glory upon the landscape. Over the fir-wood of the Kernberg gushed a torrent of golden fire, and the summit-trees stood like flickering spires of flame against a background of storm. Out of blue shadow, so clear that it seemed a softer light, rose the burning basalt of the "Praise-God," with a magnificent fragment of rainbow based upon its pointed peak. Strong and dazzling, painted in intensest light, and crowned with an altar-flame of sevenfold color the mountain concentrated in itself the splendor of the dying day. But in name and in lustre, it was a faint symbol of that feeling within us which measured the mercy of our deliverance by the depth of the abyss into which we had gazed. That flaming evangel of the sunset found itself already written on our hearts—not to fade as the rainbow faded, not to narrow itself away as the gleam from the darkening forests. And that night our unconscious darling fell asleep with a halo around her head, and the wings of a closer and humbler tenderness enfolding her.

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### 9.—THE FOREST AND ITS LEGENDS.

JULY 24, 1861.

A week of walks and excursions—of visits and domestic fêtes—of song and tradition, of historic legend so ideal, and pure romance so real, in their reciprocal tints, that the chief personages of both walk hand in hand through our dreams

How is it possible to keep the record of these days? An author writes, generally, from the dearth of that which he desires: where life gives it to him in overflowing measure, he enjoys and is silent. I know of a youth, the son of a distinguished poet, who was laughed at for saying: "No, I shall not *write* poems, though I inherit the faculty; but I am going to do a much finer and rarer thing—I shall *live* a poem!" Now the youth was not so far wrong in his notions; but he overlooked the fact that a poem in life is as little the result of a cool resolution, as a poem in language. This much is true, however—that the poetic episodes in our own experience are worth more to us than all the poems we write or read. I would not give my day in the Acropolis for all Childe Harold, not that one chapter of the Arabian Nights which I lived, in Aleppo, for the entire Thousand and One.

Halt, hippogriff, that champest the bit, scenting the Orient afar off! And you, ye Muses, even now buckling his girth, and putting on your sandals for the shining highway—unsaddle, and turn him loose, to graze for awhile in these green Thüringian meadows! Here there is still fresh pasture: not the voluptuous breath of the musky rose, or the tulip's goblets of blood and fire, but sprinkled harebells, as if the summer sky had rained its color upon the mountains, blood-pinks, which spring up wherever a knight was murdered, in the old feudal times, and scentless heather, the delight of fairies. Here, in some wild nook, still grows the enchanted Key-flower—the golden lily of Fable, which opens to him who plucks it the diamond halls of the gnomes. The day of departure will come but too soon,

let us gather a few more blossoms for the wreath we shall hang over our cottage-door!

I have been struck, in reading the legends of the Forest, with the family likeness which they present, in its different districts. The repetition of the same story, in various localities, would seem to indicate a very remote antiquity of origin. It is not likely that one neighborhood would borrow of another, but the fragments of the original tribe, migrating hither, and scattering themselves among the valleys, would preserve the common legendary stock, and gradually attach it to their several homes. The legend of the Key-flower, one of the most beautiful, is thus found in a number of places. Sometimes the blossom is of a wonderful golden color: sometimes it is blue or purple: but the story is the same. A herdsman sees the flower on the mountain. Attracted by its beauty, he plucks it and puts it in his hat. Immediately he perceives an open door in the mountain-side. The passage conducts him to an immense subterranean hall, sparkling with its heaps of gold and jewels. A gray-bearded gnome, the guardian of these treasures, says to him: "Take what you want, but don't forget the best!" He fills his pockets, his bosom, and finally his hat, the old gnome still crying: "don't forget the best! The flower falls upon the earth, but he hastens away without noticing it. "Don't forget the best!" shouts the gnome for the last time. There is a clap of thunder, and the herdsman rushes to the open air, the gates banging behind him. The door has disappeared; the gold and jewels are nothing but dry leaves. He has forgotten the best—the enchanted Key-flower, by the possession of which his gold



would have remained gold, and the doors opened to him as often as he might choose to come. He never sees it again.

The legend of Tannhäuser, the home of which we can see from any of the heights near us, has gone around the world and I need not repeat it. There are some curious local superstitions connected with it, and the story seems to have been confounded by the peasants with another and earlier legend. The "Venus" of Tannhäuser becomes identified in their mouths, with "Frau Holle," who evidently belongs to the Pagan period—perhaps the Hela of Scandinavian mythology. When it snows, the people say: "Frau Holle is plucking her geese." Occasionally, in the winter, she leads a chase of airy hounds, like the Wild Huntsman of the Odenwald. Wo to him who should dare to look on this infernal rout! His head would be instantly twisted around, and his face would look behind him for the rest of his days. But the faithful Eckart, the squire of Tannhäuser, who sits at the mouth of the cave, awaiting his master's return, always goes forth—in the shape of an old man with staff and silver beard—in advance of the wild chase, and warns those whom he meets to throw themselves on their faces until it has passed by.

In the Venus-Mountain—but two hours' drive from our cottage—there is really a cavern, which has not yet been thoroughly explored, so far as I can learn. Peasants who have ventured into the entrance, of course report that they see the figure of Eckart sitting in the dusky shades beyond. Two or three centuries ago, the story runs, a number of boys who were pasturing horses on the mountain, agreed to go in and explore the secrets of the cave. Turning loose

their horses, they took the bridles, attached themselves to one another, in single file, and boldly entered. But, as the daylight disappeared behind them, the last boy in the line was seized with a dread so powerful that he cut the thong, and stood still, watching the light of the splints they had kindled disappear, one by one, in the bowels of the earth. Then he crept back towards the entrance, calling loudly and fearfully on his lost companions. They never returned. The boy was found at the mouth of the cave, at twilight, by the alarmed peasants; but he steadily pined away from that hour, and died in a few months. The noises which at times issue from the cavern add to the terror with which it is still regarded. The author Bechstein, whom no one would accuse of an excess of imagination, states that once, when standing on the mountain, he was surprised by a sudden subterranean roar, like that of a mighty cataract, the cause of which he was utterly unable to discover.

— Thus, in the mornings, we read history and legend in the afternoons, we wander off to some point which they celebrate. We have climbed to the Schauenburg, the fastness of Ludwig the Bearded, first Landgrave of Thuringia, luring even the little one up to the height, by the discovery of a wild strawberry, here and there. Buried in harebells and heather, we watched the shadows of the clouds and mountains fold themselves over the broad, sunny landscape, now quenching the castle of Gotha, now disclosing the sparkling house on the Seeberg, and finally filling with evening-smoke the valley of Friedrichsroda. Nothing of the Schauenburg remains, except the foundation of one of the round towers. Invisible herdsmen, far across the deep

gulfs of the hills, answered our shouts, and the musical chime of a thousand bells, faintly flung upon our ears by the wandering puffs of air, seemed the very voice of the Earth, humming to herself some happy strain of the summer.

Then, there was the Baron's birth-day, when we met the jubilant family at the Hunters' Rest, and walked three miles along the wooded comb of the Forest, led by B., the mighty hunter. We were bound for the Glassback Rock, a lonely ledge on the Hessian side of the mountains, known but to few, and hard to find. B. confidently took the lead, but, meeting with a forester who reported a stag in the neighborhood, the two darted off together into the woods. The remainder of us, thus forsaken, became entangled in the wood-paths, uncertain whether to advance or fall back. Our combined shout was sufficient to frighten any stag within a mile's distance, and the result was soon manifest, in the return of the two indignant hunters.

We sat upon the Glassback Rock, hanging over fifty miles of mountain landscape, singing the peasant songs of Thuringia, and staining our clothes with crushed whortleberries. B., however, was determined to have a stag before sunset, and hurried us back, through one of the most exquisite sylvan dells in the world. At the Hunters' Rest, a long table was set in the open air, and the balmy odor of boiled potatoes greeted us. Butter as sweet as new chestnuts, with the creamy, honeycombed cheese of Swiss valleys and ruddy Westphalian ham, studded the board, and the Baron, as he caught sight of certain slender urns of purple and green, began to sing:—

“So crown with leaves the dear, the brimming beaker,  
 And drain its liquid bliss:  
 Search Europe over, jovial nectar-seeker,  
 There's no such wine as this!”

Crack! went a rifle in a neighboring copse, before even the birth-day health had been drunk. Presently we saw B. flourishing his gray hunter's hat, followed by two of his sons, with rifle and powder-flask, and the forester, bearing a tawny load. To him the potatoes were sweeter, and the wine more inspiring, than to any of us. Then followed leap-frog among the men and boys, with various games wherein the ladies could take part, and thus the dew-fall came unawares, warning us down the mountain-side.

Our most recent exploit is the ascent of the Inselsberg in a hay-wagon, by moonlight. Our departure from the cottage was postponed so long that no other vehicle could be obtained. The clumsy, bone-shattering affair was drawn by an old gray horse, driven by a peasant in a green blouse. The last streak of sunset burned on Kyffhäuser, the castle of Barbarossa, and the Golden Mead, as we reached the crest of the mountain; but the moon was already in the sky, and for three hours our course lay through an enchanted realm. The air was breathless, and, to our surprise, far warmer and balmier than in the valleys; the brown shadows of beeches and firs, on our road, belted the silver of the noon; and far down, on either side, glimmered a dim, blue, mysterious world. Snake-like wreaths of vapor crept along the courses of the streams; the distant forests lay like flecks of cloud, and the horizon was girdled with a luminous belt. It was eleven o'clock when we reached the house

on the summit, which was so thronged with guests that the kind hostess was obliged to give us her own room.

We descended by way of the Portal Rock into the Monsters' Ravine. Of course we stopped at Henneberg's Mill for a draught of beer. "Give it to the little one!" said the green coachman, "it's good for children. Why; I have a child that had to be weaned at six months, and we gave it as much beer as cow's-milk. It's thirty years old now, and has so much *forsch* (force) and so much *schpritt* (esprit) that you wouldn't believe! It seems to feel the good o' the beer yet!" We laughed heartily at this, not so much at the idea of "bringing up by hand" on beer, as at the comical effect of the Germanized French words, which are handed down among the peasants from the Napoleonic times.

The term "Forest" here represents something very different from our wild woods in America. A western settler, fresh from his girdled clearings, would be amazed, at finding these wooded mountains more carefully looked after than his own garden-patch. There is not a nook in the whole length and breadth of the chain, that is not regularly visited and guarded—where the trees are not counted, measured, and subjected to sanitary inspection. When a trunk is ripe, anywhere, down it comes. But as for a stump to tell where it stood, such shameful waste is unknown here. The roots are carefully extracted, down to the very fangs, the earth smoothed, and a young tree set in the place. You sometimes overlook miles of forest, on the steepest slopes, every tree of which was planted. The straight rows, converging from the base towards



the summit, or slanting obliquely along the side in regular parallels, are not agreeable to the eye. These artificial signs disappear as the trees become older, but the forest never entirely recovers the unstudied grace of nature.

So carefully is this wood-culture fostered, that it is prohibited to break a branch, or pull up a young seedling. The Forest is the property of the State, and quite an army of woodmen is necessary in order to look after its interests. The amount of wood felled every year is carefully proportioned to the growth, so that the main stock is never diminished. In some districts the finer twigs and roots are the perquisites of the adjacent villages, and quite an interesting discussion is going on at this time, between some of the latter and the State, as to the precise point where the trunk terminates and the root begins. From eighty to a hundred and twenty years, according to the locality, is the time required for the maturity of the trees.

When we consider that game, also, comes under the same regulations, we must call the entire mountain-range of the Thuringian Forest a park on the grandest possible scale. We lose, it is true, the charm of wild, tangled, irregular woods—of tracts of wilderness over which still hovers the atmosphere of exploration—of that utter seclusion which comes from the absence of any trace of man but, on the other hand, we have, everywhere,—on mountain-top and in remotest glen—the accessibility of a garden, the warm atmosphere of care and culture, and the contrary, but equal charm, of the *nearness* of man. Centuries must elapse before any system of this kind can be neces

sary in America. It is the difference between a settlement of two hundred and two thousand years.

Meanwhile, let me rejoice in the fact that I have taller oaks of my own, at home, than any I have seen here ; that my tulip-trees, a hundred feet high, are masses of starry bloom, while the single starveling specimen at Reinhardtsbrunn never blossoms ; and that my chestnuts stand twenty-four feet in girth, while here they cannot grow ! In the Philosophy of Compensation one finds the surest source of contentment.

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#### 10.—DAY-DREAMS—DEPARTURE.

JULY 31, 1861.

“ Must I leave thee, Paradise ? ” says Milton’s Eve ; but on this last day of our cottage-life in the mountains, I, the Adam of our temporary Eden, ask the same regretful question. Our fate is fixed. No amount of rent, paid in advance, will enable us to tarry longer on the banks of the Four Rivers : the cherub has warned us, and the flaming sword which he carries, to drive us away, is a previous lease of the cottage to an English family, who take possession to-morrow. We have been whirled for a month into a quiet eddy, where our waves have been still enough to mirror the flowers on the banks. Now the roaring stream takes us again.

Why should it take us at all ? Why should we not regulate our lives in accordance with the common sense of our own natures, whether or not it chimes in with the com-

mon sense of the world? On every side we see blossoms that only seem to wait for our plucking; every wind brings us their betraying odors; yet we turn away, and go on with our old business of pulling thistles, no matter how our hands bleed. A great portion of our lives is spent in achieving something that we do not actually need. If Wealth—the chief result is, that we leave our children more than is wholesome for them: if Fame, the “bad picture and worse bust” grin at us their derisive answer: if Power, we give up the sanctity of life, and allow a thousand curious or malicious eyes to peer into our dressing-room. Now, wealth that is won without too exhausting a struggle, fame that comes unsought, and power unconsciously exercised, are things to be desired; but they are gifts which only some chosen favorite of Fortune receives, and we must gauge our expectations by the common experience of man.

On the ridge, between our cottage and the Felsenkeller, there is a granite block, whereon you read: “In the cheerful evening of life walked here, grateful to God, Frederic Perthes.” It is one of those memorials which you never find but in Germany. Elsewhere, the dead body is recorded, not the joys, or triumphs, or the tranquil happiness of the living man. The universal record simply tells you the individual has ceased to exist: here you learn where he lived, enjoyed, and was grateful. The mellow glow of his cheerful evening of life, not the damp chill of his tomb lingers upon the spot. Thus, on a house in the Rosenau, near Leipzig, you read: “Here Schiller wrote his Hymn to Joy.” Give me some such inscription of a moment of

full, inspired life, and I will be satisfied with a nameless grave!

Around this monument of Perthes, the grass is bright with harebells and daisies. On one side, you look down upon Friedrichsroda, and past the basaltic cone of the Praise-God into the deep green glen behind; on the other, upon the park of Reinhardtsbrunn, abutting against the lofty Abbot's Mountain, beyond which rises the Evil Mountain, dark and lowering. The sweetest winds of the Forest reach this spot, and thence you have the loveliest pictures of sunset. Here, say we, let us build a cottage of our own—a little ark of refuge whither we may fly, at intervals, from the stormy life of our American home, from the brightness of its newer heaven and earth, to enjoy the contrast of this intense quiet, this veiled atmosphere of the Past. Here is an air in which my unwritten poems may ripen: where something worthy of the divine art may be reached—something which men may take to their hearts and cherish for its loveliness. Then, if any one, long afterwards, should place a tablet over the cottage-door, or a head-stone upon its site, saying: "Here he wrote," my memory would become a portion of the cheerfulness and the delight of others, not of their grave and solemn thoughts.

But, alas! how many castles of this sort have I builded—and only one, as yet, stands realized in stone and mortar! I have a tropical home on the mountain terrace of Jalapa, embowered in coffee-trees, with a view of Orizaba from my study-window. I have a palace on the lower slope of Etna, with hanging gardens of aloe, orange, and palm—a Moor

ish tower, overlooking the Vega of Granada, and an empty tomb (cleansed of bats), in the limestone crags of Goorneh, with the plain of Thebes at my feet. Then, there is my little ranche in the valley of San José, in the perfect atmosphere of California! How to pluck these aromatic blossoms from the rough, prickly stem of life? Ample means might do it, but where would be the sweet satisfaction of a home, or the full maturity of mind, the want of which is one's chief source of unrest? If an oyster could change his shell, at pleasure, I presume there would be no pearls. Yes, but the pearl is a disease, you say: art, literature, science, you may add, flow from restless and unsatisfied natures. Why not take the existence this planet offers, in all its richest and loveliest phases, and thus make Life itself your art and your passion?

Because I cannot. Give me means, time, freedom from restraining ties—still I cannot. Leave the Christian idea of Duty out of sight—separate the question from its moral aspects—still, we are so constituted that our truest enjoyment comes through the force of contrast. We receive delight from Nature, not by passive sensation, but from faculties whose activity is not limited by such delight—faculties which will not allow us to be still and enjoy. Why should I not sit, with folded hands, and be satisfied with feeling these thoughts lazily ripple along the shores of the mind, instead of grappling with language, and achieving, at best, an imperfect expression? Because the struggle is necessary, in order to give coherent shape to thought. You may imagine any amount of perfect statues in the marble quarry, but your true joy is in the slow result of



the chisel. Expression rewards one, not only by the sense of something accomplished, but by giving palpable form and visible color to the vague delight of the mind.

Nature, thus, provides against

“ pampering the coward heart

With feelings all too delicate for use.”

The Sybarites, I suspect, were the most peevish and unhappy creatures of their time. For my part, I know perfectly well that if I could build my cottage, and remain here, even engaged in healthy study, I should finally miss the encounter with other minds, the breezy agitation of complex life, in some of the great Vanity Fairs of the world. So the day-dream fades: but it is not too much to substitute such an occasional holiday for the flashy aims wherein others find their happiness. We have made our home here, for instance, at a lower expenditure than a month in the whirlpool of Saratoga would require. I am willing that my fashionable friends should say: “Poor fellow! he cannot keep a carriage,” so long as I can reply, “Yes, but I keep a cottage.” What if I cannot give balls, while I can give sunsets, and twilights, and summer moons to my friends! We have served up the superb mountain landscape, in all lights, to our visitors from the neighboring city, and I am sure they regret our departure.

Here, then, is an end to a quiet which has been all the sweeter, because it was unsought. I hear, already, the grating of the upper and nether mill-stones of every-day life, and prepare to jump into the hopper. Trumpets peal from across the Atlantic, and this pure air of Peace chokes

me while my brethren are breathing the dust of battle. I drop the painted cards, wherewith I have been building up an imaginary existence, and return to the rough bricks and gritty mortar which await me. As I hear our beloved flag flapping from the cottage-gable, I feel how much more than by years of splendid indolence in the fairest regions of the Earth has my life been enriched by participation in one of the most important crises of History—how grand a thing it is to have seen, once in one's life, an aroused, inspired and unselfish People! It is, thus, not reluctantly, but with a solemn joy, that I return, to be present when Ormuzd and Ahriman—the Powers of Light and Darkness—fight for the mastery of a Continent!

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EVENING.

In half an hour the postillion will be here. Our personal effects are packed up, and the bedding, kitchen utensils and table furniture (the silver spoons carefully counted) are at the service of the new-comers. The little one has run around the garden for the last time, and has no doubt pulled the last fat gooseberry from the despoiled bushes. Our flag has been taken down, rolled up and sent to Dr. K., with an immense dispatch (sealed with a double Prussian thaler)—a copy of which I give:

“ WE,

B. T., by the grace of God Citizen of the United States of America, have found Ourselves favorably moved, and here, with graciously decree, that our worthy friend, Dr. T. K. be appointed our Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to the city of Friedrichsroda; empowering

him, in times of danger, to place himself under the protection of our national flag; to display the same on all public occasions, in token of his diplomatic character, and in assertion of his neutrality, in case of foreign invasion. Further, we herewith warn all authorities, whatever they may be, against interfering with the rights and powers hereby granted to him, since such interference would provoke our extreme displeasure, and might result in serious complications between Powers hitherto friendly.

“Given at Friedrichsroda, this 31st day of July, A. D. 1861.”

I have no doubt that the good Dr. will justify the extraordinary confidence wherewith he has been invested. And now, farewell! The postillion's bugle, sounding nearer as he climbs the hill, warns us with the unrestful melody:

“A rose in his hat and a staff in his hand,  
The pilgrim must wander, from land unto land—  
Through many a city, o'er many a plain:  
But ah, he must leave them, must wander again!”

#### IV.

### A WALK THROUGH THE FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND.

EVERY one has heard of Franconia—the old *Frankenland*, or Land of the Franks—but as no branch of knowledge which we acquire at school is so neglected in after-life as geography, it will do no harm if I explicitly describe its position. Franconia occupies the very heart of Germany and, consequently, of Europe, so far as the rivers of the continent fix its central point. Springs, which rise within a circle two miles in diameter, send their waters to the Black Sea, the German Ocean, and the British Channel. Draw a line from Nuremberg to Dresden, and another from Hanover to Ratisbon, on the Danube, and their intersection will give you, very nearly, the centre of Franconia. The Frankish Mountains are an offshoot of that long irregular chain, which, leaving the Rhine as it issues from the Lake of Constance, forms a vast curve through the very heart of Europe, embracing the Black Forest, the Odenwald, Spessart, the Rhön, the Thuringia Forest, the Erzgebirge, the Giant's Mountains, and the Carpathians and

Transylvanian Alps. Franconia lies south of the axis of this chain, but its streams are nearly equally tributary to the Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine. Politically, it never had an independent existence. Divided during the feudal ages into a number of quarrelsome baronies, it was afterward parcelled between the Bishopric of Bamberg and the Principalities of Bayreuth and Anspach, but since 1809 has been incorporated into the Kingdom of Bavaria.

This region, less interesting in a historical point of view than on account of its remarkable scenery and its curious deposits of fossil remains, is very rarely visited by other than German tourists. The railroads from Leipzig and Frankfort-on-the-Main to Munich pass within sight of its mountains, but few indeed are the travellers who leave these highways, unless at Schweinfurt for the baths of Kissingen, or at Hof for those of Eger and Carlsbad.

Indeed, in my own case, the journey through the Franconian Switzerland requires a little explanation. The primary cause of it was the construction of seats in the passenger-cars on American railways! During nearly six months in the year, for three years, I had been obliged to use those *inconveniences*, and the result of this (for a tall man) continual cramping, and wedging, and jarring, was a serious injury to the knee-joints, which threatened to unfit me for duty as a pedestrian. Had I been enrolled among the ranks of our gallant volunteers, I am afraid I should have fallen by the wayside before the end of the first day's march. Some years ago I had occasion to regret that the directors of all railroad companies were not uniformly seven feet high, and I now repeat it with emphasis. The Cam



den and Amboy Railroad is to me simply a torture, the Philadelphia and Baltimore the rack, and from Baltimore to Washington I am broken on the wheel. It is greatly to be regretted that the fares on these roads are so very low, and the business so insignificant, that the companies cannot afford greater space for passengers.

The prescription was: Moderate daily exercise, carefully timed so as to avoid unusual fatigue. But I am one of those persons who cannot walk simply for the sake of exercise; I must have an object for locomotion. If I were to carry stones, like De Quincy on the Edinburgh turnpike, I should be crippled in an hour, but place me in a winding valley, where every turn discloses an unknown landscape, and I shall hold out for half a day. So the first thing I did, after reaching Germany, was to select an interesting field wherein to commence my Walking-Cure. Saxony, Thuringia, the Black Forest, the Hartz, I knew already; but here, within a day's railroad travel of my summer home, lay Franconia, with its caverns, its dolomite rocks, and its fir-clad mountains. In one month from the day I left New York I found myself at Forchheim, on the railroad between Bamberg and Nuremberg, and on the western border of the Franconian Switzerland.

Here I commence my narrative.

The omnibus for Streitberg was in waiting, with two passengers besides myself. The first was a pleasant old gentleman, who I soon discovered was a Professor from the University of Erlangen—a graduate of Göttingen in 1816, where he was fellow-student with George Ticknor and Edward Everett. Then entered a miserable-looking man,

with a face wearing the strongest expression of distress and disgust. He had scarcely taken his seat before he burst into loud lamentations. "No, such a man!" he cried; "I have never met such a dreadful man. I could not get rid of him; he stuck to me like a blue-fly. Because I said to one of the passengers, 'I see from your face that you have studied,' he attacked me. 'What do you think from *my* face, that *I* am?' he said. I didn't care what he was. 'I'm not very well dressed,' said he, 'but if I had my best clothes on you might guess twenty-four hours before you could make me out!' Oh, the accursed man! What did I care about him? 'Don't go to Streitberg!' he said, 'stop at Forchheim. Go to the Three Swans. If you stay there a day, you'll stay three; if you stay three days, you'll stay three weeks. But what do you take me for?' 'A journeyman shoemaker!' I cried, in desperation. 'No, you're wrong; I'm a dancing-master!' Holy Saint Peter, what a man!" After this I was not surprised when the narrator informed us that he was very sick, and was going to Streitberg to try the "whey-cure."

We entered the valley of the Wiesent, one of the far-off tributaries of the Rhine. The afternoon was intensely hot, but the sky was clear and soft, and the landscape could not have exhibited more ravishing effects of light and shade. Broad and rich at first, bordered with low hills, the valley gradually became deeper and narrower, without losing its fair, cultivated beauty. We passed around the foot of the Walpurgisberg, on the summit of which is a chapel, whereto a pilgrimage in honor of St. Walpurgis is made on the first of May. Further up the valley, on the opposite side, is the

*Vexirkapelle* (the Chapel of Annoyance); so called, I presume, because you have it in view during a day's walk. Its situation is superb, on the very crest of a wooded mountain. Peasant-women, with gay red cloths on their heads, brightened the fields, but the abundance of beggars showed that we were in Bavaria.

At the little town of Ebermannstadt two young ladies joined us. They wore round hats, much jewelry, and expansive crinolines, which they carefully gathered up under their arms before taking their seats, thereby avoiding the usual embarrassment. They saluted me with great cordiality, apologizing for the amplitude of dress which obliged me to shift my seat. I was a little disappointed, however, to find that they spoke the broadest *patois*, which properly requires the peasant costume to make it attractive. The distance between their speech and their dress was too great. "*Gelt, Hans, 's geht a bissel barsch 'uf?*" said one of them to the postillion—which is as if an American girl should say to the stage-driver, "Look here, you Jack, it's a sort o' goin' up-hill, ain't it?"

The valley now became quite narrow, and presently I saw, by the huge masses of gray rock and the shattered tower of Neideck, that we were approaching Streitberg. This place is the portal of the Franconian Switzerland. Situated at the last turn of the Wiesent valley—or rather at the corner where it ceases to be a gorge and becomes a valley—the village nestles at the base of a group of huge, splintered, overhanging rocks, among which still hang the ruins of its feudal castle. Opposite, on the very summit of a similar group, is the ruin of Niedeck. The names of

the two places (the "Mount of Quarrel" and the "Corner of Envy") give us the clew to their history. Streitberg, no doubt, was at one time a very Ebal, or Mount of Cursing—nor, to judge from the invalid who accompanied us thither to try the whey-cure, can it yet have entirely lost its character. At the cure-house (as the Germans call it) there were some fifty similar individuals—sallow, peevish, irritable, unhappy persons, in whose faces one could see vinegar as well as whey. They sat croaking to each other in the balmy evening, or contemplated with rueful faces the lovely view down the valley.

I succeeded in procuring a bath by inscribing my name, residence, and the precise hour of bathing, in a book for the inspection of the physician. I trust he was edified by the perusal. Then, returning to the inn, I ordered a supper of trout, which are here cheap and good. They are kept in tanks, and, if you choose, you may pick out any fish you may prefer. A tap on the nose is supposed to kill them, after which the gall-bladder is removed, and they are thrown into boiling water. In Germany, trout are never eaten otherwise. The color fades in the process, but the flavor of the fish is fully retained. A slice of lemon, bread, butter, and a glass of Rhenish wine, are considered to be necessary harmonics.

I took a good night's sleep before commencing my walking-cure. Then, leaving my travelling-bag to follow with the diligence, I set out encumbered only with an umbrella-cane, a sketch-book, and a leather pouch, containing guide-book, map, note-book, and colors. Somewhat doubtful as to the result, but courageous, I began a slow, steady march up

the valley. Many years had passed since I had undertaken a journey on foot, and as I recalled old experiences and old feelings, I realized that, although no sense of enjoyment was blunted, the fascinating *wonderment* of youth, which clothed every object in a magical atmosphere, was gone for ever. My perception of Beauty seemed colder, because it was more intelligent, more discriminating. But Gain and Loss, in the scale of life, alternately kick the beam.

The dew lay thick on the meadows, and the peasants were everywhere at work shaking out the hay, so that the air was sweet with grass-odors. Above me, on either side, the immense gray horns and towers of rock rose out of the steep fir-woods, clearly, yet not too sharply defined against the warm blue of the sky. The Wiesent, swift and beryl-green, winding in many curves through the hay-fields, made a cheerful music in his bed. In an hour I reached the picturesque village of Muggendorf, near which is Rosenmüller's Cave, celebrated for its stalactitic formations. I have little fancy for subterranean travels, and after having seen the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and the grottoes of Crete, I felt no inclination to visit more than one of the Franconian caverns. After resting half an hour, and refreshing myself with a glass of water and the conversation of a company of ladies who alighted at the little tavern, I started again, still feeling tolerably brisk.

The valley now contracted to a wild gorge, with almost perpendicular walls of rock, and a narrow strip of meadow in its bed. In a distance of five miles I passed two fine old mills, which were the only evidences of life and habitation. Suddenly, on turning a rocky corner, the castle of Göss



weinstein appeared before me, as if hung in the sky. The picture was so striking that, in spite of the intense heat, I stopped to sketch it. On reaching a mill at the foot of the mountain I found there was no bridge over the stream, which I should have crossed some distance back. I was sufficiently tired, however, to be glad of a good excuse for not scaling the height. Presently I reached a little village in a nook where the gorge splits into three prongs, through two of which wild trout-streams come down to join the Wiesent. The meadows were covered with pieces of coarse linen in the process of bleaching. Here there was a tavern and a huge linden-tree, and after my walk of ten miles I considered myself entitled to shade and beer. It occurred to me, also, that I might lighten the journey by taking the landlady's son to carry my coat, sketch-book, etc. This proved to be a good idea.

The main road here left the valley, which really became next to impracticable. We took a foot-path up the stream, through a wild glen half-filled with immense fragments that had tumbled from the rocky walls on either side. The close heat was like that of an oven, and, as the solitude was complete, I gradually loaded my guide with one article of dress after another, until my costume resembled that of a Highlander, except that the kilt was white. Finally, seeing some hay-makers at a point where the glen made a sharp turn, I resumed my original character; and it was well that I did so, for on turning the corner I found myself in the village of Tüchersfeld, and in view of a multitude of women who were bleaching linen.

I know of few *surprises* in scenery equal to this. I was

looking up the glen, supposing that my way lay straight on, when three steps more, and I found myself in a deep triangular basin, out of which rose three immense jagged masses of rock, like pyramids in ruin, with houses clinging, in giddy recklessness, to their sides! On a *saddle* between two of them stands the *Herrensitz*, or residence of the proprietary family. A majestic linden, centuries old, grows at the base, and high over its crown tower the weather-beaten spires of rock, with a blasted pine on the summit. The picture is grotesque in its character, which is an unusual feature in scenery. One who comes up the glen is so unprepared for it that it flashes upon him as if a curtain had been suddenly lifted.

Here I rested in the shade until the mid-day heat was over. A Jew and a young Bavarian lieutenant kept me company, and the latter entertained me with descriptions of various executions which he had seen. We left at the same time, they for Bayreuth and I for the little town of Pottenstein, at the head of the gorge, five miles further. By this time, I confess, the journey had become a toil. I dragged myself along rather than walked, and when a stout boy of twelve begged for a *kreutzer*, I bribed him for twelve to accompany and assist me. His dialect was of the broadest, and I could sooner have understood a lecture on the Absolute Reason than his simple peasant gossip. His tongue was a very scissors for clipping off the ends of words. The pronoun "*ich*" he changed into "*a*," and very often used the third person of the verb instead of the first. I managed, however, to learn that the landlord in Tüchersfeld was "fearfully rich:" all the hay in the glen (perhaps ter

tons) belonged to him. I had already suspected as much for the landlord took pains to tell us about a wedding trip he had just made to the old monastery of Banz, a day's journey distant. "It cost me as much as forty florins," said he, "but then we travelled second-class. To my thinking it's not half so pleasant as third-class, but then I wanted to be *noble* for once."

For an hour and a half we walked through a deep, winding glen, where there was barely a little room here and there for a hay or barley field. On the right hand were tall forests of fir and pine; on the left, abrupt stony hills, capped with huge irregular bastions of Jura limestone. Gradually the rocks appear on the right and push away the woods; the stream is squeezed between a double row of Cyclopean walls, which assume the wildest and most fantastic shapes, and finally threaten to lock together and cut off the path. These wonderful walls are three or four hundred feet in height—not only perpendicular, but actually overhanging in many places.

As I was shuffling along, quite exhausted, I caught a glimpse of two naked youngsters in a shaded eddy of the stream. They plunged about with so much enjoyment that I was strongly tempted to join them: so I stepped down to the bank, and called out, "Is the water cold?" Whoop! away they went, out of the water and under a thick bush, leaving only four legs visible. Presently these also disappeared, and had it not been for two tow shirts more brown than white, lying on the grass, I might have supposed that I had surprised a pair of Nixies.

The approach to Pottenstein resembles that to Tüchers

feld, but it is less sudden and surprising. It is wonderfully picturesque—the houses are so jammed in, here and there, among the huge shapeless limestone monoliths, and the bits of meadow and garden have such a greenness and brightness contrasted with the chaos which incloses them. I found my way to the post-inn, and straightway dropped into one of the awkward carved wooden chairs (the pattern of five centuries ago) in the guests' room, with a feeling of infinite gratitude. The landlord brought me a mug of beer, with black bread and a handful of salt on the plate. I remembered the types of hospitality in the Orient, and partook of the hallowed symbols. Then came consecutive ablutions of cold water and brandy; after which I felt sufficiently refreshed to order trout for supper. But whatever of interest the little town may have contained, nothing could tempt me to walk another step that day.

In the morning I engaged a man as guide and sack-bearer, and set out by six o'clock for Rabenstein (the Raven-rock) and its famous cavern. We first climbed out of the chasm of Pottenstein, which was filled with a hot, silvery mist, and struck northward over high, rolling land, from which we could now and then look down into the gorges of the Püttlach and Eschbach. There was not a breath of air stirring, and even at that early hour the heat was intense. I would have stopped occasionally to rest, but the guide pushed ahead, saying: "We must get on before the day is hot." The country was bald and monotonous, but the prospect of reaching Rabenstein in two hours enabled me to hold out. Finally the little foot-path we had been following turned into a wood, whence, after a



hundred paces, it suddenly emerged upon the brink of a deep, rocky basin, resembling the crater of a volcano. It was about four hundred feet deep, with a narrow split at either end, through which the Eschbach stream entered and departed. The walls were composed of enormous overhanging masses of rock, which rested on natural arches or regular jambs, like those of Egyptian gateways, while the bed was of the greenest turf, with a slip of the blue sky mirrored in the centre, as if one were looking upon a lower heaven through a crack in the earth. Opposite, on the very outer edge of the rock, sat the castle of Rabenstein, and the houses of the village behind it seemed to be crowding on toward the brink, as if anxious which should be first to look down.

Into this basin led the path—a toilsome descent, but at the bottom we found a mill which was also a tavern, and bathed our tongues in some cool but very bitter and disagreeable beer. “Sophia’s Cave,” the finest grotto in the Franconian Switzerland, is a little further up the gorge; and the haymakers near the mill, on seeing me, shouted up to the cave-keeper in the village over their heads to get his torches ready. The rocks on either side exhibit the most wild and wonderful forms. In one place a fragment, shaped very much like a doll, but from eighty to a hundred feet in height, has slipped down from above, and fallen out, resting only its head against the perpendicular wall. On approaching the cave, the rocky wall on which the castle of Rabenstein stands projects far over its base, and a little white chapel sits on the summit. The entrance is a very broad, low arch, resting on natural pillars.



You first penetrate for a hundred feet or more by a spacious vaulted avenue: then the rock contracts, and a narrow passage, closed by double doors, leads to the subterranean halls. Here you find yourself near the top of an immense chamber, hung with stalactites and tinkling with the sound of water dropping from their points. A wooden staircase, protected by an iron railing, leads around the sides to the bottom, giving views of some curious formations—waterfalls, statues, a papal tiara, the intestines of cattle—and the blunt pillars of the stalagnites, growing up by hundreds from every corner or shelf of rock.

The most remarkable feature of the cave, however—as of all the Franconian grottoes—is the abundance of fossil remains in every part of it. The attention of geologists was first directed to these extraordinary deposits by the naturalist Rosenmüller, who explored and described them; but they were afterward better known through the writings of Cuvier and Humboldt. Here, imbedded in the incrustated stone, lie the skulls of bears and hyenas, the antlers of deer, elk, and antelopes, and the jaw-bones of mammoths. You find them in the farthest recesses of the cave, and the rock seems to be actually a conglomerate of them. Yet no entire skeleton of any animal, I was informed, has been found. Under the visible layers are other deeper layers of the same remains. How were all these beasts assembled here? What overwhelming fear or necessity drove together the lion and the stag, the antelope and the hyena? and what convulsion, hundreds of centuries ago, buried them so deep? There is some grand mystery of Creation hidden in this sparry sepulchre of pre-adamite beasts.

We passed on into the second and third chambers, where the stalactites assume other and more unusual forms, such as curtains, chandeliers, falling fringes of lily-leaves, and embroidered drapery, all of which are thin, transparent, snowy-white, and give forth a clear, bell-like tone when struck. The cave is curious and beautiful rather than grand. The guide informed me that I had penetrated two thousand feet from the entrance, but this I could not believe. Eight hundred feet would be nearer the mark. On returning, the first effect of daylight on the outer arches of the cavern transmuted them into golden glass, and the wild landscape of the gorge was covered with a layer of crystal fire so dazzling that I could scarcely look upon it.

By this time it was ten o'clock, and the heat increasing every moment: it was 90° in the shade. An hour's walk over a bare, roasting upland brought me to the Wiesent valley and the town of Waischenfeld, which I reached in a state of complete exhaustion. Here, however, there was an omnibus to Bayreuth. My guide and baggage-bearer was an old fellow of sixty, who had waited upon me the evening before in Pottenstein, and besides had fallen in the street and broken his pipe while going to the baker's for my breakfast: so I gave him a florin and a half (60 cents). But I was hardly prepared for the outburst which followed: "Thank you, and Heaven reward you, and God return it to you, and Our Dear Lady take care of you! Oh, but I will pray ever so many paternosters for you, until you reach home again. Oh, that you may get back safely! Oh, that you may have long life! Oh, that you may be rich. Oh, that you may keep your health! Oh, that I might go on

with you, and never stop! But you're a noble lordship! It isn't me that likes vulgar people: I won't have nothing to do with 'em: it's the fine, splendid gentleman like yourself that it does me good to be with!" With that he took my hand, and, bending over, kissed me just under the right eye before I knew what he was after. He then left; and when I came to pay my bill I found that he had ordered dinner and beer at my expense!

I waited at Waischenfeld until late in the afternoon, and then took the post for Bayreuth. The upper valley of the Wiesent exhibits some remarkable rock-forms; but they become less and less frequent, the valley widens, and finally, at the village of Blankenstein, the characteristics of the Franconian Switzerland, in this direction, disappear. The soil, however, is much richer, and the crops were wonderfully luxuriant. We passed a solitary chapel by the roadside, renowned as a place of pilgrimage. "The people call it *die Kábel*," said my fellow-passenger, a Bayreuther. "If you were to say *Kapelle* [chapel], they wouldn't know what you meant." The votive offerings placed there are immediately stolen; the altar-ornaments are stolen; even the bell is stolen from the tower.

At last the Fichtelgebirge (Fir-Mountains)—the central chain of Franconia—came in sight, and the road began to descend toward the valley of Bayreuth. My fellow-passenger proposed that we should alight at the commencement of a park called the *Phantasie*, belonging to Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, and he would conduct me through to the other end, where the omnibus would wait for us. We entered a charming park, every foot of which betrayed the

most exquisite taste and the most tender care. Nowhere could be found smoother gravel, greener turf, brighter flowers, or a more artistic disposition of trees, fountains, statues, and flower-beds. Presently we reached a stately Italian palace of yellow stone, with a level, blossomy terrace in front, overhanging a deep valley, which seemed to have been brought bodily from Switzerland. In the bottom was a lake, bordered by the greenest meadows; the opposite hill was wooded with dark firs, and every house which could be seen was Swiss in its form. Two men were on the terrace, looking over the heavy stone balustrade—one of them a very stout, strong figure, with a massive gray beard. “Ah,” said my companion, “there is the Duke himself!” His Highness, seeing us, returned our salutes very politely, and then slid behind a bush. “He always does that,” said the Bayreuther, “when strangers come: he goes away lest they should be embarrassed, and not see as much as they wish.” This is really the extreme of politeness. The Duke’s wife was the Princess Marie d’Orleans, that gifted daughter of Louis Philippe, whose statue of Joan of Arc is in the Versailles Gallery. She died, however, not in consequence of excessive devotion to her art, as is often stated, but from a cold contracted after her first confinement. Duke Alexander has never married again.

The Phantasie struck me as being one of the most exquisite specimens of landscape gardening in Germany. It is an illustration of what may be accomplished by simply *assisting* nature—by following her suggestions rather than forcing her to assume a new character.

As we approached Bayreuth my friend said: “Now I

will try and show you the grave of Jean Paul (Richter).’ But the foliage in the cemetery was too thick, and I only *thought* I saw the top of a black marble tombstone. “I remember him very well,” he continued. “When I was a boy I often saw him on his way to Frau Rollwenzel’s. He wore a wide coat, and always had a bottle of wine in his pocket. One hand he held behind him, and carried a stick in the other. Sometimes he would stop and take a drink of wine. I remember his funeral, which took place by torch-light. He was a most beautiful corpse! His widow gave me one of his vests, a white one, with embroidery upon it, and I was fool enough to let it go out of my hands; I shall never forgive myself for that. But then, *nobody in Bayreuth thought he was a great man.*” And this was said of Jean Paul, the greatest German humorist! There is a melancholy moral in the remark.

Bayreuth is a stately town for its size (the population is some 18,000); the streets are broad, the houses large and massive; but over all there is an air of departed grandeur like Ferrara, Ravenna, and the other deserted Italian capitals. In the former century it had an ostentatious court—its Margraves, no doubt, considered themselves *Grands Monarques* in miniature, and surrounded themselves with pompous ceremonial—but all this is over. Now and then a curious stranger arrives, and he passes with scarce a glance the palace of the old rulers on his way to the statue of the grand plebeian, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. At least the latter was the only object in the city which *I* cared to see. It is of bronze, colossal, and from Schwanthaler’s model. The poet is represented as leaning against a tree,



with a pencil in one hand and a note-book in the other, while his head is slightly lifted, as if with the inspiration of a new idea. But it is by no means a great work.

In spite of the heat (92° in the shade) I walked out to the Hermitage, a summer resort of the Margraves, about four miles from the city. The road thither is an unbroken avenue of magnificent lindens, from which, as the ground gradually rises, you have wide views of the surrounding country. On the summit of the ridge stands the famous coffee-house, formerly kept by Frau Rollwenzel. On a tablet beside the door are the words: "*Hier dichtete Jean Paul.*" (Here Jean Paul wrote his works.) He had a garret room in the little low house, and it was his habit for many years to walk out from Bayreuth in the morning, and write there all day, returning in the evening. I climbed the steep, dark stair-case, and entered his room, a narrow den, with two windows looking toward the Fichtelgebirge. Every thing is kept in precisely the same condition as during his life. There is the same old calico sofa, the same deal table and rude book-shelf which he used. In the table-drawer is one of his manuscript works: "Remarks About Us Fools." The custodian informed me that he had been offered 300 florins (\$120) for it by an Englishman. Over the sofa hangs a portrait of Jean Paul, under which is a smaller one of Frau Rollwenzel.

In a quarter of an hour more I reached the Hermitage, which I found entirely deserted. Laborers and loafers alike had fled from the unusual heat. In the deep avenues of the park, where the sunshine, passing through triple layers of beech-leaves, took the hue of dark-green glass, I found a

grateful coolness; but the fountains, the sand-stone dragons, and rococo flower-beds in front of a semicircular temple of rough mosaic, dedicated to the Sun, basked in an intense Persian heat. The god really had visited his altar. Here there are very remarkable *jeux d'eau*; but I confess, with humiliation, that I had not sufficient energy remaining to find the person who had them in charge, and thus did not see their performance. The water, I was told, comes forth from all sorts of unexpected places; forms suns, moons, and stars in the air; spouts from the trees; spirts out of the bushes; and so envelops the beholder in a fountain-chaos that he is lucky if he escapes without a drenching. There is one seat in particular which the stranger is directed to take, in order to obtain the best view. Woe to him if he obey! All the trees and rocks around fling their streams upon him.

The Hermitage is a good specimen of what is called in Germany the *Zopf* (Queue) style—the quintessence of formality. Its position, on the opposite side of, and equidistant from, Bayreuth, challenges a comparison with the Phantasie, and the difference is just this: in the Phantasie one sees that Nature is *beloved*—in the Hermitage, that she is patronized with lofty consideration.

Returning to Bayreuth, I took the railroad to a little town called Markt-Schorgast, in order to enter the Fichtelgebirge from the most approved point. Here I tried to procure a man to carry my sack to Berneck, some three miles distant, but only succeeded in obtaining a very small boy. “Really,” said I, when the mite made his appearance, “he can never carry it.” “Let me see,” said the

station-master, lifting the sack; "*ja wohl*, that's nothing for him. He could run with it!" True enough, the boy put it into a basket, shouldered it, and trotted off as brisk as a grasshopper. The load was larger than himself, and I walked after him with a sense of shame. There was I, a broad-shouldered giant in comparison, puffing, and sweating and groaning, finding even my umbrella troublesome, and the poor little pigmy at my side keeping up a lively quick-step with his bare feet on the hot road.

We crossed a burning hill into a broad, shallow valley, with a village called Wasserknoten (the water-knots). Beyond this valley contracted into a glen, shaded with dark fir-woods, which overhung slopes of velvet rather than grass, they wore so even and lustrous a green. After a while the ruins of Hohen-berneck (High Bear's Corner), consisting of one square tower, eighty feet high, appeared on the crest of the hill. The town is squeezed into the bottom of the glen, which is only wide enough for a single street, more than a mile long. I was so thoroughly fatigued when I reached the post-inn at the farther end of the place that I gave up all thoughts of going further.

The landlord made much of me on learning that I was an American. He not only regaled me with beer, but took me to see another Bernecker, who had been in England, India, and China. Several "*cure-guests*" joined the company, and was obliged to give them a history of the Southern Rebellion, which was no easy matter, as so much incidental explanation was necessary. In Berneck there is a frequented whey-cure. In fact, there are few towns in Germany without a "*cure*" of some kind. Whey-cures, water-cures,

grape-cures, hunger-cures, cider-cures, pine-needle-cures, salt-cures, and herb-cures flourish in active rivalry. In addition to all these the beer-cure is universally employed.

I had engaged a man to be ready in the morning to accompany me to Bischofsgrün, ten miles further; but the man turned out to be an old woman. However, it made little difference, as she walked quite as fast with her load as I was willing to walk without one. The same temperature continued; there was not a cloud in the sky, and a thin, silvery shimmer of heat in the air and over the landscape. We followed the course of the young Main, at first through a wide, charming valley, whose meadows of grass and flowers fairly blazed in the sunshine, while on either hand towered the dark blue-green forests of fir. Shepherds with their flocks were on the slopes, and the little goose-girls drove their feathered herds along the road. One of them drew a wagon in which a goose and a young child were sitting cozily together. The cuckoo sang in all the woods, and no feature of life failed which the landscape suggested, unless it were the Tyrolean *yodel*. After an hour's hard walking the valley became a steep gorge, up which the road wound through continuous forests.

The scenery was now thoroughly Swiss in its character, and charmed me almost to forgetfulness of my weak and bruised knees. Still, I was heartily rejoiced when we reached Bischofsgrün (Bishop's-green), a village at the base of the Ochsenkopf, one of the highest summits of the Fichtelgebirge. Here a rampant golden-lion hung out, the welcome sign of food and rest. Before it stood a carriage which had brought a gentleman and three ladies—very

genial and friendly persons, although they spoke a most decided *patois*. They had just ordered dinner, and the huge stove at one end of the guests' room sent out a terrible heat. The landlord was a slow, peaceful old fellow, with that meek air which comes from conjugal subjugation. But his wife was a mixture of thunder, lightning, and hail. The first thing she did was to snatch a pair of red worsted slippers from a shelf; then she rubbed her bare feet against the edge of a chair to scrape off the sand, and, sitting down, pulled up her dress so as to show the greater part of a pair of very solid legs, and put on the slippers. "There!" said she, stamping until the tables rattled, "now comes my work. It's me that has it to do. Oh yes! so many at once, and nothing in the house. Man! and thou standest there, stock-still. Ach! here, thou Bärbel! See there! [*Bang* goes the kitchen door.] It's a cursed life! [*Bang* the other door.] Ach! Ha! Ho, there!" she shouted from the street.

Just then came a hay-wagon from Berneck, with thirteen additional guests. The thunders again broke heavily, and for half an hour rolled back and forth, from kitchen to stable, and from stable to kitchen, without intermission. The old peasants, with their beer-*seidls* before them, winked at each other and laughed. I was getting hungry, but scarcely dared to ask for dinner. Finally, however, I appealed to the meek landlord. "Be so good as to wait a little," he whispered; "it will come after a while." Presently his son came in with a newspaper, saying, "Mammy, there's t' *Ziting* (Zeitung)." "Get out o' my way!" she yelled. "Ja, jo, I should read t' paper, shouldn't I? Ha! Ho,



there! Man! Bärbel!” and the storm broke out afresh. I wish it were possible to translate the coarse, grotesque dialect of this region—which is to pure German what Irish is to English, and with as characteristic a flavor—but I now not how it could be done.

Not quite so difficult would be the translation of an aristocratic poem, written in the *Fremdenbuch*, two days before, by a sentimental baron. It might very well compare with Pope’s “Lines by a Person of Quality.” But no; we have an ample supply of such stuff in our own language, and I will spare my readers. Bischofsgrün is noted for its manufacture of bottles and beads for rosaries. There is a glass furnace here which has been in steady operation for eight hundred years. I doubt whether anything about it has changed very much in that time. I peeped into it, and saw the men making bottles of a coarse texture and pale greenish color, but the mouths of the furnaces, disclosing pits of white heat, speedily drove me away. Although the village is at least eighteen hundred feet above the sea, there was no perceptible diminution of the heat.

The men were all in the hay-fields, and I was obliged to take a *madel* (maiden), as the landlord called her—a woman of fifty, with grown-up children. As the last thunders of the landlady of the Lion died behind us, the “maiden” said, “Ach! my daughter can’t stand it much longer. She’s been here, in service, these five years; and it’s worse and worse. The landlady’s a good woman when she don’t drink, but drink she does, and pretty much all the time. She’s from Schönbrunn: she was a *mill-daughter*, and her husband a *tavern-son*, from the same place. It isn’t good when 9

woman drinks schnapps, except at weddings and funerals; and as for wine, we poor people can't think o' that!"

It was near three o'clock, and we had twelve miles through the mountains to Wunsiedel. Our road led through a valley between the Schneeberg and the Ochsenkopf, both of which mountains were in full view, crowned with dark firs to their very summits. I confess I was disappointed in the scenery. The valley is so elevated that the mountains rise scarcely twelve hundred feet above it; the slopes are gradual, and not remarkable for grace; and the bold rock-formations are wanting. Coming up the Main-glen from Berneck, the lack of these features was atoned for by the wonderful beauty of the turf. Every landscape seemed to be new-carpeted, and with such care that the turf was turned under and tacked down along the edges of the brooks, leaving no bare corner anywhere. If the sunshine had been actually woven into its texture it could not have been brighter. The fir-woods had a bluish-green hue, purple in the shadows. But on the upper meadows over which I now passed the grass was in blossom, whence they took a brownish tinge, and there were many cleared spots which still looked ragged and naked.

We soon entered the forest at the foot of the Ochsenkopf, and walked for nearly an hour under the immense trees. The ground was carpeted with short whortleberry-bushes, growing so thickly that no other plant was to be seen. Beyond this wood lay a rough, mossy valley, which is one of the water-sheds between the Black Sea and the German Ocean. The fountains of the Main and the Nab are within Minié rifle-shot of each other. Here the path turned to the

left, leading directly up the side of the mountain. In the intense heat, and with my shaky joints, the ascent was a terrible toil. Up, and up we went, and still up, until an open patch of emerald pasture, with a chalêt in the centre, showed that the summit was reached. A spring of icy crystal bubbled up in the grass, and I was kneeling to drink, when a smiling *hausfrau* came out with a glass goblet. I returned it, with a piece of money, after drinking. "What is that?" said she. "No, no; water must not be paid for!" and handed it back. "Well," said I, giving it to her flaxen-headed boy, "it is not meant as pay, but as a present for this youngster." "God protect you on your journey!" was her hearty farewell.

The ridge, I should guess, was about twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea-level. The descent, I found, was a very serious matter. I was obliged to limp down slowly, with a crippled step, which in itself was no slight fatigue. When the feet have not free play it seems to tire some unused internal muscle—or, to judge by my own sensations, the very marrow of the bones. We had a tough foot-path through a dense forest for half an hour, and then emerged upon a slanting meadow, whence there was a lovely view of the country to the east of the Fichtelgebirge, with Wunsiedel away in the distance, a bright island-spot in the sea of dark-green firs. Down on the right was a broad, rich valley, in which ponds of water shone clear and blue; villages dotted the cultivated slopes, and the wooded heights of the Luisenburg and the Kösseine rose beyond. Here I began to find again the scenery of Richter's works, which had struck me so forcibly in the vicinity of Bayreuth.

By the time we had reached the bottom of the mountain and left the forest behind us, I had almost touched the limits of my endurance. But there was still a good three miles before us. The "maiden," with twenty pounds on her back, marched along bravely; I followed, a disabled veteran, halting every now and then to rest and recruit. All things must have an end, and it is not every day's journey that winds up with a comfortable inn. I am not sure but that the luxury of the consecutive bath, beef-steak, and bed, which I enjoyed, compensated for all the pain endured.

A shower the next morning freshened the air, diminished the heat, and put some little elasticity into my bruised muscles. It was a gala day for Wunsiedel. The Turners of the place, who had formed themselves into a fire-company, performed in the market-square, with engines, ladders, hose, etc., complete. Early in the morning the Turners of Hof and their female friends arrived in six great hay-wagons, covered with arches of birch boughs and decorated with the Bavarian colors. There was a sham fire: roofs were scaled, ladders run up to the windows, the engines played, the band performed, and the people shouted. The little city was unusually lively; the inns were overflowing, and squads of visitors, with green boughs in their hats, filled the streets.

After dinner I undertook an excursion to the Luisenburg, notwithstanding I felt so decrepit at starting that I would have given a considerable sum to anybody who would have insured my coming back upon my own legs. A handsome linden avenue led up the long hill to the southward of Wun-

siedel, from the crest of which we saw Alexandersbad, at the foot of the mountain, and seeming to lean upon the lower edge of its fir-forests. By a foot-path through fields which were beds of blossoms—hare-bell, butter-cup, phlox, clover, daisy, and corn-flower intermixed—we reached the stately water-cure establishment in three-quarters of an hour. I first visited the mineral spring, which, the guide informed me, was strongly tinged with saltpetre. I was therefore surprised to hear two youths, who were drinking when we came up, exclaim, “Exquisite!” “delicious!” But when I drank, I said the same thing. The taste was veritably fascinating, and I took glass after glass, with a continual craving for more.

This watering-place, once so frequented, is now comparatively deserted. But fifty guests were present, and they did not appear to be very splendid persons. The grounds, however, were enlivened by the presence of the youths and maidens from Hof. I visited the *Kurhaus*, looked into the icy plunge-baths of the Hydropathic establishment, tasted some very hard water, and then took the broad birchen avenue which climbs to the Luisenburg. On entering the forest I beheld a monument erected to commemorate the presence of Fred. Wilhelm III. and Louisa of Prussia, in 1805. “On this very spot,” said my guide, “the King and Queen, with King Max. I. of Bavaria and the Emperor of Austria (!), were talking together, when the news came to them that Napoleon was in Vienna. They hired a man to go to Nuremberg and see whether it was true. The man—he is still living, and we shall probably see him this afternoon [in fact, I *did* see him]—walked all the way [ninety English



miles] in twenty-four hours, then rested twenty-four more, and walked back in the same time. Then the King of Prussia immediately went home and decided to fight against Napoleon, which was the cause of the battle of Leipzig!"

The road slowly but steadily ascended, and in half an hour we reached the commencement of the Luisenburg Huge, mossy rocks, piled atop of one another in the wildest confusion, overhung the way, and the firs, which grew wherever their trunks could be wedged in, formed a sun-proof canopy above them. This labyrinth of colossal granite boulders, called the Luisenburg (or, more properly, the *Lugsburg*, its original name), extends to the summit of the mountain, a distance of eleven hundred feet. It is a wilderness of Titanic grottoes, arches, and even abutments of regular masonry, of astonishing magnitude. I have seen similar formations in Saxony, but none so curiously contorted and hurled together.

Although this place has been, for the past eighty years, a favorite summer resort of the Bavarians, it has scarcely been heard of outside of Germany. Jean Paul, during his residence at Wunsiedel, frequently came hither, and his name has been given to one of the most striking rocky chambers. There is an abundance of inscriptions, dating mostly from the last decade of the past century, and exhibiting, in their overstrained sentimentalism, the character of the generation which produced "Werther," "Paul and Virginia," and "The Children of the Abbey." In Klinger's Grotto, the roof of which is formed by an immense block fifty-four feet long and forty-four feet broad, there is a tablet, erected in 1794 by a certain Herr von Carlowitz, on which he says

“My wish is to enjoy my life unnoticed, and happily married, and to be worthy of the tears of the good when I fearlessly depart!” This is all very well; but it can scarcely be expected that for centuries to come the world will care much whether Herr von Carlowitz was happily married or not.

Climbing upward through the labyrinthine clefts of the rocks, we find everywhere similar records. The names “Otto, Therese, Amalie,” deeply engraved, proclaim the fact that the present King of Greece met his two sisters here, in 1836. Just above them six enormous blocks are piled one upon the other, reaching almost to the tops of the firs. This was a favorite resort of Louisa of Prussia, and the largest rock, accordingly, bears the following description: “When we behold the mild rays of the lovely spring sun shining on this rocky colossus, we think on the gentle glance of blissful grace wherewith Louisa to-day made us happy: and the rock itself suggests our love and fidelity to her!” As a specimen of aristocratic sentiment, this is unparalleled. Beyond this point the immense masses lean against each other, blocking up the path and sloping forward, high overhead, as if in the act of falling. In 1798 somebody placed the inscription here, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;” but under it is carved, “I made the attempt, and behold! I went farther. 1804.” A ladder enables you to reach an opening, whence the path, traversing sunless clefts, crawling through holes and scaling gigantic piles of the formless masonry of the Deluge, reaches the summit. Here, on a lonely rock, still stands a single tower of the old robber-fortress which was destroyed in the thir-

teenth century by Philip of Streitberg, in revenge for the abduction of his bride by the knight of the Lugsburg.

From the tower we had fine views to the north, east, and west. The day could not have been more fortunately chosen. The air was unusually clear, and the distant villages showed with remarkable distinctness, yet a light golden shimmer was spread over the landscape, and, by contrast with the dark firs around us, it seemed like an illuminated picture painted on a transparent canvas.

On the side of one of the largest boulders is an inscription recommending those who are at enmity to mount the rock and behold the landscape, as a certain means of reconciliation. It records the meeting of two estranged friends, who first looked around them and then fell into each other's arms, without a word. This was truly German. Enemies of Anglo-Saxon blood, I am afraid, would have tried to push each other off the rock instead of allowing the scenery to reconcile them. One more inscription, the climax of sentiment, and I will cease to copy: "Nature is great, Love is divine, Longing is infinite, Dreams are rich; only the human heart is poor. And yet—fortunate is he who feels this, miserable he who does not even suspect it. Thou lovest a dream and winn'st—Rest!" To be candid, silly as many of these inscriptions were, they gave a human interest to the spot. Even the record of human vanity is preferable to the absence of any sign of man.

Feeling myself in tolerable condition, I went on, along the crest of the mountain, to the Burgstein, a mass of rock one hundred feet high, and crowning a summit nearly three thousand feet above the sea. The top is about seven

by nine feet in compass, and inclosed by a strong railing to prevent the visitor from being blown off. Hence I looked far down into the Upper Palatinate of Bavaria, away to the blue Bohemian mountains, and, to the west, on all the dark summits of the Fichtelgebirge. The villages shone white and red in the sun; the meadow-ponds were sapphires set in emerald, and the dark-purple tint of the forests mottled the general golden-green lustre of the landscape. A quarter of an hour further is the Haberstein, a wonderful up-building of rock, forming a double tower, from eighty to a hundred feet high.

On returning to Wunsiedel I did not neglect to visit Jean Paul's birth-place—a plain, substantial house, adjoining the church. Here the street forms a small court, in the centre of which, on a pedestal of granite, stands a bronze bust of the great man. The inscription is: “*Wunsiedel to her Jean Paul Fr. Richter.*” Nothing could be simpler or more appropriate. In front, the broad street, lined with large, cheerful yellow or pink houses, stretches down the hill and closes with a vista of distant mountains. The place is very gay, clean, and attractive, notwithstanding its humble position. Jean Paul describes it completely, when he says: “I am glad to have been born in thee, thou *bright* little town!”

I was aroused the next morning by the singing of a hymn, followed by the beating of a drum. Both sounds proceeded from a company of twenty or more small boys, pupils of a school at Ebersdorf (in the Franconian Forest), who, accompanied by their teachers, were making a tour on foot through the Fichtelgebirge. The sight admonished



me to resume my march, as I intended going southward to Kemnath, in the Upper Palatinate. The wind blew fresh from the southwest, and heavy black clouds filled the sky. My road led up a valley between the twin mountain-groups, crossing a ridge which divides the waters of Europe. The forests were as black as ink under the shadows of the clouds, and the distant hills had a dark indigo color, which gave a remarkable tone to the landscape. Take a picture of Salvator Rosa and substitute blue for brown, and you may form some idea of it.

Presently the rain came, at first in scattering drops, but soon in a driving shower. My guide, to keep up my spirits, talked on and on in the broad Frankish dialect, which I could only comprehend by keeping all my faculties on a painful stretch. "Down in the Palatinate," said he, "the people speak a very difficult language. They cut off all the words, and bring out the pieces very fast." This was precisely what he himself did! For instance, what German scholar could understand "*wid'r a weng renga!*" (wieder ein wenig Regen)—which was one of the clearest of his expressions. To beguile the rainy road he related to me the history of a band of robbers, who in the years 1845 and '46 infested the Franconian mountains, and plundered the highways on all sides.

By this time I had the Fichtelgebirge behind me, and the view opened southward, down the valley of the Nab. The *Rauhe Kulm*, an isolated basaltic peak, lifted its head in the middle of the landscape, and on the left rose the long, windy ridge of the Weissenstein. Here and there a rocky summit was crowned with the ruins of an ancient



robber-castle. But the scene would have been frightful on canvas, it lay so bleak and rigid under the rainy sky. In two hours more I passed the boundary between Franconia and the Upper Palatinate.

Here my Franconian excursion closes. The next day I reached Amberg, on the Eastern Bavarian Railway, having accomplished about a hundred miles on foot, to the manifest improvement of one knee at the expense of the other. But I had, in addition, a store of cheerful and refreshing experiences, and my confidence in the Walking-Cure is so little shaken that I propose, at some future time, trying a second experiment in the Bohemian Forest—a region still less known to the tourist, if possible, than the Franconian Switzerland.

## V.

### TRAVELS AT HOME.

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#### 1.—THE HUDSON AND THE CATSKILLS.

JULY, 1860.

I HAVE been so often asked, "Where are you going next?" and have so often answered, "I am going to travel at home," that what was at first intended for a joke has naturally resolved itself into a reality. The genuine traveller has a chronic dislike of railways, and if he be in addition a lecturer, who is obliged to sit in a cramped position and breathe bad air for five months of the year, he is the less likely to prolong his Winter tortures through the Summer. Hence, it is scarcely a wonder that, although I have seen so much of our country, I have *travelled* so little in it. I knew the Himalayas before I had seen the Green Mountains, the Cataracts of the Nile before Niagara, and the Libyan Desert before the Illinois prairies. I have never yet (let me make the disgraceful confession at the outset)

beheld the White Mountains, or Quebec, or the Saguenay, or Lake George, or Trenton Falls!

In all probability, I should now be at home, enjoying Summer indolence under the shade of my oaks, were it not for the visit of some European friends, who have come over to see the land which all their kindness could not make *their* friend forget. The latter, in fact, possesses a fair share of the national sensitiveness, and defended his country with so much zeal and magnificent assertions, that his present visitors were not a little curious to see whether their own impressions would correspond with his pictures. He, on the other hand, being anxious to maintain his own as well as his country's credit, offered his services as guide and showman to Our Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, and Cataracts; and this is how he (I, you understand) came to start upon the present journey.

On the whole, I think it a good plan, not to see all your own country until after you have seen other lands. It is easy to say, with the school-girls, "I adore Nature!"—but he who adores, never criticises. "What a beautiful view!" every one may cry: "why is it beautiful?" would puzzle many to answer. Long study, careful observation, and various standards of comparison are necessary—as much so as in Art—to enable one to pronounce upon the relative excellence of scenery. I shall have, on this tour, the assistance of a pair of experienced, appreciative foreign eyes, in addition to my own, and you may therefore rely upon my giving you a tolerably impartial report upon American life and landscapes.

When one has a point to carry, the beginning is every

thing. I therefore embarked with my friends on a North River day-boat, at the Harrison-street pier. The calliope, or steam-organ attached to the machine, was playing "Jordan's a hard road to travel," with astonishing shrillness and power. "There's an American invention!" I exclaimed, in triumph; "the waste steam, instead of being blown off, is turned into an immense hand-organ, and made to grind out this delightful music." By-and-by, however, came one of my companions, who announced: "I have discovered the origin of the music," and thereupon showed me a box of green wire-gauze, in which sat a slender youth, manipulating a key-board with wonderful contortions. This discovery explained to us why certain passages were slurred over and others shrieked out with awful vehemence—a fact which we had previously attributed to the energy of the steam.

Other disappointments awaited me. The two foregoing days had been insufferably warm—92° in the shade—and we were all, at my recommendation, clad in linen. "This is just the weather for the Hudson," said I; "the motion of the boat will fan away the heat, while this intense sunshine will beautify the shores." But, by the time we reached Weehawken, the north wind blew furiously, streaking the water with long ribands of foam; we unpacked heavy shawls and coats, and were still half frozen. The air was so very clear and keen that the scenery was *too distinct*—a common fault of our American sky—destroying the charm of perspective and color. My friends would not believe in the actual breadth of the Hudson or the height of the Palisades, so near were the shores brought by the

lens of the air. The eastern bank, from Spuyten-Duyvei to Tarrytown, reminded them of the Elbe between Hamburg and Blankenese, a comparison which I found correct. Tappan and Haverstraw Bays made the impression I desired, and thenceforth I felt that our river would amply justify his fame.

Several years had passed since I had seen the Hudson from the deck of a steamer. I found great changes, and for the better. The elegant summer residences of the New Yorkers, peeping out from groves, nestled in warm dells, or, most usually, crowning the highest points of the hills, now extend more than half-way to Albany. The trees have been judiciously spared, straggling woods carved into shape, stony slopes converted into turf, and, in fact, the long landscape of the eastern bank gardened into more perfect beauty. Those Gothic, Tuscan, and Norman villas, with their air of comfort and home, give an attractive, human sentiment to the scenery, and I would not exchange them for the castles of the Rhine.

Our boat was crowded, mostly with Southerners, who might be recognised by their lank, sallow faces, and the broad, semi-negro accent with which they spoke the American tongue. How long, I wondered, before these *Chivs* (the California term for Southerners—an abbreviation of Chivalry) start the exciting topic, the discussion of which they so deprecate in us? Not an hour had elapsed, when, noticing a small crowd on the forward deck, I discovered half a dozen Chivs expatiating to some Northern youth on the beauties of Slavery. The former were very mild and guarded in their expressions, as if fearful that the outrages



inflicted on Northern men in the South might be returned upon them. "Why," said one of them, "it's our interest to treat our slaves well; if we lose one, we lose a thousand dollars—you may be shore of that. No man will be so much of a d—d fool as to waste his own property in that way."

"Just as we take care of our horses," remarked a Northern youth; "it's about the same thing, isn't it?"

"Well—yes—it *is* pretty much the same, only we treat 'em more humanitarian, of course. Then agin," he continued, "when you've got two races together, a higher and a lower, what are you gwine to do?"—but you have read the rest of his remarks in a speech of Caleb Cushing, and I need not repeat them.

The Highlands, of course, impressed my friends as much as I could have wished. It is customary among our tourists to deplore the absence of ruins on those heights—a very unnecessary regret, in my opinion. To show that we had associations fully as inspiring as those connected with feudal warfare, I related the story of Stony Point, and André's capture, and pointed out, successively, Kosciusko's Monument, old Fort Putnam, and Washington's Headquarters. Sunnyside was also a classic spot to my friends, nor was Idlewild forgotten. "Oh," said a young lady, as we were passing Cold Spring, "where does the poet Morris live?" Although I was not the person appealed to, I took the liberty of showing her the dwelling of the warrior-bard. "You will observe," I added, "that the poet has a full view of Cro'nest, which he has immortalized in song. Yonder willow, trailing its branches in the water, is said to have suggested to him that gem,

“ ‘Near the lake where drooped the willow.’ ”

“ Oh, Clara!” said the young lady to her companion, “ isn’t it—*isn’t* it sweet?”

In due time, we reached Catskill, and made all haste to get off for the Mountain House. There are few summits so easy of access—certainly no other mountain resort in our country where the facilities of getting up and down are so complete and satisfactory. The journey would be tame, however, were it not for the superb view of the mountains, rising higher, and putting on a deeper blue, with every mile of approach. The intermediate country has a rough, ragged, incomplete look. The fields are stony, the houses mostly untidy, the crops thin, and the hay (this year, at least) scanty. Even the woods appear stunted: fine tree-forms are rare. My friends were so charmed by the purple asclepiads, which they had never before seen except in green-houses, the crimson-spiked sumachs, and the splendid fire-lilies in the meadows, that they overlooked the want of beauty in the landscape.

On reaching the foot of the mountain, the character of the scenery entirely changes. The trees in Rip Van Winkle’s dell are large and luxuriantly leaved, while the backward views, enframed with foliage and softly painted by the blue pencil of the air, grow more charming as you ascend. Ere long, the shadow of the towering North Mountain was flung over us, as we walked up in advance of the laboring horses. The road was bathed in sylvan coolness; the noise of an invisible stream beguiled the steepness of the way; emerald ferns sprang from the rocks, and the red blossoms of the showy *rubus* and the pale blush of the laurel bright-

ened the gloom of the undergrowth. It is fortunate that the wood has not been cut away, and but rare glimpses of the scenes below are allowed to the traveller. Landing in the rear of the Mountain House, the huge white mass of which completely shuts out the view, thirty paces bring you to the brink of the rock, and you hang suspended, as if by magic, over the world.

It was a quarter of an hour before sunset—perhaps the best moment of the day for the Catskill panorama. The shadows of the mountain-tops reached nearly to the Hudson, while the sun, shining directly down the Clove, interposed a thin wedge of golden lustre between. The farm-houses on a thousand hills beyond the river sparkled in the glow, and the Berkshire Mountains swam in a luminous, rosy mist. The shadows strode eastward at the rate of a league a minute as we gazed; the forests darkened, the wheat-fields became brown, and the houses glimmered like extinguished stars. Then the cold north wind blew, roaring in the pines, the last lurid purple faded away from the distant hills, and in half an hour the world below was as dark and strange and spectral, as if it were an unknown planet we were passing on our journey through space.

The scene from Catskill is unlike any other mountain view that I know. It is imposing through the very simplicity of its features. A line drawn from north to south through the sphere of vision divides it into two equal parts. The western half is mountain, falling off in a line of rock parapet; the eastern is a vast semi-circle of blue landscape, half a mile lower. Owing to the abrupt rise of the mountain, the nearest farms at the base seem to be almost

under one's feet, and the country as far as the Hudson presents the same appearance as if seen from a balloon. Its undulations have vanished; it is as flat as a pancake; and even the bold line of hills stretching toward Saugerties can only be distinguished by the color of the forests upon them. Beyond the river, although the markings of the hills are lost, the rapid rise of the country from the water level is very distinctly seen: the whole region appears to be lifted on a sloping plane, so as to expose the greatest possible surface to the eye. On the horizon, the Hudson Highlands, the Berkshire and Green Mountains, unite their chains, forming a continuous line of misty blue.

At noonday, under a cloudless sky, the picture is rather monotonous. After the eye is accustomed to its grand, aerial depth, one seeks relief in spying out the characteristics of the separate farms, or in watching specks (of the size of fleas) crawling along the highways. Yonder man and horse, going up and down between the rows of corn, resemble a little black bug on a bit of striped calico. When the sky is full of moving clouds, however, nothing can be more beautiful than the shifting masses of light and shade, traversing such an immense field. There are, also, brief moments when the sun or moon are reflected in the Hudson—when rainbows bend slantingly beneath you, striking bars of seven-hued flame across the landscape—when, even, the thunders march below, and the fountains of the rain are under your feet.

What most impressed my friends was the originality of the view. Familiar with the best mountain scenery of Europe, they could find nothing with which to compare it

As my movements during this journey are guided entirely by their wishes, I was glad when they said: "Let us stay here another day!"

At the foot of the Catskill, the laurel showed its dark-red seed vessels; halfway up, the last faded blossoms were dropping off; but, as we approached the top, the dense thickets were covered with a glory of blossoms. Far and near, in the caverns of shade under the pines and oaks and maples, flashed whole mounds of flowers, white and blush-color, dotted with the vivid pink of the crimped buds. The finest Cape azaleas and ericas are scarcely more beautiful than our laurel. Between those mounds bloomed the flame-colored lily, scarcely to be distinguished, at a little distance, from the breast of an oriole. The forest scenery was a curious amalgamation of Norway and the tropics. "What a land, what a climate," exclaimed one of my friends, "that can support such inconsistencies!" "After this," I replied, "it will perhaps be easier for you to comprehend the apparent inconsistencies, the opposing elements, which you will find in the American character."

The next morning we walked to the Katterskill Falls. Since my last visit (in 1851) a handsome hotel—the Laurel House—has been erected here by Mr. Schutt. The road into the Clove has also been improved, and the guests at the Mountain House make frequent excursions into the wild heart of the Catskill region, especially to Stony Clove fourteen miles distant, at the foot of the blue mountain which faces you as you look down the Katterskill glen. The Falls are very lovely (I think that is the proper word)—they will bear seeing many times—but don't believe those



who tell you that they surpass Niagara. Some people have a habit of pronouncing every last view they see: "the finest thing in the world!"

The damming up of the water, so much deprecated by the romantic, strikes me as an admirable arrangement. When the dam is full, the stream overruns it and you have as much water as if there were no dam. Then, as you stand at the head of the lower fall, watching the slender scarf of silver fluttering down the black gulf, comes a sudden dazzling rush from the summit; the fall leaps away from the half-way ledge where it lingered; bursting in rockets and shooting stars of spray on the rocks, and you have the full effect of the stream when swollen by spring thaws. Really, this temporary increase of volume is the finest feature of the fall.

No visitor to Catskill should neglect a visit to the North and South Mountains. The views from these points, although almost identical with that from the house, have yet different foregrounds, and embrace additional segments of the horizon. The North Peak, I fancy, must have been in Bryant's mind, when he wrote his poem of "The Hunter." Those beautiful features, which hovered before the hunter's eyes, in the blue gulf of air, as he dreamed on the rock—are they not those of the same maiden who, rising from the still stream, enticed Goethe's "Fisher" into its waves?—the poetic embodiment of that fascination which lurks in height and depth? Opposite the North Rock, there is a weather-beaten pine, which springing from the mountain-side below, lifts its head just to the level of the rock, and not more than twelve feet in front of it. ]

never see it without feeling a keen desire to spring from the rock and lodge in its top. The Hanlon Brothers, or Blondin, I presume, would not have the least objection to perform such a feat.

In certain conditions of the atmosphere, the air between you and the lower world seems to become a visible fluid—an ocean of pale, crystalline blue, at the bottom of which the landscape lies. Peering down into its depths, you at last experience a numbness of the senses, a delicious wandering of the imagination, such as follows the fifth pipe of opium. Or, in the words of Walt. Whitman, you “loaf, and invite your soul.”

The guests we found at the Mountain House were rather a quiet company. Several families were quartered there for the season; but it was perhaps too early for the evening hops and sunrise flirtations which I noticed ten years ago. Parties formed and strolled off quietly into the woods; elderly gentlemen sank into arm-chairs on the rocks, and watched the steamers on the Hudson; nurses pulled venturesome children away from the precipice, and young gentlemen from afar sat on the veranda, and wrote in their note-books. You would not have guessed the number of guests, if you had not seen them at table. I found this quiet, this nonchalance, this “take care of yourself and let other people alone” characteristic very agreeable, and the difference, in this respect, since my last visit, leads me to hope that there has been a general improvement (which was highly necessary) in the public manners of the Americans.

## 2.—BERKSHIRE AND BOSTON.

WE descended the mountain on the third day, in a lumbering Troy coach, in company with a pleasant Quaker family, took the steamer to Hudson, dined there (indifferently), and then embarked for Pittsfield, which we made a stopping-place on the way to Boston. My masculine companion, who is a thorough European agriculturist, was much struck with the neglected capacities of the country through which we passed. His admiration of our agricultural implements is quite overbalanced by his depreciation of our false system of rotation in crops, our shocking waste of manures, and general neglect of the economies of farming. I think he is about three-fourths right.

The heat was intense when we left Hudson, but, during the thousand feet of ascent between that place and Pittsfield, we came into a fresher air. A thunder shower, an hour previous, had obligingly laid the dust, and hung the thickets with sparkling drops. The Taghkanic Mountains rose dark and clear above the rapid landscapes of the railroad: finally old Greylock hove in sight, and a good hour before sunset we reached Pittsfield. As I never joined the noble order of the Sponge—the badge whereof so many correspondents openly sport—but pay my way regularly, like the non-corresponding crowd, my word may be implicitly taken when I say that the Berkshire House is one of the quietest and pleasantest hotels in the country.

Here let me say a word about hotels in general. The purpose of a tavern, hostel, inn, hotel, house, or whatever

it may be called, is, I take it, to afford a temporary home for those who are away from home. Hence, that hotel only deserves the name, which allows each of its guests to do as he pleases, no one conflicting with the rights of the others. If I would not allow close, unventilated bed-rooms, lack of water, towels the size of a handkerchief, dirty sheets and general discomfort, in the home I build for myself, should I not be permitted to eschew such things in the home I hire for a night? Should I not call for what I want, and have it, if it is to be had? Should I, late arrived, and suffering from loss of sleep, be roused at daylight by a tremendous gong at my door, and be obliged to rush down to breakfast, under penalty of losing it altogether? But in too many of our hotels the rule is the reverse. The landlord says, in practice: "This is *my* house: *I* have certain rules by which it is governed: if you pay me two dollars and a half a day, I will grant you the privilege of submitting to my orders." One is often received with a magnificent condescension, which says, as plainly as words: "See what a favor I am doing you, in receiving you into my house!" In reality the house, the furniture, the servants, do not belong to the landlord, but to the traveller. I intend some day to write an Essay on Hotels, in which I shall discuss the subject at length, and therefore will not anticipate it here.

My friends were delighted with Pittsfield, which, in its summer dress, was new to me. We spent so much of our time at the windows, watching the evening lights on the mountains, that it was unanimously resolved to undertake an excursion the next morning before the arrival of the ex-

press train for Boston. We took an open carriage to the Hancock Settlement of Shakers, four miles west of the village. The roads were in splendid order, last night's rain having laid the dust, washed the trees, and given the wooded mountains a deeper green. The elm, the characteristic tree of New England, charmed us by the variety and beauty of its forms. The elm, rather than the pine, should figure on the state banner of Massachusetts. In all other trees—the oak, the beech, the ash, the maple, the gum, and tulip trees, the pine, even—Massachusetts is surpassed by Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky, but the elm is a plume which will never be plucked from her bonnet.

“Here!” said one of my companions, pointing to one of the many wooded knolls by the roadside, “is one of the immeasurable advantages which America possesses over Europe. Every one of these groves is a finished home, lacking only the house. What we must wait a century to get, what we must be rich in order to possess, is here cheap and universal. Build a house here or there, cut down a tree or two to let in the distant landscape, clear away some of the underwood, and you have a princely residence.” Bear in mind, my fashionable readers, that my friend has only been six weeks in America; that he has not yet learned the difference between a brown-stone front on Fifth Avenue and a clap-boarded house in the country; that (I blush to say it) he prefers handsome trees out-of-doors to rosewood furniture in-doors, and would rather break his shins climbing the roughest hills than ride behind matched bays in a carriage ornamented with purchased heraldry. I admit his want of civilization, but I record this expression of his



taste that you may smile at the absurdity of European ideas.

Our approach to the Shaker settlement was marked by the superior evidences of neatness and care in cultivation. The road became an avenue of stately sugar maples; on the right rose, in pairs, the huge, plain residences of the brethren and sisters—ugly structures, dingy in color, but scrupulously clean and orderly. I believe the same aspect of order would increase the value of any farm five dollars an acre, so much more attractive would the buyer find the property; but farmers generally don't understand this. We halted, finally, at the principal settlement, distinguished by a huge circular stone barn. The buildings stood upon a lot grown with fresh turf, and were connected by flag-stone walks. Mats and scrapers at the door testified to the universal cleanliness. While waiting in the reception-room, which was plain to barrenness, but so clean that its very atmosphere was sweet, I amused myself by reading some printed regulations, the conciseness and directness of which were refreshing. "Visitors," so ran the first rule, "must remember, that this is not a public-house. We have our regulations just as well as other people, and we expect that ours will be observed as others expect theirs to be." Another was: "Those who obtain lodging, or who are furnished with meals at their own request, are expected to pay for the same." One of the most important, apparently, was this: "Married persons visiting the Family must occupy separate apartments during the time of their stay."

Presently, an ancient sister made her appearance. She wore a very plain book-muslin cap, and a coarse blue gown,

which hung so straight to her feet that more than one under-garment was scarcely possible. She informed us, courteously, that curious strangers like ourselves were not usually admitted, but made an exception in favor of my companions, seeing they had come such a distance, and called one of the brethren to show us the barn. This is really a curious structure. The inside is an immense mow, divided into four sections for different kinds of hay. Next to the wall is a massive platform, around which a dozen carts can drive and unload at the same time. Under this platform are the stables, ranged in a circle, and able to accommodate a hundred cattle. The brother, with an air of secrecy which I was slow to understand, beckoned the gentlemen of our party to a portion of the stable where he had a fine two year old bull, which, he seemed to think, was not a proper animal for ladies to look upon.

The sister afterward conducted us to the dairy, where two still more ancient sisters were engaged in cutting up curd for a cheese. They showed us with considerable pride the press-room, cheese-room, and milk-room, which were cool and fragrant with the rich nutritive smell of cheese and whey. The dwellings of the separated sexes, which I was most desirous to see, were not exhibited. The sisters referred us to Lebanon, where strangers are habitually admitted. The only peculiarity of their speech seemed to be the use of the "Yea" (which they pronounce *Yee*) and "Nay," instead of "Yes" and "No!"

Notwithstanding their apparent cheerfulness and contentment, not one that I saw seemed to be completely healthy. They had a singularly dry, starved, hungry lone-

ly look, which—if it be the result of their celibate creed—is a sufficient comment upon it. That grace and mellow ripeness of age which is so beautiful and so attractive in the patriarch of an abundant family, was wholly wanting. No sweet breath of house-warms their barren chambers. The fancied purity of their lives is like the vacuum of an exhausted receiver, whence all noxious vapor may be extracted, but the vital air with it. The purest life is that of the wedded man and woman—the best of Christians are the fathers and mothers.

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It is a fact that most of our railroad lines avoid the best scenery of the United States. With the exception of a portion of the New York and Erie, the Hudson River, Pennsylvania Central, and Baltimore and Ohio, I cannot now recall any road which affords fair pictures of the region it traverses. This is especially the case with the main artery of Massachusetts. No one, flying through Berkshire on a Western Railroad train, can perceive more than one-third of its actual beauty. Going eastward, on our way to Boston, we had some pleasant glimpses among the narrow dells of the Berkshire Hills, but the valley of the Connecticut, in reality so lovely, presents but a tame appearance. The charm of Springfield—its semi-circular sweep of suburban villas—is invisible, and Mount Holyoke shows but a low blue, triangular mass in the north.

To one fresh from the exquisite pastoral scenery of Pennsylvania, so like mid-England in its smooth fields, its hedge rows, and magnificent trees, the country between Spring

field and Boston seems exceedingly bleak and sterile. The rocky, gravelly soil, the gloomy woods of fir and pine, or dwarfish deciduous trees, the clap-board villages, hinting of a new Western State rather than of one of the mothers of the Republic, must disappoint, I fancy, those who visit New England for the first time. At least, this was the case with my friends. "Can this be Massachusetts—this barren region, where it seems impossible for a farmer, with all his industry, to do more than barely live?" "Think a moment," I answered, "and you will perhaps remember that you have never heard the *soil* of Massachusetts praised, but her laws, her school system, her morals, and her men!" These it is that have made her what she is, while Virginia, favored of Heaven in regard to soil and climate, has become the degenerate Spain of our Republic.

Naturally, the eastern portion of Massachusetts, with the exception of the region about Wachuset, and some points on the sea-coast, is neither beautiful nor picturesque. It is not only rough, with an indifferent vegetable development, but monotonous in its forms. The numerous lakes—or ponds, as they are prosaically called—constitute a redeeming feature. It is astonishing how the gleam of water brightens the commonest landscape. Here, however, where Nature has done comparatively little, Man has done a great deal. As you approach Boston the roughest region is yet a region of homes. The granite boulders, so unsightly in a field of grain, become ornaments when breaking the smooth turf of a lawn; the scrubby pines, trimmed and cared for, shoot into beautiful trees, and one elm, growing and expanding in the symmetry which freedom gives, is the

glory of an entire landscape. Man may sometimes deform, but he oftenest improves Nature: it is mere cant to assert the contrary. And I know no better illustration of the fact than the environs of Boston.

As we flashed past the quaint wooden cottages of New Ipswich and Brighton, my friend asked: "Are those houses really meant for dwellings? They seem to me too sportive and toy-like, as if somebody had been playing at village-making, putting down a house here and a house there, to see how it would look best." This playful character of the villages never struck me before, but it is one which would naturally present itself to an eye accustomed to the solid, matter-of-fact, unlovely aspect of the country-towns of Europe. The *rus in urbe* is a thing never seen in the Old World, unless, rarely, in England. We are too used to villages, where every house has its garden and its threshold-trees, to appreciate their novelty and freshness in a stranger's eyes.

The approach to Boston is almost the only picturesque city-view we have on the Atlantic Coast. The broad reaches of water, the cheerful suburbs on either hand, the long, gently-rising, brick hill in front, crowned with the yellow dome of the State-House, when seen in the tempered evening light, under a cloudless sky, form an imposing and truly attractive picture. New York, from the bay, suggests commercial activity only; Philadelphia, from the Delaware, is the tamest of cities; but Boston, from any side, owing to her elevation, has a stately charm which her prouder sisters do not possess.

A Boston Sunday, in Winter, is a day of sack-cloth and



ashes. A foreigner would suppose there was weekly fasting and prayer for some great national calamity. Instead of an expression of thankfulness for rest, of joy in the relaxation from toil, of happy because spontaneous devotion, the city wears a grim, sullen, funereal aspect, as if undergoing the Sabbath perforce, but with a strong silent protest. In the bright summer weather of July, however, the painful precision of the day was considerably relaxed, and the faces of the multitude exhibited a profane expression of cheerfulness. In the afternoon, piloted by two poets, we drove up and down, through and around, the enchanting southern suburbs. The filling up of Back Bay—a municipal work, second in magnitude only to the raising of the city of Chicago above its original level—first claimed our attention. The Boston of the next half-century will cover the spacious plain thus created. Incipient streets already branch out from the bottom of the Common, and stately stone dwellings, in Louis Quatorze style, are springing up with magical rapidity. The extension of Beacon street is the beginning of a Boston Fifth Avenue, of which the city is not a little proud.

In her southern suburbs, however—in Roxbury, and the hills beyond, and princely Brookline, and Brighton, Boston may challenge comparison with almost any city in the world. This undulating region, dotted with crystal ponds, superbly wooded, and covered for miles with country-seats in every conceivable style of architecture, from the once-prevalent Grecian temple to the now-fashionable *mansard*-roof, is a portfolio crammed with delicious pictures. The velvet turf, golden-green in sunshine, the trim buckthorn

hedges, the trellised roses, the commingling of pine, elm, maple, larch, chestnut, and fir in the groves, the unexpected dells and water-glimpses, the gleam of towers and mellow-tinted house-fronts far and near, the old avenues, ribbed with Gothic boughs, are among their features, and you can scarcely say that any thing is wanting. Many of the houses it is true, are too much buried from the sun and air, to be healthy residences ; but they are none the less beautiful on that account. The New Yorkers spread their country residences over Staten Island, along the shores of the Sound, and half-way up the Hudson, beautifying a great extent of territory, while the Bostonians, by crowding theirs together, have produced a smaller, but nearly perfect region of landscape gardening ; for, where so much is beautiful, the occasional anomalies and grotesqueries of taste fail to offend you.

The general impression which Boston and its environs made upon my friends was that of substantial prosperity and comfort. They also noticed its prim, proper English air, so strongly contrasted with the semi-Parisian vivacity of New York. Boston, in fact, prides itself on its Deportment : it is nothing if not proper. All the ridicule which other cities are in the habit of heaping upon it does not seem to disturb its equanimity in the least. I do not remember to have seen the Boston papers greatly enraged by any hostile assertion, except that the harbor sometimes freezes over : *then*, they cry out in indignant wrath.

I must say, I rather admire this stolid self-reliance and Novanglican assumption—if for nothing else, at least because it shows a thicker cuticle than we excitable New-Yorkers possess, whose nerves are exposed to the atmosphere, or

that of the morbidly sensitive Philadelphians, who ransack the Union for derogatory remarks, and exalt one horn while depressing the other to gore all who doubt their greatness. The genuine Bostonian is the most complacent of mortals. With his clean shirt on, and his umbrella under his arm, he sits upon his pedestal of Quincy granite, and reads his mild, unexceptionable newspaper. He believes in Judge Story and Daniel Webster, reads the poems of Hannah Gould and George Lunt, votes for Bell and Everett, and hopes that he will go to Paris when he dies.

With me, however, who have been knocked about the world too much to have any special veneration for any particular class of men, excessive propriety is always a suspicious circumstance. I would sooner trust the ragged Christian who sits in the hindmost pew, than the smoothly-shaven deacon who leads the hymn. I have sometimes wondered whether all the Bostonians postpone their Parisian delights until after death. Is there nothing volcanic under this cold lava? No indulgence in improprieties, all the more attractive, because secret? My friend related to me this morning an experience which he had innocently made. "What a curious city this is!" he exclaimed; "last night, while I was walking out alone, it occurred to me that a glass of beer would be a good thing for my thirst. So I looked here, and looked there, going through many streets, but every house was closed: only the churches were open. At last I stopped a man in the street, and said to him, in my imperfect English: 'Is it possible that in this great city I cannot get one small glass of beer?' 'Hush!' said the man, 'come with me and I'll show you.' So we went through

many streets, until he stopped at a little dark door, and said 'go up.' Then he went away. I went up one flight of stairs: it was dark. Then I went up another flight, and saw a lighted glass door with the word 'SERENITY' upon it. Inside were many men, drinking beer. I also drank a glass, but I was obliged to pay double price for it, and the beer was very bad."

I laughed heartily at my friend's adventure, the explanation of which led me into a statement of the various phases of the Temperance reform. In Germany, where a Liquor Law would be not only an impossibility, but an *incredibility*, such clandestine dodges are unknown, and I am afraid my friend's respect for the administration of the laws in this country was somewhat lessened.

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### 3.—THE SACO VALLEY.

THERE are two routes of travel from Boston to the White Mountains—the eastern, by way of Lake Winnipiseogee and the Saco Valley, and the western, up the Connecticut River to Littleton, and thence up the valley of the Ammonoosuc. The former, which we chose, is again subdivided into two branches—one, via Manchester and Concord to Wier's, on Lake Winnipiseogee, and thence by Centre Harbor to Conway, and the other, via Lawrence, Dover, and the Cochecho Railroad to Alton Bay, at the lower extremity of the lake. We preferred the latter of these branches, as affording us the greater quantity of

lake travel: those who prefer haste to scenery take the former.

I noticed one change for the better on the Boston and Maine road—that of the introduction of a comfortable smoking-car. I think I should appreciate this if I were not a consumer of the delectable weed: but as I know from experience how the dreary time we spend in railroad-cars is beguiled by that

“Kind nymph to Bacchus born  
By Morpheus’ daughter, she that seems  
Gifted upon her natal morn  
By him with fire, by her with dreams,”

I think the Company has done a commendable thing. Anything that contributes to the comfort of the public (and the public *will* smoke, oh ye Reformers!) deserves to be praised, and I therefore praise it. There is one thing more needed—a Spitting, or rather, Chewing Car. I fancy that most ladies, delicate as their nerves may be, would rather sit in a smoky atmosphere than have their dresses dabbled in the liquid filth which the Chewer is at liberty to disgorge everywhere. In Boston you are fined two dollars for smoking in the streets (or would be if the law were enforced), but you may spit to your heart’s content. The genuine smoker does not spit: he offers only the rarest and most fragrant incense to his god; and why his coarser brother should be tolerated and he proscribed, is what I cannot understand.

A smart shower on Monday night had laid the dust: the air was like fluid diamond, and the forests sparkled and gleamed as if newly varnished. We flew past Lawrence,



noticed the melancholy site of the Pemberton Mills, admired the cerulean blue of the Merrimack at Haverhill, found the further scenery tame, and in the course of time reached Dover.

The Cochecho Road passes through a wild, sterile, and altogether uninviting region, but it is only twenty-eight miles long, and in a little over an hour we embarked on the steamer Dover at the lower extremity of Lake Winnipiseogee. Alton Bay is a long, narrow inlet between wooded hills. The dark-blue waves danced under a strong northern breeze, but our staunch little steamer swiftly parted them and brought us into the open water, whence we saw far to the north, the blue outposts of the White Hills. The shores of the Lake are rough and wild, but rendered very picturesque by the multitude of coves, inlets, and islands. Winnipiseogee is an almost exact reproduction of some of the Scandinavian Lakes—the Tindsö, in Tellemark, or the Mälär, in Sweden, for instance. Its atmosphere is quite as northern, notwithstanding it lies fifteen degrees further south. On other days it may present warmer tints and softer outlines, but with such a keen, bracing wind, under a July sun, my experiences three summers ago came vividly to my mind, and I almost fancied myself again in Norway.

We did not see the whole of the Lake, owing to a slight misunderstanding of mine, which, after all, turned out for the best. This route again, I had discovered, is subdivided; there being rival stage-lines from Wolfborough and Centre Harbor to Conway. Supposing Wolfborough to be at the north-eastern corner of the lake, instead of the south-eastern, as it really is, and learning that the stages

thence reached Conway in advance of these from Centre Harbor, I left the boat at the former place, and therefore missed seeing as I had intended, the upper portion of the lake. But, on the other hand, I gained the pleasantest stage route and the best approach to the mountains, so that, on the whole, the balance was rather in our favor.

After climbing the hill before reaching Ossipee, we had our last and loveliest view of Winnipiseogee, lying in many a strip of dim silver among the blue hills. A mile further, on the ridge of the Tuftonborough Hills, a noble panorama awaited us. In front—great tracts of forest, broken in upon here and there by roughly-cleared farms—lay the valley of the Saco, while in the north-west rose the White Mountains, showing each separate peak distinctly in the clear air. Chocorua, with his pyramid of rock, on the right, and peaked Kearsarge on the left, stood in advance, like sentinels at the entrance of the deep, dim valley, whose walls of increasing elevation seemed buttresses, resting against the shoulders of Mount Washington, the central dome-shaped monarch of the group. Light clouds were hovering in the sky, but above the mountains, and belts of cold shadow across the middle distance heightened the sunny warmth of the foreground.

Thenceforward, we overlooked the stony soil and the shabby farms. We had entered artist-land, and even when the forests narrowed our prospect, we only saw the picturesque in mossy rocks and twisted trees. As we approached the Saco, after passing Six-Mile Pond, much of the scenery consisted of remembrances of New York studios. Every foreground was made up of sketches by Shattuck, Cole

man, and the younger painters: every background was a complete picture by Kensett. I watched the shifting quadruple peaks of Chocorua with a peculiar personal interest. Gradually they assumed the familiar position: the crest of sheer rock gleamed with a faint red in the sun that lay so warm upon the hills—yes, there is *my* Chocorua! And really, at this distance, he towers not more grandly in the afternoon light than on those four feet of canvass, in my room at home, “where it is always afternoon.”

I do not think any approach to the White Mountains can be more beautiful than that of the Saco Valley. You are carried so gently and with such sweetly prolonged surprises, into their heart,—touched first, as it were, with their outstretched fingers, held awhile in their arms, and finally taken to their bosom. Their beauty wins before their sublimity awes you. On such an evening, with the depth of color increasing as the light fades, bars of alternate gold and violet flung from summits and through lateral gorges across the valley, and blue glimpses of stream or lake interrupting the rich, uniform green, every turn of the road gives you a new delight, every minute of the fleeting time is more precious than the last.

Now, wherein is this scenery inferior to that of the Scotch Highlands, or the Lower Alps, or the Jura? In no respect, to my eyes, but rather finer in its forms and combinations. To be sure, it lacks the magic of old associations; but this—if it be a defect—is one which is soon forgotten. The principal difference is one which applies to almost all American scenery. Virgin nature has a complete charm of its own: so has nature under subjec

tion, cultivated, enriched, *finished* as a dwelling-place for man: but that transition state, which is neither one thing nor the other, gives an unsatisfactory impression in the midst of our highest enjoyment. Imagine the intervalles of the Saco under thorough culture, the grassfields thick and smooth, the grain heavy, not a stump to be seen, the trees developed in their proper forms, fair pastures on the hillsides, shepherds' cottages high up on the mountains, thrifty villages, farm-houses and summer villas scattered over the landscape, and what is left for the eye to crave? But take it now, with its frequent unsightly clearings, its fields dotted with ugly stumps, and the many single trees which, growing up spindly in the midst of others, are now left standing alone, robbed of their characteristic forms, and you will readily see that here are discordant elements in the landscape. It is not always the absolute superiority of Nature which we recognize; we are influenced by these indirect impressions, and they are not to be reasoned away.

Yet, during the last stage of our ride some perfect pictures were presented to us. Mote Mountain, beyond the Saco, lifted a huge mass of blue shadow into the sky; Kearsarge was tipped with yellow light, and, in front, high over the valley, Mount Washington shone in splendid purple. Occasional gaps through the trees gave us limited views, where every feature was fair and harmonious. One farm in particular, with its white house, high on a ledge of Mote Mountain, where the sunset still lingered, came again and again to sight, thrown so far off by the brown shadows around us that it seemed a fairy picture in the air.

At dusk we reached North Conway, and found lodgings

at the Kearsarge House—a tall shaky building, crammed with visitors. We were lucky, in fact, in finding quarters at all. Hundreds are turned away during the season. But as the landlord says, when people complain of his neglecting to enlarge his bounds: "I have a right to complain that you don't patronize me for eight months of the year." Splendor, so temporary in its uses, will not pay. We found everything clean and convenient, and were well satisfied.

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When I awoke this morning the rain was beating an accompaniment to my dreams upon the balcony roof, the wind was roaring in the woods, and low masses of cloud were driving over the gateway of The Notch. It was a genuine mountain storm which had come upon us, and threatened to confine us within doors during the day—a prospect whereat I heartily rejoiced. If there is anything which fills me with a comfortable feeling of happiness—which makes me at peace with all mankind, and bids me see only the bright side of life, it is a rain-storm among the mountains. It has become a conventionalism to speak of the dreariness of a rainy day in the country: for my part, I know nothing more beautiful, except sunshine, and that is generally less cheerful. While a rain is gathering—while the atmosphere is heavy, portentous, congested (to borrow a medical word, which expresses the feeling better than any other), I am plunged into the lowest depth of despair, but I begin to mount, with the first drop; and when the trees bend, and turn the under side of their



leaves to the gale, and the hills are blotted out with rain, and the roof becomes a resonant sounding-board, whereon "*Les Gouttes d'Eau*" is played with a delicate grace beyond the reach of Liszt or Chopin—then, I revel in an Olympian buoyancy of spirits, and the lost sun of the outer rises on my inner world.

So I sat down to write, feeling sure that a whole day of quiet comfort was before me; but scarcely had I written six pages before the clouds broke, the rain ceased, and the sun began to give glimpses of his face. The mountains came out bright and green, the bears rose, shook off their wet, and stood on their hind legs; the band played adieux to departing stages, and all the distractions of good weather thrust themselves between brain and paper. It was no use to try: I must be up and away. The air called, the sun called; the trees, waterfalls, and distant blue peaks sent their voices up to my window. Conscience (literary, only) was silenced; duty was a bore: "I did not come to write," I said to myself, and out we went into the woods.

"As sunbeams stream through liberal space,  
And nothing jostle or displace,  
So waved the pine-tree through my thought,  
And fanned the dreams it never brought."

But now, while the stars are sparkling over the hills, and the dancers are dancing in tune in the great saloon, to the sound of the horn and bassoon, and the crowd of guests are "going on" precisely as if there were no mountains about them, and no Mount Washington to be ascended on

the morrow, let me pick up the thread dropped this morning, and resume our travels.

The morning, at North Conway, was so wonderfully clear, that I immediately predicted a storm. Mount Washington seemed near at hand; even the bridle path on the southern side was visible. The eclipse came off, according to contract, but so brilliant was the day that I should not have noticed it but for the peculiar shadows cast by the trees. We resisted the temptation to climb Kearsarge, having too much before us, to exhaust each locality. So much the better: we can come back again, and still have something in store. The stage for Crawford's went off, packed with tourists, and, to our cost, we engaged a special team to take us thither in the afternoon. The price demanded, and of course paid (for there was no resource), was eighteen dollars for an open two-horse wagon, to convey us twenty-five miles. This is rather ahead of Illinois, and about equal to California. But there was some sense in the landlord's remark: "I have to keep fifty horses all winter at a heavy expense, in order to supply travellers for three or four months in the summer, and they must pay for it." Certainly, a lumbering Concord coach, with nine inside, is no place whence to behold White Mountain scenery, and we were speedily reconciled to the double fare.

The road follows the valley of the Saco, rising from North Conway, which is six hundred feet to the source of the river, at Crawford's, two thousand feet above the sea-level. At first, the valley is broad, and the farms frequent. After passing Bartlett's Corner, where Ellis River comes

down from the right, and a stage road branches off to Pinkham Notch and the Glen House, we drove for eight or ten miles in a western direction, between still loftier mountains. Here the soil appeared kinder, and the rough shanties, whence issued, at our approach, little girls with birchen boxes of raspberries, ceased. "If the road were macadamized," said my friend, "and a few cataracts poured down the ledge, it would be very much like Guldbrandsdal, in Norway." New-Hampshire, in fact, is Norway, with a somewhat richer vegetation.

At the Upper Bartlett House we were gratified with the sight of some trout, in a spring. We had tried, in vain, to procure trout at the hotels. At breakfast there were some on the table, but fried in such a manner that their peculiar flavor was unrecognizable. What more easy than artificial trout-breeding in these clear mountain streams? And what more remunerative than trout (charged *extra* in the bill) to the keepers of these mountain hotels?

Turning North again, we took a last view of Kearsarge, down the glorious valley, and pushed forward into wilder regions. The highest peaks on either hand reached a height of five thousand feet, the bed of the valley became contracted, and the Old Crawford House, now closed, seemed to be the last outpost of civilization in this direction. We were never weary of noting the bold, beautiful sweep of the mountain sides, clothed to their very summits with as thick and green a foliage as the tropical hills of Mexico. I had anticipated landscapes of a wilder and rougher cast. Here, however, for several miles, we drove through forests which arched above the road, and shut out

all view—not only woods of fir, oak, and beech, but the beautiful birch, with its slender milk-white stem, while the ground is covered with giant ferns, as large and as beautiful as the *pandanus* and the sago-palm of the Pacific isles. The size and beauty of the birches caused us for a time to forget the mountains altogether. Straight, and white as ivory, they shone through the gloom of the evergreens, and formed a fairy colonnade far before us.

After twice crossing the infant Saco, the road turned a little to the left, and we found ourselves between Mount Webster and the Willey Mountain, elevations of equal height, whose bases touch in the bed of the stream, and whose sides rise at an average angle of  $45^{\circ}$ . The trees which cling to them are scant and dwarfish, and torn away in long strips by slides which start from their very brows. They appear to be almost inaccessible, but may be climbed by a man of strong nerve and solid muscle. The crest of Mount Webster, a long wall of perpendicular rock, brightened by the sinking sun, towered over us, midway to the zenith. The driver, of course, pointed out the traces of the fatal slide of 1826, on Willey Mountain, and presently the house came in sight. It is now but an appendage to a larger building which has been inhabited (a sort of hotel, I believe) for the past year or two. The occupants, probably, reckon that two slides will hardly be likely to occur in the same place.

Here commences The Notch, which is properly no notch, but a very deep, wild valley, or trough, formed by the bases of the two mountains before mentioned. At its head, overhanging it in an immense precipice of gray rock,



and seeming to block all egress, is Mount Willard, a peak more remarkable from its abruptness and its isolation, than its actual height. For two miles we drove forward through the woods, climbing the ascending gorge. The topmost crags of Mount Webster were no longer burnished with sunset; the air around us grew dark and cool, and the Saco became a rill which I could almost collect in a bucket. A spruce rider, prancing through the woods on a handsome black horse, assured us that Crawford's was close at hand, and obligingly galloped ahead to engage rooms for us. A few very steep pulls brought us to a cleft between immense masses of dark rock, leaving a space of little more than twenty feet for the road and stream. Here, turning back, we saw The Notch, looming huge and awful through the blue vapors of twilight—a grand, a truly Alpine landscape.

A hundred yards further, and we emerged from the Gate of the Notch, as it is called, upon a little plateau, two thousand feet above the sea. A black pond beside us, was the fountain of the Saco. Lights glimmered ahead, the sound of music saluted us, and the long front of the Crawford House rose like a palace in the wilderness. From the balcony pealed the band—with a good-will, if not with great artistic talent; a hundred well-dressed gentlemen and ladies promenaded along the veranda; gas-lights flared through the broad entrance—in short, all the evidence of a first-class hotel, “with the latest improvements,” saluted our delighted eyes. Our bedrooms were actually lighted with gas—and there were bell-pulls—and somebody came when you pulled—and what you ordered was



brought to you! Nature is good, I thought, but Nature in combination with the latest improvements is best of all. In the words of a New England poet, whose name I am sorry not to know:

"Give to Natur' Natur's doo,  
But give to Art, more too."

In the evening the guests gathered in the grand saloon, about half the size of the Great Eastern's deck, and there were performances on the piano, heard in becoming silence, and the inevitable hop. In this I did not join, preferring not to do a thing at all rather than to do it badly, but the rhythm of the dancers' feet reached me in bed, through all the timbers of the house. With the exception of the hop, which occasioned a temporary unbending ceremony, the company appeared to me rather grave and formal. Those conventionalities from which we so gladly escape, penetrate even here. Immense trunks are unshipped from the stages, costly dresses appear in the evening, the ladies criticise each other—in short, the utmost resistance is offered to the levelling influence of the mountain air. It is but a shifting of location—not of nature. I was impressed with a pleasant sense of freedom in the evening when the stage from Conway drove up, with a company of ladies packed on the very top, and singing in chorus, with a hearty scorn of all artificial proprieties. To me, the hesitation to break through rule occasionally, implies a doubt of one's own breeding. Those whose behavior is refined, from the natural suggestions of a refined nature, are never troubled by such misgivings, and show their true gentleness most when most free and unrestrained.

One may ride to the top of Mount Willard in an omnibus, but it is not a severe walk, even for ladies. In spite of the dead, sultry heat of the air, we found refreshment in that steep, unvarying line of shade, with its mossy banks, starred with a delicate *oxalis*, the pigmy *cornus*, ground-pine, club moss, and harebells. Nothing was to be seen, so thick was the forest, until we reached the top of the mountain, about 3,500 feet above the sea. Here, after two or three hundred yards of comparative level, the wood suddenly opened, and we found ourselves standing on the very pinnacle of the great cliff which we saw last night, blocking up The Notch.

The effect was magical. The sky had in the meantime partially cleared, and patches of sunny gold lay upon the dark mountains. Under our feet yawned the tremendous gulf of The Notch, roofed with belts of cloud, which floated across from summit to summit nearly at our level; so that we stood, as in the organ loft of some grand cathedral, looking down into its dim nave. At the further end, over the fading lines of some nameless mountains, stood Chocorua, purple with distance, terminating the majestic vista. It was a picture which the eye could take in at one glance: no landscape could be more simple or more sublime. The noise of a cataract to our right, high up on Mount Willey, filled the air with a far, sweet, fluctuating murmur, but all round us the woods were still, the harebells bloomed, and the sunshine lay warm upon the granite.

I had never heard this view particularly celebrated, and was therefore the more impressed by its wonderful beauty

As a simple picture of a mountain-pass, seen from above, it cannot be surpassed in Switzerland. Something like it I have seen in the Taurus, otherwise I can recall no view with which to compare it. A portion of the effect, of course, depends on the illumination, but no traveller who sees it on a day of mingled cloud and sunshine will be disappointed.

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#### 4.—THE ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

“You breakfast at seven, start at eight, and ride up in four hours,” said Mr. Gibb. Everything depended on the weather. There had been two glorious days for the ascent, the beginning of the week, and a third was almost too much to expect. At seven, the mountains in front were covered with heavy layers of cloud, and countenances fell. I went to the back of the house, and, seeing a low, arched gap of blue sky in the west, denoting a wind from that quarter, confidently predicted a fine day. Ladies prepared for the ascent by taking off hoops, putting on woollen jackets and old straw hats (hired of the porter), and gentlemen by adopting a rough, serviceable rig, leasing, if they did not already possess one.

Eight o'clock came, but the stages had to leave first, each accompanied by a pathetic farewell from the band in the balcony. For half an hour I had been striding about in a woollen *wamms*, uncomfortably warm, while the other gentlemen luxuriated in horsemen's boots: the ladies kept their collapsed skirts out of sight until the last moment. Finally,

Mr. Gibb, with a list in his hand, took his place, like a master of the ring, in the midst of a whirlpool of rough-looking horses, and the travellers mounted, as their names were called, the beasts which he assigned to them. A little confusion ensued, slight shrieks were heard, saddles were adjusted, girths looked after, stirrup-leathers regulated, and then, falling into a promiscuous line, we defiled into the bridle-path, while the band played "Away to the mountain brow."

We might have been a picturesque, but we were not a beautiful company. The ladies resembled gipsies on the march, wearing the clothes they had picked up on the way: the gentlemen might have been political refugees, just arrived from Europe, and not yet received by the Common Council of New York. The horses were intended by nature for use rather than ornament, and our two guides, in fact, were the only figures that were handsome, as well as vastly useful. Accustomed to walk up and down Mount Washington (nine miles from Crawford's to the summit) three or four times a week, they had the true Zouave development of muscle. Tall, strong, tireless, cheerful, kind-hearted fellows, I looked on them with pride, and wished that more Americans were like them in the possession of such manly qualities. One of the ladies of my party had never before mounted a horse, and could never have gotten through her first lesson in so rough a school without their careful tutorship.

Striking into the woods, we began immediately to ascend, gently at first, until we had scaled the lower shelf of Mount Clinton, when the ascent became more steep and toilsome.

The road has been judiciously laid out, and made practicable with considerable labor. The marshy places are corduroyed with small logs, and the gullies bridged in the same manner, so that you pass easily and securely. Indeed, nearly half the distance to the summit of Mount Clinton—three miles—has been paved in this manner. The rains have gradually worn the path deeper, and you frequently ride between high, mossy banks, bright with flowers. The oak, birch, maple, and other deciduous trees become less frequent as you ascend, until the forest consists entirely of fir. The lower boughs have rotted and dropped off, and the upper ones form a dark roof above your head, while all the ground is covered with a thick growth of immense ferns. A young tropical wood seems to be springing up under the shadow of an Arctic forest. Perhaps this singular contrast of forms (for the fern is Nature's first attempt at making a palm-tree) explains the charm of this forest, wherein there is no beauty in the forms of the trees.

We rode on steadily—delayed sometimes by the guide's being obliged to mend his corduroys—for three miles, when the wood, which had been gradually becoming more ragged and stunted, came rather suddenly to an end, and we found ourselves on the summit of Mount Clinton, 4,200 feet above the sea. Looking to the northward, we saw before us the bald, rounded top of Mount Pleasant, about five hundred feet higher, while beyond, a gray cloud-rack, scudding rapidly from west to east, completely hid from view the dome of Mount Washington.

To make our position clear, I must give a little geography. Mount Washington is the culmination of a connected



series of peaks, which have a general direction of N. W. and S. E. Mount Webster, which forms one side of The Notch, is the commencement of this series, as you ascend the Saco Valley. Then follow Mounts Jackson, Clinton (which we have just surmounted), Pleasant, Franklin, Monroe, and finally Washington, summit rising above summit in Titanic steps, from 4,000 until the chieftain attains the crowning height of 6,285 feet. Beyond Mount Washington are the peaks of Clay, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, all of which exceed 5,000 feet in height. The road from the Crawford House, therefore, scales five mountains in succession: it is the longest, but by far the most compensating road to the top of Mount Washington. That from the Glen House, at the eastern base of the mountain, touches no other peak, which is also the case with the road from Fabyan's, up the valley of the Ammonoosuc. Both the latter, however, are practicable for carriages about half the way.

The still heat we had felt in the woodland path suddenly ceased, and a strong wind, chilled by the elevation of between four and five thousand feet, blew upon us. The ladies were glad to use the porters' rough pea-jackets, and those who were unaccustomed to saddles looked at the blue mountain-gulfs which yawned to the right and left, with an awful feeling of apprehension. In the rocky dip which separated us from Mount Pleasant, trees no longer grew: the path, in many places, was a steep rocky ladder, toilsome both to man and beast. Our sturdy guides leaped back and forth, supporting and encouraging the timorous ladies; nervous gentlemen dismounted and led their horses.

but the latter were as nimble and sure-footed as cats, and I rode my "Sleepy David" (so the beast was properly called) down and up without fear or peril. On either side opened a mountain landscape—great troughs of blue forest at first, then dimmer ranges, lighter patches of cleared land beyond, sparkles of houses and villages, and far waves of purple mist, merging in the sky.

Our path did not scale Mount Pleasant, but crept around its eastern side, where a few old trees—bushes in appearance—grew, being sheltered somewhat from the nor'west-ern winds. Here my lady-friend, appalled by the road, and the perils of the side-saddle, was about to give up the journey, but having convinced her of the greater security of the masculine seat, we changed saddles, and thenceforth all went well enough. I would advise all ladies who are at all nervous, to take a man's saddle, and ride as Catharine of Russia did. It may not be so graceful, but then, I hope you don't go up Mount Washington to display your own points of attraction.

Mount Franklin came next, and we found him rougher, steeper, and more laborious than his Pleasant predecessor. The path goes directly up his side to the very summit: path, did I say?—rather a ruined staircase, with steps varying from one to three feet in height, agreeably diversified by smooth planes of slanting rock. It seemed impossible that the horses should climb these latter without slipping, yet they all did so, to an animal. At the top, we had reached a height of 4,900 feet, without encountering a cloud, while, to our joy, the hood of Mount Washington was visibly thinner, and shoved higher up on his brows.

From Franklin to Monroe the ridge is but a sharp comb barely wide enough for the bridle-path, and falling sheer down to the wildernesses of forest which collect the waters of the Saco and the Ammonoosuc. This comb, in my opinion, commands a finer view than that from Mount Washington. Looking either to the right or left, the picture is artly framed by the vast concave sweep of the mountain sides; below you, the solitude of the primeval forest; beyond, other mountains, broader valleys, the gray gleam of lakes, and the distant country, flattened into faint blue waves by the elevation from which you behold it. All the noted summits of the White Mountain region are here visible, and Kearsarge, Chocorua, and the Franconia Group display themselves with fine effect. Your satisfaction is not diminished by the presence of the rocky, cloudy mass, which still towers high over you: you only fear that its summit will not give you grander panoramas than those unrolling below you—which is the case.

“What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),  
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?”

A great deal, certainly. But I imagine such pleasure springs not merely from the sense of beauty, because all details, wherein, mostly, Beauty lies, are swallowed up in the immensity of the airy picture: there is also a lurking, flattering sense of power, which we feel, although it may not consciously float on the surface of our emotions. We are elevated above the earth: other men and their concerns are below us: their stateliest possessions are insignificant patches, which we look down upon without respect or envy.

Our own petty struggles and ambitions fade away also in the far perspective. We stand on the pinnacle of the earth, whereof we are lords, and above us there is nothing but God.

For this reason, a height is not a proper place for a home. Great elevations and far prospects excite the intellect rather than move the heart. No man of loving nature would build his house upon a mountain-peak. "Love is of the valley," and his chosen home is shut in and sheltered by hills and woods, nestled in a warm hollow of the earth, accessible, familiar, and yet secluded. One would rather see his neighbor's trees and fields near him, than look from his window upon a hundred miles of blue earth. "I have climbed to this summit with much toil," says Herwegh, in one of his poems, "and now the dust of those streets where I lived is dearer to me than this pure, cold air. I can almost grasp Heaven with my hands, and my heart desires to be down on the earth again." A mountain-top may be a fine place for lovers, in the spring-time of their betrothal, but when their day of exaltation is over, and the common loves and common cares of the world approach, they will come down and settle contentedly at the base.

Mount Monroe is a sharp, rocky mass, rising abruptly from the spinal ridge. Its summit has an elevation of five thousand three hundred feet. This, however, we do not scale, but climb around it by a dangerous-looking path, and fall ourselves on the ridge again, which here broadens out and slopes upward to Mount Washington. On the left, in a hollow, about a hundred feet below us, is the Lake of the Clouds, a little pool of blue-black water, out of which

trickles the Ammonoosuc, highest-born of New-England rivers, but (like the scions of certain families) not much of a stream, after all. The Saco, of three or four thousand feet lower origin, achieves a much more conspicuous destiny.

By this time, every vestige of cloud had disappeared, and the chieftain summit rose before us bare, bleak, and cold, a steep, slightly conical mass of greenish-gray rocks, destitute of a single shrub. Here and there grew a tuft of brown, hardy grass, or a bunch of dwarf, delicate white flowers, with a sweet odor of May about them. The strong wind blew cold and keen from Canada, and there was no longer any shelter—no higher peak in that direction, nearer than the Rocky Mountains. The path, or rather stairway, was so rough and laborious, that I dismounted for awhile, to the great joy of my horse, and climbed until the thin air failed to supply my lungs. It was a steady upward pull of half an hour, before we found the sharp crest flatten under us, and reached the fold of piled stones where the horses are left. The rest of the company (twenty-eight in all) had already arrived, and some of the gentlemen were engaged in mixing the waters of an icy spring among the rocks with the contents of pocket-flasks. In such a place, and under such circumstances, all—even the ladies—partook of the mixture without hesitation. “The Maine Law, I suppose, is inoperative up here,” I said to the guide. “Oh,” he replied, “no law comes this high: we are out of the State of New-Hampshire.” If a man should commit a crime in a balloon, where should he be tried?

A few steps further brought us to the summit, which is a



platform of loose rocks, containing, perhaps, half an acre. Against the loftiest pile, in the centre, is built a long, low hut, styled the "Tip-Top House." Having a register, a bar, kitchen, and dining-room, it may be considered a hotel. A few steps further is the "Summit House" (a little below the summit), where travellers can pass the night in comfortable bunks, and (perhaps) see the sun rise. There is one room for ladies and one for gentlemen, and an ancient chambermaid, who sleeps in the doorway between. A magnificent hotel is projected, with a carriage-road to the very summit. The latter, I was informed, will be completed next year, but I have my doubts about it. The enterprise, to be sure, is not half so great as that of the Simplon Road, but it could scarcely be remunerative, while there are such excellent hotels as Crawford's and the Glen House, in more agreeable locations.

One thing, however, is greatly needed—a tower about fifty feet in height, which will enable the traveller to overlook the edges of the rocky platform and take in the whole grand panorama from one point. Any of us would have gladly paid a handsome fee for such a lift. At present, you must climb over heaps of stone, from point to point, to catch the various views, each of which is superb of its kind, but the effect would be infinitely sublimed if they could all be united in one picture. To the south-east you have the valley of the Saco, with its sentinels of Chocorua and Kearsarge; to the south, Lake Winnipiseogee, lying in its cradle of purple hills; south-westward, the tossing sea of wild, wooded, nameless peaks, stretching away to Franconia, whose summits shut out further horizon; westward, the

valley of the Connecticut, the Green Mountains, with Mansfield and Camel's Hump, far and dim; Canadian wildernesses on the north, and the scattered lakes of Maine—glimmering among pine-forests which seem the shadows of clouds—to the east. Earth and sky melt into each other, a hundred miles away, and the ocean, which is undoubtedly within the sphere of vision, is not to be distinguished from the air.

The atmosphere, according to the guides, was as clear as it ever is, yet so great were the distances, so vast the spaces overlooked, that all the circle of the landscape, except the nearer gorges of the mountains, appeared dim and hazy. The sense of elevation is thereby increased: you stand, verily, "ringed with the azure world." I have stood on higher summits without feeling myself lifted so far above the earth. This—although there are many grand features in the different landscapes—is the predominant characteristic.

On the southern side of the peak, under a pile of stones, which shelters you from the wind, a mountain panorama is unfolded, which most of our party barely honored with a glance—some, in fact, did not see it at all—but which, to me, was grandly and gloriously beautiful. Here you see the main body of the White Mountains, ridge behind ridge, summit over summit, in lines commingling like the waves of the sea, harmonious yet infinitely varied—an exquisite study of mountain-forms, tinted with such delicate gradations of color as would have plunged an artist into despair. I counted no less than twelve planes of distance, the furthest no less distinct than the nearest, and gem-like in their fine clearness of outline.

The sound of a bell called us to dinner, and it was no less welcome than miraculous a fact, that beefsteaks and potatoes, pies and puddings grew on the barren granite. Our dining-room had walls of stone, four feet thick, plastered and ceiled with muslin, and the wind whistled in a hundred crannies; yet the meal was epicurean, and the shelter inspired a feeling of comfort beyond that gorgeous saloon at Crawford's. There was a party of thirty up from the Glen House, making fifty-eight visitors in all. The ladies, in their collapsed gowns and pea-jackets, huddled on the warm side of the house in melancholy groups, while the gentlemen unstrapped their telescopes and opera-glasses and climbed upon the roof. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for our return, which allowed us but an hour and a half upon the summit.

The descent was more toilsome than the ascent. We walked, in fact, to the Lake of the Clouds, where, by spreading ourselves among the rocks, we caught the cunning, unwilling horses. The wind still blew furiously, although the sun blistered our faces: we began to be sore and shaken, from the rough ride, and the cheerful chatter of our company subsided into a grim, silent endurance. So, nearly four hours passed by, until, in the ferny forests of Mount Clinton, we heard the strains of the distant band—not now discordant, oh no! a seraphic harmony, rather—and, by-and-by, a bruised, jaded company straggled out of the woods, tumbled out of the saddle, and betook themselves to sofas and rocking-chairs. The ladies, without exception, behaved well—in courage and endurance they quite equalled the gentlemen.

And now, if any gentleman ask me: "Shall I ascend Mount Washington?" I answer "Yes"—and if a lady, "yes" again: and if they reproach me afterwards for the advice, I know how to classify them.

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### 5.—MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

At Crawford's we were advised to take a road which leads northward over Cherry Mountain, and so around to Gorham, on the Grand Trunk. We should have followed this advice, but for two circumstances—first, there was no direct conveyance thither, and secondly, had there been one, as the day was Saturday, we should have been obliged to wait thirty-six hours at Island Pond. On the other hand, by leaving Crawford's at 4 A. M., one can reach Montreal at 11 P. M.—a round-about journey of 270 miles, but very delightful as regards scenery.

My friends were greatly impressed by the difference between Vermont and New Hampshire scenery. Our afternoon ride up White River Valley, and onward to the shores of Lake Champlain, bore no resemblance to those of the previous days. We missed the almost Alpine grandeur of the White Mountains, the vast pine woods, and the broad lonely lakes; but the mountains on either hand assumed every variety of form. Their chains were broken by deep, lateral glens, the meadows were smooth and green, the foliage richer, the crops better, and even the farm-houses more inviting in their aspect of thrift and prosperity. We had

a constant succession of such landscapes as you see in the Northern Swiss cantons. Glorious showers of Summer rain dropped veil after veil of dim gray between us and the pictures of the car-window ; then the sun burst from behind a cloud, filling the air with palpable gold ; then a deep indigo shadow fell on the valley and the gray film of the shower dropped again. To have properly enjoyed and appreciated this scenery, we should have spent three days between the Junction and Essex, not in a railway car, but in an open wagon, propelled by horse power.

We had sunset at St. Alban's, and by the time we reached Rouse's Point, it was confirmed night. Here you must change your tickets, and have your baggage examined—which consists in your telling the official that you are travellers and carry only your necessary clothing, whereupon he makes a chalk mark on your trunks, and don't ask for your key. There is nothing, in fact, to indicate that you are entering a foreign country (I have been asked the same question about my baggage on the Camden and Amboy, and Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroads). But I forget : there *is* one circumstance, which shows, at least, a change in the character of your fellow travellers. The sombre silence of the American car no longer lulls you into slumber ; you see animated gesticulations ; from end to end the ear rings with the shrill, snapping voices of the Canadian French. I have never crossed the frontier from Rouse's Point without being startled by this change. We were heartily weary, but sleep was impossible. Our progress was slow, and it was a welcome sight when, towards midnight, we saw the lights of Montreal reflected in the dark waters of the St. Lawrence.



The Sunday repose was doubly pleasant in the fresh Canadian air. Next morning we took the Grand Trunk road to Quebec, passing through the deafening Victoria Bridge. Of the road, there is little to say. After leaving St. Hyacinthe, the country is mainly a level stretch of wild woodland, until you reach the Chaudière. We arrived at Quebec in season to view the sunset from Durham Terrace, which was for us the splendid drop-curtain of the day. After that, we were satisfied to return to the Russell House, and sleep upon the impressions of the scene.

The sky threatened rain, but we set out boldly for the Falls of Montmorency. Descending through an ancient and fish-like quarter of the city, we crossed the St. Charles River, and entered the long suburban street which extends to the Falls. This highway, crowning the undulating rise of the northern shore, commands a broad and superb view of the queenly city, the St. Lawrence, the Isle d'Orleans, and the opposite bank. It is therefore a favorite location for country residences, though the greater part of the soil seems to have been pre-occupied by the French *habitans*. Quaint old houses, old gardens (which are always beautiful), small fields of grain and potatoes, and village-clusters of neat cottages succeeded one another rapidly on both sides—all with the same mellow aspect of age and use. I saw scarcely half a dozen new houses in all the eight miles. The old dwellings, with their heavy stone walls, tin roofs tall chimneys, and the snug way in which they crouched for shelter among groves of firs, were strongly suggestive of comfort and domesticity. But I was even more charmed with the French cottages and their cheerful occupants. For

the most part simple, one-story structures, a hundred years old or more, they were scrupulously neat and orderly, and the women and girls whom we saw through the open doors and windows, at their knitting and sewing, or engaged in lively gossip, were the fitting pictures for such frames. Many of the cottages had their little gardens, with beds of cabbages and onions, and some bunches of gaudy marigolds, snapdragons, bergamot and lavender. All the northern bank, sloping below us, carefully cultivated and thickly inhabited, basked in an atmosphere of pastoral peace and simplicity, while in the background towered the city and citadel, a mountain of glittering roofs.

We passed the Insane Asylum, a handsome building of gray granite, in front of which a harmless patient, in fantastic attire, was walking with a banner in his hand. A mile or two beyond, on the other side of the road, stood an ancient stone building, with steep roofs and tall chimneys, which, according to the coachman, was once the residence of the Marquis de Montcalm. Little boys, with bunches of wild flowers, lay in wait for us as we advanced, and all the French children, standing in the cottage-doors, saluted us by a quaint, old-fashioned wave of the right hand. I wish our own race partook a little more of the ingrained cheerfulness and courtesy of the French. These *habitans* are not only kind, faithful, and as virtuous as the average of men—and a little cheerful cordiality wins their hearts at once—but they also offer an example of religious tolerance worthy of imitation. They are very devoted to their own faith, but regard their Protestant neighbors without the least bitterness of prejudice.

The gray clouds which had been gathering during our drive finally broke out into rain, just as we reached the Falls. We drew up at a house—a compound of tavern and Indian curiosity-shop, in a grove of evergreens, and were met with the hospitable announcement “Twenty-five cents apiece!” A party of Southern gentlemen who preceded us grumbled loudly at this tax and openly expressed their disgust with Canada; but where platforms must be built, and staircases erected for the traveller’s accommodation, it is nothing more than fair that he should pay for it. The native American mind, however, which can complacently contemplate the spending of fifty dollars on a spree, rebels against the payment of fifty cents in the shape of a just tax. We might have fine macadamized highways in all the older portions of the United States, if our people would calculate the present wear and tear of teams, and be willing to pay the same amount in the shape of tolls. But no—none of your tolls! Give us our bad roads and our glorious independence!

There was no sign of a cessation of the rain, and we therefore descended through the grove under umbrellas, to the river, which, above the fall, flows in a rough bed, some forty or fifty feet deep. The stone piers of the former suspension bridge stand on either side, as melancholy monuments of its fall. The chains gave way a few years ago, as a farmer with his horse and cart was passing over the bridge, and all plunged down the abyss together. A safe platform leads along the rocks to a pavilion on a point at the side of the fall, and on a level with it. Here the gulf, nearly three hundred feet deep, with its walls of

chocolate-colored earth, and its patches of emerald herbage, wet with eternal spray, opens to the St. Lawrence.

Montmorenci is one of the loveliest waterfalls. In its general character it bears some resemblance to the Pissevache, in Switzerland, which, however, is much smaller. The water is snow-white, tinted, in the heaviest portion of the fall, with a soft yellow, like that of raw silk. In fact, broken as it is by the irregular edge of the rock, it reminds one of masses of silken, flossy skeins, continually overlapping one another as they fall. At the bottom, dashed upon a pile of rocks, it shoots far out in star-like radii of spray, which share the regular throb or pulsation of the falling masses. The edges of the fall flutter out into lace-like points and fringes, which dissolve into gauze as they descend. The peculiar charm of a cataract depends on the character of these exquisite, transient forms.

The view of the fall from below must be still finer, in some respects; but it can only be obtained by taking a circuitous path, too long to be travelled in a driving rain. We omitted visiting the Natural Steps for the same reason, and set off, dripping, for Quebec. All afternoon the windows of heaven were opened, and muddy cataracts poured down the steep streets. At Russell's, the roof of the dining saloon leaked in such a manner that little streams poured upon the heads of the guests, and a portion of the floor was swamped. After the long drouth, this rain was indeed a blessing.

Ever since, as a boy, I read Prof. Silliman's "Tour to Quebec," it had been one of my wishes to visit the city. Pictures and descriptions, I found, had given me a very

accurate idea of its appearance. The high, massive, steep-roofed stone houses, crowded together at the foot of the rock, and climbing around its eastern side, the narrow, crooked streets, old churches, contracted, badly paved squares, and the citadel, with its huge walls of defence, crowning all, exactly answered my anticipations but I was conscious of disappointment in one particular. The rock is not a perpendicular cliff, but sloping, covered with a growth of hardy shrubs, and capable of being scaled in some places. I read, some years ago, of a soldier on guard having incautiously stepped over the edge, and fallen two hundred and fifty-seven feet through the air, alighting upon a pile of earth in the back-yard of a house below, without any other inconvenience than a general sense of soreness, from which he recovered in a few days! This struck me as one of the most beautiful accidents of which I had ever heard. I placed it on my list of "remarkable escapes," beside the case of the Vermont quarryman who had a crow-bar shot through his brain. But I fear I must give it up. When I came to look at the citadel, I found no place where such an accident could possibly happen. A man, indeed, might roll from top to bottom, and find himself sore at the end of the journey.

We again walked on Durham Terrace, the view from which surpasses that from Calton Hill, in Edinburgh. The citadel cannot be entered without a special permission. The flat summit of the hill, westward, is the celebrated Plain of Abraham, which we saw from the other side of the St. Lawrence, but were not able to visit. In fact, when we left Quebec, it was with the consciousness that we had



not done justice either to its natural beauties or its historic associations. Several weeks might be spent with great pleasure and profit here, and in the neighboring portions of Lower Canada.

It is pleasant to notice the friendly feeling which is growing up between the inhabitants of Canada and the United States. The number of American tourists and sportsmen who come this way is annually increasing, and with it there is a certain assimilation of habits, by which both parties are the gainers. For travellers the frontier is but a nominal line, and in the newer parts of Canada there is nothing but the preponderance of English faces among the inhabitants to indicate a difference of nationality. On steamboats, and in hotels, the two peoples fraternize readily and naturally, and discuss their points of difference without acrimony. Twenty years ago this was not the case. An American was looked upon with prejudice, if not with suspicion, and if he settled in the country was treated as an unwelcome intruder. Now, there are communities of American residents in Montreal, Toronto, and the towns of Canada West, many of whom are deservedly honored by their Canadian brethren. The increased facilities of intercourse, the intimacy of commercial relations, and, above all, the difference of tone adopted towards the United States by the English Government—*for Canada not only reflects, but exaggerates English opinion\**—have

\* The reader will naturally compare this expression, written in July, 1860, with the present condition of affairs (December, 1861). Nothing seems to be so reckless and fickle as the tone of popular sentiment. Three months after my visit to Quebec the heir to England's throne was received

wrought an entire revolution in public sentiment. Let me confess, also, that this change is reciprocal. No decent American can visit Canada without finding many people whom he can esteem, and, when he is tempted to pick at the flaws of the Colonial Government, let him first think of the flimsy patches in the woof of his own.

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### 6.—UP THE SAGUENAY.

LET us now step on board the steamer Magnet, Capt. Howard, bound for the Saguenay River. Most of the Summer tourists whom we had met at Russell's, on our arrival, were booked for the same trip, and of the hundred passengers on board, more than half were Americans. The remainder were English Canadians, bound for the various watering-places down the St. Lawrence. As so much—nay, all—of our enjoyment depended on the weather, it was comforting to find the morning mist rolled away, the sky clear, and a warm, genial sun in the midst of it.

The St. Lawrence, which, at Quebec, is not more than in the United States with a welcome, truly sublime in its sincerity and generosity. Now, the English press and people, and their subservient irritators in Canada, are convulsed with a madness—so blind and unreasonable that it taxes our powers of belief—to rush to war in consequence of a slight technical difference, and in defence of an "institution," which they have heretofore held in utter abhorrence! Who shall venture to write history when the professed "moral sense" of half a century turns out to have been a sham—when England, whose conscience on *this* point at least, was conceded, becomes the Pecksniff of nations?

a mile wide, broadens immediately below the city into a majestic expanse of water, which the great Isle d'Orleans divides into two nearly equal arms. The hurricane-deck of the steamer, from the moment of departure, offered us a panorama so grand, and fair, and attractive on all sides, that the fear of losing any portion of it kept us vibrating from fore to aft, and from aft forward again. Behind us lay the city, with its tinned roofs glittering in the morning sunshine, and its citadel-rock towering over the river; on the southern shore, Point Levi, picturesquely climbing the steep bank, embowered in dark trees; then the wooded bluffs with their long levels of farm-land behind them, and the scattered cottages of the *habitans*, while, northward the shore rose with a gradual, undulating sweep, glittering, far inland, with houses, and gardens, and crowding villages, until it reached the dark, stormy line of the Laurentian Mountains in the north-east. In front, the Isle of Orleans reproduced the features of the shores. Pictures so bright, so broad, so crowded with life and beauty, I had not expected to find.

"This is no longer America," said my friends. There was not a feature in all the wide view (except our double-decked steamer), to remind us of the New World; yet, on the other hand, we could not have referred it to any one portion of Europe. The sky, the air, the colors of the landscape, were from Norway; Quebec and the surrounding villages suggested Normandy—except the tin roofs and spires, which were Russian, rather; while here and there, though rarely, were the marks of English occupancy. The age, the order, the apparent stability and immobility of society, as

illustrated by external things, belonged decidedly to Europe. This part of Canada is but seventy or eighty years older than New-England, yet there seems to be a difference of five hundred years. A century of foreign domination has made no material change in the character and habits of the French population. In fact, the change in the peasantry of France has been much greater during the same period. That magic atmosphere of the Past, which makes Europe so attractive to an American, already spreads a thin veil over these Canadian shores.

As we approached the end of the Isle d'Orleans, a sparkle of silver light shone through the trees fringing the chasm on the northern shore—then a long, wavy line, and, at length, the whole cascade of Montmorenci opened to the view, glittering in the sun. We were two or three miles distant, and no sound reached our ears, but the movement of the falling water, the silent play of airiest light and shadow over its face—like ripples on a skein of snowy silk—was exquisitely beautiful. Many varieties of scenery as I have looked upon, it was at last something new to see a great waterfall set in the midst of a vast, sunny landscape, where it is seen as one of many features, and not itself the point to which all others are subordinate.

Taking the channel between Isle d'Orleans and the south shore, we lost sight of Quebec, and settled ourselves quietly on the forward deck, to contemplate the delicious pastoral pictures which were unfolded on either side. The island, which is twenty miles long, is densely populated and most thoroughly cultivated. The high, undulating hills are dotted with cottages, mostly white as snow, roof and all

and every cove of the irregular shore has its village. Most of the St. Lawrence pilots have their homes upon this island, the population of which is exclusively French. The permanence of habits to which I have referred, is exhibited on the southern shore of the river, where the broad, original fields of the father have been portioned among his children, and their diminished inheritances among *theirs*, until you see narrow ribbons of soil rather than fields. There is thus an apparent density of population, an aspect of age and long culture, which is scarcely to be seen anywhere else on the American Continent.

The grand features of the scenery, no less than the power of transmitted associations, must bind these people to their homes. They are happy, contented, and patriotic—if such a term can be properly applied to them, who, governed by a foreign race, have forgotten the ties which once bound them to their own. The soil, I believe, is good, but the climate—that of lat. 60° on the European Coast—makes their lives necessarily laborious, and diminishes the profits of agriculture to such an extent that most of them barely live. Cattle must be stabled during seven months of the year, and when the hay-crop fails, as this Summer, half their resources fail with it. A gentleman who owns a farm on the northern shore informed me that he can just support his family, and no more. Another, who has several cows during the Summer, which are valued at \$20 apiece, sells them in the Fall, on ascertaining that it costs just \$28 to keep them through the Winter. By buying fresh ones in the Spring, he saves \$8 a head. It is now the height of Summer, and a wind is blowing which makes us shiver: what



must it be in the dead of Winter? I never visit these northern regions without a vivid recollection of those tropic islands where life is one long, splendid Summer—where twenty days' work in every year will support a man. Here, however, is a *home*, as well as there; and, so long as a man is happy, it makes no difference whether he lives at the Equator or the North Pole.

Below the Isle d'Orleans, the St. Lawrence exhibits a majestic breadth. In fact, this is already an inlet of the sea rather than a river. The water is brackish at flood-tide, and the wind soon gets up a disagreeable sea. At Quebec, the rise and fall of the tides is sixteen feet, but in the Lower St. Lawrence it frequently amounts almost to a *bore*. Several low, wooded islands succeed; the Laurentian Mountains come down boldly to the river on the north, and as we stand across toward Murray Bay, the south shore fades into a dim blue line, above which rise, in the distance, groups of lofty hills. These are the connecting link between the White Mountains and the Laurentian chain, which stretches away across the country to the coast of Labrador. We ran along the bases of headlands, one thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height, wild and dark with lowering clouds, gray with rain, or touched with a golden transparency by the sunshine --alternating belts of atmospheric effect, which greatly increased their beauty. Indeed, all of us who saw the Lower St. Lawrence for the first time were surprised by the imposing character of its scenery.

The Isle aux Coudres, which we next passed, is a beautiful pastoral mosaic, in the pale emerald setting of the river. Here, I am told, the *habitans* retain their ancient customs

to a greater extent than in any other part of Lower Canada. One need not refer to History to ascertain their Norman descent: it is sufficiently exhibited in their fields, cottages, and gardens.

Murray Bay, a short distance beyond, is the fashionable watering-place on the north shore, as Kakouna is for the southern. It is a small cove, opening up into a picturesque dell among the mountains. Access to it is had by means of an immense wooden pier—a Government work, built by contract, and, of course, put in the wrong place. “It seems, then,” I said to the Canadian gentleman who imparted to me this piece of information, “that your Government jobs are no better performed than ours.” “Oh, much worse,” was his answer. “Is it possible they *can* be worse?” I asked incredulously. “I assure you,” said he, “our official corruption surpasses yours; but we have the English reluctance to say much about such things. We quietly cover up, or ignore, what we cannot help; whereas, you, in the States, make an outcry from one end of the land to the other. The difference is not in the fact, but in the proclamation of it.” If this view be true, it is consoling to us, but discouraging to humanity.

The wind blew violently from the west, and our steamer pitched dangerously at the end of the pier. The passengers were thrust up the plank, or tumbled down it, to the great diversion of a crowd of spectators, whose appetites were whetted by the prospect of an accident. I was much amused by the timidity of three priests, who, when the vessel gave a mild lurch, sprang to some awning-stanchions with every appearance of extreme terror. One of them, seeing no other

support near at hand, seized upon a lady, and clung to her arm rather longer than was necessary. They then rushed collectively into the cabin, whence they did not emerge afterward, although the water became smooth. This reminds me of the singular fact that the most timorous class of persons at sea are clergymen. Why those who can courageously face death in other forms should exhibit this weakness, I am at a loss to understand, but the fact is so patent as to have become a sailor's proverb.

A jolly, red-gilled, full-blooded Englishman, lying at full length on a narrow lintel above the gangway, was recounting his exploits in trout-fishing. I forget how many hundred he had caught in the mountain-streams the day before "How about the bathing?" asked some one. "Capital!" he exclaimed, "I had a bath to-day." We were wrapped in the thickest shawls, and the bare idea made us shudder, but one look at the speaker, whose frame contained latent carbon enough to melt an iceberg, explained to me the mystery of bathing in such waters. We, who are thin-blooded Southerners, in comparison, would not have found it so enjoyable.

Leaving Murray Bay, we stood diagonally across the St. Lawrence to Rivière du Loup, which is on the southern shore, nearly a hundred miles below Quebec. The river is here about twenty-five miles wide, and presents a clear sea-horizon to the eastward. It was almost sunset when we succeeded in making fast to the long pier, and the crowd of *habitans*, with their ricketty, one-horse *caleches*, who had been patiently watching our battle with the wind for an hour or more, were enabled to offer their services. Some

of our passengers were bound for Kakouna, six miles further down the shore, and landed here; while those who had shipped for the entire trip were anxious to visit the village, whose white houses, and tall gray church crowning the hill, gleamed softly in the last gold of the sun. It was pleasant to find hackmen who could accost you once, and once only, in an ordinary tone of voice, and whose first demands were moderate enough to be accepted.

I chose an honest fellow, whose face was English, though his language and nature were decidedly French, and presently we were bouncing in his car over a rough road, around the deep cove which separates the landing-place from the village of Rivière du Loup. "*Voilà du bon blé!*" said he, pointing to some fields of very scanty oats, and his admiration appeared so genuine that I was compelled to admire them also. "*Votre cheval est boiteux,*" I replied, pointing to his limping horse. "*Oh, pardon, monsieur!*" said he, "*c'est une jument, vaillante, vigoureuse!* Get up, *ma paresseuse!*" and with an extra shake of the lines, away we dashed, showering the mud on all sides. By this time, the sun had set, and the village appeared before us, neat, trim, and home-like, with a quaint, Old-World air. Houses one story high, scrupulously white-washed doors, raised above the average level of the winter snows, well-kept gardens, and clean gravel roads, were the principal features of the place. The river comes down a wild glen in two bold waterfalls, and finishes its course by driving a large flour mill. A mile inland is the terminus of the St. Lawrence branch of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

We drove around and through the village in the gather



ing twilight, visited the new Catholic Church, of immense dimensions, and finally turned about, on the top of the hill, whence a broad, macadamized road struck southward into the country. This was the Government highway to St. Johns, New Brunswick, three hundred miles distant. It is now finished, with the exception of eighteen miles along Lake Temiscouata, which will be completed this year. The American frontier is not more than thirty or forty miles distant from Rivière du Loup. The overland journey from the Bay of Fundy to the St. Lawrence offers many inducements to the home tourist. Were I travelling alone, I should undertake it myself. In winter, the trip from Rivière du Loup to Madawaska is sometimes made in a day.

The Magnet lay at the pier until three o'clock this morning, when she started for the Saguenay, across the St. Lawrence, but twenty-seven miles distant. When I went on deck, we were passing Tadoussac, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, just inside the Saguenay. Here, an old Jesuit church is pointed out to the visitor as the first church built on the American continent. This must be a mistake, however, as one which was built by Cortez is still standing in Vera Cruz, and Jacques Cartier's first visit to Canada was made, I believe, in 1542. Nevertheless, the little chapel of Tadoussac is not only an interesting antiquity, but a picturesque object in itself. Two miles further is *L'Anse à l'Eau*, a lumber station, where we touched, and where, to my regret, Mr. Witcher, an official surveyor, whose conversation I had found very instructive, left us.



Passing around the headland of La Boule, we found ourselves at last surrounded with the gray rocks of the Saguenay. The morning was clear, but cold; an icy wind blew down the river, and the more delicate lady-passengers congregated about the cabin-stove. No magical illusions of atmosphere enwrap the scenery of this northern river. Everything is hard, naked, stern, silent. Dark-gray cliffs of granitic gneiss rise from the pitch-black water; firs of gloomy green are rooted in their crevices and fringe their summits; loftier ranges, of a dull, indigo hue, show themselves in the background, and, over all, bends a pale, cold, northern sky. This keen air, which brings out every object with a crystalline distinctness, even contracts the dimensions of the scenery, diminishes the height of the cliffs, and apparently belittles the majesty of the river, so that the first impression is one of disappointment. Still, it exercises a fascination which you cannot resist. You look, and look, fettered by the fresh, novel, savage stamp which Nature exhibits, and at last, as in St. Peter's or at Niagara, learn from the character of the separate features to appreciate the grandeur of the whole.

The Saguenay is not, properly, a river. It is a tremendous chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness. The depth of the water varies from twenty-five to one hundred and forty-seven fathoms, and the height of the rocks on either side from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet. On approaching Chicoutimi, sixty miles from the St. Lawrence, the river suddenly becomes shallow, and thence to Lake St. John it is an insignificant

stream, navigable only for canoes. The upper valley, which is rapidly becoming settled, is said to be very fertile and to possess a milder climate than Quebec, although nearly two degrees further north. But from L'Anse à l'Eau to Ha-ha Bay, the extent of our voyage, there are not more than half a dozen places where a settler could find room enough for a house and garden.

Steadily upwards we went, the windings of the river and its varying breadth—from half a mile to nearly two miles—giving us a shifting succession of the grandest pictures. Shores that seemed roughly piled together out of the fragments of chaos overhung us—great masses of rock, gleaming duskiy through their scanty drapery of evergreens, here lifting long, irregular walls against the sky, there split into huge, fantastic forms by deep lateral gorges, up which we saw the dark-blue crests of loftier mountains in the rear. The water beneath us was black as night, with a pitchy glaze on its surface, and the only life in all the savage solitude, was, now and then, the back of a white porpoise, in some of the deeper coves.

By nine o'clock, we saw the headland of Eternity before us, with Trinity beyond. These two celebrated capes are on the western bank of the Saguenay, divided by a cove about half a mile wide. They are gray, streaked masses of perpendicular rock, said to be fifteen hundred feet in height. By the eye alone, I should not have estimated them at over one thousand feet, but I was assured the height had been ascertained by actual measurement. Certain it is, they appear much higher on the second than on the first view. These awful cliffs, planted in water nearly a

thousand feet deep, and soaring into the very sky, form the gateway to a rugged valley, stretching inland, and covered with the dark, primeval forest of the North. I doubt whether a sublimer picture of the wilderness is to be found on this continent.

Toward noon, we reached Ha-ha Bay, which is a branch or inlet of the river, some miles in length. At its extremity, there is a flourishing settlement. The hills around were denuded of their forests; fields of wheat, oats, and barley, grew on the steep slopes, and the cold ridges were dotted with hay-cocks. Capt. Howard gave us but an hour, but we determined to spend the most of it ashore. As we approached the beach in the steamer's boat, we noticed a multitude of *caleches*, drawn by ponies, standing in the water. Presently we grounded, and there was a rush of vehicles to our rescue. With infinite yelling and splashing, and much good-humored emulation on the part of the drivers, half a dozen *caleches* were backed out against the boat (the water rising over the shafts), and we stepped into them. Away went the delighted coachmen, and our wheeled gondolas soon reached the shore. The village contains about a hundred houses, most of which were quite new. I noticed some cherry and plum trees in the gardens, and the usual vegetables, which appeared to thrive very well.

Our coachman, an *habitant*, was loud in his praises of the place, although he had so little to show us. "Where is the hotel?" I asked, after we had seen all the cottages and saw-mills. "There is none," he answered. "But where do strangers go, when they come here?" "Why,"

said he, with a grin, "they *don't* come!" Thereupon, we drove hurriedly back into the water, stepped from our carriages into the boat, and returned to the steamer.

Our return down the Saguenay convinced me that the scenery of the river cannot be properly appreciated at a single visit. Viewing the same objects a second time, we found them markedly grander and more imposing. The river is a reproduction—truly on a contracted scale—of the fjords of the Norwegian coast. One of my companions was also a fellow-traveller in Norway with me three years ago, and was no less struck with the resemblance than myself. The dark mountains, the tremendous precipices, the fir forests, even the settlements at Ha-ha Bay and L'Anse à l'Eau (except that the houses are white instead of red), are as completely Norwegian as they can be. The Scandinavian skippers who come to Canada all notice this resemblance, and many of them, I learn, settle here.

As we passed again under the headlands of Trinity and Eternity, I tried my best to make them fifteen hundred feet in height—but without success. The rock of Gibraltar and Horseman Island, both of which attain that height, loomed up, in my memory, to a much loftier elevation. The eye, however, is likely to be deceived, when all the proportions of a landscape are on the same vast scale; as in St. Peter's, the colossal cherubs which hold the font, appear, at the first glance, to be no larger than children of six years old. From long practice, I can measure heights and distances with tolerable accuracy by the eye, under ordinary circumstances; but even our most certain and carefully-trained faculties are more or less influenced by

habit. The compositor, who has been using *minion* type for some days, knows how unusually large *long primer* appears, and how small, after *pica*. I have no doubt but that the dimensions of the Saguenay scenery were somewhat dwarfed to me, by coming directly from the White Mountains.

Capt. Howard kindly ran his boat a little out of her course, to give us the best view of Trinity and the sublime landscape of Eternity Cove. The wall of dun-colored syenitic granite, ribbed with vertical streaks of black, hung for a moment directly over our heads, as high as three Trinity spires, atop of one another. Westward, the wall ran inland, projecting bastion after bastion of inaccessible rock over the dark forests in the bed of the valley. A photographer on board took two or three views, but no artist, either human or solar, can give more than the faintest hint of such scenery, because a near view is impossible, and the effect diminishes in geometrical ratio as you recede.

Leaving the black water and the giant cliffs behind us, we steamed across the St. Lawrence to Rivière du Loup, which we reached at dusk. The same crowd of Canadian teams waited patiently on the long pier, but waited in vain. Our captain took advantage of the moonlight to continue his journey, and we slept until morning dawned on the Isle Aux Coudres. A slight accident detained us an hour or more, and we did not see the silvery roofs of Quebec until after noon. Nevertheless, we were so well satisfied with the trip, that most of us would have willingly repeated it.



## 7.—NIAGARA, AND ITS VISITORS.

WE were to have left Montreal at nine o'clock in the evening—the regular hour for the starting of the night express on the Grand Trunk Road; but, as the train from the East had not arrived, ours was kept waiting. After a delay of an hour and a half, we had our beds made and went to sleep. Somewhere near midnight, I heard the noise of departure, mingled with the swearing of various western passengers, who were anxious to reach Milwaukee by Sunday morning. There was no additional delay on the road, however, and on reaching Toronto the next day at noon, the train for Sarnia was found waiting in the same obliging manner. The scenery through which the road passes is rather tame, with the exception of the last division, along the shores of Lake Ontario, where many a charming little bay opens out between low, wooded headlands and discloses the blue water horizon.

I have been interested, during the whole progress of this trip, in observing the manners and peculiarities of travellers from different portions of the United States. It is not difficult to distinguish, after a little practice, those who come from New-England, New-York, Philadelphia, the South, and the West. The highest cultivation, of course, is that which casts off all local characteristics, and impresses you with the stamp of an individuality independent of place, profession, or even nationality. Such persons may be found in all portions of our country, but they are rare apparitions. Nine men out of every ten whom you meet have an odor of their native soil about them.

The New-England tourist has a grave, respectable air. He is slightly petulant with regard to accommodations, charges, food, and the like. His face is generally thin (the lips particularly so), rarely bearded, his voice even and of little depth or compass, and his language marked with a certain precision, betraying a consciousness of, or at least a belief in, its accuracy. Sometimes he wears gold-rimmed spectacles. He does not insist upon an introduction before speaking to a fellow-traveller, but he speaks with a calm decorum, which says: "I am a very proper person for you to know." This is his outward shell. Under it you will find a good deal of solid information, a fair capacity for enjoyment, positive opinions (rather too much so, perhaps,) on all subjects, and a genuine appreciation of Nature. He is by no means the worst companion you could have on a journey.

The New-Yorker is mellow and more demonstrative. He is also more flexible in his nature, fraternizes more readily with others, and is less precise, both in person and speech. His language is not so carefully chosen, but his voice has more variety of modulation. He dresses well, and affects a careless elegance of appearance. He generally possesses his own private enthusiasm for something or other, which he is not afraid to display. His philological peculiarity lies in voice rather than in accent, though he says *doo* instead of *due*, etc. (understand, I am speaking of the *average* man), rather oftener than the New-Englander. He also pronounces the *a* in *palm*, *pass*, etc., a little closer. He makes acquaintances with ease, and forgets them, ditto. He has his opinions, but as he is not certain that he may

not change them some time, can listen cheerfully to contrary views.

The Philadelphian, in the primness of his deportment resembles the New-Englander. The Quaker and the Puritanic elements have this point of contact. There is this difference, however: you will not hear the Philadelphian talk fifteen minutes without his mentioning Philadelphia. His face, though generally thin, has also a warmer color, and his mouth more of the Southern fulness. Yet, notwithstanding this, there is something pinched and contracted in his personality, which I find difficult to describe. Perhaps it lies mainly in his voice, which is thin and sharp. He pronounces the *a* in *palm*, *calm*, and kindred words, like the *a* in *hat*. He also snubs all the short vowels, saying *promus*, *spirut*, *morul*, *mod'l*, &c.—which, by-the-by, is an inelegance very general in the United States. I have even heard some persons affect an elegance by changing the short vowels into short *i*, as *moril*, *gospil*, *iffectuil*! The Philadelphian has much quiet warmth of character. He is a good friend and a hospitable host. Though not so free and easy in his intercourse as a New-Yorker, it does not require a hard knock to open his shell.

There are two classes of Southern tourists. The first, which you occasionally meet, exhibit a rare refinement of character. The gentleman of this class is quiet, cultivated, earnest—a little exacting, perhaps—and a specimen of that genuine good breeding, which is natural and unconscious, and hence never makes a mistake. The other variety, which is very common, is marked by a bold, swaggering air, neglects no opportunity of assertion, and is morbidly

alert to discover some ground of offence. It is a curious fact that, during this trip, whenever I have heard loud and coarse conversation in railroad-cars, swearing at hotel tables, or impertinent or offensive criticism of the place or country, the parties proved, in every instance, to be Southerners! If the features of the Southern tourist did not proclaim his nativity, his voice would at once betray him. His accent almost invariably betrays the fact that he has played with young darkies, as a child. He not only says—*whar* and *thar*—very often *whah* and *thah*—but *pore* and *shore* (for *poor, sure*), and generally drops the *r* altogether, after the manner of an English exquisite. He cannot say “*master*” without an effort. When I was in the Navy, a Virginia captain always called me “*maus’ mate*” (master’s mate). The other day I was profoundly surprised at hearing a young lady, of a distinguished Southern family, say: “*H’yah’s the dó!*” Some persons pretend to admire this, affirming that it gives a softness to the language—which is true; but it is too soft altogether.

The Southerner—refined or vulgar—always has this to recommend him, that he is free, frank, and companionable, perfectly unreserved in the expression of his opinions, though his manner be a little arrogant, and wholly impulsive and uncalculating. He will fight and be reconciled with you ten times, while the New-Englander is slowly making his way to a single, life-long enmity.

The Western man may be pretty correctly described, if you know the latitude in which he lives. New-England is reproduced in Northern Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin; New York in Chicago and Iowa; Pennsylvania in Southern

Ohio and the States west, in the same line; and Virginia and Kentucky in Southern Illinois and Missouri. He has no especial characteristics except a certain restlessness in his manner and an expansive use of adjectives in his talk. He has a great habit of saying, "That's so!" and his location is denoted by the use of peculiar words and phrases rather than any distinctive peculiarity of accent. He has a rampant pride in his own particular city, and county, and state, and our Atlantic communities seem "slow" to him. He is the most demonstrative of Americans, and you never need to ask a second time for his opinion. He, as well as the Southerner, is apt to chew tobacco, and he prefers Bourbon to Verzenay. He does not object to a community of towel and hair-brush in hotels—in fact, he is easily satisfied, and generally of a very cheerful and jovial temperament.

I have only given a few general indications, and wish it to be distinctly understood that they are meant for classes, and not individuals. The manners of the travelling public have greatly improved since I made my first summer trip, thirteen years ago, and in this particular there is not much difference between the different sections of the country. the provincialisms of speech and habits, however, are not so easily obliterated.

We stopped at Toronto in order to take the afternoon boat across the lake to Lewiston. Our baggage having been sent to the landing-place half an hour before the departure of the steamer, we were called upon to pay a wharfage fee of twenty cents. "If you had come in a carriage," said the agent (or whoever he was), "there would



have been no charge!" This is a refinement of extortion worthy of a better field of action.

A mirage lifted the southern shore of the Ontario to view, so clearly that we could distinguish single trees. A gentleman informed me that the spray-cloud of Niagara is sometimes visible at Toronto. We had a lovely but windy afternoon for the transit, and the beryl-colored waters of the lake were so rough that a pale and wretched looking crowd appeared on the deck, as we ran into the mouth of Niagara River. I was glad for the sake of my friends, that we had chosen this avenue of approach to the Falls. The picturesque shores of the river, the splendid green of the water, and the lofty line of the upper plateau in front, crowned with Brock's Monument, and divided by the dark, yawning gorge of Niagara, form a fitting vestibule to the grand adytum beyond. The railroad, climbing rapidly from the station behind Lewiston, piercing the rocky bluff and boldly skirting the tremendous abyss, commands a complete view of the river—with the exception of the bend at the Whirlpool—from the lake to the Falls. The chasm grows wilder, deeper, and more precipitous with every mile, until having seen the Suspension Bridge apparently floating in air, on your right, you look ahead, and two miles off, catch a glimpse of the emerald crest of Niagara standing fast and fixed above its shifting chaos of snowy spray!

I have seen the Falls in all weathers, and in all seasons, but to my mind the winter view is most beautiful. I saw them first during the hard winter of 1854, when a hundred cataracts of ice hung from the cliffs on either side, when

the masses of ice brought down from Lake Erie were wedged together at the foot, uniting the shores with a rugged bridge, and when every twig of every tree and bush on Goat Island was overlaid, an inch deep, with a coating of solid crystal. The air was still, and the sun shone in a cloudless sky. The green of the fall, set in a landscape of sparkling silver, was infinitely more brilliant than in summer, when it is balanced by the trees, and the rainbows were almost too glorious for the eye to bear. I was not impressed by the sublimity of the scene, nor even by its terror, but solely by the fascination of its wonderful beauty—a fascination which continually tempted me to plunge into that sea of fused emerald and lose myself in the dance of the rainbows. With each succeeding visit, Niagara has grown in height, in power, in majesty, in solemnity; but I have seen its climax of beauty.

To my friends, it is all they had been promised, and more; and I have enjoyed anew, in their enjoyment, the views from the rocks, the delicious walks on Goat Island, the bewildering pictures of the rapids, and the stunning roar and ceaseless rain at the bottom. I watched by the hour, the piling up and sliding away, of the huge masses of water, the downward blossoming into vast, umbelliferous flowers of spray, the cloudy whirl and confusion below, and the endless, endless motion through the same unchanging forms, with a delight, which, it seems to me, could not be wearied out in a lifetime. Of course, we have taken a trip in the "Maid of the Mist," gone behind the sheet, and done everything else that is usually done (and let me say, all of them are worth doing). Niagara is a diamond with a

hundred facets, every one of which reflects a different lustre.

One is rather bored here by the Indian curiosities and the solicitous hack-drivers. The articles in *flour spar*, however, are beautiful, and the photographic illustrations are commendable. The gratitude of every visitor is due to Mr. Porter, and the other proprietors of Goat Island, for the pious care with which its glorious sylvan beauty is preserved. Fancy Goat Island given up to speculators, and crammed with hotels and factories! I have now and then seen an ill-natured remark, on account of the moderate toll charged for crossing the bridge; but the entire amount received in this manner cannot much more than suffice to pay for the necessary repairs of the roads, bridges, staircases, and tower. I have never paid a fee more cheerfully, and every sensible visitor would rather double it than see one of the loveliest bits of God's creation spoiled.

It is a little singular that all the poetry written about Niagara, from Brainard's pious effusion to Saxe's profane lyric, should be so common-place. The best of all is that of Lord Carlisle. Brainard commences awkwardly:—

“ The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
As I gaze upward to thee.”

What good does it to us, simply to know that thoughts are “strange?” Grenville Mellen concludes a similar rhapsody by exclaiming: “Oh, go in!” Very well: but suppose you set us the example! Mr. Bulkley has written an epic, which is too much on the subject. If it were boiled down to two hundred lines, we should get a

good concentrated flavor. The distinguishing characteristic of Niagara—its color—has been mentioned, I believe, by but one poet, Lowell, who says—

“ And *green* Niagara's never-ending roar.”

As for people saying “It cannot be described,” that is folly. It can be described just as much as anything else. But those who endeavor to be sublime are often simply highfalutin: when a man says, “I am overpowered,” he is not in a fit state to write; but he who looks calmly upon it, measures its features, analyses the impression which it creates, and writes with the conscientious endeavor to *represent* what he has seen, can give as good a description of Niagara as he could of a crab-tree in blossom, and a much better one than it would be possible for him to make of the woman whom he loves.

I read last Winter, in one of the papers, a most admirable description of the falling of the water, entitled, “Niagara, but Not Described!” The writer knew all the time he was describing it.

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### 8.—TRENTON FALLS AND SARATOGA.

AT Niagara our party dissolved. On Tuesday night my German friend took the midnight train westward, intending to visit Minnesota, Missouri, and Kentucky, and on the following morning accompanying the ladies as far as Utica, whence they continued the homeward journey, I turned aside for a solitary excursion to Trenton Falls.

The New York Central, after leaving the Mohawk Valley, seems to avoid all the best scenery. I have frequently noticed how completely the landscapes change, when you have gone but a few miles either to the north or the south of the road. The immediate neighborhood of Utica is rather tame, but, on taking the Black River train it presently assumes a charming pastoral character, which verges into the picturesque as you approach Trenton. In an hour I was put down at the station, where omnibuses were in waiting to carry us to Moore's Hotel, a mile distant. "Is the hotel full?" I asked of the driver. "Oh, no," said he; "there is plenty of room;" but, on arriving, I found it overflowing with guests, and no place to be had. I was fortunate enough, however, to find quarters at Joy's, near at hand, and after admiring the beauty and seclusion of the valley for half an hour, set out in search of my friend Hicks.

It was the night of the full moon, and the guests at Moore's had sent to the Wide-Awake Club of Utica to borrow torches for a nocturnal visit to the glen. Mr. Moore, whose acquaintance I had made in Hicks's studio, the artist and his wife, and a merry company of at least a hundred ladies and gentlemen, were preparing to go, and I congratulated myself on arriving in season to join them. We started a little after nine o'clock, taking the path which leads through the forest to the top of the High Fall. The straggling procession, at least two hundred yards long, with its line of brilliant lights, winding through the dense shadows of the wood, produced a magical effect. Gray trunks and hanging boughs flashed out for a moment



in golden lustre against the darkness, and then as suddenly vanished ; red shawls glimmered splendidly through the dusky green ; white dresses danced in and out of the gaps of moonlight with an elfish motion, and a confusion of shouts and laughter rang through the echoing hollows.

The moon stood over the gorge, which, as we approached, seemed filled with a silvery mist, beyond which rose the shadowy outline of the opposite bank. The crest of the cataract shone with sparkles of white fire, and dim, shooting gleams hovered over the gulf into which it fell. The leaves of the overhanging boughs were cut as clearly as bronze against this wonderful picture. It was lovely enough to have been a grot in the gardens of Calypso or Armida. Many of the company went down the rocks to the foot of the fall, and saw it through the rainbows of the moon ; but I preferred preserving my first view until sunrise.

The next morning I accompanied the artist in a ramble over his farm, which lies on the eastern side of Canada Creek about half a mile below the village. We compared agricultural notes, and set off the advantages of our respective farms, one against the other. I was willing to concede the superiority of his elms and hemlocks, but balanced them with my oaks and tulip trees. His potatoes and pumpkins looked promising, but I had very fine squashes and tomatoes at home. I had, moreover, the climate of the passion-flower and magnolia, of the Himalayan deodar, the Cedar of Lebanon, and the cypress. So, although I admired the fine curves of the surrounding hills, the excellence of the tree-forms, and, most of all,

the amber beauty of the river, I was well satisfied with my own piece of earth. So was he with his, and with good reason.

We then made the round of the Falls, entering the glen from below, and ascending it for a distance of nearly two miles, to a point marked "Dangerous," beyond which there is no path. It was the loveliest possible day—one of those bright, laughing days which give an additional color and sparkle to the earth. The sun was high enough to illuminate the deep glen from end to end, leaving shadows only where the rocks overhung their bases, or the trees reached their arms from opposite sides, as if vainly striving to clasp hands. The water, also, was at its most favorable stage—low enough to leave the path bare, yet high enough to cover the whole breadth of rocky ledges where it falls. With a guide who had studied the glen for ten years with an artist's eye, and knew it in all its aspects, I was justified in considering that I saw Trenton under the most favorable circumstances.

What particularly struck me was the originality—the *uniquity* of the place. The glen, or rather *crack* through which the stream runs, is three miles long, and not more than two hundred feet deep at any point. It has been cut, by the action of water during thousands of years, through a bed of mica slate, disposed in nearly horizontal strata. The sides, therefore, while they are perpendicular for nearly the whole distance, present a great number of shelves or ledges, which furnish root-hold to ferns, wild flowers, shrubs, or even trees, according to their size, while an unbroken wood—a charming mixture of evergreen and deciduous

trees—crowns the summits. Add that the glen is full of corners, turning this way and that, leading you now into black cauldrons, wet with eternal spray, now into long, sunny avenues, where the water dances as if possessed with the spirit of joy, and you may judge what a gallery of wild and lovely pictures is here concealed.

The color of the water, again, is an unusual element of beauty. "Amber" perhaps describes it better than any other word, but it runs through all tints from topaz to the richest and deepest Vandyke-brown. Maria Lowell, in one of her poems, calls it "fretted Sherry." In the falls, the color has a warm, glassy lustre at the top, shading off through the successive frills of spray, until it vanishes into white at the bottom. Owing to this color, the water appears to assume an astonishing variety of forms, but I presume it is only because the forms are distinctly marked, more apparent to the eye. I have noticed the same effect in the bright, green water of the Trollhätta Fall, in Sweden. To be sure, the angles of the glen and the various positions in which the rocky shelves are disposed, are sufficient to produce every form of water, except that airy lace-work which is only seen in falls of great height. Here it falls forty feet in one unbroken sheet; there slides down an inclined plane in a smooth mass splendidly feathered at the edges, shoots under or over another watery slide, or whirls in gleaming curves around a semi-basin worn in the rocks.

Some of the visitors spoke of the *rage* of the water. To me it was not rage, but joy—a mad Bacchanalian revel; and the resemblance to wine strengthened the impression

The path, which has the fascinating appearance of danger, without being dangerous, leads you along narrow ledges, on the very verge of the whirlpools and cauldrons; so near he falls, that the rainbow surrounds you like a dazzling *ossamer*, and its red and gold smite you in the eyes. The tourists and guide-books make comparisons between *Trenon* and *Niagara*, but no comparison is possible. They are as unlike as *Homer* and *Anacreon*.

I went further, the next day, simply to have one look at the Summer life of *Saratoga*: "To see the stir, and not feel the crowd." I find it delightfully gay and pleasant to look upon, and can easily understand why the fashionable world continues to drink of *Congress Water*, in spite of the superior natural attractions of other places. The park is agreeable, the springs unequalled of their kind, the drives in the neighborhood charming, the lake accessible, and, not least, the hotels can accommodate their thousands without crowding. The village itself is hot and dusty, but there is shade everywhere; and the long colonnades of the hotel furnish the ladies with an enviable opportunity for display. I think I could spend an entire week here without getting tired.

I have done nothing but walk up and down and contemplate the multitude. In this survey two things have particularly struck me—the absence of marked intelligence or cultivation in the faces of the gentlemen, and the absence of beauty in the faces of the ladies. Among the former the trading and stock-jobbing type predominates. There is speculation in the eyes, railroad bonds are written upon the brow, and mortgages are buttoned tightly under the

waistcoat, on the left side. In the fragments of conversation which reached my ears, one of the words "stocks," "Board," "par," "Douglas," "Breckenridge," or "Lincoln," invariably occurred. Black is the prevailing color. The cool, light tints, so well adapted for the negligée of a watering-place, are very rare. The hats are mostly of the stove-pipe pattern. In short, the aspect of the male crowd shows that a struggle is going on between the desire for recreation and the endeavor to retain the old, respectable, hard-money air.

The ladies, to my surprise, are not gorgeously overdressed. Here and there you see a dame at the Congress Springs in *moiré* and jewels, but the majority affect an elegant simplicity which is highly becoming. At a hop last evening I found much more taste in costume than I had anticipated. Yet as I said before, there is a striking absence of beauty. I see many pleasant and some handsome faces, but very, very few which can be called beautiful. In such a Vanity Fair as this, I had supposed that the reverse would have been true. Saratoga is our Ranelagh, but the stock on hand this year may be inferior to that of ordinary seasons. There is possibly less demand, as one notices little flirtation going on.

As for the manners of such a place, there is not much to be said. You find all the classes—the refined, the snobbish, and the vulgar—which enter into the composition of all society. The rich families have the best rooms and are best served at the table (they fee the waiters heaviest); the more moderate take the odds and ends of accommodation; there are clans and cliques and jealousies as elsewhere; con-



quests and triumphs, hatred, fidelity, infidelity, love, marriage, divorce and death. The tragedy of life dances in the same set with its comedy. The gentlemen have their side of the veranda, where they sit in arm-chairs, read the New York papers, smoke, and cock up their feet on the railing; and the ladies theirs, where they spread their tender-tinted skirts, flutter their fans, bend their swan-like necks, and exchange sweet inuendoes. Outwardly, all is gay, innocent, cheerful, fashionably Arcadian (which consists in turning all out-of-doors into a drawing-room)—but I could wish, for my own private benefit, that, as in the shapes of the Hall of Eblis, there was a pane of glass inserted in every bosom, showing the currents of the true and hidden life. I have no doubt that I should find—making all allowance for education and associations—Human Nature.

I have said that this crowd is delightful to look upon. So it is; but we all enjoy the vanities of the world.

## VI.

### PERSONAL SKETCHES.

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#### 1.—THE LESLIES.

ONE of the first stories I remember to have read, as a child, was "Mrs. Washington Potts," by Miss Eliza Leslie. It was in the days when "Atkinson's Casket" flourished, and *The Saturday Evening Post* was considered a standard literary paper—at least among the people whom I knew. Miss Leslie had then been known for many years as a writer of stories, which, from their covert humor and their plain, homely presentation of everyday characters, were very generally popular. Her model—if she had one—must have been Maria Edgeworth, but she had a fund of humor, and an appreciation of the comic and the grotesque, which was all her own. Something of Flemish fidelity belonged to her descriptive style, but it was always subordinate to her taste. Though she often introduced vulgar characters, she never described them vulgarly. I have never since been more

amused and entertained by any stories than by those from her pen, which I read in my boyhood, as they appeared in the weekly paper.

In 1844, when I became ambitious to make myself known as an author, and published a thin volume of untimely poems, Miss Leslie was one of the first persons to whom I sent a copy, and her cordial letter in acknowledgment was one of the first voices of encouragement which reached me. She treated my first crude efforts more kindly and considerately than, I fear, I should be able to do, in a similar case. With this admission, I venture to quote a passage from her letter :

“Whenever I meet with any new evidence of the genius of my countrymen, it renders me superlatively happy for that day, and, fortunately, these days of happiness are becoming more and more numerous. So, in reading your book, I rejoiced that there was

One poet more, America, for thee!

“When you again visit Philadelphia, I shall be very glad to see you at the Markoe House (my present residence), and to show you an admirable portrait of Franklin, copied from the last and best likeness of the statesman, the patriot, the philosopher, and the printer: the man who has always seemed to me as the most American of Americans—or rather, who was completely what an American *ought* to be.”

When I next visited Philadelphia, I called upon her, and was received with genuine kindness. She was then nearly sixty years of age, but hale and robust, with a face attrac-

tive in spite of its plainness, and a cheerful, merry light in her gray eyes. Something I said suggested to her a humorous story, which she told with a hearty relish. The portrait of Franklin was painted by her sister Anne, and she remarked, on stating this: "We are a family of painters. Perhaps you have heard of my brother Charles, who lives in London." It chanced that I had seen engravings of Leslie's pictures from Don Quixote and the Merry Wives of Windsor, but I was not before aware of the relationship.

Miss Leslie gave me some friendly advice in relation to poetry, which was another illustration of her sound sense. "I see," said she, "that you have been reading Mrs. Hemans. Pray don't be led by her irregular anapæstic metres to forget that the simplest forms of versification are the best. Those jingling, slipshod measures seem to me to have been invented to conceal the lack of poetical conceptions. Look at Milton, Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith, how simple and straightforward are their styles! The plainest *words* are also the best. 'England' is much finer than 'Albion,' and 'Scotland' than 'Caledonia.'" Of course, I did not quite agree with her, then; but the evident kindness with which her views were presented led me to ponder upon them afterwards, and to find that she was right.

After my return from Europe in 1846, I visited her frequently. Among our passengers in the packet from London through the Channel to Portsmouth, had been Mr. Robert Leslie, son of the painter, and himself a painter also. He was a tall young man of twenty-two, and spent most of his time on deck, making sea-sketches in water

colors. Our captain, Morgan, had taken the Leslie family to and from America, when the painter received his appointment to the Professorship at West Point, and was still his intimate friend. Miss Leslie had therefore many questions to ask concerning her nephew, but in the same summer, I believe, he visited America. In February, 1847, she wrote to me: "I hear you are publishing a weekly paper. You will please to send it to my address: I inclose the amount of a year's subscription." It was a country paper, devoted to local news, and could have no possible interest for her—but she doubtless conjectured, as was true, that I was endeavoring to establish myself in business, and that every *paid* subscription was a real assistance. I have heard that she made enemies by her frankness and her scorn of all dissimulation: she reserved her tact for the exercise of her kindness.

Between five and six years later, I was in London for the fourth time, having just returned from the Orient, previous to making an overland journey to India. I was so fortunate as to be present at an entertainment given one evening by Mr. George Peabody, at which some hundreds of English and Americans attended. While conversing with Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a short and rather slender man, with gray hair and a singularly mild, pleasant, and benevolent face, came up and addressed him with much cordiality. "Let me introduce you to Mr. Leslie, whom you must know already as an artist," said Mr. Lawrence, turning to me. We found a little eddy in the apartment, outside of the crush of the crowd, and I enjoyed some quiet conversation with him. The portrait accompanying the recently published biogra-



phy gives the character and expression of his face very correctly, although he was considerably older at the time I met him. All conventionalities were dropped on his learning of the friendship existing between his sister and myself, and he questioned me with an eager interest concerning her and his Philadelphia friends.

On learning that I was a native of Chester county, he said: "Ah, I know the Brandywine. I spent several summers on its banks, as a boy." "Is it still beautiful to you, in memory?" I asked. "As beautiful as the reality can possibly be," was his answer; "I remember the scenery distinctly, and I often recall the happy days I passed, rambling over the hills." "Do you not think," said I, "that the landscapes of that part of Pennsylvania bear a wonderful resemblance to those of England?" "Yes, but with a wilder, richer character. However, it is many years since I saw them. I have been so long in England that my early life in America seems scarcely to belong to me." From the fondness with which the artist returned to the subject, it was evident that those early associations still retained all their charm.

He invited me to visit his house and make the acquaintance of his family, which the shortness of my stay in London prevented me from doing; but I met him, together with two of his daughters, at the house of another American banker, in the neighborhood of the city. His personality gave the impression of a very frank and simple nature, great sweetness of disposition, and a warm, faithful heart. His voice was low and agreeable, and I associate it somehow, in memory, with that of Leigh Hunt. Between him

self and his daughters there was an affectionate tenderness and a reciprocal pride which was delightful to see. His life, indeed, was a smooth stream, having, truly, a few obstacles at the start, but flowing afterwards through pleasant fields.

Leslie was especially fortunate in this respect, that he knew the exact measure of his powers. His "Clifford and Rutland" is the only picture of his in the grand historic manner which I have seen—a manner which he speedily dropped, devoting himself, thenceforth, to those exquisite cabinet pictures in which he had no living superior. He painted, I should judge, with great rapidity, first arranging and afterwards finishing, with scrupulous care. His "Sancho Panza and the Duchess" happened to be in the same room with Church's "Niagara" in London, and even the dazzle of the fragment of rainbow, in the latter, could not touch its soft, subtle harmony of coloring.

He was a member of the Sketch Club, the products of two meetings whereof are in the possession of Captain Morgan, who, as an honorary member, was present, and gave the subject. This Club met by turns at the houses of the members, one of whom named a subject, which the artists were obliged to represent in two hours. The result attained by this was a marvellous rapidity both of conception and execution. Capt. Morgan gave "Night," and Leslie's contribution is a very spirited sketch of Titania and Bottom. Stanfield, Roberts, and others furnished moonlit landscapes. The Queen, I was told, doubting the ability of the artists to improvise with such rapidity, asked permission to give a subject one evening. The artists assented, and at the ap-

pointed hour received a slip of paper on which the word "Desire" was written. A page was in waiting, and two hours afterwards Her Majesty was furnished with a dozen handsome illustrations of the theme. Leslie's, I believe, was a boy reaching from the edge of a pond, after water lilies.

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## 2.—THE BROWNING.

FEW of the thousands who now place the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the niche devoted to their favorite authors, are aware that she first became known to American readers as a contributor to *Graham's Magazine*. In the volumes of that periodical for 1841, '42, and '43, they will find her "Child and Watcher," "Sleep," "Catarina to Camoens," and many other of her minor poems. I think it was Poe who was first to recognize a genius hitherto unknown, but destined to a speedy and permanent popularity. Her power (so rare an element in female poets), fulness, tenderness, and the haunting music of her verses, which an occasional roughness only made more prominent, were at once acknowledged. In fact her American reputation was coeval with, if it did not precede, that which she has won at home.

Nearly thirteen years ago, I heard a young lady, whose pure Greek profile and exquisite voice can never be forgotten by those who saw and heard her, recite "Count Gismond." The wonderful dramatic truth of this poem—truth which disdains all explanations and accessories—

struck me like a new revelation, and I eagerly inquired the name of the author. "It is a new English poet, named Browning," was the answer. I then remembered having seen reviews of his "Bells and Pomegranates," and "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and lost no time in making myself acquainted with everything he had published at the time. In the words of Keats,

"Then felt I, as some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken."

Here was no half-poet, piping melodious repetitions on his limited reed, but a royal harper, striking double-handed, the fullest chords and the extremest notes of the scale of human passion. His very faults were the wilful faults of conscious power; his mannerism was no subterfuge to conceal poverty of thought, but lay in the texture of his mind; while in his boldness, his blunt Saxon plainness, and his faculty of hitting the target of expression full in the white, by a single arrowy word, I looked in vain through the array of English authors since the Elizabethan age to find his equal. Many of his poems reminded me of the Day and Night of Michael Angelo—figures of immortal beauty struggling into shape through the half-chiselled marble, yet grander in their incompleteness than the completed works of other sculptors. He tries the sinews of language, it is true; he writes, occasionally, for the evident purpose of exhibiting his verbal gymnastics ("Old Pictures in Florence," for instance), but he will stand the test which proves a true poet—he is best when simplest in his forms.

It is a curious fact that while the first volume of Alex.

ander Smith (a man not to be named on the same day with Browning), was greeted with a sale of 20,000 copies the first year, the first American edition of Browning's Poems, in two volumes, was not exhausted until seven years after its publication. One thousand copies in seven years. The sale of the English edition, in the same time, was probably not much greater. Of Browning's last volume, "Men and Women," nearly three thousand copies, I believe, have been sold. The same comparison might be made between the experiences of Tupper and Tennyson; but we all know whose works will be printed and read in the year 1960, and whose won't.

When I was about starting for Europe, on my way to the East, in the summer of 1851, a mutual friend offered me a letter to Browning, who was, then, with his wife, temporarily in London. (After their marriage, which took place three or four years previous, they made their home in Italy.) Calling, one afternoon in September, at their residence in Devonshire street, I was fortunate enough to find both at home, though on the very eve of their return to Florence. In a small drawing-room on the first floor I met Browning, who received me with great cordiality. In his lively, cheerful manner, quick voice, and perfect self-possession, he made upon me the impression of an American rather than an Englishman. He was then, I should judge, about thirty-seven years of age, but his dark hair was already streaked with gray about the temples. His complexion was fair, with perhaps the faintest olive tinge, eyes large, clear, and gray, nose strong and well cut, mouth full and rather broad, and chin pointed, though not pro-



minent. His forehead broadened rapidly upwards from the outer angle of the eyes, slightly retreating. The strong individuality which marks his poetry was expressed, not only in his face and head, but in his whole demeanor. He was about the medium height, strong in the shoulders, but slender at the waist, and his movements expressed a combination of vigor and elasticity.

In the room sat a very large gentleman of between fifty and sixty years of age. He must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, at least; his large, rosy face, bald head, and rotund body would have suggested a prosperous brewer, if a livelier intelligence had not twinkled in the bright, genial eyes. This unwieldy exterior covered one of the warmest and most generous of hearts, and that heavy right hand had written one of the finest English anacreontics. The man was John Kenyon, who giving up his early ambition to be known as an author, devoted his life to making other authors happy. Possessed of ample means, his house near London was opened to all who handled pen, brush, or chisel, and the noble hospitality which he gave to Art was repaid to him by the society and esteem of the artists. He was a relative of Mrs. Browning, and at his death, four years ago, bequeathed to her a legacy of £10,000.

Mr. Kenyon had called to say good-by to his friends, and presently took his leave. "There," said Browning, when the door had closed after him, "there goes one of the most splendid men living—a man so noble in his friendships, so lavish in his hospitality, so large-hearted and benevolent, that he deserves to be known all over the world as 'Kenyon the Magnificent!'" His eulogy was

interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Browning, whom he ran to meet with a boyish liveliness. She was slight and fragile in appearance, with a pale, wasted face, shaded by masses of soft chestnut curls which fell on her cheeks, and serious eyes of bluish-gray. Her frame seemed to be altogether disproportionate to her soul. This, at least, was the first impression: her personality, frail as it appeared, soon exercised its power, and it seemed a natural thing that she should have written the "Cry of the Children" or the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." I also understood how these two poets, so different both intellectually and physically, should have found their complements in each other. The fortunate balance of their reciprocal qualities makes them an exception to the rule that the intermarriage of authors is inadvisable, and they appear to be—and are—perfectly happy in their wedded life.

They both expressed great satisfaction with their American reputation, adding that they had many American acquaintances in Florence and Rome. "In fact," said Browning, "I verily believe that if we were to make out a list of our best and dearest friends, we should find more American than English names." Mrs. Browning was anxious to learn something with regard to Art in this country, and the patronage extended to it; and, in the course of the conversation, freely expressed her belief that a Republican form of Government is unfavorable to the development of the Fine Arts. To this opinion I dissented as moderately as possible, but I soon had a powerful ally in Browning, who declared that no artist had ever before been honored with a more splendid commission than the State of Vir

ginia had given to Crawford. A general historical discussion ensued, which was carried on for some time with the greatest spirit, the two poets taking directly opposite views. It was good-humoredly closed at last, and I thought both of them seemed to enjoy it. There is no fear that two such fine intellects will rust: they will keep each other bright through the delight of the encounter.

Their child, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy of two years old, was brought into the room. He stammered Italian sentences only: he knew nothing, as yet, of his native tongue. He has since exhibited a remarkable genius for music and drawing—a fortunate circumstance, for inherited genius is always fresher and more vigorous when it seeks a new form of expression.

I feel that I have no right to touch further the personality of these poets. The public always demands to know, and there is no impropriety in its knowing, how its favorite author looks and talks, but, while he lives, it has no right to pry into the sanctities of his private life. Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, however, have thousands of unknown friends in this country who will be glad to know that their lives are fortunate—that their share of the necessary troubles and trials is not more than the average lot of man—or, if greater, is borne with a cheerfulness and courage which hide it from other eyes. Owing to Mrs. Browning's feeble health, they have made Italy their permanent home, but they visit England from time to time.

I met them again in London, in 1856, where I had the pleasure of breakfasting at Barry Cornwall's in company with Browning. He was very gay and witty, and as

young and buoyant in appearance as when I first saw him. Mrs. Browning was then reading the proofs of "Aurora Leigh," which appeared shortly afterwards.

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### 3.—THE WRITERS FOR "PUNCH."

MR. THACKERAY, whose connection with *The London Punch* dates back almost, if not quite, to its initial number, is in the habit of giving an annual dinner to the editors, contributors, and publishers of that periodical. In July, 1857, I happened to be in London when the dinner for that year came off, and was one of four Americans who were guests on that occasion. The other three were a noted sculptor, the architect-in-chief of the Central Park, and an ex-editor of *The New York Times*.

In summer, the usual dinner-hour in London is seven, although, even then, the shutters must be closed to make gas-light effective. Dinner, as is well-known, is a much graver affair in England than elsewhere, and daylight is destructive to its success. The summer twilight of the North, however, exacts a compromise, which I found very agreeable. You drive to your destination in the hazy orange splendor of sunset, and are then ushered into the soft lamp-light which streams upon the hospitable board. The transition of feeling is something like that you experience on entering a theatre. The threshold of the building is the dividing line between two worlds, and you surrender yourself willingly to the illusions before you.

In this case of the "*Punch* Dinner," however, there were no special illusions to be accepted: everything was simple, unconventional, and genial. The guests assembled in Mr. Thackeray's drawing-room, most of them wearing easy black cravats instead of the stiff white "chokers" which English society requires, and marched thence to the dining-room without any particular order of precedence. Bradbury and Evans, whose names are as well known as those of the authors, who have grown famous behind their imprint, were there: Mark Lemon, the patriarch of "*Punch*;" Horace Mayhew, "the Greatest Plague of Life;" Tom Taylor, and Shirley Brooks; and two or three other gentlemen whose names are not mentioned in connection with their contributions, and whom, therefore, I shall not individually designate. The absence of Douglas Jerrold was lamented by all. He was then, I think, at Boulogne, for his health. The following June, on the very day I returned to London, the gay company, whose acquaintance I was now to make, attended his body to its resting-place in Norwood Cemetery.

"The gay company," I have said: but by no means so uproariously gay as the reader may suppose. An author's books rarely reflect his external life, and he who most provokes your mirth by his writings may chance to have the saddest face when you meet him. If I had not known this fact previously, I might have been disappointed: for not a single joke did I hear during the whole blessed evening. There was much cheerful chat, and some amusing stories, but no sparkle of wit, no flash of airy bouter and repartee, such as might have been expected in the atmo-



sphere of the Humorous Olympus. The Punch wherewith we were regaled was not that swift, warm, inspiring beverage of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*—but cool claret and borage—in fact, that veritable fragrant cup, without a knowledge of which (according to the Hon. Grantley Berkley), no man can justly be called a gentleman.

Our giant host, upon whose head lie the snows of wisdom, not of age, illustrated the grandeur of cheerfulness, as he took his place at the head of the table. The eyes which can pierce through the triple mail of shams and hypocrisies, sheathed their trenchant glances, and beamed only a cordial hospitality. At the other end of the table sat Mark Lemon, his very opposite in appearance. Mark is evidently a Lemon which has not yet been subjected to the process of squeezing. In arithmetical formula his height being 16, his diameter would be 9. His face is broad, mild, and massive, but receives character from a heavy moustache. In a crowd I should have taken him for a prosperous Dutch banker. He was formerly a publican, but not a sinner, I should judge, for he evidently enjoys a good conscience, as well as good health. His manners are quiet and gentlemanly, but I suspected the presence of a huge cetaceous mirthfulness behind this repose. It would take a harpoon, however, to draw it out.

My *vis-à-vis* happened to be Tom Taylor, who was decidedly the liveliest of the company. Tom is a man of thirty-eight, or thereabouts, rather tall than short, well-built, with a strong, squareish face, black eyes, hair, and moustache, and a gay, cheerful, wide-awake air, denoting a happy mixture of the imaginative and the practical facul-

ties. He was always ready to join in the laugh, and to crown it by provoking another. In fact, he showed so little of English reserve, so much of unembarrassed American *bonhomie*, that we ought, properly, to call him, "Our English Cousin."

Shirley Brooks, who, in addition to his contributions to *Punch*, is the author of "Aspen Court," a successful novel, and "The Silver Cord," (now being published in "*Once a Week*,") appears to be a year or two younger than Tom Taylor—a fair, blond, blue-eyed, plump Englishman, with the conventional whiskers and smoothly-shaven lips and chin. His face is good-humor itself. He seems to have no sharp angles in his nature—does not flash or dazzle—but beams with a steady, cheerful light, receiving as well as giving the spirit of the hour. Upon myself, at least, he made a most agreeable impression.

Horace Mayhew, on the other hand, is tall, dark, and grave in manner, with aquiline nose, keen eyes, and heavy moustache. My place at table did not happen to be near him, and he said nothing during the dinner to draw the attention of the company upon him. His articles upon "London Labor and the London Poor" suggest the character of his personality much better than that admirable domestic satire, "The Greatest Plague of Life." He was at that time, I understood, a regular contributor to *Punch*.

The publishers, Bradbury & Evans, must not be overlooked. Their presence at the dinner was an evidence that Campbell's assertion of the natural enmity between publishers and authors, was founded on some personal spite rather than upon actual fact. The reciprocal cordiality

which was manifested between them and the other guests, was not simulated. They were really, as well as apparently, *friends*. Quiet, unobtrusive, genial, and unmistakably benevolent in character, they increased the harmony of the circle. No one felt the presence of a chilling material element. A year later, I learned that when Douglas Jerrold died, he was £800 in their debt, not a penny of which they ever claimed. It is a pity that the honorable treatment which they extend to authors should not have always been returned to them.

The company, as I have already said, was wholly and heartily cheerful, but could scarcely be called brilliant. The best things, as usual, were said by our host. One occasion of this kind, however, is by no means a specimen of all. Perhaps the barometer was falling; perhaps two of the guests had private worries of some sort; perhaps no proper conductor was present, to draw the electricity from those charged clouds. It is very unfair to judge any man by a single interview. Therefore, I would not be understood as saying, that the writers for *Punch* are not witty in society: I simply describe them as I saw them. Wordsworth, after his wife's death, sat by his lonely fireside, absorbed in grief, and paid no attention to a curious visitor who accosted him. The latter immediately went home and spread the report that Wordsworth was losing his mind. There is much bright, keen humor among the London authors, but I have no doubt the New York Press Club can get together as brilliant a party.

Albert Smith should have been present, but he was not able to attend. His wonderful powers as an improvisatore

were so highly extolled, that I regretted having lost the opportunity of hearing him. I afterwards visited his *Ascent of Mount Blanc*—a combination of cheap panorama and diverting narrative, the success of which depended so much on the peculiar humor of the man himself, that he can have no successor. It was simply a collection of grotesque incidents of travel, but related with such droll imitations and in such a hearty, off-hand, comic tone, that the audience was convulsed with laughter, from beginning to end. The very same things, in the mouth of another man, might have failed to produce any effect. The mirthful eyes, broad face, cheery voice, and stout figure of Albert Smith, were indispensable parts of the performance. These alone enabled him to gain a fortune of £30,000 in a few years. And the moral I would deduce therefrom is this: **Cheerfulness is a Power.**

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#### 4.—LEIGH HUNT.

I HAD but one interview with Leigh Hunt, yet so satisfactory was that interview, in its exhibition of his peculiar characteristics, both as poet and man, that I doubt whether a month's acquaintance would have done more. It was in June, 1857, when I was spending a fortnight in London, preparatory to my summer tour in Norway. Mr. Buchanan Read, the poet and artist, and Mr. Moran of the American Legation, both of whom were friends of Mr. Hunt, kindly invited me, with his permission, to spend an evening with him.



In the long summer twilight we drove out past Kensington and Brompton, mile after mile, through the endless London, until we reached the quiet shades of Hammersmith. Here the pulses of the great city are no longer felt: lanes of modest cottages and gardens branch off from the main thoroughfare, and one can live in as complete a seclusion as among the mountains of Cumberland. In one of those neat, silent lanes, where grass and paving-stones seem to be striving alike for the upper hand, we found the poet's residence—a plain two-story brick cottage, of the humblest size, but as trim and snug in its outward aspect as it could well be.

Hunt's wife had been dead for nearly a year, and he was living alone, with but a single servant. His pension, and the moderate income which he received from his books, were sufficient for his necessities, and he was at last enjoying a little pecuniary peace, after a long struggle with those material difficulties which he, least of all poets, was fitted to encounter. The servant ushered us through a diminutive hall, into a little library, on the threshold of which Mr. Hunt met us. The first impression which I received from his presence was that of his thorough gentleness and refinement. He was tall—nearly six feet—but slender, and still perfectly erect, in spite of his seventy years. This was all that I could notice in the twilight, but I felt the cordial pressure of a small, warm, delicate hand, as he welcomed me with a manner in which there was something of a fine antique courtesy.

We entered the little room, the servant lighted the lamp, and we took seats at the four sides of a table just large enough to accommodate us. The walls were covered with



books from floor to ceiling: a single window opened upon a few square yards of garden, and there was just sufficient room for the servant to pass around, outside of us. No thing could be more cozy and comfortable. The narrow quarters disposed each one of us to genial, social converse, and we should have felt much less at home in the large and lofty hall of an aristocratic mansion. It was a *partie carrée*, such as would have rejoiced the heart of Barry Cornwall.

While our host was filling the tea-cups, I studied his face in the lamp-light. It was a head which Vandyke should have painted—a fine oval, with a low, placid brow, kind, sweet, serious eyes of bluish-gray, a nose rather long, but not prominent, full, delicately-cut, sensitive mouth, and a chin short and retreating, but dimpled in the centre. His hair, abundant, and pure silver in its hue, was parted in the middle, and fell in long waves to his shoulders. He was dressed in black, with a collar turned down, so as to show more of the throat than is usual in Englishmen. There was something saintly in the mildness, serenity, and perfect refinement of his features, but they wore an expression of habitual cheerfulness and happiness which we rarely find on the face of declared saints. His voice was low and clear, with an exquisitely distinct articulation.

Leigh Hunt, in fact, might justly be called, among poets, the Apostle of Cheerfulness. No author ever possessed sunnier philosophy. All the hardships and disappointment of his life could not sour or embitter him. He stuck bravely to the theory that everything was good and beautiful—that there was no inherent evil in the nature of Man, and no

reason why every human being on the face of the earth should not be jolly. Not a dark, or morbid, or complaining line is to be found in all his works. His poems are full of breezes, and odors, and sunshine, and laughter. His personality conveyed just the same impression, and one of his first remarks, on that evening, was an amusing confirmation of it. "I have recently lost most of my teeth," said he; "and I am surprised to find that I suffer some inconvenience from it. I always supposed that Nature would compensate us for every loss of the kind—either that the gums would harden so as to take the place of teeth, or that I should lose all desire for food which requires mastication: but it does not seem to be so. I am a little disappointed, I must confess; but I shall try the experiment a while longer."

By degrees, he fell into his favorite theme—that of the absolute goodness and beauty of everything. I expressed a different opinion, mainly for the sake of hearing how he would defend himself. He skipped over contradictory facts and arguments, however, with a cheerful agility which showed that he was used to it. "Why," he exclaimed, "*nobody* does evil for the love of it. Evil is simply a bad habit, a diseased condition of the mind. Even the man who assaults or robs you tries first to excite your anger against him, so that his act may seem to himself to be a retaliation, rather than an unprovoked wrong. If men were properly educated, they would all be good. The bad are simply to be pitied, not blamed, because their lives have been distorted, and generally by no fault of their own." It was pleasant to hear such kindly sentiments from an old

man whose life had not been very fortunate, except in its associations; but I candidly confessed that I was unable to accept quite so good-natured a philosophy.

In the course of our conversation, some remark about birds led Hunt to take down a volume and read to us the song of a nightingale, as put into words by some Italian author. He read it in a silvery, chirping tone, running over the trills and lingering on the sustained notes in a way which reproduced all of the nightingale's song except its passion. His reading of poetry was likewise fine, but characteristic: he never could have chanted Milton with the grand and solemn monotony of Tennyson's voice.

Hunt's father was a Philadelphian, and he was related to Benjamin West by the mother's side. He was much interested in learning that the children of Americans, though born abroad, are still American citizens, and that, therefore, he enjoyed the citizenship of both hemispheres. His first volume of poems ("Foliage") was reprinted in Philadelphia in 1817: He spoke with great satisfaction of his American reputation, his previous idea of the "shop-board" having perhaps been modified by the offer of Ticknor & Fields to pay him a copyright on his works.

Dickens's character of "Harold Skimpole," in "Bleak House," which, by the novelist's confession, was drawn from Leigh Hunt, is a glaring caricature. Placing, himself, very little value upon money, Hunt could not recognize its actual value in the eyes of others. He borrowed as freely as he would have given, had the case been reversed, and he was perhaps as careless about paying as he would have been about demanding payment. This, of course, was a

weakness which we cannot justify; but neither can we justify the wanton and distorted exhibition of it by a brother author. Hunt was also called selfish. All persons of exquisite and delicate taste are necessarily—perhaps unconsciously—selfish in certain ways. Hunt's conduct, however, during his imprisonment, shows that he knew how to endure serious loss for the sake of a principle, and that the baser forms of selfishness had no place in his nature. His kindly philosophy was sincere, and, whatever faults he may have had, the example of patience and cheerfulness which he gives us far overbalances them.

The world is full of weeping and wailing authors, and we should be thankful for one who does not swell the utterance of misery—who conceals his tears, and shows us a happy face wherever we meet him.

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### 5.—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN is one of the few fortunate authors whose works are racy with the peculiar flavor of their native soil, yet harmonize with the natural taste of all other lands. The naïve simplicity of his style, the richness and quaintness of his fancy, and a minute delicacy of touch in his descriptive passages which reminds one of the pencil of Teniers, may be enjoyed by those most remote from the moors of Jutland and the cliff-bound Baltic isles whence his themes are mostly drawn—yet doubly enjoyed by the few to whom the originals of his landscapes are familiar. Den

mark is rich in the natural elements of poetry. Its history is a wonderful panorama of romance, wherein the heroic figures stand out sharp and splendid against a background of storm. There the pagan chant of the sacred forests of Odin mingles with the masses of Christian monks; the robber-knight of the mainland meets the pirate of the sea; barbaric splendor and Titanic wassail alternate with a life of savage endurance. The convulsions of the Present may create soldiers, priests, statesmen: the Past is the mother of poets.

Denmark is not renowned for its scenery, yet its landscapes have a picturesque homeliness—at times a sublime monotony—which have more power to attract the Muse than the grandest natural features. And here let me remark that scenery does not create poets, either. Where is the native poet of the Alps? or the Pyrenees? or the Bosphorus? or of Cashmere, the Caucasus, and the Himalaya? The Genius of Song does not alight on the icy peaks, or drop into the awful gorges of mountain chains. He hovers over the smoke of cities, or seeks the lowly pastoral vales, the plains, the heathery moorlands, to pick out his chosen children. This is no accidental result: for the life of the mountaineer transmits to his children the quick foot, the strong nerve, the keen eye, rather than the brooding and singing brain. The ploughman's son, the herd-boy of the meadows, the nursling of the town, inherit no such overplus of animal culture: the struggling intellect and vague dreams of the father or mother blossom naturally, in them, into the vision and the faculty divine. People are apt to exclaim (because many people either never think, or think in the



shallowest possible way), on beholding a grand mountain landscape: "This is the true home of poets!" The remark simply indicates that the ideality of the spectator is slightly excited. The reverse is true. Even Holland has produced more poets than Switzerland.

Denmark, in spite of its northern latitude, seemed to me to be admirably adapted for the cradle of authors. It has many "waste and solitary places," such as Shelley loved; melancholy sweeps of sandy "dunes," fretted with the embroidery of the North Sea's waves, and rolling moorlands, purple with heather or golden with gorse and broom. The highest hill in Jutland is only six hundred feet above the sea, yet there are lovely, green, winding valleys, threaded by the clearest of streams; woods of oak, beech, birch, and fur; quaint villages with tiled roofs, and Tartar church-spires, and stately country mansions, with the trim gardens and formal parks of the past century. On one side deep sea-bays run far up among the wooded hills; on the other long friths penetrate the land, and bring the quaint coasting-craft into the central landscapes. On the islands, high cliffs of chalk, tunnelled and caverned by the waves, front the Baltic, and every break in this white wall shows a valley sloping up inland, and bright with the greenest pastures and the fairest groves. "Ah," said a Dane to me, "you have walked under the palms of Egypt and the banyan trees of India, but you have never yet seen the beech woods of Langeland! Nothing in the world is so beautiful. There, in June, you may lie on the moss, under a canopy of transparent emerald—no leaves are so green as beech-leaves in June—and see the blue waters of our Northern

Ægean shimmering below, between the huge boles, white as silver! Then you would understand our Danish poets!"

My friend was right. He who would truly enjoy Oehlenschläger and Heiberg and Baggesen and Andersen, must know Denmark. The latter, especially, although he has travelled much and has occasionally laid the scenes of his stories in foreign lands, is Danish, not only in the character of his mind, but in his most successful subjects. He was born on the island of Fünen, in 1805, and until 1833, I believe, resided either there or in Copenhagen, without ever having trodden the mainland of Europe. The son of a poor shoemaker, a shy and persecuted factory-boy, a supernumerary on the stage, a charity scholar, he has worked his way steadily upward, through that tireless energy which is nothing less than a concentrated enthusiasm, until now he stands acknowledged as the first of living Danish authors—in fact, without a rival anywhere in his own special province of literature.

I cannot remember when I first became acquainted with Andersen's writings; but I think it was during my first residence in Germany in 1845. Shortly afterwards, Mary Howitt's translations of the "*Improvvisatore*," "O. T.," and other works appeared. They were reprinted in this country, and became immediately popular. His "Story of My Life" was published in Boston in 1847. It is a charming autobiography, a little petulant, perhaps a little too free in the narration of his private hostilities, but as frank and picturesque as that of Benvenuto Cellini. I am rather surprised that it should have passed out of print so soon. Like Oehlenschläger Andersen wrote many of his books in

German as well as in Danish, but his "Two Baronesses," which he wrote in English, was not so successful. All educated Danes speak German, and the affinity between the two languages renders a double authorship comparatively easy.

An intimate friend of mine, who was living in Copenhagen, in the year 1852, made the acquaintance of Andersen. One day, while looking over the poet's library, he found a copy of my first book of travel, and called Andersen's attention to it. The latter remarked that he was sorry the author should have died before he had an opportunity of writing some additional volumes! My friend, undeceived him, of course, and the result was a cordial invitation, on his part, for me to visit him at Copenhagen. I was then travelling in the East, and received his message at Constantinople. It was then in my plan to become acquainted with Northern Europe, but many seas and continents still lay between the invitation and its fulfilment.

Time, nor space, however, can cheat a man out of that which he is sure he shall have. Six years afterwards, I came down from the Arctic Thule to find the first tokens of spring on the shores of Zealand. I had but a day or two to spend in Copenhagen, and the sights of that capital—Thorwaldsen's Museum, the Rosenberg Palace, and the Collection of Northern Antiquities—gave me enough to do; but I set aside a portion of my time for Hans Christian Andersen. He was then living in his comfortable bachelor rooms, not far from the Kongens Nytorv, where I was lodged. On sending a messenger to announce my readiness to make his acquaintance, according to promise, I

received word that he was just going out to fulfil an engagement for the evening, but would call upon me the next day.

I was sitting at my window, the following afternoon, busily engaged in sketching the Nytorv, with its bronze statue of Christian IV. in the centre, when some one knocked at the door. Without waiting for a summons the door opened, and a tall, awkward, shambling figure entered. The first idea which occurred to me was: "Here is a man who is perfectly at home wherever he goes." Without a moment's hesitation I sprang up, quite forgetting that we had never met before, and cried out, "Andersen! how are you?" as to an old friend. He greeted me with both hands outstretched: "Ah, here you are at last!" Then, still holding my hands, he said: "To think that you might have passed through Copenhagen, without my knowing it! How I should have been vexed!" Presently we were seated face to face, and in a few minutes I knew his features as well as if I had seen them for years.

He is nearly six feet high, but very loosely put together, large-jointed, angular, and ungainly in his movements. His head is thrown back in a way common to near-sighted persons, and he also has the peculiarity of partly closing the eyelids when looking at you. His features are as ill-assorted as his limbs: the eyes are gray and projecting; the nose large and not quite straight, the mouth broad, and the teeth irregular. His forehead is high and narrow, but well developed at the temples, and his hair thin and sandy-gray. Yet the plainness of his face is attractive, through its air of frankness, honesty, and kindness. His

manner is as simple and natural as that of a child. He has been called egotistical, but his egotism is only a naïve and unthinking sincerity. He has that winning and confiding way which not only encourages, but almost compels confidence in others. Such a man is not only unembarrassed himself, but his presence is an antidote to the embarrassment of others. This fact accounts for his personal popularity with all classes of men, from peasants to kings. He is a Knight of Dannebrog, with the honorary titles of Professor and Doctor, yet it will never be possible to call him anything else than Hans Christian Andersen.



## VII.

### THE CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIUM.

It is not yet a year since I ceased to act as a Spiritual Medium. (I am forced to make use of this title as the most intelligible, but I do it with a strong mental protest.) At first, I desired only to withdraw myself quietly from the peculiar associations into which I had been thrown by the exercise of my faculty, and be content with the simple fact of my escape. A man who joins the Dashaways does not care to have the circumstance announced in the newspapers. "So, he was an habitual drunkard," the public would say. I was overcome by a similar reluctance,—nay, I might honestly call it shame,—since, although I had at intervals officiated as a Medium for a period of seven years, my name had been mentioned, incidentally, only once or twice in the papers devoted especially to Spiritualism. I had no such reputation as that of Hume or Andrew Jackson Davis, which would call for a public statement of my recantation. The result would be, therefore, to give prominence to a weakness, which, however manfully overcome, might be remembered to my future prejudice

I find, however, that the resolution to be silent leaves me restless and unsatisfied. And in reflecting calmly—objectively, for the first time—upon the experience of those seven years, I recognize so many points wherein my case is undoubtedly analogous to that of hundreds of others who may be still entangled in the same labyrinth whence I have but recently escaped, so clear a solution of much that is enigmatical, even to those who reject Spiritualism, that the impulse to write weighs upon me with the pressure of a neglected duty. I *cannot* longer be silent, and, in the conviction that the truth of my statement will be evident enough to those most concerned in hearing it, without the authority of any name (least of all, of one so little known as mine) I now give my confession to the world. The names of the individuals whom I shall have occasion to introduce are, of course, disguised; but, with this exception, the narrative is the plainest possible record of my own experience. Many of the incidents which I shall be obliged to describe are known only to the actors therein, who, I feel assured, will never foolishly betray themselves. I have therefore no fear that any harm can result from my disclosures.

In order to make my views intelligible to those readers who have paid no attention to psychological subjects, I must commence a little in advance of my story. My own individual nature is one of those apparently inconsistent combinations which are frequently found in the children of parents whose temperaments and mental personalities widely differ. This class of natures is much larger than would be supposed. Inheriting opposite, even conflicting,

traits from father and mother, they assume, as either element predominates, diverse characters; and that which is the result of temperament (in fact, congenital inconsistency) is set down by the unthinking world as moral weakness or duplicity. Those who have sufficient skill to perceive and reconcile—or, at least, govern—the opposing elements are few, indeed. Had the power come to me sooner, I should have been spared the necessity of making these confessions.

From one parent I inherited an extraordinarily active and sensitive imagination,—from the other, a sturdy practical sense, a disposition to weigh and balance with calm fairness the puzzling questions which life offers to every man. These conflicting qualities—as is usual in all similar natures—were not developed in equal order of growth. The former governed my childhood, my youth, and enveloped me with spells, which all the force of the latter and more slowly ripened faculty was barely sufficient to break. Luxuriant weeds and brambles covered the soil which should have been ploughed and made to produce honest grain. Unfortunately, I had no teacher who was competent to understand and direct me. The task was left for myself, and I can only wonder, after all that has occurred, how it has been possible for me to succeed. Certainly, this success has not been due to any vigorous exercise of virtue on my part, but solely to the existence of that cool reflective reason which lay *perdue* beneath all the extravagances of my mind.

I possessed, even as a child, an unusual share of what phrenologists call concentrativeness. The power of absorption, of self-forgetfulness, was at the same time a source

of delight and a torment. Lost in some wild dream of absurd childish speculation, my insensibility to outward things was chastised as carelessness or a hardened indifference to counsel. With a memory almost marvellous to retain those things which appealed to my imagination, blundered painfully over the commonest tasks. While I frequently repeated the Sunday hymn, at dinner, I was too often unable to give the least report of the sermon. Withdrawn into my corner of the pew, I gave myself up, after the enunciation of the text, to a complete abstraction, which took no note of time or place. Fixing my eyes upon a knot in one of the panels under the pulpit, I sat moveless during the hour and a half which our worthy old clergyman required for the expounding of the seven parts of his discourse. They could never accuse me of sleeping, however; for I rarely even winked. The closing hymn recalled me to myself, always with a shock, or sense of pain, and sometimes even with a temporary nausea.

This habit of abstraction—properly a complete *passivity* of the mind—after a while developed another habit, in which I now see the root of that peculiar condition which made me a Medium. I shall therefore endeavor to describe it. I was sitting, one Sunday, just as the minister was commencing his sermon, with my eyes carelessly following the fingers of my right hands, as I drummed them slowly cross my knee. Suddenly, the wonder came into my mind,—How is it my fingers move?—What set them going? What is it that stops them? The mystery of that communication between will and muscle, which no physiologist has ever fathomed, burst upon my young intel

lect. I had been conscious of no intention of thus drumming my fingers; they were in motion when I first noticed them: they were certainly a part of myself, yet they acted without my knowledge or design! My left hand was quiet; why did its fingers not move also? Following these reflections came a dreadful fear, as I remembered Jane, the blacksmith's daughter, whose elbows and shoulders sometimes jerked in such a way as to make all the other scholars laugh, although we were sorry for the poor girl, who cried bitterly over her unfortunate, ungovernable limbs. I was comforted, however, on finding that I could control the motion of my fingers at pleasure; but my imagination was too active to stop there. What if I should forget how to direct my hands? What if they should refuse to obey me? What if my knees, which were just as still as the hymn-books in the rack before me, should cease to bend, and I should sit there for ever? These very questions seemed to produce a temporary paralysis of the will. As my right hand lay quietly on my knee, and I asked myself, with a stupid wonder, "Now, can I move it?" it lay as still as before. I had only questioned, not willed. "No, I cannot move it," I said, in real doubt. I was conscious of a blind sense of exertion, wherein there was yet no proper exertion, but which seemed to exhaust me. Fascinated by this new mystery, I contemplated my hand as something apart from myself,—something subordinate to, but not identical with, me. The rising of the congregation for the hymn broke the spell, like the snapping of a thread.

The reader will readily understand that I carried these



experiences much farther. I gradually learned to suspend (perhaps in imagination only, but therefore none the less really) the action of my will upon the muscles of the arms and legs; and I did it with the greater impunity, from knowing that the stir consequent upon the conclusion of the services would bring me to myself. In proportion as the will became passive, the activity of my imagination was increased, and I experienced a new and strange delight in watching the play of fantasies which appeared to come and go independently of myself. There was still a dim consciousness of outward things mingled with my condition; I was not beyond the recall of my senses. But one day, I remember, as I sat motionless as a statue, having ceased any longer to attempt to control my dead limbs, more than usually passive, a white, shining mist gradually stole around me; my eyes finally ceased to take cognizance of objects; a low, musical humming sounded in my ears, and those creatures of the imagination which had hitherto crossed my brain as *thoughts* now spoke to me as audible voices. If there is any happy delirium in the first stages of intoxication, (of which, thank Heaven, I have no experience,) it must be a sensation very much like that which I felt. The death of external and the birth of internal consciousness overwhelmed my childish soul with a dumb, ignorant ecstasy, like that which savages feel on first hearing the magic of music.

How long I remained thus I know not. I was aroused by feeling myself violently shaken. "John," exclaimed my mother, who had grasped my arm with a determined hand,—“bless the boy! what ails him? Why, his face is

as white as a sheet!" Slowly I recovered my consciousness, saw the church and the departing congregation, and mechanically followed my parents. I could give no explanation of what had happened, except to say that I had fallen asleep. As I ate my dinner with a good appetite, my mother's fears were quieted. I was left at home the following Sunday, and afterwards only ventured to indulge sparingly in the exercise of my newly discovered faculty. My mother, I was conscious, took more note of my presence than formerly, and I feared a repetition of the same catastrophe. As I grew older and my mind became interested in a wider range of themes, I finally lost the habit, which I classed among the many follies of childhood.

I retained, nevertheless, and still retain, something of that subtle instinct which mocks and yet surpasses reason. My feelings with regard to the persons whom I met were quite independent of their behavior towards me, or the estimation in which they were held by the world. Things which puzzled my brain in waking hours were made clear to me in sleep, and I frequently felt myself blindly impelled to do or to avoid doing certain things. The members of my family, who found it impossible to understand my motives of action,—because, in fact, there were no *motives*,—complacently solved the difficulty by calling me "queer." I presume there are few persons who are not occasionally visited by the instinct, or impulse, or faculty, or whatever it may be called, to which I refer. I possessed it in a more than ordinary degree, and was generally able to distinguish between its suggestions and the mere humors of my imagination. It is scarcely necessary to say that I assume the

existence of such a power, at the outset. I recognize it as a normal faculty of the human mind,—not therefore universal, any more than the genius which makes a poet, painter, or a composer.

My education was neither general nor thorough; hence I groped darkly with the psychological questions which were presented to me. Tormented by those doubts which at some period of life assail the soul of every thinking man, I was ready to grasp at any solution which offered, without very carefully testing its character. I eagerly accepted the theory of Animal Magnetism, which, so far as it went, was satisfactory; but it only illustrated the powers and relations of the soul in its present state of existence; it threw no light upon that future which I was not willing to take upon faith alone. Though sensible to mesmeric influences, I was not willing that my spiritual nature should be the instrument of another's will,—that a human being, like myself, should become possessed of all my secrets and sanctities, touching the keys of every passion with his unhallowed fingers. In the phenomena of clairvoyance I saw only other and more subtle manifestations of the power which I knew to exist in my own mind. Hence, I soon grew weary of prosecuting inquiries which, at best, would fall short of solving my own great and painful doubt,—Does the human soul continue to exist after death? That it could take cognizance of things beyond the reach of the five senses, I was already assured. This, however, might be a sixth sense, no less material and perishable in its character than the others. My brain, as yet, was too young and immature to follow the thread of that lofty spiritual logic in

the light of which such doubts melt away like mists of the night. Thus, uneasy because undeveloped, erring because I had never known the necessary guidance, seeking, but almost despairing of enlightenment, I was a fit subject for my spiritual epidemic which seemed to offer me a cure for worse maladies.

At this juncture occurred the phenomena known as the 'Rochester Knockings.' (My home, let me say, is in a small town not far from New York.) I shared in the general interest aroused by the marvellous stories, which, being followed by the no less extraordinary display of some unknown agency at Norwalk, Connecticut, excited me to such a degree that I was half-converted to the new faith before I had witnessed any spiritual manifestation. Soon after the arrival of the Misses Fox in New York I visited them in their rooms at the Howard House. Impressed by their quiet, natural demeanor, the absence of anything savoring of jugglery, and the peculiar character of the raps and movements of the table, I asked my questions and applied my tests, in a passive, if not a believing frame of mind. In fact, I had not long been seated, before the noises became loud and frequent.

"The spirits like to communicate with you," said Mrs. Fish: "you seem to be nearer to them than most people."

I summoned, in succession, the spirits of my mother, a younger brother, and a cousin to whom I had been much attached in boyhood, and obtained correct answers to all my questions. I did not then remark, what has since occurred to me, that these questions concerned things which I knew, and that the answers to them were distinctly im



pressed on my mind at the time. The result of one of my tests made a very deep impression upon me. Having mentally selected a friend whom I had met in the train that morning, I asked,—“Will the spirit whose name is now in my mind communicate with me?” To this came the answer, slowly rapped out, on calling over the alphabet,—“*He is living!*”

I returned home, very much puzzled. Precisely those features of the exhibition (let me call it such) which repulse others attracted me. The searching day-light, the plain, matter-of-fact character of the manifestations, the absence of all solemnity and mystery, impressed me favorably towards the spiritual theory. If disembodied souls, I said, really exist and can communicate with those in the flesh, why should they choose moonlight or darkness, graveyards or lonely bed-chambers, for their visitations? What is to hinder them from speaking at times and in places where the senses of men are fully awake and alert, rather than when they are liable to be the dupes of the imagination? In such reflections as these I was the unconscious dupe of my own imagination, while supposing myself thoroughly impartial and critical.

Soon after this, circles began to be formed in my native town, for the purpose of table-moving. A number of persons met, secretly at first,—for as yet there were no avowed converts,—and quite as much for sport as for serious investigation. The first evening there was no satisfactory manifestation. The table moved a little, it is true, but each one laughingly accused his neighbors of employing some muscular force: all isolated attempts were vain. I was con-



scious, nevertheless, of a curious sensation of numbness in the arms, which recalled to mind my forgotten experiments in church. No rappings were heard, and some of the participants did not scruple to pronounce the whole thing a delusion.

A few evenings after this we met again. Those who were most incredulous happened to be absent, while, accidentally, their places were filled by persons whose temperaments disposed them to a passive seriousness. Among these was a girl of sixteen, Miss Abby Fetters, a pale, delicate creature, with blond hair and light-blue eyes. Chance placed her next to me, in forming the ring, and her right hand lay lightly upon my left. We stood around a heavy circular dining-table. A complete silence was preserved, and all minds gradually sank into a quiet, passive expectancy. In about ten minutes I began to feel, or to imagine that I felt, a stream of light—if light were a palpable substance—a something far finer and more subtile than an electric current, passing from the hand of Miss Fetters through my own into the table. Presently the great wooden mass began to move—stopped—moved again—turned in a circle, we following, without changing the position of our hands—and finally began to rock from side to side, with increasing violence. Some of the circle were thrown off by the movements; others withdrew their hands in affright; and but four, among whom were Miss Fetters and myself, retained their hold. My outward consciousness appeared to be somewhat benumbed, as if by some present fascination or approaching trance, but I retained curiosity enough to look at my companion. Her eyes, sparkling with a strange, steady light, were fixed upon

the table; her breath came quick and short, and her cheek had lost every trace of color. Suddenly, as if by a spasmodic effort, she removed her hands; I did the same, and the table stopped. She threw herself into a seat, as if exhausted, yet, during the whole time, not a muscle of the hand which lay upon mine had stirred. I solemnly declare that my own hands had been equally passive, yet I experienced the same feeling of fatigue—not muscular fatigue, but a sense of *deadness*, as if every drop of nervous energy had been suddenly taken from me.

Further experiments, the same evening, showed that we two, either together or alone, were able to produce the same phenomena without the assistance of the others present. We did not succeed, however, in obtaining any answers to our questions, nor were any of us impressed by the idea that the spirits of the dead were among us. In fact, these table-movings would not, of themselves, suggest the idea of a spiritual manifestation. “The table is bewitched,” said Thompson, a hard-headed young fellow, without a particle of imagination; and this was really the first impression of all: some unknown force, latent in the dead matter, had been called into action. Still, this conclusion was so strange, so incredible, that the agency of supernatural intelligences finally presented itself to my mind as the readiest solution.

It was not long before we obtained rappings, and were enabled to repeat all the experiments which I had tried during my visit to the Fox family. The spirits of our deceased relatives and friends announced themselves, and generally gave a correct account of their earthly lives 1

must confess, however, that, whenever we attempted to pry into the future, we usually received answers as ambiguous as those of the Grecian oracles, or predictions which failed to be realized. Violent knocks or other unruly demonstrations would sometimes interrupt an intelligent communication which promised us some light on the other life: these, we were told, were occasioned by evil or mischievous spirits, whose delight it was to create disturbances. They never occurred, I now remember, except when Miss Fetters was present. At the time, we were too much absorbed in our researches to notice the fact.

The reader will perceive, from what he knows of my previous mental state, that it was not difficult for me to accept the theories of the Spiritualists. Here was an evidence of the immortality of the soul—nay, more, of its continued individuality through endless future existences. The idea of my individuality being lost had been to me the same thing as complete annihilation. The spirits themselves informed us that they had come to teach these truths. The simple, ignorant faith of the Past, they said, was worn out; with the development of science, the mind of man had become skeptical; the ancient fountains no longer sufficed for his thirst; each new era required a new revelation; in all former ages there had been single minds pure enough and advanced enough to communicate with the dead and be the mediums of their messages to men, but now the time had come when the knowledge of this intercourse must be declared unto all; in its light the mysteries of the Past became clear; in the wisdom thus imparted, that happy Future which seems possible to every ardent and generous

heart would be secured. I was not troubled by the fact that the messages which proclaimed these things were often incorrectly spelt, that the grammar was bad and the language far from elegant. I did not reflect that these new and sublime truths had formerly passed through my own brain as the dreams of a wandering imagination. Like that American philosopher who looks upon one of his own neophytes as a man of great and profound mind because the latter carefully remembers and repeats to him his own carelessly uttered wisdom, I saw in these misty and disjointed reflections of my own thoughts the precious revelation of departed and purified spirits.

How a passion for the unknown and unattainable takes hold of men is illustrated by the search for the universal solvent, by the mysteries of the Rosicrucians, by the patronage of fortune-tellers, even. Wholly absorbed in spiritual researches—having, in fact, no vital interest in anything else—I soon developed into what is called a Medium. I discovered, at the outset, that the peculiar condition to be attained before the tables would begin to move could be produced at will.\* I also found that the passive state into

\* In attempting to describe my own sensations, I labor under the disadvantage of speaking mostly to those who have never experienced anything of the kind. Hence, what would be perfectly clear to myself, and to those who have passed through a similar experience, may be unintelligible to the former class. The Spiritualists excuse the crudities which their Plato, St. Paul, and Shakspeare utter, by ascribing them to the imperfection of human language; and I may claim the same allowance in setting forth mental conditions of which the mind itself can grasp no complete idea, seeing that its most important faculties are paralysed during the existence of those conditions:



which I naturally fell had a tendency to produce that trance or suspension of the will which I had discovered when a boy. External consciousness, however, did not wholly depart. I saw the circle of inquirers around me, but dimly, and as phantoms—while the impressions which passed over my brain seemed to wear visible forms and to speak with audible voices.

I did not doubt, at the time, that spirits visited me, and that they made use of my body to communicate with those who could hear them in no other way. Beside the pleasant intoxication of the semi-trance, I felt a rare joy in the knowledge that I was elected above other men to be their interpreter. Let me endeavor to describe the nature of this possession. Sometimes, even before a spirit would be called for, the figure of the person, as it existed in the mind of the inquirer, would suddenly present itself to me—not to my outward senses, but to my interior, instinctive knowledge. If the recollection of the other embraced also the voice, I heard the voice in the same manner, and unconsciously imitated it. The answers to the questions I knew by the same instinct, as soon as the questions were spoken. If the question was vague, asked for information rather than *confirmation*, either no answer came, or there was an impression of a *wish* of what the answer might be, or, at times, some strange involuntary sentence sprang to my lips. When I wrote, my hand appeared to move of itself; yet the words it wrote invariably passed through my mind. Even when blindfolded, there was no difference in its performance. The same powers developed themselves in a still greater degree in Miss Fetters. The spirits which



spoke most readily through her were those of men, even coarse and rude characters, which came unsummoned. Two or three of the other members of our circle were able to produce motions in the table ; they could even feel, as they asserted, the touch of spiritual hands ; but, however much they desired it, they were never personally possessed as we and therefore could not properly be called Mediums.

These investigations were not regularly carried on. Occasionally the interest of the circle flagged, until it was renewed by the visit of some apostle of the new faith, usually accompanied by a "Preaching Medium." Among those whose presence especially conduced to keep alive the flame of spiritual inquiry was a gentleman named Stilton, the editor of a small monthly periodical entitled "Revelations from the Interior." Without being himself a Medium, he was nevertheless thoroughly conversant with the various phenomena of Spiritualism, and both spoke and wrote in the dialect which its followers adopted. He was a man of varied, but not profound learning, an active intellect, giving and receiving impressions with equal facility, and with an unusual combination of concentrativeness and versatility in his nature. A certain inspiration was connected with his presence. His personality overflowed upon and influenced others. "My mind is not sufficiently submissive," he would say, "to receive impressions from the spirits, but my atmosphere attracts them, and encourage hem to speak." He was a stout, strongly built man, with coarse black hair, gray eyes, large animal mouth, square jaws, and short, thick neck. Had his hair been cropped close, he would have looked very much like a prize-fighter ;

but he wore it long, parted in the middle, and as meek in expression as its stiff waves would allow.

Stilton soon became the controlling spirit of our circle. His presence really seemed, as he said, to encourage the spirits. Never before had the manifestations been so abundant or so surprising. Miss Feters, especially, astonished us by the vigor of her possessions. Not only Samson and Peter the Great, but Gibbs the Pirate, Black Hawk, and Joe Manton, who had died the previous year in a fit of delirium-tremens, prophesied, strode, swore, and smashed things in turn, by means of her frail little body. As Cribb, a noted pugilist of the last century, she floored an incautious spectator, giving him a black eye which he wore for a fortnight afterwards. Singularly enough, my visitors were of the opposite cast. Hypatia, Petrarch, Mary Magdalen, Abelard, and, oftenest of all, Shelley, proclaimed mystic truths from my lips. They usually spoke in inspired monologues, without announcing themselves beforehand, and often without giving any clue to their personality. A practised stenographer, engaged by Mr. Stilton, took down many of these communications as they were spoken, and they were afterwards published in the "Revelations." It was also remarked, that, while Miss Feters employed violent gestures, and seemed to possess a superhuman strength, I, on the contrary, sat motionless, pale, and with little sign of life except in my voice, which, though low, was clear and dramatic in its modulations. Stilton explained this difference without hesitation. "Miss Abby," he said, "possesses soul-matter of a texture to which the souls of these strong men naturally adhere. In the spirit-land the

superfluities repel each other ; the individual souls seek to remedy their imperfections : in the union of opposites only is to be found the great harmonia of life. You, John, move upon another plane ; through what in you is undeveloped, these developed spirits are attracted.”

For two or three years, I must admit, my life was a very happy one. Not only were those occasional trances an intoxication, nay, a coveted indulgence, but they cast a consecration over my life. My restored faith rested on the sure evidence of my own experience ; my new creed contained no harsh or repulsive feature ; I heard the same noble sentiments which I uttered in such moments repeated by my associates in the faith, and I devoutly believed that a complete regeneration of the human race was at hand. Nevertheless, it struck me sometimes as singular that many of the Mediums whom I met—men and women chosen by spiritual hands to the same high office—excited in my mind that instinct of repulsion on which I had learned to rely as a sufficient reason for avoiding certain persons. Far as it would have been from my mind, at that time, to question the manifestations which accompanied them, I could not smother my mistrust of their characters. Miss Fetters, whom I so frequently met, was one of the most disagreeable. Her cold, thin lips, pale eyes, and lean figure gave me a singular impression of voracious hunger. Her presence was often announced to me by a chill shudder, before I saw her. Centuries ago one of her ancestors must have been a ghou! or vampire. The trance of possession seemed, with her, to be a form of dissipation, in which she indulged as she might have catered for a baser appetite. The new

religion was nothing to her; I believe she valued it only on account of the importance she obtained among its followers. Her father, a vain, weak-minded man, who kept a grocery in the town, was himself a convert.

Stilton had an answer for every doubt. No matter how tangled a labyrinth might be exhibited to him, he walked straight through it.

“How is it,” I asked him, “that so many of my fellow-mediums inspire me with an instinctive dislike and mistrust?”

“By mistrust you mean dislike,” he answered; “since you know of no reason to doubt their characters. The elements of soul-matter are differently combined in different individuals, and there are affinities and repulsions, just as there are in the chemical elements. Your feeling is chemical, not moral. A want of affinity does not necessarily imply an existing evil in the other party. In the present ignorance of the world, our true affinities can only be imperfectly felt and indulged; and the entire freedom which we shall obtain in this respect is the greatest happiness of the spirit-life.”

Another time I asked—

“How is it that the spirits of great authors speak so tamely to us? Shakspeare, last night, wrote a passage which he would have been heartily ashamed of, as a living man. We know that a spirit spoke, calling himself Shakspeare; but, judging from his communication, it could not have been he.”

“It probably was not,” said Mr. Stilton. “I am convinced that all malicious spirits are at work to interrupt

the communications from the higher spheres. We were thus deceived by one professing to be Benjamin Franklin, who drew for us the plan of a machine for splitting shingles, which we had fabricated and patented at considerable expense. On trial, however, it proved to be a miserable failure, a complete mockery. When the spirit was again summoned he refused to speak, but shook the table to express his malicious laughter, went off, and has never since returned. My friend, we know but the alphabet of Spiritualism, the mere A B C; we can no more expect to master the immortal language in a day than a child to read Plato after learning his letters."

Many of those who had been interested in the usual phenomena gradually dropped off, tired, and perhaps a little ashamed, in the reaction following their excitement; but there were continual accessions to our ranks, and we formed, at last, a distinct clan or community. Indeed, the number of *secret* believers in Spiritualism would never be suspected by the uninitiated. In the sect, however, as in Masonry, and the Catholic Church, there are circles within circles—concentric rings, whence you can look outwards, but not inwards, and where he alone who stands at the centre is able to perceive everything. Such an inner circle was at last formed in our town. Its object, according to Stilton, with whom the plan originated, was to obtain a purer spiritual atmosphere, by the exclusion of all but Mediums, and those non-mediumistic believers in whose presence the spirits felt at ease, and thus invite communications from the farther and purer spheres.

In fact, the result seemed to justify the plan. The cha



acter of the trance, as I had frequently observed, is vitiated by the consciousness that disbelievers are present. The more perfect the atmosphere of credulity, the more satisfactory the manifestations. The expectant company, the dim light, the conviction that a wonderful revelation was about to dawn upon us, excited my imagination, and my trance was really a sort of delirium, in which I spoke with a passion and an eloquence I had never before exhibited. The fear, which had previously haunted me, at times, of giving my brain and tongue into the control of an unknown power, was forgotten; yet, more than ever, I was conscious of some strong controlling influence, and experienced a reckless pleasure in permitting myself to be governed by it. "Prepare," I concluded, (I quote from the report in the "Revelations,") "prepare, sons of men, for the dawning day! Prepare for the second and perfect regeneration of man! For the prison-chambers have been broken into, and the light from the interior shall illuminate the external! Ye shall enjoy spiritual and passional freedom; your guides shall no longer be the despotism of ignorant laws, nor the whip of an imaginary conscience,—but the natural impulses of your nature, which are the melody of Life, and the natural affinities, which are its harmony! The reflections from the upper spheres shall irradiate the lower, and Death is the triumphal arch through which we pass from glory to glory!"

— I have here paused, deliberating whether I should proceed farther in my narrative. But no; if any good is to be accomplished by these confessions, the reader must walk with me through the dark labyrinth which follows

He must walk over what may be considered delicate ground, but he shall not be harmed. One feature of the trance condition is too remarkable, too important in its consequences to be overlooked. It is a feature of which many Mediums are undoubtedly ignorant, the existence of which is not even suspected by thousands of honest Spiritualists.

Let me again anticipate the regular course of my narrative, and explain. A suspension of the Will, when indulged in for any length of time, produces a suspension of that inward consciousness of good and evil which we call Conscience, and which can be actively exercised only through the medium of the Will. The mental faculties and the moral perceptions lie down together in the same passive sleep. The subject is, therefore, equally liable to receive impressions from the minds of others, and from their passions and lusts. Besides this, the germs of all good and of all evil are implanted in the nature of every human being; and even when some appetite is buried in a crypt so deep that its existence is forgotten, let the warder be removed, and it will gradually work its way to the light. Persons in the receptive condition which belongs to the trance may be surrounded by honest and pure-minded individuals, and receive no harmful impressions; they may even, if of a healthy spiritual temperament, resist for a time the aggressions of evil influences; but the final danger is always the same. The state of the Medium, therefore, may be described as one in which the Will is passive, the Conscience passive, the outward senses partially (sometimes wholly) suspended, the mind helplessly subject to the operations of other minds,

and the passions and desires released from all restraining influences.\* I make the statement boldly, after long and careful reflection, and severe self-examination.

As I said before, I did not entirely lose my external consciousness, although it was very dim and dream-like. On returning to the natural state, my recollection of what had occurred during the trance became equally dim; but I retained a general impression of the character of the possession. I knew that some foreign influence—the spirit of a dead poet, or hero, or saint, I then believed—governed me for the time; that I gave utterance to thoughts unfamiliar to my mind in its conscious state; and that my own individuality was lost, or so disguised that I could no longer recognize it. This very circumstance made the trance an indulgence, a spiritual intoxication, no less fascinating than that of the body, although accompanied by a similar reaction. Yet, behind all, dimly evident to me, there was an element of terror. There were times when, back of the influences which spoke with my voice, rose another—a vast, overwhelming, threatening power, the nature of which I could not grasp, but which I knew was evil. Even when in my natural state, listening to the harsh utterances of Miss Feters or the lofty spiritual philosophy of Mr. Stilton, I have felt for a single second, the touch of an icy wind, accompanied by a sensation of unutterable dread.

Our secret circle had not held many sessions before a

\* The recent experiments in *Hypnotism*, in France, show that a very similar psychological condition accompanies the trance produced by gazing fixedly upon a bright object held near the eyes. I have no doubt, in fact, that it belongs to every abnormal state of the mind.

remarkable change took place in the character of the revelations. Mr. Stilton ceased to report them for his paper.

“We are on the threshold at last,” said he; “the secrets of the ages lie beyond. The hands of spirits are now lifting the veil, fold by fold. Let us not be startled by what we hear: let us show that our eyes can bear the light—that we are competent to receive the wisdom of the higher spheres, and live according to it.”

Miss Feters was more than ever possessed by the spirit of Joe Manton, whose allowance of grog having been cut off too suddenly by his death, he was continually clamoring for a dram. “I tell you,” yelled he, or rather she, “I won’t stand sich meanness. I ha’n’t come all the way here for nothin’. I’ll knock Erasmus all to thunder, if you go for to turn me out dry, and let him come in.”

Mr. Stilton thereupon handed him, or her, a tumbler half-full of brandy, which she gulped down at a single swallow. Joe Manton presently retired to make room for Erasmus, who spoke for some time in Latin, or what appeared to be Latin. None of us could make much of it; but Mr. Stilton declared that the Latin pronunciation of Erasmus was probably different from ours, or that he might have learned the true Roman accent from Cicero and Seneca, with whom, doubtless, he was now on intimate terms. As Erasmus generally concluded by throwing his arms, or rather the arms of Miss Feters, around the neck of Mr. Stilton—his spirit fraternizing, apparently, with the spirit of the latter—we greatly regretted that his communications were unintelligible, on account of the superior wisdom which they might be supposed to contain.

I confess, I cannot recall the part I played in what would have been a pitiable farce, if it had not been so terribly tragical, without a feeling of utter shame. Nothing but my profound sympathy for the thousands and tens of thousands who are still subject to the same delusion could compel me to such a sacrifice of pride. Curiously enough (as I thought *then*, but not now), the enunciation of sentiments opposed to my moral sense—the abolition, in fact, of all moral restraint—came from my lips, while the actions of Miss Fetters hinted at their practical application. Upon the ground that the interests of the soul were paramount to all human laws and customs, I declared—or rather, *my voice* declared—that self-denial was a fatal error, to which half the misery of mankind could be traced; that the passions, held as slaves, exhibited only the brutish nature of slaves, and would be exalted and glorified by entire freedom; and that our sole guidance ought to come from the voices of the spirits who communicated with us, instead of the imperfect laws constructed by our benighted fellow-men. How clear and logical, how lofty, these doctrines seemed! If, at times, something in their nature repelled me, I simply attributed it to the fact that I was still but a neophyte in the Spiritual Philosophy, and incapable of perceiving the truth with entire clearness.

Mr. Stilton had a wife,—one of those meek, amiable, simple-hearted women whose individuality seems to be completely absorbed into that of their husbands. When such women are wedded to frank, tender, protecting men, their lives are truly blessed; but they are willing slaves to the domestic tyrant. They bear uncomplainingly,—many



of them even without a thought of complaint,—and die at last with their hearts full of love for the brutes who have trampled upon them. Mrs. Stilton was perhaps forty years of age, of middle height, moderately plump in person, with light-brown hair, soft, inexpressive gray eyes, and a meek, helpless, imploring mouth. Her voice was mild and plaintive, and its accents of anger (if she ever gave utterance to such) could not have been distinguished from those of grief. She did not often attend our sessions, and it was evident, that, while she endeavored to comprehend the revelations, in order to please her husband, their import was very far beyond her comprehension. She was now and then a little frightened at utterances which no doubt sounded lewd or profane to her ears; but after a glance at Mr. Stilton's face, and finding that it betrayed neither horror nor surprise, would persuade herself that everything must be right.

“Are you sure,” she once timidly whispered to me, “are you very sure, Mr. —, that there is no danger of being led astray? It seems strange to me; but perhaps I don't understand it.”

Her question was so indefinite, that I found it difficult to answer. Stilton, however, seeing me engaged in endeavoring to make clear to her the glories of the new truth, exclaimed,—

“That's right, John! Your spiritual plane slants through many spheres, and has points of contact with a great variety of souls. I hope my wife will be able to see the light through you, since I appear to be too opaque for her to receive it from me.”

“Oh, Abijah!” said the poor woman, “you know it is

my fault. I try to follow, and I hope I have faith, though I don't see everything as clearly as you do."

I began also to have my own doubts, as I perceived that an "affinity" was gradually being developed between Stilton and Miss Fetters. She was more and more frequently possessed by the spirit of Erasmus, whose salutations, on meeting and parting with his brother-philosopher, were too enthusiastic for merely masculine love. But, whenever I hinted at the possibility of mistaking the impulses of the soul, or at evil resulting from a too sudden and universal liberation of the passions, Stilton always silenced me with his inevitable logic. Having once accepted the premises, I could not avoid the conclusions.

"When our natures are in harmony with spirit-matter throughout the spheres," he would say, "our impulses will always be in accordance. Or, if there should be any temporary disturbance, arising from our necessary intercourse with the gross, blinded multitude, we can always fly to our spiritual monitors for counsel. Will not they, the immortal souls of the ages past, who have guided us to a knowledge of the truth, assist us also in preserving it pure?"

In spite of this, in spite of my admiration of Stilton's intellect, and my yet unshaken faith in Spiritualism, I was conscious that the harmony of the circle was becoming impaired in me. Was I falling behind in spiritual progress? Was I too weak to be the medium for the promised revelations? I threw myself again and again into the trance, with a recklessness of soul which fitted me to receive any, even the darkest impressions, to catch and proclaim every

guilty whisper of the senses, and, while under the influence of the excitement, to exult in the age of license which I believed to be at hand. But darker, stronger grew the terror which lurked behind this spiritual carnival. A more tremendous power than that which I now recognized as coming from Stilton's brain was present, and I saw myself whirling nearer and nearer to its grasp. I felt, by a sort of blind instinct, too vague to be expressed, that some demoniac agency had thrust itself into the manifestations,—perhaps had been mingled with them from the outset.

For two or three months, my life was the strangest mixture of happiness and misery. I walked about with the sense of some crisis hanging over me. My "possessions" became fiercer and wilder, and the reaction so much more exhausting that I fell into the habit of restoring myself by means of the bottle of brandy which Mr. Stilton took care should be on hand, in case of a visit from Joe Manton. Miss Fetters, strange to say, was not in the least affected by the powerful draughts she imbibed. But, at the same time, my waking life was growing brighter and brighter under the power of a new and delicious experience. My nature is eminently social, and I had not been able—indeed, I did not desire—wholly to withdraw myself from intercourse with non-believers. There was too much in society that was congenial to me to be given up. My instinctive dislike to Miss Abby Fetters, and my compassionate regard for Mrs. Stilton's weakness, only served to render the company of intelligent, cultivated women more attractive to me. Among those whom I met most frequently was Miss Agnes Honeywood, a calm, quiet, unobtrusive girl, the

characteristic of whose face was sweetness rather than beauty, while the first feeling she inspired was respect rather than admiration. She had just that amount of self-possession which conceals without conquering the sweet timidity of woman. Her voice was low, yet clear; and her mild eyes, I found, were capable, on occasion, of both flashing and melting. Why describe her? I loved her before I knew it; but, with the consciousness of my love, that clairvoyant sense on which I learned to depend failed for the first time. Did she love me? When I sought to answer the question in her presence, all was confusion within.

This was not the only new influence which entered into and increased the tumult of my mind. The other half of my two-sided nature—the cool, reflective, investigating faculty—had been gradually ripening, and the questions which it now began to present seriously disturbed the complacency of my theories. I saw that I had accepted many things on very unsatisfactory evidence; but, on the other hand, there was much for which I could find no other explanation. Let me be frank, and say, that I do not *now* pretend to explain all the phenomena of Spiritualism. This, however, I determined to do,—to ascertain, if possible, whether the influences which governed me in the trance state came from the persons around, from the exercise of some independent faculty of my own mind, or really and truly from the spirits of the dead. Mr. Stilton appeared to notice that some internal conflict was going on; but he said nothing in regard to it, and, as events proved, he entirely miscalculated its character.

I said to myself.—“If this chaos continues, it will drive

me mad. Let me have one bit of solid earth beneath my feet, and I can stand until it subsides. Let me throw over the best bower of the heart, since all the anchors of the mind are dragging!" I summoned resolution. I made that desperate venture which no true man makes without a pang of forced courage; but, thank God! I did not make it in vain. Agnes loved me, and in the deep, quiet bliss which this knowledge gave I felt the promise of deliverance. She knew and lamented my connexion with the Spiritualists; but, perceiving my mental condition from the few intimations which I dared to give her, discreetly held her peace. But I could read the anxious expression of that gentle face none the less.

My first endeavor to solve the new questions was to check the *abandon* of the trance condition, and interfuse it with more of sober consciousness. It was a difficult task; and nothing but the circumstance that my consciousness had never been entirely lost enabled me to make any progress. I finally succeeded, as I imagined (certainty is impossible), in separating the different influences which impressed me—perceiving where one terminated and the other commenced, or where two met and my mind vibrated from one to the other until the stronger prevailed, or where a thought which seemed to originate in my own brain took the lead and swept away with me like the mad rush of a prairie colt. When out of the trance, I noticed attentively the expressions made use of by Mr. Stilton and the other members of the circle, and was surprised to find how many of them I had reproduced. But might they not, in the first place, have been derived from me? And what was the vague,



dark Presence which still overshadowed me at such times? What was that power which I had tempted—which we were all tempting, every time we met—and which continually drew nearer and became more threatening? I knew not; *and I know not.* I would rather not speak or think of it any more.

My suspicions with regard to Stilton and Miss Fetters, were confirmed by a number of circumstances which I need not describe. That he should treat his wife in a harsh, ironical manner, which the poor woman felt, but could not understand, did not surprise me; but at other times there was a treacherous tenderness about him. He would dilate eloquently upon the bliss of living in accordance with the spiritual harmonies. Among *us*, he said, there could be no more hatred or mistrust or jealousy—nothing but love, pure, unselfish, perfect love. “You, my dear,” (turning to Mrs. Stilton,) “belong to a sphere which is included within my own, and share in my harmonies and affinities; yet the soul-matter which adheres to you is of a different texture from mine. Yours has also its independent affinities; I see and respect them; and even though they might lead our bodies—our outward, material lives—away from one another, we should still be true to that glorious light of love which permeates all soul-matter.”

“Oh, Abijah!” cried Mrs. Stilton, really distressed, “how can you say such a thing of me? You know I can never adhere to anybody else but you!”

Stilton would then call in my aid to explain his meaning, asserting that I had a faculty of reaching his wife’s intellect, which he did not himself possess. Feeling a certain

sympathy for her painful confusion of mind, I did my best to give his words an interpretation which soothed her fears. Then she begged his pardon, taking all the blame to her own stupidity, and received his grudging, unwilling kiss with a restored happiness which pained me to the heart.

I had a growing presentiment of some approaching catastrophe. I felt, distinctly, the presence of unhallowed passions in our circle; and my steadfast love for Agnes, borne thither in my bosom, seemed like a pure white dove in a cage of unclean birds. Stilton held me from him by the superior strength of his intellect. I began to mistrust, even to hate him, while I was still subject to his power, and unable to acquaint him with the change in my feelings. Miss Fetters was so repulsive that I never spoke to her when it could be avoided. I had tolerated her, heretofore, for the sake of her spiritual gift; but now, when I began to doubt the authenticity of that gift, her hungry eyes, her thin lips, her flat breast, and cold, dry hands excited in me a sensation of absolute abhorrence.

The doctrine of affinities had some time before been adopted by the circle, as a part of the Spiritual Truth. Other circles, with which we were in communication, had also received the same revelation; and the ground upon which it was based, in fact, rendered its acceptance easy. Even I, shielded as I was by the protecting arms of a pure love, sought in vain for arguments to refute a doctrine, the practical operation of which, I saw, might be so dangerous. The soul had a right to seek its kindred soul: that I could not deny. Having found, they belonged to each other. Love is the only law which those who love are bound to

obey. I shall not repeat all the sophistry whereby these positions were strengthened. The doctrine soon blossomed and bore fruit, the nature of which left no doubt as to the character of the tree.

The catastrophe came sooner than I had anticipated, and partly through my own instrumentality; though, in any case, it must finally have come. We were met together at the house of one of the most zealous and fanatical believers. There were but eight persons present—the host and his wife, (an equally zealous proselyte,) a middle-aged bachelor neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Stilton, Miss Fetters and her father, and myself. It was a still, cloudy, sultry evening, after one of those dull, oppressive days when all the bad blood in a man seems to be uppermost in his veins. The manifestations upon the table, with which we commenced, were unusually rapid and lively. “I am convinced,” said Mr. Stilton, “that we shall receive important revelations to-night. My own mind possesses a clearness and quickness, which, I have noticed, always precede the visit of a superior spirit. Let us be passive and receptive, my friends. We are but instruments in the hands of loftier intelligences, and only through our obedience can this second advent of Truth be fulfilled.”

He looked at me with that expression which I so well knew, as the signal for a surrender of my will. I had come rather unwillingly, for I was getting heartily tired of the business, and longed to shake off my habit of (spiritual) intoxication, which no longer possessed any attraction, since I had been allowed to visit Agnes as an accepted lover. In fact, I continued to hold my place in the circle princi-

pally for the sake of satisfying myself with regard to the real nature and causes of the phenomena. On this night, something in Mr. Stilton's face arrested my attention, and a rapid inspiration flashed through my mind. "Suppose," I thought, "I allow the usual effect to be produced, yet reverse the character of its operation? I am convinced that he has been directing the current of my thought according to his will; let me now render myself so thoroughly passive, that my mind, like a mirror, shall reflect what passes through his, retaining nothing of my own except the simple consciousness of what I am doing." Perhaps this was exactly what he desired. He sat, bending forward a little over the table, his square jaws firmly set, his eyes hidden beneath their heavy brows, and every long, wiry hair on his head in its proper place. I fixed my eyes upon him, threw my mind into a state of perfect receptivity, and waited.

It was not long before I felt his approach. Shadow after shadow flitted across the still mirror of my inward sense. Whether the thoughts took words in his brain or in mine, —whether I first caught his disjointed musings, and, by their utterance reacting upon him, gave system and development to *his* thoughts—I cannot tell. But this I know, what I said came wholly from him—not from the slandered spirits of the dead, not from the vagaries of my own imagination, but from *him*. "Listen to me!" I said. "In the flesh I was a martyr to the Truth, and I am permitted to communicate only with those whom the Truth has made free. You are the heralds of the great day; you have climbed from sphere to sphere, until now you stand near

the fountains of light. But it is not enough that you see your lives must reflect the light. The inward vision is for you, but the outward manifestation thereof is for the souls of others. Fulfil the harmonies in the flesh. Be the living music, not the silent instruments."

There was more, much more of this—a plenitude of eloquent sound, which seems to embody sublime ideas, but which, carefully examined, contains no more palpable substance than sea-froth. If the reader will take the trouble to read an "Epic of the Starry Heavens," the production of a Spiritual Medium, he will find several hundred pages of the same character. But, by degrees, the revelation descended to details, and assumed a personal application. "In you, in all of you, the spiritual harmonies are still violated," was the conclusion. "You, Abijah Stilton, who are chosen to hold up the light of truth to the world, require that a transparent soul, capable of transmitting that light to you, should be allied to yours. She who is called your wife is a clouded lens; she can receive the light only through John ——, who is her true spiritual husband, as Abby Fetters is *your* true spiritual wife!"

I was here conscious of a sudden cessation of the influence which forced me to speak, and stopped. The members of the circle opposite to me—the host, his wife, neighbor, and old Mr. Fetters—were silent, but their faces exhibited more satisfaction than astonishment. My eye fell upon Mrs. Stilton. Her face was pale, her eyes widely opened, and her lips dropped apart, with a stunned, bewildered expression. It was the blank face of a woman walking in her sleep. These observations were accomplished in



an instant ; for Miss Fetters, suddenly possessed with the spirit of Black Hawk, sprang upon her feet. "Ugh! ugh!" she exclaimed, in a deep, harsh voice, "where's the pale-face? Black Hawk, he like him—he love him much!"—and therewith threw her arms around Stilton, fairly lifting him off his feet. "Ugh! fire-water for Black Hawk!—big Injun drink!"—and she tossed off a tumbler of brandy. By this time I had wholly recovered my consciousness, but remained silent, stupefied by the extraordinary scene.

Presently Miss Fetters became more quiet, and the possession left her. "My friends," said Stilton, in his cold, unmoved voice, "I feel that the spirit has spoken truly. We must obey our spiritual affinities, or our great and glorious mission will be unfulfilled. Let us rather rejoice that we have been selected as the instruments to do this work. Come to me, Abby; and you, Rachel, remember that our harmony is not disturbed, but only made more complete."

"Abijah!" exclaimed Mrs. Stilton, with a pitiful cry, while the tears burst hot and fast from her eyes; "dear husband, what does this mean? Oh, don't tell me that I am to be cast off! You promised to love me and care for me, Abijah! I'm not bright, I know, but I'll try to understand you; indeed, I will! Oh, don't be so cruel!—don't"—and the poor creature's voice completely gave way.

She dropped on the floor at his feet, and lay there, sobbing piteously.

"Rachel, Rachel," said he—and his face was not quite so calm as his voice—"don't be rebellious. We are gov

erned by a higher Power. This is all for our own good, and for the good of the world. Besides, ours was not a perfect affinity. You will be much happier with John, as he harmonizes"—

I could endure it no longer. Indignation, pity, the full energy of my will possessed me. He lost his power over me then, and forever.

"What!" I exclaimed, "you blasphemers, beast that you are, you dare to dispose of your honest wife in this infamous way, that you may be free to indulge your own vile appetites?—you, who have outraged the dead and the living alike, by making me utter your forgeries? Take her back, and let this disgraceful scene end!—take her back, or I will give you a brand that shall last to the end of your days!"

He turned deadly pale, and trembled. I knew that he made a desperate effort to bring me under the control of his will, and laughed mockingly as I saw his knit brow and the swollen veins in his temples. As for the others, they seemed paralyzed by the suddenness and fierceness of my attack. He wavered but for an instant, however, and his self-possession returned.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "it is the Spirit of Evil that speaks in him! The Devil himself has risen to destroy our glorious fabric! Help me, friends! help me to bind him, and to silence his infernal voice, before he drives the pure spirits from our midst!"

With that, he advanced a step towards me, and raised a hand to seize my arm, while the others followed behind. But I was too quick for him. Weak as I was, in compari-

son, rage gave me strength, and a blow, delivered with the rapidity of lightning just under the chin, laid him senseless on the floor. Mrs. Stilton screamed, and threw herself over him. The rest of the company remained as if stupefied. The storm which had been gathering all the evening at the same instant broke over the house in simultaneous thunder and rain.

I stepped suddenly to the door, opened it, and drew a long, deep breath of relief, as I found myself alone in the darkness. "Now," said I, "I have done tampering with God's best gift; I will be satisfied with the natural sunshine which beams from His Word and from His Works; I have learned wisdom at the expense of shame!" I exulted in my new freedom; in my restored purity of soul; and the wind, that swept down the dark, lonely street, seemed to exult with me. The rains beat upon me, but I heeded them not; nay, I turned aside from the homeward path, in order to pass by the house where Agnes lived. Her window was dark, and I knew she was sleeping, lulled by the storm; but I stood a moment below, in the rain, and said aloud, softly—

"Now, Agnes, I belong wholly to you! Pray to God for me, darling, that I may never lose the true light I have found at last!"

My healing, though complete in the end, was not instantaneous. The habit of the trance, I found, had really unpaired the action of my will. I experienced a periodic tendency to return to it, which I have been able to overcome only by the most vigorous efforts. I found it prudent, indeed, to banish from my mind, as far as was possi

ble, all subjects, all memories, connected with Spiritualism. In this work I was aided by Agnes, who now possessed my entire confidence, and who willingly took upon herself the guidance of my mind at those seasons when my own governing faculties flagged. Gradually my mental health returned, and I am now beyond all danger of ever again being led into such fatal dissipations. The writing of this narrative, in fact, has been a test of my ability to overlook and describe my experience without being touched by its past delusions. If some portions of it should not be wholly intelligible to the reader, the defect lies in the very nature of the subject.

It will be noticed that I have given but a partial explanation of the spiritual phenomena. Of the genuineness of the physical manifestations I am fully convinced, and I can account for them only by the supposition of some subtle agency whereby the human will operates upon inert matter. Clairvoyance is a sufficient explanation of the utterances of the Mediums—at least of those which I have heard; but there is, as I have said before, *something* in the background, which I feel too indistinctly to describe, yet which I know to be Evil. I do not wonder at, though I lament, the prevalence of the belief in Spiritualism. In a few individual cases it may have been productive of good, but its general tendency is evil. There are probably but few Stiltons among its apostles, few Miss Fetteresses among its Mediums; but the condition which accompanies the trance, as I have shown, inevitably removes the wholesome check which holds our baser passions in subjection. **The Medium is at the mercy of any evil will, and the impres-**

sions received from a corrupt mind are always liable to be accepted by innocent believers as revelations from the spirits of the holy dead. I shall shock many honest souls by this confession, but I hope and believe that it may waken and enlighten others. Its publication is necessary as an expiation for some of the evil which has been done through my own instrumentality.

I learned, two days afterwards, that Stilton (who was not seriously damaged by my blow) had gone to New York, taking Miss Fetters with him. Her ignorant, weak-minded father was entirely satisfied with the proceeding. Mrs. Stilton, helpless and heart-broken, remained at the house where our circle had met, with her only child, a boy of three years of age, who, fortunately, inherited her weakness rather than his father's power. Agnes, on learning this, insisted on having her removed from associations which were at once unhappy and dangerous. We went together to see her, and, after much persuasion, and many painful scenes which I shall not recapitulate, succeeded in sending her to her father, a farmer in Connecticut. She still remains there, hoping for the day when her guilty husband shall return and be instantly forgiven.

My task is ended; may it not have been performed in vain!



## VIII.

### THE HAUNTED SHANTY.

As the principal personage of this story is dead, and there is no likelihood that any of the others will ever see the "Atlantic Monthly," I feel free to tell it without reservation.

The mercantile house of which I was until recently an active member had many business connexions throughout the Western States, and I was therefore in the habit of making an annual journey throughout them, in the interest of the firm. In fact, I was always glad to escape from the dirt and hubbub of Cortland Street, and to exchange the smell of goods and boxes, cellars and gutters, for that of prairie grass and even of prairie mud. Although wearing the immaculate linen and golden studs of the city Valentine, there still remained a good deal of the country Orson in my blood, and I endured many hard, repulsive, yea, downright vulgar experiences for the sake of a run at large, and the healthy animal exaltation which accompanied it.

Eight or nine years ago, (it is, perhaps, as well not to be very precise, as yet, with regard to dates,) I found myself

at Peoria, in Illinois, rather late in the season. The business I had on hand was mostly transacted; but it was still necessary that I should visit Bloomington and Terre Haute before returning to the East. I had come from Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, and, as the great railroad spider of Chicago had then spun but a few threads of his present tremendous mesh, I had made the greater part of my journey on horseback. By the time I reached Peoria the month of November was well advanced, and the weather had become very disagreeable. I was strongly tempted to sell my horse and take the stage to Bloomington, but the roads were even worse to a traveller on wheels than to one in the saddle, and the sunny day which followed my arrival flattered me with the hope that others as fair might succeed it.

The distance to Bloomington was forty miles, and the road none of the best; yet, as my horse "Peck" (an abbreviation of "Pecatonica"), had had two days' rest, I did not leave Peoria until after the usual dinner at twelve o'clock, trusting that I should reach my destination by eight or nine in the evening, at the latest. Broad bands of dull, gray, felt-like clouds crossed the sky, and the wind had a rough edge to it which predicted that there was rain within a day's march. The oaks along the rounded river-bluffs still held on to their leaves, although the latter were entirely brown and dead, and rattled around me with an ominous sound, as I climbed to the level of the prairie, leaving the bed of the muddy Illinois below. Peck's hoofs sank deeply into the unctuous black soil, which resembled a jetty tallow rather than earth, and his progress was slow

and toilsome. The sky became more and more obscured: the sun faded to a ghastly moon, then to a white blotch in the gray vault, and finally retired in disgust. Indeed, there was nothing in the landscape worth his contemplation. Dead flats of black, bristling with short corn-stalks, flats of brown grass, a brown belt of low woods in the distance,—that was all the horizon inclosed: no embossed bowl, with its rim of sculptured hills, its rind of colored pictures, but a flat earthen pie-dish, over which the sky fell like a pewter cover.

After riding for an hour or two over the desolate level, I descended through rattling oaks to the bed of a stream, and then ascended through rattling oaks to the prairie beyond. Here, however, I took the wrong road, and found myself, some three miles farther, at a farm-house, where it terminated. “You kin go out over the perairah yander,” said the farmer, dropping his maul beside a rail he had just split off,—“there’s a plain trail from Sykes’s that’ll bring you onto the road not fur from Sugar Crick.” With which knowledge I plucked up heart and rode on.

What with the windings and turnings of the various cart-tracks, the family resemblance in the groves of oak and hickory, and the heavy, uniform gray of the sky, I presently lost my compass-needle,—that natural instinct of direction, on which I had learned to rely. East, west, north, south,—all were alike, and the very doubt paralyzed the faculty. The growing darkness of the sky, the *watery* moaning of the wind, betokened night and storm; but I pressed on, hap-hazard, determined, at least, to reach one of the incipient villages on the Bloomington road.

In an hour more, I found myself on the brink of another winding hollow, threaded by a broad, shallow stream. On the opposite side, a quarter of a mile above, stood a rough shanty, at the foot of the rise which led to the prairie. After fording the stream, however, I found that the trail I had followed continued forward in the same direction, leaving this rude settlement on the left. On the opposite side of the hollow, the prairie again stretched before me, dark and flat, and destitute of any sign of habitation. I could scarcely distinguish the trail any longer; in half an hour, I knew, I should be swallowed up in a gulf of impenetrable darkness; and there was evidently no choice left me but to return to the lonely shanty, and there seek shelter for the night.

To be thwarted in one's plans, even by wind or weather, is always vexatious; but in this case, the prospect of spending a night in such a dismal corner of the world was especially disagreeable. I am—or at least I consider myself—a thoroughly matter-of-fact man, and my first thought, I am not ashamed to confess, was of oysters. Visions of a favorite saloon, and many a pleasant supper with Dunham and Beeson, (my partners,) all at once popped into my mind, as I turned back over the brow of the hollow and urged Peck down its rough slope. "Well," thought I, at last, "this will be one more story for our next meeting. Who knows what originals I may not find, even in a solitary settler's shanty?"

I could discover no trail, and the darkness thickened rapidly while I picked my way across dry gullies, formed by the drainage of the prairie above, rotten tree-trunks,

stumps, and spots of thicket. As I approached the shanty a faint gleam through one of its two small windows showed that it was inhabited. In the rear, a space of a quarter of an acre, inclosed by a huge worm-fence, was evidently the vegetable-patch, at one corner of which a small stable, roofed and buttressed with corn-fodder, leaned against the mill. I drew rein in front of the building, and was about to hail its inmates, when I observed the figure of a man issue from the stable. Even in the gloom, there was something forlorn and dispiriting in his walk. He approached with a slow, dragging step, apparently unaware of my presence.

“Good evening, friend!” I said.

He stopped, stood still for half a minute, and finally responded,—

“Who air you?”

The tone of his voice, querulous and lamenting, rather implied, “Why don’t you let me alone?”

“I am a traveller,” I answered, “bound from Peoria to Bloomington, and have lost my way. It is dark, as you know, and likely to rain, and I don’t see how I can get any farther to-night.”

Another pause. Then he said, slowly, as if speaking to himself—

“There a’n’t no other place nearer ’n four or five mile.”

“Then I hope you will let me stay here.”

The answer, to my surprise, was a deep sigh.

“I am used to roughing it,” I urged; “and besides, I will pay for any trouble I may give you.”

“It a’n’t *that*,” said he; then added, hesitatingly—“fact



is, we 're lonesome people here—don't often see strangers; yit I s'pose you can't go no furdur;—well, I'll talk to my wife."

Therewith he entered the shanty, leaving me a little disconcerted with so uncertain, not to say suspicious, a reception. I heard the sound of voices—one of them unmistakable in its nasal shrillness—in what seemed to be a harsh debate, and distinguished the words, "I didn't bring it on," followed with, "Tell him, then, if you like, and let him stay"—which seemed to settle the matter. The door presently opened, and the man said—

"I guess we'll have t'accommodate you. Give me your things, an' then I'll put your horse up."

I unstrapped my valise, took off the saddle, and, having seen Peck to his fodder-tent, where I left him with some ears of corn in an old basket, returned to the shanty. It was a rude specimen of the article—a single room of some thirty by fifteen feet, with a large fireplace of sticks and clay at one end, while a half-partition of unplanned planks set on end formed a sort of recess for the bed at the other. A good fire on the hearth, however, made it seem tolerably cheerful, contrasted with the dismal gloom outside. The furniture consisted of a table, two or three chairs, a broad bench, and a kitchen-dresser of boards. Some golden ears of seed-corn, a few sides of bacon, and ropes of onions hung from the rafters.

A woman in a blue calico gown, with a tin coffee-pot in one hand and a stick in the other, was raking out the red coals from under the burning logs. At my salutation, she partly turned, looked hard at me, nodded, and muttered

some inaudible words. Then, having levelled the coals properly, she put down the coffee-pot, and, facing about, exclaimed—"Jimmy, git off that cheer!"

Though this phrase, short and snappish enough, was not worded as an invitation for me to sit down, I accepted it as such, and took the chair which a lean boy of some nine or ten years old had hurriedly vacated. In such cases, I had learned by experience, it is not best to be too forward: wait quietly, and allow the unwilling hosts time to get accustomed to your presence. I inspected the family for a while, in silence. The spare, bony form of the woman, her deep-set gray eyes, and the long, thin nose, which seemed to be merely a scabbard for her sharp-edged voice, gave me her character at the first glance. As for the man, he was worn by some constant fret or worry, rather than naturally spare. His complexion was sallow, his face honest, every line of it, though the expression was dejected, and there was a helpless patience in his voice and movements, which I have often seen in women, but never before in a man. "Henpecked in the first degree," was the verdict I gave, without leaving my seat. The silence, shyness, and puny appearance of the boy might be accounted for by the loneliness of his life, and the usual "shakes"; but there was a wild, frightened look in his eye, a nervous restlessness about his limbs, which excited my curiosity. I am no believer in those freaks of fancy called "presentiments," but I certainly felt that there was something unpleasant, perhaps painful, in the private relations of the family.

Meanwhile, the supper gradually took shape. The coffee was boiled, (far too much, for my taste,) bacon fried, pota

toes roasted, and certain lumps of dough transformed into farinaceous grape-shot, called "biscuits." Dishes of blue queensware, knives and forks, cups and saucers of various patterns, and a bowl of molasses were placed upon the table; and finally the woman said, speaking to, though not looking at, me—

"I s'pose you ha'n't had your supper."

I accepted the invitation with a simple "No," and ate enough of the rude fare (for I was really hungry) to satisfy my hosts that I was not proud. I attempted no conversation, knowing that such people never talk when they eat, until the meal was over, and the man, who gladly took one of my cigars, was seated comfortably before the fire. I then related my story, told my name and business, and by degrees established a mild flow of conversation. The woman, as she washed the dishes and cleared up things for the night, listened to us, and now and then made a remark to the coffee-pot or frying-pan, evidently intended for our ears. Some things which she said must have had a meaning hidden from me, for I could see that the man winced, and at last he ventured to say—

"Mary Ann, what's the use in talkin' about it?"

"Do as you like," she snapped back; "only I a'n't a-goin' to be blamed for *your* doin's. The stranger 'll find out, soon enough."

"You find this life rather lonely, I should think," I remarked, with a view of giving the conversation a different turn.

"Lonely!" she repeated, jerking out a fragment of malicious laughter. "It's lonely enough in the daytime, Good-

ness knows; but you'll have your fill o' company afore mornin'."

With that, she threw a defiant glance at her husband.

"Fact is," said he, shrinking from her eye, "we're sort o' troubled with noises at night. P'raps you'll be skeered but it's no more 'n noise—onpleasant, but never hurt nothin'."

"You don't mean to say this shanty is haunted?" I asked.

"Well—yes: some folks 'd call it so. There *is* noises an' things goin' on, but you can't see nobody."

"Oh, if that is all," said I, "you need not be concerned on my account. Nothing is so strange, but the cause of it can be discovered."

Again the man heaved a deep sigh. The woman said, in rather a milder tone—

"What's the good o' knowin' what makes it, when you can't stop it?"

As I was neither sleepy nor fatigued, this information was rather welcome than otherwise. I had full confidence in my own courage; and if anything *should* happen, it would make a capital story for my first New York supper. I saw there was but one bed, and a small straw mattress on the floor beside it for the boy, and therefore declared that I should sleep on the bench, wrapped in my cloak. Neither objected to this, and they presently retired. I determined, however, to keep awake as long as possible. I threw a fresh log on the fire, lit another cigar, made a few entries in my note-book, and finally took the "Iron Mask" of Dumas from my valise, and tried to read by the wavering flashes of the fire.



In this manner another hour passed away. The deep breathing—not to say snoring—from the recess indicated that my hosts were sound asleep, and the monotonous whistle of the wind around the shanty began to exercise a lulling influence on my own senses. Wrapping myself in my cloak, with my valise for a pillow, I stretched myself out on the bench, and strove to keep my mind occupied with conjectures concerning the sleeping family. Furthermore, I recalled all the stories of ghosts and haunted houses which I had ever heard, constructed explanations for such as were still unsolved, and, so far from feeling any alarm, desired nothing so much as that the supernatural performances might commence.

My thoughts, however, became gradually less and less coherent, and I was just sliding over the verge of slumber, when a faint sound in the distance caught my ear. I listened intently: certainly there *was* a far-off, indistinct sound, different from the dull, continuous sweep of the wind. I rose on the bench, fully awake, yet not excited, for my first thought was that other travellers might be lost or belated. By this time the sound was quite distinct, and, to my great surprise, appeared to proceed from a drum, rapidly beaten. I looked at my watch: it was half-past ten. Who could be out on the lonely prairie with a drum, at that time of night? There must have been some military festival, some political caucus, some celebration of the Sons of Malta, or jubilation of the Society of the Thousand and One, and a few of the scattered members were enlivening their dark ride homewards. While I was busy with these conjectures, the sound advanced nearer and nearer—and,



what was very singular, without the least pause or variation—one steady, regular roll, ringing deep and clear through the night.

The shanty stood at a point where the stream, leaving its general southwestern course, bent at a sharp angle to the southeast, and faced very nearly in the latter direction. As the sound of the drum came from the east, it seemed the more probable that it was caused by some person on the road which crossed the creek a quarter of a mile below. Yet, on approaching nearer, it made directly for the shanty, moving, evidently, much more rapidly than a person could walk. It then flashed upon my mind that *this* was the noise I was to hear, *this* the company I was to expect! Louder and louder, deep, strong, and reverberating, rolling as if for a battle-charge, it came on: it was now but a hundred yards distant—now but fifty—ten—just outside the rough clapboard-wall—but, while I had half risen to open the door, it passed directly through the wall and sounded at my very ears, inside the shanty.

The logs burned brightly on the hearth: every object in the room could be seen more or less distinctly: nothing was out of its place, nothing disturbed, yet the rafters almost shook under the roll of an invisible drum, beaten by invisible hands! The sleepers tossed restlessly, and a deep groan, as if in semi-dream, came from the man. Utterly confounded as I was, my sensations were not those of terror. Each moment I doubted my senses, and each moment the terrific sound convinced me anew. I do not know how long I sat thus in sheer, stupid amazement. It may have been one minute, or fifteen, before the drum, passing over

my head, through the boards again, commenced a slow march around the shanty. When it had finished the first, and was about commencing the second round, I shook off my stupor, and determined to probe the mystery. Opening the door, I advanced in an opposite direction to meet it. Again the sound passed close beside my head, but I could see nothing, touch nothing. Again it entered the shanty, and I followed. I stirred up the fire, casting a strong illumination into the darkest corners: I thrust my hand into the very heart of the sound, I struck through it in all directions with a stick—still I saw nothing, touched nothing.

Of course, I do not expect to be believed by half my readers—nor can I blame them for their incredulity. So astounding is the circumstance, even yet, to myself, that I should doubt its reality, were it not therefore necessary, for the same reason, to doubt every event of my life.

At length the sound moved away in the direction whence it came, becoming gradually fainter and fainter until it died in the distance. But immediately afterwards, from the same quarter, came a thin, sharp blast of wind—or what seemed to be such. If one could imagine a swift, intense stream of air, no thicker than a telegraph-wire, producing a keen, whistling rush in its passage, he would understand the impression made upon my mind. This wind, or sound, or whatever it was, seemed to strike an invisible target in the centre of the room, and thereupon ensued a new and worse confusion. Sounds as of huge planks lifted at one end and then allowed to fall, slamming upon the floor, hard, wooden claps, crashes, and noises of splitting and snapping.

filled the shanty. The rough boards of the floor jarred and trembled, and the table and chairs were jolted off their feet. Instinctively, I jerked away my legs, whenever the invisible planks fell too near them.

It never came into my mind to charge the family with being the authors of these phenomena: their care and distress were too evident. There was certainly no other human being but myself in or near the shanty. My senses of sight and touch availed me nothing, and I confined my attention, at last, to simply noting the manifestations, without attempting to explain them. I began to experience a feeling, not of terror, but of disturbing uncertainty. The solid ground was taken from beneath my feet.

Still the man and his wife groaned and muttered, as if in a nightmare sleep, and the boy tossed restlessly on his low bed. I would not disturb them, since, by their own confession, they were accustomed to the visitation. Besides, it would not assist me, and, so long as there was no danger of personal injury, I preferred to watch alone. I recalled, however, the woman's remarks, remembering the mysterious blame she had thrown upon her husband, and felt certain that she had adopted some explanation of the noises, at his expense.

As the confusion continued, with more or less violence, sometimes pausing for a few minutes, to begin again with renewed force, I felt an increasing impression of somebody else being present. Outside the shanty this feeling ceased, but every time I opened the door I fully expected to see some one standing in the centre of the room. Yet, looking through the little windows, when the noises were at their

loudest, I could discover nothing. Two hours had passed away since I first heard the drum-beat, and I found myself at last completely wearied with my fruitless exertions and the unusual excitement. By this time the disturbances had become faint, with more frequent pauses. All at once, I heard a long, weary sigh, so near me that it could not have proceeded from the sleepers. A weak moan, expressive of utter wretchedness, followed, and then came the words, in a woman's voice—came I know not whence, for they seemed to be uttered close beside me, and yet far, far away—"How great is my trouble! How long shall I suffer? I was married, in the sight of God, to Eber Nicholson. Have mercy, O Lord, and give him to me, or release me from him!"

These were the words, not spoken, but rather moaned forth in a slow, monotonous wail of utter helplessness and broken-heartedness. I have heard human grief expressed in many forms, but I never heard or imagined anything so desolate, so surcharged with the despair of an eternal woe. It was, indeed, too hopeless for sympathy. It was the utterance of a sorrow which removed its possessor into some dark, lonely world girdled with iron walls, against which every throb of a helping or consoling heart would beat in vain for admittance. So far from being moved or softened, the words left upon me an impression of stolid apathy. When they had ceased, I heard another sigh—and some time afterwards, far-off, retreating forlornly through the eastern darkness, the wailing repetition—"I was married, in the sight of God, to Eber Nicholson. Have mercy O Lord!"



This was the last of those midnight marvels. Nothing further disturbed the night except the steady sound of the wind. The more I thought of what I had heard, the more I was convinced that the phenomena were connected, in some way, with the history of my host. I had heard his wife call him "Ebe," and did not doubt that he was the Eber Nicholson who, for some mysterious crime, was haunted by the reproachful ghost. Could murder, or worse than murder, lurk behind these visitations? It was useless to conjecture; yet, before giving myself up to sleep, I determined to know everything that could be known, before leaving the shanty.

My rest was disturbed: my hip-bones pressed unpleasantly on the hard bench; and every now and then I awoke with a start, hearing the same despairing voice in my dreams. The place was always quiet, nevertheless,—the disturbances having ceased, as nearly as I could judge, about one o'clock in the morning. Finally, from sheer weariness, I fell into a deep slumber, which lasted until daylight. The sound of pans and kettles aroused me. The woman, in her lank blue gown, was bending over the fire; the man and boy had already gone out. As I rose, rubbing my eyes and shaking myself, to find out exactly where and who I was, the woman straightened herself and looked at me with a keen, questioning gaze, but said nothing.

"I must have been very sound asleep," said I.

"There's no sound sleepin' here. Don't tell me that."

"Well," I answered, "your shanty is rather noisy; but, as I am neither scared nor hurt, there's no harm done. But have you never found out what occasions the noise?"



Her reply was a toss of the head and a peculiar snorting interjection, "Hngh!" (impossible to be represented by letters,) "it's all *her* doin'."

"But who is *she*?"

"You'd better ask *him*."

Seeing there was nothing to be got out of her, I went down to the stream, washed my face, dried it with my pocket-handkerchief, and then looked after Peck. He gave a shrill whinny of recognition, and, I thought, seemed to be a little restless. A fresh feed of corn was in the old basket, and presently the man came into the stable with a bunch of hay, and commenced rubbing off the marks of Peck's oozy couch which were left on his flanks. As we went back to the shanty I noticed that he eyed me furtively, without daring to look me full in the face. As I was apparently none the worse for the night's experiences, he rallied at last, and ventured to talk *at*, as well as to me.

By this time, breakfast, which was a repetition of supper, was ready, and we sat down to the table. During the meal, it occurred to me to make an experimental remark. Turning suddenly to the man, I asked,—

"Is your name Eber Nicholson?"

"There!" exclaimed the woman, "I knowed he'd heerd it!"

He, however, flushing a moment, and then becoming more sallow than ever, nodded first, and then—as if that were not sufficient—added, "Yes, that's my name."

"Where did you move from?" I continued, falling back on the first plan I had formed in my mind.

"The Western Reserve, not fur from Hudson."

I turned the conversation on the comparative advantages of Ohio and Illinois, on farming, the price of land, etc., carefully avoiding the dangerous subject, and by the time breakfast was over had arranged, that, for a consideration, he should accompany me as far as the Bloomington road, some five miles distant.

While he went out to catch an old horse, ranging loose in the creek-bottom, I saddled Peck, strapped on my valise, and made myself ready for the journey. The feeling of two silver half-dollars in her hard palm melted down the woman's aggressive mood, and she said, with a voice the edge whereof was mightily blunted,—

“Thankee! it's too much for sich as you had.”

“It's the best you can give,” I replied.

“That's so!” said she, jerking my hand up and down with a pumping movement, as I took leave.

I felt a sense of relief when we had climbed the rise and had the open prairie again before us. The sky was overcast and the wind strong, but some rain had fallen during the night, and the clouds had lifted themselves again. The air was fresh and damp, but not chill. We rode slowly, of necessity, for the mud was deeper than ever.

I deliberated what course I should take, in order to draw from my guide the explanation of the nightly noises. His evident shinking, whenever his wife referred to the subject, convinced me that a gradual approach would render him shy and uneasy; and, on the whole, it seemed best to surprise him by a sudden assault. Let me strike to the heart of the secret at once,—I thought,—and the details will come of themselves.

While I was thus reflecting, he rode quietly by my side. Half turning in the saddle, I looked steadily at his face, and said, in an earnest voice,—

“Eber Nicholson, who was it to whom you were married in the sight of God?”

He started as if struck, looked at me imploringly, turned away his eyes, then looked back, became very pale, and finally said, in a broken, hesitating voice, as if the words were forced from him against his will,—

“Her name is Rachel Emmons.”

“Why did you murder her?” I asked, in a still sterner tone.

In an instant his face burned scarlet. He reined up his horse with a violent pull, straightened his shoulders so that he appeared six inches taller, looked steadily at me with a strange, mixed expression of anger and astonishment, and cried out,—

“Murder her? *Why, she's livin' now!*”

My surprise at the answer was scarcely less great than his at the question.

“You don't mean to say she's not dead?” I asked.

“Why, no!” said he, recovering from his sudden excitement, “she's not dead, or she wouldn't keep on troublin' me. She's been livin' in Toledo, these ten year.”

“I beg your pardon, my friend,” said I; “but I don't know what to think of what I heard last night, and I suppose I have the old notion in my head that all ghosts are of persons who have been murdered.”

“Oh, if I had killed her,” he groaned, “I'd 'a' been hung long ago, an' there 'd 'a' been an end of it.”

"Tell me the whole story," said I. "It's hardly likely that I can help you, but I can understand how you must be troubled, and I'm sure I pity you from my heart."

I think he felt relieved at my proposal,—glad, perhaps, after long silence, to confide to another man the secret of his lonely, wretched life.

"After what you've heerd," said he, "there's nothin' that I don't care to tell. I've been sinful, no doubt,—but God knows, there never was a man worse punished.

"I told you," he continued, after a pause, "that I come from the Western Reserve. My father was a middlin' well-to-do farmer,—not rich, nor yit exactly poor. He's dead now. He was always a savin' man,—looked after money a *leetle* too sharp, I've often thought sence: howsever, 'tisin't my place to judge him. Well, I was brought up on the farm, to hard work, like the other boys. Rachel Emmons,—she's the same woman that haunts me, you understand,—she was the girl o' one of our neighbors, an' poor enough *he* was. His wife was always sickly-like,—an' you know it takes a woman as well as a man to git rich farmin'. So they were always scrimped, but that didn't hinder Rachel from bein' one o' the likeliest gals round. We went to the same school in the winter, her an' me, ('tisin't much schoolin' I ever got, though,) an' I had a sort o' nateral hankerin' after her, as fur back as I can remember. She was different lookin' then from what she is now,—an' me, too, for that matter.

"Well, you know how boys an' gals somehow git to likin' each other afore they know it. Me an' Rachel was more an' more together, the more we growed up, only more

secret-like ; so by the time I was twenty an' she was nineteen, we was promised to one another as true as could be. I didn't keep company with her, though—leastways, not eg'lar : I was afeard my father 'd find it out, an' I knowed what *he* 'd say to it. He kep' givin' me hints about Mary Ann Jones—that was my wife's maiden name. Her father had two hundred acres an' money out at interest, an' only three children. He'd had ten, but seven of 'em died. I had nothin' agin Mary Ann, but I never thought of her that way, like I did towards Rachel.

“ Well, things kep' runnin' on ; I was a good deal worried about it, but a young feller, you know, don't look fur ahead, an' so I got along. One night, howsever—'t was jist about as dark as last night was—I'd been to the store at the Corners, for a jug o' molasses. Rachel was there, gittin' a quarter of a pound o' tea, I think it was, an' some sewin'-thread. I went out a little while after her, an' folered as fast as I could, for we had the same road nigh to home.

“ It weren't long afore I overtook her. 'Twas mighty dark, as I was sayin', an' so I hooked her arm into mine, an' we went on comfortable together, talkin' about how we jist suited each other, like we was cut out o' purpose, an' how long we'd have to wait, an' what folks 'd say. O Lord ! don't I remember every word o' *that* night ? Well, we got quite tender-like when we come t' Old Enmons's gate, an' I up an' giv' her a hug and a lot o' kisses, to make up for lost time. Then she went into the house, an' I turned for home ; but I hadn't gone ten steps afore I come agin somebody stan'in' in the middle o' the road. ‘ Hullo !



says I. The next thing he had a holt o' rry coat-collar an' shuck me like a tarrier-dog shakes a rat. I knowed who it was afore he spoke; an' I couldn't 'a' been more skeered, if the life had all gone out o' me. He'd been down to the tavern to see a drover, an' comin home he'd follered behind us all the way, hearin' every word we said.

“ I don't like to think o' the words he used that night. He was a professin' member, an' yit he swore the awfulest I ever heerd.”—Here the man involuntarily raised his hands to his ears, as if to stop them against even the memory of his father's curses.—“ I expected every minute he'd 'a' struck me down. I've wished, sence, he *had*: I don't think I could 'a' stood *that*. Howsever, he dragged me home, never lettin' go my collar, till we got into the room where mother was settin' up for us. Then he told *her*, only makin' it ten times harder 'n it really was. Mother always kind o' liked Rachel, 'cause she was mighty handy at sewin' an' quiltin', but she 'd no more dared stan' up agin father than a sheep agin a bull-dog. She looked at me pityin'-like, I must say, an' jist begun to cry—an' I couldn't help cryin' nuther, when I saw how it hurt her.

“ Well, after that, 't wa'n't no use thinkin' o' Rachel any more. I *had* to go t' Old Jones's, whether I wanted to or no. I felt mighty mean when I thought o' Rachel, an' was afeard no good 'd come of it; but father jist managed things *his* way, an' I couldn't help myself. Old Jones had nothin' agin me, for I was a stiddy, hard-workin' feller as there was round—an' Mary Ann was always as pleasant as could be, *then*;—well, I oughtn't to say nothin' agin her now; she's had a hard life of it, 'long side o' me. Afore long we were

bespoke, an' the day set. Father hurried things, when it got that fur. I don't think Rachel knowed anything about it till the day afore the weddin', or mebbby the very day. Old Mr. Larrabee was the minister, an' there was only the two families at the house, an' Miss Plankerton—her that sewed for Mary Ann. I never felt so oneasy in my life, though I tried hard not to show it.

“ Well, 'twas all jist over, an' the kissin' about to begin, when I heerd the house-door bu'st open, suddent. I felt my heart give one jump right up to the root o' my tongue, an' then fell back ag'in, sick an' dead-like.

“ The parlor-door flew open right away, an' in come Rachel without a bunnet, an' her hair all frowzed by the wind. She was as white as a sheet, an' her eyes like two burnin' coals. She walked straight through 'em all an' stood right afore me. They was all so taken aback that they never thought o' stoppin' her. Then she kind o' screeched out—‘ Eber Nicholson, what are you doin' ?’ Her voice was strange an' onnatural-like, an' I'd never 'a' knowed it to be hern, if I hadn't 'a' seen her. I couldn't take my eyes off of her, an' I couldn't speak: I jist stood there. Then she said ag'in—‘ Eber Nicholson, what are you doin' ? You are married to me, in the sight of God. You belong to me an' I to you, forever an' forever !’ Then they begun cryin' out—‘ Go 'way !’ ‘ Take her away !’ ‘ What d's she mean ?’ an' old Mr. Larrabee ketched hold of her arm. She begun to jerk an' trimble all over ; she drawed in her breath in a sort o' groanin' way, awful to hear, an' then dropped down on the floor in a fit. I bu'st out in a **terri**

ble spell o' cryin';—I couldn't 'a' helped it, to save my life."

The man paused, drew his sleeve across his eyes, and then timidly looked at me. Seeing nothing in my face, doubtless, but an expression of the profoundest commiseration, he remarked, with a more assured voice, as if in self-justification—

"It was a pretty hard thing for a man to go through with, now, wasn't it?"

"You may well say that," said I. "Your story is not yet finished, however. This Rachel Emmons—you say she is still living—in what way does she cause the disturbances?"

"I'll tell you all I know about it," said he—"an' if you understand it *then*, you're wiser 'n I am. After they carried her home, she had a long spell o' sickness—come near dyin', they said; but they brought her through, at last, an' she got about ag'in, lookin' ten year older. I kep' out of her sight, though. I lived awhile at Old Jones's, till I could find a good farm to rent, or a cheap un to buy. I wanted to git out o' the neighborhood: I was oneasy all the time, bein' so near Rachel. Her mother was wuss, an' her father failin'-like, too. Mother seen 'em often: she was as good a neighbor to 'em as she dared be. Well, I got sort o' tired, an' went out to *Michigan* an' bought a likely farm. Old Jones giv' me a start. I took Mary Ann out, an' we got along well enough, a matter o' two year. We heerd from home now an' then. Rachel's father and mother both died, about the time we had our first boy—him that you seen—an' she went off to Toledo, we

heard, an' hired out to do sewin'. She was always a mighty good hand at it, an' could cut out as nice as a born manty-maker. She'd had another fit after the funerals, an' was older-lookin' an' more serious than ever, they aid.

“ Well, Jimmy was six months old, or so, when we begun to be woke up every night by his cryin'. Nothin' seemed to be the matter with him: he was only frightened-like, an' couldn't be quieted. I heerd noises sometimes—nothin' like what come afterwards—but sort o crackin' an' snappin', sich as you hear in new furnitur' an' it seemed like somebody was in the room; but I couldn't find nothin'. It got wuss and wuss: Mary Ann was sure the house was haunted, an' I had to let her go home for a whole winter. When she was away, it went on the same as ever—not every night—sometimes not more 'n onst a week—but so loud as to wake me up, reg'lar. I sent word to Mary Ann to come on, an' I'd sell out an' go to Illinois. Good perairah land was cheap then, an' I'd ruther go further off, for the sake o' quiet.

“ So we pulled up stakes an' come out here: but it weren't long afore the noise follered us, wuss 'n ever, an' we found out at last what it was. One night I woke up, with my hair stan'in' on end, an' heerd Rachel Emmons's voice, jist as you heerd it last night. Mary Ann heerd it too, an' it's little peace she's giv' me sence that time. An' so it's been goin' on an' on, these eight or nine year.”

“ But,” I asked, “ are you sure she is alive? Have you

seen her since? Have you asked her to be merciful and not disturb you?"

"Yes," said he, with a bitterness of tone which seemed quite to obliterate the softer memories of his love, "I've seen her, an' I've begged her on my knees to let me alone; but it's no use. When it got to be so bad I couldn't stan' it, I sent her a letter, but I never got no answer. Next year, when our second boy died, frightened and worried to death, I believe, though he *was* scrawny enough when he was born, I took some money I'd saved to buy a yoke of oxen, an' went to Toledo o' purpose to see Rachel. It cut me awful to do it, but I was desprit. I found her livin' in a little house, with a bit o' garden, she'd bought. I s'pose she must 'a' had five or six hundred dollars when the farm was sold, an' she made a good deal by sewin', besides. She was settin' at her work when I went in, an' knowed me at onst, though I don't believe I'd ever 'a' knowed *her*. She was old, an' thin, an' hard-lookin'; her mouth was pale an' sot, like she was bitin' somethin' all the time; an' her eyes, though they was sunk into her head, seemed to look through an' through an' away out th' other side o' you.

"It jist shut me up when she looked at me. She was so corpse-like I was afraid she'd drop dead, then and there: but I made out at last to say, 'Rachel, I've come all the way from Illinois to see you.' She kep' lookin' straight at me, never sayin' a word. 'Rachel,' says I, 'I know I've acted bad towards you. God knows I didn't mean to do it. I don't blame you for payin' it back to me the way you're doin', but Mary Ann an' the boy never done you no harm. I've come all the way o' purpose to ask your forgiveness,



hopin' you'll be satisfied with what's *been* done, an' leave off bearin' malice agin us.' She looked kind o' sorrowful-like, but drawed a deep breath, an' shuck her head. 'Oh, Rachel,' says I—an' afore I knowed it I was right down on my knees at her feet—'Rachel, don't be so hard on me. I'm the onhappiest man that lives. I can't stan' it no longer. Rachel, you didn't use to be so cruel, when we was boys an' girls together. Do forgive me, an' leave off hauntin' me so.'

"Then she spoke up, at last, an' says she—

"'Eber Nicholson, I was married to you, in the sight o' God!

"'I know it,' says I; 'you say it to me every night; an' it wasn't my doin's that you're not my wife now: but, Rachel, if I'd 'a' betrayed you, an' ruined you, an' killed you, God couldn't 'a' punished me worse than you're a-punishin' me.'

"She giv' a kind o' groan, an' two tears run down her white face. 'Eber Nicholson,' says she, 'ask God to help you, for I can't. There might 'a' been a time,' says she, 'when I could 'a' done it, but it's too late now.'

"'Don't say that, Rachel,' says I; 'it's never too late to be merciful an' forgivin'.'

"'It doesn't depend on myself,' says she; 'I'm *sent* to you. It's th' only comfort I have in life to be near you; but I'd give up that, if I could. Pray to God to let me die, for then we shall both have rest.'

"An' that was all I could git out of her.

"I come home ag'in, knowin' I'd spent my money for nothin'. Sence then, it's been jist the same as before—not

reg'lar every night, but sort o' comes on by spells, an' then stops three or four days, an' then comes on ag'in. Fact is, what's the use o' livin' in this way? We can't be neighborly; we're afeard to have anybody come to see us; we've get no peace, no comfort o' bein' together, an' no heart to work an' git ahead, like other folks. It's jist killin' me body an' soul."

Here the poor wretch fairly broke down, bursting suddenly into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. I waited quietly until the violence of his passion had subsided. A misery so strange, so completely out of the range of human experience, so hopeless apparently, was not to be reached by the ordinary utterances of consolation. I had seen enough to enable me fully to understand the fearful nature of the retribution which had been visited upon him for what was, at worst, a weakness to be pitied, rather than a sin to be chastised. "Never was a man worse punished," he had truly said. But I was as far as ever from comprehending the secret of those nightly visitations. The statement of Rachel Emmons, that they were now produced without her will, overturned—supposing it to be true—the conjecture which I might otherwise have adopted. However, it was now plain that the unhappy victim sobbing at my side could throw no further light on the mystery. He had told me all he knew.

"My friend," said I, when he had become calmer, "I do not wonder at your desperation. Such continual torment as you must have endured is enough to drive a man to madness. It seems to me to spring from the malice of some infernal power, rather than the righteous justice of

God. Have you never tried to resist it? Have you never called aloud, in your heart, for Divine help, and gathered up your strength to meet and defy it, as you would to meet a man who threatened your life?"

"Not in the right way, I'm afeard," said he. "Fact is, I always tuck it as a judgment hangin' over me, an' never thought o' nothin' else than jist to grin and bear it."

"Enough of that," I urged—for a hope of relief had suggested itself to me; "you have suffered enough, and more than enough. Now stand up to meet it like a man. When the noises come again, think of what you have endured, and let it make you indignant and determined. Decide in your heart that you *will* be free from it, and perhaps you may be so. If not, build another shanty and sleep away from your wife and boy, so that they may escape, at least. Give yourself this claim to your wife's gratitude, and she will be kind and forbearing."

"I don't know but you're more 'n half right, stranger," he replied, in a more cheerful tone. "Fact is, I never thought on it that way. It's lightened my heart a heap, tellin' you; an' if I'm not too broke an' used-up-like, I'll try to foller your advice. I couldn't marry Rachel now, if Mary Ann *was* dead, we've been druv so fur apart. I don't know how it'll be when we're *all* dead: I s'pose them 'll go together that belongs together; leastways, 't ought to be so."

Here we struck the Bloomington road, and I no longer needed a guide. When we pulled our horses around facing each other, I noticed that the flush of excitement still burned on the man's sallow cheek, and his eyes, washed by pro

bably the first freshet of feeling which had moistened them for years, shone with a faint lustre of courage.

“No, no—none o’ that!” said he, as I was taking out my porte-monnaie; “you’ve done me a mighty sight more good than I’ve done you, let alone payin’ me to boot. Don’t forgit the turn to the left, after crossin’ Jackson’s Run. Good-bye, stranger! Take good keer o’ yourself!”

And with a strong, clinging, lingering grasp of the hand, in which the poor fellow expressed the gratitude which he was too shy and awkward to put into words, we parted. He turned his horse’s head, and slowly plodded back through the mud towards the lonely shanty.

On my way to Bloomington, I went over and over the man’s story, in memory. The facts were tolerably clear and coherent: his narrative was simple and credible enough, after my own personal experience of the mysterious noises, and the secret, whatever it was, must be sought for in Rachel Emmons. She was still living in Toledo, Ohio, he said, and earned her living as a seamstress; it would, therefore, not be difficult to find her. I confess, after his own unsatisfactory interview, I had little hope of penetrating her singular reserve; but I felt the strongest desire to see her, at least, and thus test the complete reality of a story which surpassed the wildest fiction. After visiting Terre Haute, the next point to which business called me, on the homeward route, was Cleveland; and by giving an additional day to the journey, I could easily take Toledo on my way. Between memory and expectation the time passed rapidly, and a week later I registered my name at the Island House, Toledo.



After wandering about for an hour or two, the next morning, I finally discovered the residence of Rachel Emmons. It was a small story-and-a-half frame building, on the western edge of the town, with a locust-tree in front, two lilacs inside the paling, and a wilderness of cabbage-stalks and currant-bushes in the rear. After much cogitation, I had not been able to decide upon any plan of action, and the interval between my knock and the opening of the door was one of considerable embarrassment to me. A small, plumpish woman of forty, with peaked nose, black eyes, and but two upper teeth, confronted me. She, certainly, was not the one I sought.

“Is your name Rachel Emmons?” I asked, nevertheless.

“No, I’m not her. This is her house, though.”

“Will you tell her a gentleman wants to see her?” said I, putting my foot inside the door as I spoke. The room, I saw, was plainly, but neatly furnished. A rag-carpet covered the floor; green rush-bottomed chairs, a settee with chintz cover, and a straight-backed rocking-chair were distributed around the walls; and for ornament there was an alphabetical sampler in a frame, over the low wooden mantel-piece.

The woman, however, still held the door-knob in her hand, saying, “Miss Emmons is busy. She can’t well leave her work. Did you want some sewin’ done?”

“No,” said I; “I wish to speak with her. It’s on private and particular business.”

“Well,” she answered with some hesitation, “I’ll tell her. Take a cheer.”

She disappeared through a door into a back room, and I



sat down. In another minute the door noiselessly reopened, and Rachel Emmons came softly into the room. I believe I should have known her anywhere. Though from Eber Nicholson's narrative she could not have been much over thirty, she appeared to be at least forty-five. Her hair was streaked with gray, her face thin and of an unnatural waxy pallor, her lips of a whitish-blue color and tightly pressed together, and her eyes, seemingly sunken far back in their orbits, burned with a strange, ghastly—I had almost said phosphorescent—light. I remember thinking they must shine like touch-wood in the dark. I have come in contact with too many persons, passed through too wide a range of experience, to lose my self-possession easily; but I could not meet the cold, steady gaze of those eyes without a strong internal trepidation. It would have been the same, if I had known nothing about her.

She was probably surprised at seeing a stranger, but I could discern no trace of it in her face. She advanced but a few steps into the room, and then stopped, waiting for me to speak.

"You are Rachel Emmons?" I asked, since a commencement of some sort must be made.

"Yes."

"I come from Eber Nicholson," said I, fixing my eyes on her face.

Not a muscle moved, not a nerve quivered, but I fancied that a faint purple flush played for an instant under the white mask. If I were correct, it was but momentary. She lifted her left hand slowly, pressed it on her heart, and then let it fall. The motion was so calm that I should

not have noticed it, if I had not been watching her so steadily.

“Well?” she said, after a pause.

“Rachel Emmons,” said I,—and more than one cause conspired to make my voice earnest and authoritative,—“I know all. I come to you not to meddle with the sorrow—let me say the sin—which has blighted your life; not because Eber Nicholson sent me; not to defend him or to accuse you; but from that solemn sense of duty which makes every man responsible to God for what he does or leaves undone. An equal pity for him and for you forces me to speak. He cannot plead his cause; you cannot understand his misery. I will not ask by what wonderful power you continue to torment his life; I will not even doubt that you pity while you afflict him; but I ask you to reflect whether the selfishness of your sorrow may not have hardened your heart, and blinded you to that consolation which God offers to those who humbly seek it. You say that you are married to Eber Nicholson, in His sight. Think, Rachel Emmons, think of that moment when you will stand before His awful bar, and the poor, broken, suffering soul, whom your forgiveness might still make yours in the holy marriage of heaven, shrinks from you with fear and pain, as in the remembered persecutions of earth!”

The words came hot from my very heart, and the ice-crust of years under which hers lay benumbed gave way before them. She trembled slightly; and the same sad, hopeless moan which I had heard at midnight in the Illinois shanty came from her lips. She sank into a chair, letting her hands fall heavily at her side. There was no move

ment of her features, yet I saw that her waxy cheeks were moist, as with the slow ooze of tears so long unshed that they had forgotten their natural flow.

“I do pity him,” she murmured at last, “and I believe I forgive him; but, oh! I’ve become an instrument of wrath for the punishment of both.”

If any feeling of reproof still lingered in my mind, her appearance disarmed me at once. I felt nothing but pity for her forlorn, helpless state. It was the apathy of despair, rather than the coldness of cherished malice, which had so frozen her life. Still, the mystery of those nightly persecutions!

“Rachel Emmons,” I said, “you certainly know that you still continue to destroy the peace of Eber Nicholson and his family. Do you mean to say that you *cannot* cease to do so, if you would?”

“It is too late,” said she, shaking her head slowly, as she clasped both hands hard against her breast. “Do you think I would suffer, night after night, if I could help it? Haven’t I stayed awake for days, till my strength gave way, rather than fall asleep, for *his* sake? Wouldn’t I give my life to be free?—and would have taken it, long ago, with my own hands, but for the sin!”

She spoke in a low voice, but with a wild earnestness which startled me. She, then, was equally a victim!

“But,” said I, “this thing had a beginning. Why did you visit him in the first place, when, perhaps, you might have prevented it?”

“I am afraid that was my sin,” she replied, “and this is the punishment. When father and mother died, and I was

layin' sick and weak, with nothin' to do but think of *him*, and me all alone in the world, and not knowin' how to live without him, because I had nobody left,—that's when it begun. When the deadly kind o' sleeps came on—they used to think I was dead, or faintin', at first—and I could go where my heart drawed me, and look at him away off where he lived, 'twas consolin', and I didn't try to stop it. I used to long for the night, so I could go and be near him for an hour or two. I don't know how I went; it seemed to come of itself. After a while I felt I was troublin' him and doin' no good to myself, but the sleeps came just the same as ever, and then I couldn't help myself. They're only a sorrow to me now, but I s'pose I shall have 'em till I'm laid in my grave."

This was all the explanation she could give. It was evidently one of those mysterious cases of spiritual disease which completely baffle our reason. Although compelled to accept her statement, I felt incapable of suggesting any remedy. I could only hope that the abnormal condition into which she had fallen might speedily wear out her vital energies, already seriously shattered. She informed me, further, that each attack was succeeded by great exhaustion, and that she felt herself growing feebler, from year to year. The immediate result, I suspected, was a disease of the heart, which might give her the blessing of death sooner than she hoped. Before taking leave of her, I succeeded in procuring from her a promise that she would write to Eber Nicholson, giving him that free forgiveness which would at least ease his conscience, and make his burden somewhat lighter to bear. Then, feeling that it was not



in my power to do more, I rose to depart. Taking her hand, which lay cold and passive in mine,—so much like a dead hand that it required a strong effort in me to repress a nervous shudder,—I said, “Farewell, Rachel Emmons, and remember that they who seek peace in the right spirit will always find it at last.”

“It won’t be many years before I find it,” she replied, calmly; and the weird, supernatural light of her eyes shone upon me for the last time.

I reached New York in due time, and did not fail, sitting around the broiled oysters and celery, with my partners, to repeat the story of the Haunted Shanty. I knew, beforehand, how they would receive it; but the circumstances had taken such hold of my mind,—so *burned* me, like a boy’s money, to keep buttoned up in the pocket,—that I could no more help telling the tale than the man I remember reading about, a great while ago, in a poem called “The Ancient Mariner.” Beeson, who, I suspect, don’t believe much of anything, is always apt to carry his railery too far; and thenceforth, whenever the drum of a target-company, marching down Broadway, passed the head of our street, he would whisper to me, “There comes Rachel Emmons!” until I finally became angry, and insisted that the subject should never again be mentioned.

But I none the less recalled it to my mind, from time to time, with a singular interest. It was the one supernatural, or, at least, inexplicable experience of my life, and I continued to feel a profound curiosity with regard to the two principal characters. My slight endeavor to assist them by such counsel as had suggested itself to me was actuated by



the purest human sympathy, and upon further reflection I could discover no other means of help. A spiritual disease could be cured only by spiritual medicine,—unless, indeed, the secret of Rachel Emmons's mysterious condition lay in some permanent dislocation of the relation between soul and body, which could terminate only with their final separation.

With the extension of our business, and the increasing calls upon my time during my Western journeys, it was three years before I again found myself in Toledo, with sufficient leisure to repeat my visit. I had some difficulty in finding the little frame house; for, although it was unaltered in every respect, a number of stately brick "villas" had sprung up around it and quite disguised the locality. The door was opened by the same little black-eyed woman, with the addition of four artificial teeth, which were altogether too large and loose. They were attached by plated hooks to her eye-teeth, and moved up and down when she spoke.

"Is Rachel Emmons at home?" I asked.

The woman stared at me in evident surprise.

"She's dead," said she, at last, and then added,—“let's see,—a'n't you the gentleman that called here, some three or four years ago?”

"Yes," said I, entering the room; "I should like to hear about her death."

"Well,—'twas rather queer. She was failin' when you was here. After that she got softer and weaker-like, an' didn't have her deathlike wearin' sleeps so often, but she went just as fast for all that. The doctor said 'twas heart-disease, and the nerves was gone, too; so he only giv' her morphy, and sometimes pills, but he knowed she'd no

chance from the first. 'Twas a year ago last May when she died. She'd been confined to her bed about a week, but I'd no thought of her goin' so soon. I was settin' up with her, and 'twas a little past midnight, maybe. She'd been layin' like dead awhile, an' I was thinkin' I could snatch a nap before she woke. All 't onst she riz right up in bed, with her eyes wide open, an' her face lookin' real happy, an' called out, loud and strong,—'Farewell, Eber Nicholson! farewell! I've come for the last time! There's peace for me in heaven, an' peace for you on earth! Farewell! farewell!' Then she dropped back on the pillar, stone-dead. She'd expected it, 't seems, and got the doctor to write her will. She left me this house and lot,—I'm her second cousin on the mother's side,—but all her money in the Savin's Bank, six hundred and seventy-nine dollars and a half, to Eber Nicholson. The doctor writ out to Illinois, an' found he'd gone to Kansas, a year before. So the money's in bank yit; but I s'pose he'll git it, some time or other."

As I returned to the hotel, conscious of a melancholy pleasure at the news of her death, I could not help wondering,—“Did he hear that last farewell, far away in his Kansas cabin? Did he hear it, and fall asleep with thanksgiving in his heart, and arise in the morning to a liberated life?” I have never visited Kansas, nor have I ever heard from him since; but I know that the *living ghost* which haunted him is laid for ever.

**Reader, you will not believe my story; BUT IT IS TRUE.**





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