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STORIES

OF

PERSONS AND PLACES IN EUROPE

BY

E. L. BENEDICT

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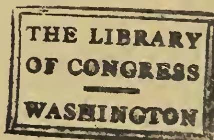

PREFACE.

The value of an illustrative story in impressing the fact upon the mind is well-known. Children, and those of larger growth owe their clear conception of many important matters to the story with which these were first presented.

This suggests that the many things which young people need to know about the countries of the world, could be gained more easily from illustrative stories than from condensed statements of bare facts. And numerous stories of this kind are to be found stored away in volumes uninteresting to most young readers and inaccessible to all but a few.

Hence these Stories of Persons and Places which attempts to treat in this illustrative way the countries of Europe,—their noted physical features, antiquities, legends, historical events and personages, industries and works of art.

For some important subjects suitable stories could not be found and vivid descriptions have been substituted. In a few countries, such as Greece, whose prominent points are her myths, her immortal statesmen and her remains of ancient art, much has been omitted because it has already been told so often and so well in juvenile works.

E. L. B.

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STORIES OF PERSONS AND PLACES IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

RUSSIA.

RUSSIA, the largest country of the world, has no magnificent mountain scenery like Switzerland; no romantic hills and glens, like Scotland, and no classic songs of heroes, like Greece; but she has her own attractions—her vast rivers and lakes, forests and plains—all, like herself, wonderful for their greatness, if for nothing else. She has, also, her stores of rich products; her tales of brave warriors; of determined, though sometimes cruel, rulers, and an abundance of fables and legends.

If one could be at the top of a lofty observatory near the centre of Russia and look over the whole extent, from Germany to the Ural Mountains and from the White Sea to the Black, he would see spread out before him *more than one-half of all Europe.* Stretching away to the north, in a wide band along the Arctic Ocean, he would see the frozen tundras; to the south, along the Black and Caspian, wide plains, some covered with waving grain, others barren and sandy; and, through the central part, vast forests, broken here and there in the northwest by immense lakes.

THE TREELESS TUNDRA.—From the middle of September till the end of June the great northern plain of Russia lies buried under a thick mantle of snow. Not a tree nor a bush lifts itself from out the white mass; for the bushes are completely buried, and trees there are none. For two months not a glimmer of sunshine lights up the snowy waste; though the moon, the stars, and the northern lights dispel a little of the darkness. No sound nor sign of animal life disturbs the solitude, unless it be an occasional fox or reindeer, or a stray snow owl. But when the sun has fully returned and

begins to make long stays each day, then a great change and commotion takes place. The white mantle soon grows thin and shabby; the frozen rivers and lakes snap and crack with the swelling floods, heaving and crashing the ice on their bosoms till huge masses are piled up in every direction.

Then the long-buried secrets of the vegetable world begin to be revealed. Out come reindeer moss and lichens, and dwarf shrubs with scented leaves; last year's cranberries, preserved in ice and snow, appear; dwarf birch run along the ground, like ivy, and endless rushes and grasses spring up.

As the season advances, the white mantle entirely disappears and a mottled green one takes its place, bedecked with flowers and patched with open spaces of water, and myriads of birds come flocking over the plain.

The tundra is a grand nesting place for the feathered folks, especially those who are fond of water. The grassy mounds are thickly inhabited by happy families of snipe, plover, buntings, redwings, wagtails, and widgeons, and the lakes and marshes are perfect paradises to the thousands of ducks, geese, and swans that every year take up their line of march across this watery region.

Forest Scenes.—South of the tundra the zone of wood commences; first with a stunted, sickly growth, crippled by the cold northern winds; then with more sturdy and fairer races, until there arises the full-grown pines, firs, larches, alders, and willows of the great forest region. This part of the country, though densely wooded and often uninhabited for miles, is far less dreary than the tundras, for there is the constant charm of beauty and variety. The monotony of the somber pines is broken by the delicate hues of the willows and alders, by plantations of young firs, by clumps of tall spruces and haggard old larches. In many places a mantle of delicate moss covers, not only the decayed and fallen trees, but the tall forms of the living ones. All the way from the bottom to the top it spreads, runs out over the stems and branches, and even hangs in long clusters of pale green from the ends, or in graceful festoons from one tree to another. Underneath the fallen and moss-covered trunks is a tangle of brushwood—bramble and juniper bushes, cranberry, crowberry and whortleberry, wood sorrel, arbutus and rhododendrons, mingling with the soft carpet of mosses and lichens. Frequently there are open spaces where the still waters of little tarns or lakes shine out, or where their dry beds lie waiting for the next season of high water.

A sudden fall of snow works a magical change in all these forms. But furnishing fine pictures for admiring eyes is by no means the only purpose

of these vast forests. Indeed, the Russian peasant would never dream that such was any part of their mission. He looks to them for the necessaries of life. He builds his cottage, his boat, and his fences from the timber of the fir tree; he burns it for light and for firewood, spreads the ashes upon the soil for manure, and taps its roots for turpentine. The birch furnishes him with household utensils, with basket-shoes, and with switches for his vapor bath.

BEAR HUNTING.

The mountain ash ornaments his yard and supplies his table with berry marmalade. From the forest comes also another table delicacy, wild honey. Quantities of it are gathered every year from the hollow trunks where the bees have made their home, and a large amount is exported to other countries.

The forest is the home of a number of wild animals, which are hunted for

their furs and for sport. A bear-hunt is a frequent and always a highly exciting occurrence. Several methods of attacking him are practiced; one is to run him down with "skidors," a kind of huge roller-skate, on which the hunters can keep up with the rapid gait of the bear and, sooner or later, tire him out. They sometimes follow him in this way for a couple of weeks, sleeping each night in the snow.

LIFE ON THE STEPPES.—The southern zone of Russia consists of a series of plains, the eastern ones salty, sandy, and barren; the western, so rich that they have been called the granaries of Europe. With no fertilizing whatever, the rich, black soil yields the most surprising crops of grain and vegetables, and also of thrifty and troublesome weeds, called "burian." One kind, called the "steppe needle," sends its sharp seeds right through the skin of the cattle and into their hearts and bowels, causing the most painful death. Another kind, called the "drunken weed," makes horses mad and lame, but does no harm to cattle. There is also the "cholera burr," which appeared first when the cholera was raging, and is said to be a cure for that disease; and there is a very curious plant called the "perekatspole." In autumn, when the winds begin to blow sharply, a great mass of this growth loosens its hold upon the earth, rolls up and bounds off before the wind, faster than a horse can gallop. At times it moves on in long, regular lines; then it breaks up and leaps onward with the wildest antics, as if alive. Sometimes the forepart of the flying mass suddenly stops; the rest, finding its way blocked, flings itself up in a high heap. Presently the hill topples over, and away the whole pile goes again before the breeze, faster than ever.

Underneath the tall grasses and burian a busy little world will be found—all out of sight if one but glances over the plain. Long trains of ants may be seen crossing in all directions; huge spiders stretching their treacherous bridges from stalk to stalk; and butterflies, bees, locusts, and grasshoppers, jumping, flying, buzzing, and humming about by myriads; bustards start up from their nests in the burian; hawks and kites dart about, looking for prey; moles and marmots sun themselves at their doorways; hares come leaping through the grass; and the wolf slinks into her hiding place beneath a clump of weeds, where she tries to protect her young from their numerous enemies.

Suddenly from out of the distance comes a "tuban" of half-wild steppe horses, dashing along on their way to a watering-place. Very beautiful they look, with their long, waving manes reaching nearly to their knees and heavy tails sweeping the ground, as they fly along after their dashing leader.

THE KREMLIN.

Following the drove on his own swift steed is, perhaps, a Tartar, "arkan" in hand, bent upon capturing one of the fine creatures before him. This arkan is a leathern sling, which the Tartars throw with as much dexterity as the Mexican does his lasso, and never fails to bring out his horse from the very centre of the drove if he chooses. When the horses hear the arkan whizzing over their heads, they rush out in every direction to get away from the victim, rearing and kicking each other to make a clearing; the air is filled with neighing and snorts of pain, until they break out of each other's way and speed away over the plain. But a cry from the leader brings the scattered ranks together again, and on they go, forgetful of danger in their wild enjoyment of freedom.

A Steppe on Fire.—Every year the Russian peasant sets fire to his portion of the steppe, in order to overcome the troublesome burian and make room for his crops. He never seems to consider how great a matter a little fire kindleth, only taking care to start it when the wind will blow it away from his own house and barn. It is a curious sight to see the flame as, with a slight hiss, it darts forward through the dry grass, leaving a wake of blackened earth and white ashes. The blaze does not show itself in the daylight, and often one would fancy it had died out, when suddenly a tall weed bursts forth into flame, in a second it fires its neighbors, and then the stems all around begin to writhe as if in torture. A pillar of fire rises in the air and then sinks again to the ground, spreading along the low grass. For a while it seems motionless, then dashes suddenly away for miles, with the speed of an arrow, leaving a long, unburned patch, which takes fire afterward, when all danger seems to be over. With every puff of wind the flame is driven further into the steppe, spreading out like a stream that has burst its banks; forming islands here and there, which in time are flooded also; myriads of black fibres begin to dance in the air and cover the spectator from head to foot; an unpleasant smell of burning peat assails his nostrils; gradually a dense cloud of smoke begins to collect over the ground, moving backward and forward and up and down in the strangest way. Unlike the terrible prairie fires of America, there are no flying herds of buffalo or wild antelope rushing frantically from a fearful death; it is seldom that the cattle of the steppes are surprised by a fire. There is often a flock of excited birds; but many of them have followed the smoke, to feast on the roasted dainties left in the wake of the fire.

More desolate than ever is the appearance of the steppe after the fire. with its crust of ashes and blackened remains of plants. The parched earth

gapes in thousands of cracks, and into these the rain washes the charred remains. But when the spring sun begins to warm the earth, the dreary, gray plain is changed as if by magic into bright, golden green. Millions of sharp leaves peer out, and in a few days construct a thick, rich carpet, to gladden the eye and to fatten the hungry cattle.

The Benediction of the Waters.—The steppe country of Russia is crossed by four great rivers, which have had much to do with her growth and welfare, especially before the Czars began to build railroads. For centuries they furnished the only routes from the interior to the coast. With boats in summer and sledges in winter, the grand princes could make tours through their farthest provinces, transport their armies quickly from one place to another in time of war, or engage in commerce in times of peace. Without these highways it would have been impossible to keep up such communication with the remote corners and thus to hold the empire together.

In the north is the St. Lawrence of Russia, the outlet of her great lakes, where every winter a magnificent ceremony, called "The Benediction of the Waters," is held.

The emperor, with all his priests, bishops, and officers of state, gather at the winter palace and, no matter how cold or stormy, walk bareheaded in solemn procession to the river. Here a wooden temple has been erected on the ice, richly gilded and painted, and hung round with sacred pictures, especially of St. John the Baptist. This temple, which is called the Jordan, is surrounded by a hedge of fir boughs, and in the midst of it a hole is cut through the ice to the water. A platform of boards, covered with red cloth and fenced in by fir boughs, is laid from the shore for the procession to pass over. Then, between lines of troops and standards, the clerks, deacons, priests and bishops, in their richest robes, pass along, carrying lighted tapers, censers, the gospels, sacred pictures, and banners, followed by the emperor, the grand duke and all the court.

The service is then sung, after which the high-priest descends a staircase into the water, fills a vessel and carries it to the emperor, who immediately plunges into it his hands and face. Then the priest sprinkles his majesty with a brush dipped in the consecrated water, praying all the while for blessings on Russia and its monarch. All the officers, the standards and colors, are thus sprinkled, after which the procession marches back to the palace. A priest has already been dispatched with some vessels of water for the empress and her ladies; the guns of the fortress have been discharg-

ing salutes, and the people looking on in silent awe. Now, as the last of the royal party leaves the place, the people rush in with their pitchers and pails to obtain their share of the holy water.

A Legend of the Volga.—In Russia's early days the Dneiper was its principal highway for war and commerce, but now the Volga is the river of the empire, both in size and in importance. Its tributaries are as large as ordinary rivers, and its 2,300 miles of natural waterway is still further increased by canals connecting it with the White Sea and the Baltic. It is the great artery of communication for the whole country, and its waters supply one of the most profitable fisheries in Europe. Vast quantities of sturgeon and salmon are caught every year in the lower Volga and shipped to other countries.

The Russians, who have a story for almost everything, tell this legend about the origin of the Volga. They say that many ages ago, before the rivers were formed, there were two sisters, Volga and Vazuza, who disputed long together as to which was the wiser, the stronger, and the more worthy of respect. After a while they decided to settle the dispute in the following way.

They would lie down together to sleep, and whichever was the first to rise and reach the Caspian should ever afterward be held the wiser of the two and most worthy of respect. So they lay down, and in the night Vazuza rose silently and fled away by the nearest and straightest line toward the Caspian. When Volga awoke she set off, neither slowly nor hurriedly, but with just befitting speed. At Yubtsof she came up with Vazuza and looked at her so angrily that Vazuza was frightened and besought Volga to take her in her arms and bear her to the Caspian. So to this day Vazuza is the first to awaken in the spring, but Volga overtakes her and carries her to the Caspian.

A Great Salt Lake.—As the Volga nears the end of its journey it passes through a wide sandy plain, shelving gradually to the borders of the Caspian and continues there, under the water, its gentle slope, down to nearly one-third of the length of the sea. Where the Caucasian Mountains strike the sea at Cape Apsheron, there the plain breaks, and the bottom of the sea becomes at once deeper and uneven. The dry part of the plain—the steppe country—contains quantities of salt and sea shells mixed with the sand, showing that it has once been a part of the bed of the sea. But why should the water have dried away, when all the while the Volga, the Ura, and several smaller rivers, are pouring into it such immense volumes of water that it

SLEDGE TRAVELING.

would seem as if it must overflow instead of drying up? Because the high winds and the heat of the sun carry away by evaporation more than the rivers can bring in. The process can be seen going on all around the northern borders of the Caspian, where there is a thick fringe of narrow inlets, each extending for some distance inland and spreading out into a shallow pan—a natural evaporator. In some of these there is considerable water and only a thin layer of salt around the banks; in others there is less water and a thick pavement of salt all over the bottom and about the sides; in others the waters has disappeared entirely and the salt bed is covered with sand. This is already a part of the steppe.

East of the Caspian is an immense salt pan, into which, by a narrow channel, the water is constantly running from the sea, and spreading out to dry. It is thought that fully three hundred and fifty thousand tons of salt is carried out of the Caspian every year into this marsh. No living thing is found in its briny waters.

This same process of evaporation going on in the Caspian also takes place in the Black, but that sea receives a larger supply of water in proportion to the area of its surface, and so is kept full and running over.

It is thought that once the strait of the Bosporus did not exist; that, instead, the Black Sea overflowed into the Caspian; that, in fact, they were both one, and extended without doubt to the Sea of Aral. If some force should block up the channel of the Bosporus, and the water in the Black Sea should rise twenty-three feet higher than it now is, it would run over into the Caspian, through a valley which can be easily traced and which seems to have been once a water-course. Following this supposition further, the Caspian would begin to overflow and spread out over all the low, steppe country, covering a portion as large as France, and when it had risen one hundred and fifty-eight feet it would fill up the lakes and valleys on the east and reach to the Sea of Aral. And then—some curious people have carried the matter still further, and they say that a rise of sixty-two feet more would carry the Aral as far as the Zobol, a tributory of the Obi, and then there would be a continuous water-passage from the headwaters of the Danube in Europe to the Arctic Ocean, *via* the Black and Caspian seas. And, strange to say, an ancient maker of geographies has marked such a connection between the Arctic and the Aral. If there had only been some very learned map-makers in the times of Adam or Noah, what wonderful changes in the face of the earth we might now trace with certainty!

THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC.—At the opposite end of the empire another set of changes is going on, as strange as those about the Caspian. The Baltic is losing ground every year. Once the City of Lubec stood upon the shore; now, it is twelve miles inland. Once the chain of lakes which empty into the Baltic were joined to the White Sea, as is shown by the salt water animals found there, though the lakes are now fresh.

But the strangest thing about the Baltic is the way the ice is sometimes formed. Instead of appearing first on the surface, as all ordinary ice does, it often forms on the bottom and rises to the top in thin plates about five inches in diameter. These ice plates are often seen coming up edgewise with such force as to lift themselves three or four inches out of the water. When they come up in great numbers they are piled together one upon another and broken, but if only a few rise they remain entire and the diameter of each increases to two feet or more. When the fisherman sees the iceplates rising rapidly, he makes for the shore as fast as possible, for in a short time they will be frozen together in a solid mass through which a boat cannot pass.

RURIK.

Sometimes, in the gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, stones are seen floating on top of the water amidst the ice; they have been caught in the plates and brought to the surface, where they are carried along until the ice melts or is driven ashore. Blocks of granite weighing two or three hundred ton have been thus carried along by the ice and deposited on the land.

All the countries around the Baltic are rich in products of all kinds, and

these, added to the quantities of fish yielded by the waters, make this sea a place of great importance in the world of commerce. Ships of all nations are continually crowding its waters.

It was on the shores of the Baltic that the history of Russia began, in a strip of territory inhabited by a band of Northmen. To the south, in the vicinity of Novgorod, there dwelt a race of Slavs, who had cleared for themselves a large tract of country and built cities. But they were not good statesmen; the chieftains quarreled so much that they kept the country from prospering. Finally they sent a message to the Northmen, saying, "Our land is great and fruitful, but it lacks order; come and take possession and govern us."

From that time the history of Russia commences. The Northmen sent three of their princes to rule over the Slavs, and they proved to be wise and powerful rulers. One of them, named Rurik, after the death of the other two, united all of the Slavs in one nation, which from that time was called Russia. Rurik's successor, Oleg, was another gifted ruler. He enlarged his dominions by numerous conquests, and built cities. He was looked upon almost as a god by the people for his wisdom, and the manner of his death has been many times related by their historians.

They say that he had a horse of which he was very fond, and rode so much that the soothsayers prophesied it would be the cause of his death. Hearing this, Oleg had the horse put away, and paid no more attention to it for several years. Upon asking one day what had become of it, he was told that it had been dead a long time. Remembering, then, what the soothsayers had told him, he asked to see the bones, and was shown where they lay. "So this," he said, with a kick upon the skull, "is the creature that was to cause my death." As he said this a serpent rushed out of the skull and stung his foot so that he died from the effects of the bite.

Tribes and Peoples.—Russia is a land of many races. More than one hundred different nations and tribes are found within the empire, and forty different languages are spoken. Here has been the battle-ground on which family after family, coming from "the cradle of the world," have fought for supremacy. First came the little Lapps and Finns; but they were soon driven to the north by the more powerful Celts. Then came another race, more powerful still—the savage Scythians—who scalped their prisoners, used skulls for drinking-cups, worshipped a sword wet with human blood, and celebrated the death of their kings by strangling all their relations.

So fierce and untamable were they, that few people from the civilized

world ventured among them. No one has recorded the terrible scenes of strife and bloodshed that took place between them in the earlier ages; but at last something like order began to appear. Slavs, Goths, Huns, and Tartars, had each carved out a resting place with their swords. About this time an Arabian writer ventured into the country and found the Slavs the most numerous and powerful; they had herds of sheep and cattle, and they sowed their fields with grain; but they were nearly as barbarous as their Scythian ancestors. They fought with bows and poisoned arrows, and long nooses with which they lassoed their enemies. When a chieftian died, they killed a couple of slaves to burn on his funeral pyre, that he might have an attendant when he reached the other world.

A GROUP OF RUSSIANS.

The Arabian writer was present at one of these horrible funerals. For several days, he says, the friends of the deceased bewailed him and intoxicated themselves over his corpse. Then the men-servants were asked which of them would be buried with his master. One consented, and was immediately strangled. The same question was asked of the women-

servants, and one of them offered herself. She was then washed, adorned, and treated like a princess; did nothing but drink and sing until the appointed day. Then the dead man was laid in a boat, with part of his arms and his garments. His favorite horse was slain, with other domestic animals, and put in the boat, with the servant who had been strangled. The young maid-servant then took off her jewels, and, with a glass of kvass in her hand, sang her death-song, which she would gladly have prolonged, but the old woman who had been appointed to kill her—"the death angel" she was called—ordered her to drink quickly and enter the boat where her dead master lay.

At this she turned pale and tried to draw back, but the old woman seized her by the hair and dragged her in. Then the men began to beat their shields, so that the noise would drown her cries, which if the other slave girls heard might make them unwilling to offer themselves for their masters when the time should come.

The whole horrid scene ended with the burning of the boat in one grand funeral pile.

Vladimir's Baptism.—The second great event in the history of Russia was brought about by Vladimir, a great-grandson of Rurik. Before his day, the people had all been idol-worshippers; he led them to change paganism for Christianity. His grandmother, Olga, had been baptized, and a few Christian missionaries had preached to the people, but with little effect.

During the first years of his reign Vladimir was a pagan. He erected costly idols and persecuted the Christians. But after a while he began to be troubled about which was the true religion. Around him were Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, and pagans—which belief was the right one? He began to inquire into the matter.

The Bulgarians recommended to him the conquering religion of Mahomet, and he was pleased with their description of its lovely paradise and houris. But when they said that no wine was allowed, he shook his head: "Wine is the delight of the Russians," he said; "we cannot do without it."

The Germans offered him Catholicism, but he disliked the idea of worshipping a pope—a mere man, he said.

The Jews sought to win him to the Hebrew religion; but he thought they must have done something to greatly displease heaven, since they were driven out of their country to wander in strange lands, and he had no desire to share their punishment.

To decide the matter he sent ambassadors out to visit the churches of the

different faiths, and when they returned and gave the most glowing description of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, with its magnificent furnishings and solemn service, he made up his mind to join that church. "Besides," the ambassadors said, "if the Greek religion had not been the best, surely your ancestor, Queen Olga, the wisest of mortals, would never have embraced it."

That settled the matter, and, in the year 980, Vladimir was baptized in the river Cherson, near Sevastopol, receiving the name of Basil. A church dedicated to St. Basil now stands upon the heights overlooking the place.

When he returned home he had the idols pulled down, amid the tears and terror of the people. The gold-headed and silver-bearded Perum was flogged and thrown into the river. Then he commanded all the people, young and old, men, women, and children, to plunge into the water, while the Greek priest chanted the baptismal service. After this he built fine churches, and adorned them with the richest workmanship of the Grecian art.

It is said that his new religion made a great change in the prince, who, all his life before, had been a most wicked old sinner. He now treated his Greek wife with great kindness, and hardly punished criminals for fear of doing wrong.

Many years went by, after Vladimir ordered the people to be baptized, before they gave up the worship of idols in secret, and even yet the influence of their old belief clings to them. Pictures representing the Virgin Mary and the saints, called "icons," they have the greatest reverence for. There is one in every house, and no one thinks of entering the door without bowing to the icon. A visitor always bows to the icon before saluting any member of the family. If he does not see it, he asks, "Where is the god?" but it is usually kept in the corner opposite the door, where it will be easily seen. On feast days a light is kept burning before it.

Large icons are put up on the outside of the churches, to which everyone bows as he passes by. Travelers are much amused at the frequent stops and solemn bows whenever one of these is seen. Sometimes in a railroad station a Russian, hurrying to get his ticket, sees an icon in the office, and he stops at once to doff his hat and make his bow, even if he lose his train.

Some of the icons are thought to have the power of healing and working other wonders. To these long pilgrimages are made on foot from one end of the empire to the other.

THE KHAN OF THE GOLDEN HORDE.—Unfortunately for Russia, her early rulers began the unwise practice of dividing the country between their children. Each prince received his principality, which, upon his death, was divided among his children. The grand prince was the one who ruled over Kief, and the title descended only to the eldest of the royal family; that is, when the Grand Prince of Kief died, his eldest son would probably not be the heir, but a brother or, perhaps, an uncle of the deceased, who would then be the oldest male member of the family. This practice kept the country in a constant turmoil, for it usually took much fighting to find out which of the numerous pretenders was really the oldest.

While distracted with these wars of the princes, another great misfortune overtook Russia. A great army of Tartars entered it, the subjects of Genghis Khan, who had made himself ruler of a large part of Asia. "As there is only one sun in heaven," said this ambitious man, "so there ought to be but one emperor on earth." So he sent his warriors into Europe to make that a part of his empire.

So swiftly and suddenly this host of Mongols began pouring into Russia that the princes had no time to prepare for resistance. City after city fell quickly into their hands; the people were robbed, and put to death by fire and sword; bags full of human ears were sent to China as a token of the conquest. On the conquerors came, to the very borders of Germany, and all Europe held its breath in terror. But there Bati, the Tartar general, heard that the Grand Khan was dead, and he hastened back to China to receive for his share of the empire the newly-conquered region of Russia. At Sarai, on the lower Volga, he built his palace, and called his dominion the "Golden Horde."

He left the Russian princes in charge of their provinces, but obliged them to pay him tribute or become his slaves. He also obliged them to come to his capital to show their submission and to have their disputes settled.

This journey to the "Golden Tent" was a most perilous one; before setting out, the princes usually made their wills and arranged everything as if they were never coming back, and the chances were that they never did. Some died of thirst in the steppes on the way; others were unable to furnish the rich presents which the favorites of the khan demanded before admitting them to his court. Many were accused before the khan of grave offenses by their rivals, and put to death before they could say a word in self-defense.

NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA.

Upon approaching the khan, they were obliged to prostrate themselves many times and to declare that they were the humble slaves of the great Khan of the Golden Horde.

When they were at home and a letter was brought from the khan, they must meet the bearer on foot, spread rich carpets under his feet, present him with a cup of golden coin, and receive the message on their knees.

But the time came when the splendors of the Golden Horde began to grow dim. The powerful khan died, and his empire was divided among a number of weaker khans. The Russian princes, on the other hand, had been gradually uniting themselves under one grand prince, and by and by, when the Khan of Kazan sent his ambassadors to Moscow with his image, to demand tribute, the grand prince trampled the image under his feet and killed all of the messengers but one, whom he sent back to tell his master what had been done.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.—The new line of grand princes, who had made Moscow the capital of the empire, began very early to show a proud and autocratic spirit. "The grand prince decides all questions alone, shut up in his chamber," complained one of the nobles, for which he had his head cut off. "Be silent, rustic!" was the haughty rebuke given by the Grand Prince Ivan to a great lord who dared to contradict him. This same prince began when, only thirteen years old, a career of cruelty which won for him the title of Ivan the Terrible. He ordered his chief courtier, who had displeased him, to be torn to death by hounds. The title of grand prince he laid aside and took that of Czar. Czar, in Russian, was the title given to Nebuchadnezzar, Pharaoh, and Ahasuerus. Ivan had read of these monarchs and determined to be a Czar. His subjects he regarded as his private property, whom he could treat as he choose. Men approached him in fear and prostrated themselves before his terrible iron staff.

One of his most terrible deeds was the destruction he visited upon the city of Novgorod, because the people, disliking his cruel ways, were not afraid to say so. He was so enraged at their complaints that he swore he would level the city and sow the ground with salt, and in this frame of mind he marched to its gates. But there Father Nicholas met him—a good old priest, with a long, white beard, and such a saintly face that even the savage soldiers were awed by his presence. With fearless step the old man marched straight up to the terrible Ivan:

"Bloodsucker and unbeliever!" he cried; "thou devourer of Christian flesh, listen to my words. If thou, or any of these thy servants, touch a

hair of a child's head in yon city, I swear by the angel whom God has given unto me to serve me, thou shalt surely die, die on the instant, by a flash from heaven!"

As he spoke, the sky grew dark and a storm arose, as if in obedience to his threat.

"Spare me, fearful saint," cried Ivan. "The city is forgiven; and let me in remembrance of this day have thy constant prayers."

The priest then withdrew his curse, and Ivan entered the city, penitently to kneel before the shrine of St. Sophia.

But as time passed on, the Czar again became enraged against the city, and this time nothing could save it from his wrath. He entered it in fury and put more than sixty thousand men to death, some with the most terrible torture. Not even women and children were spared. The streets literally ran with blood, and were choked up with the bodies of the slain.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

In his last days Ivan was severely punished for his many cruel deeds. He had a son of whom he was very fond, and to whom he expected to leave the large empire he had taken such pains to build up. One day, in a rage, he struck this son a savage blow with his great iron staff, and killed him on the spot. Great was the father's grief and remorse; he could find no comfort in anything, and was about to leave his throne and enter a convent when death called him away.

Peter's Legacy.—Nearly a hundred years went by after the death of Ivan the Terrible before as able a ruler wore his crown. Then came Peter the Great, who raised the country from barbarism to civilization. For this he deserved the title of Great, but for the inhuman cruelties he practiced he deserved the title of Terrible as much as did Ivan. He seemed to have no regard whatever for human life. At Berlin, when shown a new gibbet, he ordered one of his servants to be hung upon it that he might see how it operated. When he built St. Petersburg, a hundred thousand workmen were destroyed the first year by the hard work, dampness and bad food and shelter.

He was not only inconsiderate, but terribly passionate. One day at dinner he quarreled with his general-in-chief. Becoming angry, he drew his sword and, striking the officer, cried, "Thus will I mar thy mal-government!" He appealed to a couple of nobles present as to the truth of the charges made against the general, but they found excuses for the man. At this, Peter was thoroughly enraged, and startled all the guests by striking right and left with his sword. One received a cut finger, another a blow on the head, another a gash on the hand. The general was saved by the Czar's old tutor, but at the expense of a hard blow on the back.

One evening he saw a noble dancing with his sword on, and taught him to lay it aside by a blow on the nose that started the blood spouting over his face. At another dinner he became enraged over the quarreling of two guests and threatened both with immediate death; the host tried to allay his fury, and received for his pains a violent blow. Another subject gave offense by being too free of speech, and was whipped "until his smarts teach him to treat his sovereign with becoming reverence."

But all these were trifles compared with the punishments he inflicted on the troops whom his sister encouraged to revolt. He prepared fourteen torture-chambers, where the knout, rack, and fire were applied to these unfortunate men, until the whole two thousand, nearly, had been tortured; after which all but five hundred were put to death.

But these things are forgotten in the face of his great deeds, and it is perhaps better, after all, that they should be. It certainly is a relief to turn from such dark crimes and look upon the determined Czar in the shipyards of Holland, working as an ordinary apprentice at ship-building, or serving as a midshipman on an English vessel that he may master the principles of navigation and teach them to his subjects.

At St. Petersburg, very carefully preserved, is the small craft which

Peter saw sailing down the Yansa, and which first put the idea of ship-building into his head. It is called "The Little Grandsire." Its descendants are the numerous ironclad monsters that now constitute the Russian navy, and which may very properly be called Peter's legacy to the Russians.

He saw that in order to make Russia like the other nations of Europe, which was his great ambition, she must have a seaboard, where she could carry her produce and enter into trade with other countries. Industry and commerce, to call out the energy of the people and the resources of the country, were what was needed to bind the Russians together and make of them a great nation. This could not be done without a market-place. This was why Peter was so anxious to get a footing on the sea coast and to create a navy that could hold it.

PETER THE GREAT.

CATHERINE'S CONQUESTS.—One of the ablest rulers Russia ever had was a woman—Catherine II., wife of Peter III., a grandson of Peter the Great. During her reign learning and the arts made considerable progress, and a large amount of territory was added. Poland—a country that had given a great deal of trouble to Russia; that had once carried war to the gates of Moscow; that had also saved Europe from being overrun with Mohammedans by the strong hand of John Sobieski—was literally taken to pieces during Catherine's reign. The largest part was added to Russia; other portions to Prussia and Austria. The Poles made a most gallant struggle in defense of their country; the name of their leader, Kosciuszko, will always have a place among patriotic heroes; but their heroism came too late. They had weakened their country by years of quarreling among themselves, and so fell an easy prey to their enemies.

About the same time another struggle was going on between Catherine's armies and the Crimeans at Bakchi-serai, where stood the palace of the last of the Tartar khans. Near the capital stood also a beautiful summer palace—a most fairy-like structure, with lofty windows of painted glass, walls hung with purple velvet, floors covered with richest carpets and silk-embroidered divans. Surrounding it was a garden of rarest flowers and fruits of every clime, filled with sparkling fountains, perfumed vases, birds of gayest plumage and swestest song.

CATHERINE II.

On the entrance of the gate of the palace was a fatal inscription. It read:

"From fire protect my domes and halls;
When they shall crumble, Tartary falls."

Towards this beautiful palace the Russian army was now advancing, and the Tartar soldiers collected in defense. Elizah Mansour, the mysterious prophet of the Caucasus, the expected deliverer of Tartary from the Russians, was present on his coal-black steed, riding here and there, always at hand where most needed, and inspiring the whole Tartar army with confidence.

Long and fierce was the struggle. Line after line of the Russian host was swept away by the Tartars. Boiling lead, huge stones, scalding water, every possible missile, was hurled from the walls of the capital by the women and children. At last, as night drew on, the Russians began to give way. A shout was almost on the lips of the victors, when suddenly a dreadful crash was heard. Both armies paused to look, and, lo! the magnificent summer palace was a sheet of flame!

Then every Tartar's heart stood still as he remembered the terrible prophecy on its walls. The shout of victory died upon their lips, and they

ST. PETERSBURG.

threw themselves upon the ground, tearing their hair and clothes in the fierceness of their despair. Vain was every attempt of the prophet to rally them, and the Russians marched unopposed into the city..

The Burning of Moscow.—A few years after the fall of the Crimea and the destruction of the cherished palace of the khans, the Russians were forced to see a like calamity befall, not a single palace, but a city full of palaces—their own beloved Moscow. Their country was now being invaded by the great French conqueror, Napoleon. The Czar, Alexander I., and his generals had decided to retreat from the capital and set it on fire, rather than leave it to become a refuge to the enemy they feared to fight.

With tears in their eyes the people bade farewell to their beautiful and sacred city, and hurried out with such goods as they could carry, leaving the kindlings prepared and those who were to light them stationed in their hiding places.

On the same day Napoleon's advanced guard reached the top of the hill overlooking the city, and saw for the first time its splendid domes and towers glittering in the sun. The cry of "Moscow! Moscow!" burst from their lips, and was echoed and re-echoed down the long lines behind them. Breaking their ranks, the soldiers rushed headlong down the hill, Napoleon in their midst. The fatigues and hardships of the long, cold march were forgotten; a haven of rest was before them.

All was silent within the city as they entered its gates; the streets, empty and deserted, echoed only the tramp of their footsteps. Night came on, and Napoleon waited in vain at the citadel for a delegation of citizens to come and arrange terms with him. The truth could no longer be doubted—the city was deserted. But what richness was left for the French. Provisions in the larders, wine in the cellars, clothes in the wardrobes, easy chairs, soft beds, luxuries of every kind, with none to molest. Surely there never were such fortunate soldiers.

These luxuries, however, they had enjoyed but a few days, when one night a fire broke out among the splendid buildings in the northern part; then others in different directions, and the soldiers, overcome with wine and luxuries, were too sleepy to put them out.

In the morning there were fires in every direction. Balloons of flame shot up with frightful, hissing noises and loud explosions; sheets of burning canvas unrolled from the buildings and floated in the air, scattering fresh fires. The heat became intolerable. The wind rose to a hurricane. The whole heavens were filled with burning smoke.

Napoleon clung to the Kremlin to the last, hoping that would escape; but on the third day the cry arose, "The Kremlin is on fire." There was nothing now to be done but seek a place of safety outside of the gates, and there Napoleon watched the city he had come so far to gain turning to ashes in his grasp. Well might he exclaim, "This is but the beginning of disaster." It meant an immediate return over the same path they had already left

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

strewed with their dead, with hunger, cold, and Cossack cavalry carrying away the greater part of the survivors before they could regain the far-away frontiers of Prussia.

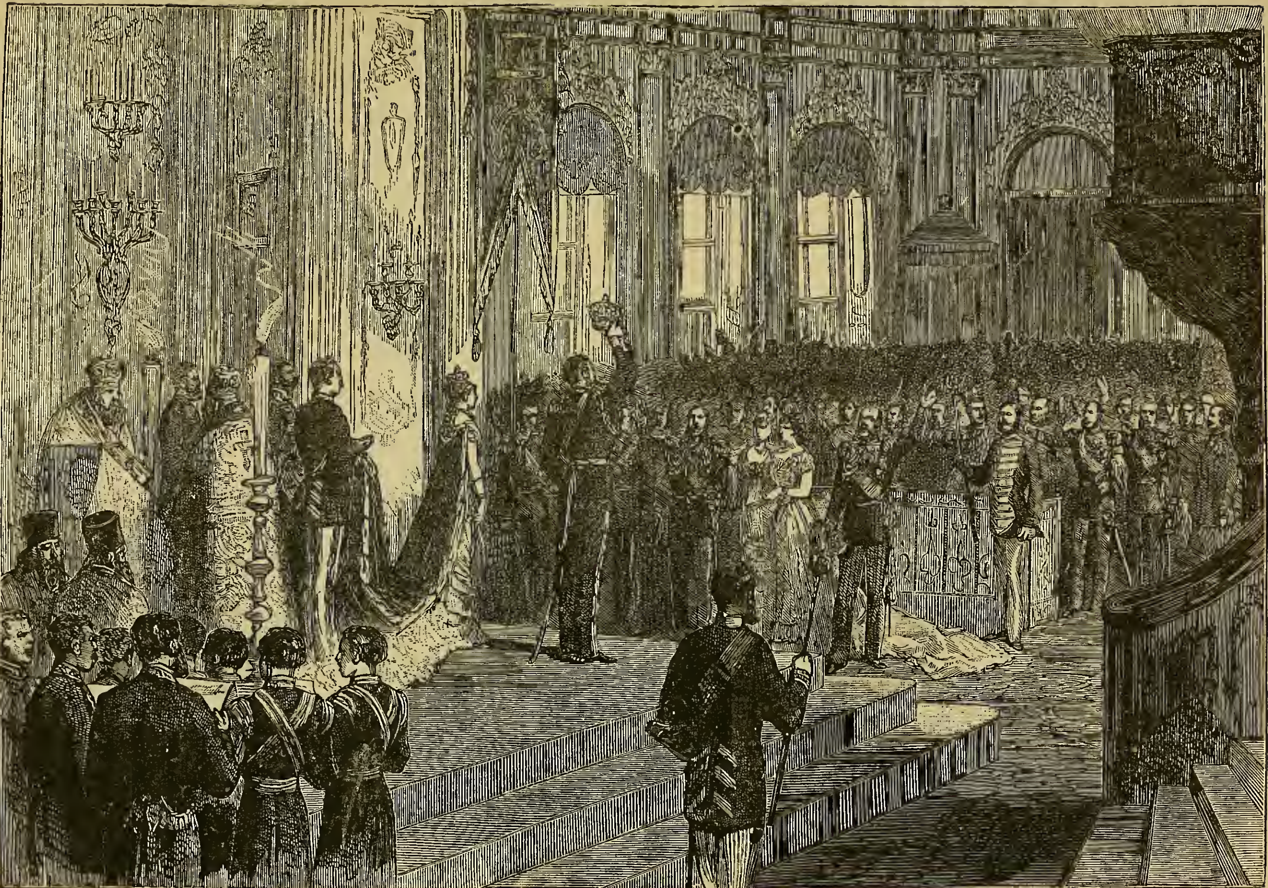
The despair of the French troops as they turned their faces homeward was scarcely greater than the grief of the Russians, as they heard the roar of the flames and watched the burning fragments falling around them.

They had sacrificed "their palaces and temples; their monuments of art and miracles of luxury; the remains of ages passed away and of those unfinished; the tombs of their ancestors and the cradles of their descendants. Nothing remained of Moscow but the remembrance of her former glory and the resolution to avenge it."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—When Catherine went to visit her newly-conquered provinces on the Black Sea, her ministers flatteringly assured her that it was but a little farther to Constantinople. This they knew to be a pleasing suggestion, for she was already planning to drive the Turks out of Europe, revive the old Eastern Empire, and place a Russian prince on the throne at Constantinople. This scheme she was never able to carry out; but it continued to be a pleasing subject to the Russian rulers until the time of her grandson, Nicholas I. As soon as he had put down the rebellions that greeted his coronation, he took up in earnest this project of his royal grandmother.

Calling the English ambassador to him one day, he desired to speak with him as a gentleman speaks with his friend. "If England and myself can come to an understanding about this affair," said he, "I shall care very little what the others may say." The others were France and Austria. But when the ambassador reported to England the proposition of the Czar, that they share between them "the sick man's" dominion, that country was alarmed at once at the audacity of the Czar's designs, well knowing he would take the lion's share. Instead of "coming to an agreement" with him, she at once came to an agreement with France to stand by the Turks. This "abuse of confidence" greatly offended Nicholas, without deterring him from his intentions. And so it came about that in the year 1854 there were four great armies drawn up near Balaklava, in the Crimea, to fight a battle—the Russians on one side; English, French and Turks on the other.

The Russians had taken a position in the shape of an immense horse-shoe, the opening facing the armies of the allies. The English officer, Lord Lucan, saw that by a combined attack upon the ends of the horse-shoe—the French at one side and the English at the other—they could be "rolled up," in army phrase, upon the centre, with good chances of a victory. So he began sending out his orders. The English infantry were told to advance, and meanwhile a body of light cavalry was ordered to make a charge, by which time the infantry would be coming up to carry on the conflict. But the officer to whom the order was sent, not understanding the plan, misunderstood the place of attack, and ordered the commander of the brigade to



CORONATION OF ALEXANDER THE SECOND.

charge up *the Russian centre.* As Tennyson says, "Well they knew that some one had blundered," and the officer commanding begged leave to call his superior's attention to the fact that there were "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, and cannon in front of them."

"You are ordered to charge," said the blundering officer. "Very well," answered the brave man; and away they went, "while all the world wondered"—the Russians at what appeared to them the unlimited daring of the foe; the English, at the heroic fidelity of their disciplined troops, rushing into the very "jaws of death" on a misinterpreted order. The brave leader was killed when his brigade had gone but a short distance, but they made the charge and came back—"all that was left of them, left of six hundred."

Against such discipline and such daring the Russians made little progress in the battles that followed, and Nicholas had to give up his designs upon Constantinople.

The Liberator.—In the midst of the war in the Crimea the Czar Nicholas laid down his crown and his life. Then began the reign of one of the kindest Czars that Russia had ever known. As soon as he could, he brought to a close the war his father had begun, and gave his attention to improving the condition of his people. The greater part of his subjects were slaves—miserable, abject, oppressed creatures, at once a disgrace, a source of danger, and a bar to all national prosperity.

During all the early part of Russia's history the common people had been wanderers, living in tents and wagons and roving about wherever they pleased. When they found good pasture for their cattle they stayed, sometimes long enough to raise a little grain, then went on. As long as this was the case, the Czars could collect no rent from them for the use of the land. Ivan the Terrible remedied this by making a law that all must stay on the lands they then occupied until Saint George's day; during the eight days before and after that day they might move, and then only. To see that his commands were obeyed and the rents paid, he set his nobles over portions of the territory. A hundred years afterward a man who had no right to the Russian throne seized it, and, to win the nobles over to his side, gave them complete control of the serfs and took away the eight-day privilege of moving. Thus the peasants were "fastened" to the soil and subjected to the cruel treatment of hard masters. They were overworked, whipped, and tortured, and there was no one to hear their complaint. "God is too high and the Czar too far away" became their despairing cry.

Of course, there were kind masters, but in a land where, from the Czar

down, everybody could kick and flog the one beneath him, it is not strange that the serf, when he came to be considered his master's own property as much as the cow or the horse, often found life to be a burden too great to be borne.

After a while, a few of the best people of Russia began to be touched by the misery of the serfs and to wonder if something could not be done to better their condition. Catherine II. offered a prize to the writer of the best essay upon the emancipation of the serfs. Alexander I., her grandson, planned a gradual emancipation, but the nobles opposed it so much that it came to nothing. Nicholas, when he became the successor of his brother, Alexander, wished to do something, but had his hands too full of other matters. Alexander II. came to the throne with the determination to grant them liberty. He drew up his plan of emancipation and submitted it to the nobles for their suggestions. They, of course, objected strongly; then he used his autocratic power and said it should be done whether they liked it or not. So, on the third of March, 1861, a day memorable in Russian history, over twenty-five million of people were declared freemen. In the same year began the American civil war, which resulted in the liberation of the negro slaves in the United States.

ALEXANDER II.

A Dark Deed.—The liberation of the serfs, though the greatest, was not the only improvement begun by Alexander II. He granted freedom of

opinion to the newspapers; he pardoned prisoners and exiles; he took the drill-masters away from the universities, so that the students should no longer be disciplined like soldiers; he improved the courses of study; reorganized the army and the navy; multiplied railroads, increased manufactures and commerce, and to some provinces gave the privilege of local self-government.

But this breadth of liberty was too much for a long-oppressed people. The iron rule of Nicholas had taken away a number of the privileges granted by his predecessors, and caused much bad feeling, especially among the soldiers, who had come to know considerable about the more liberal governments in other parts of Europe. The freedom granted by Alexander gave them a chance to express their discontent. The newspapers declared that the people ought to have a share in the government; the students in the universities left off studying Greek and Latin and went to talking about their country. But, worse than all, a dangerous doctrine called nihilism began to spread.

"*Nihil*"—nothing—said the leaders of this new theory, "is better than what we have. Therefore, let us destroy everything; all law, all order, all religion; kill the Czar and the heads of the churches; if others are put in their places, kill them; and by-and-by the people will begin to lose their respect for these powers that be, and then will come that happy state in which everybody can do as he pleases." "To concentrate all the forces of this world into an invincible and all-destroying power" was the declared object of nihilism.

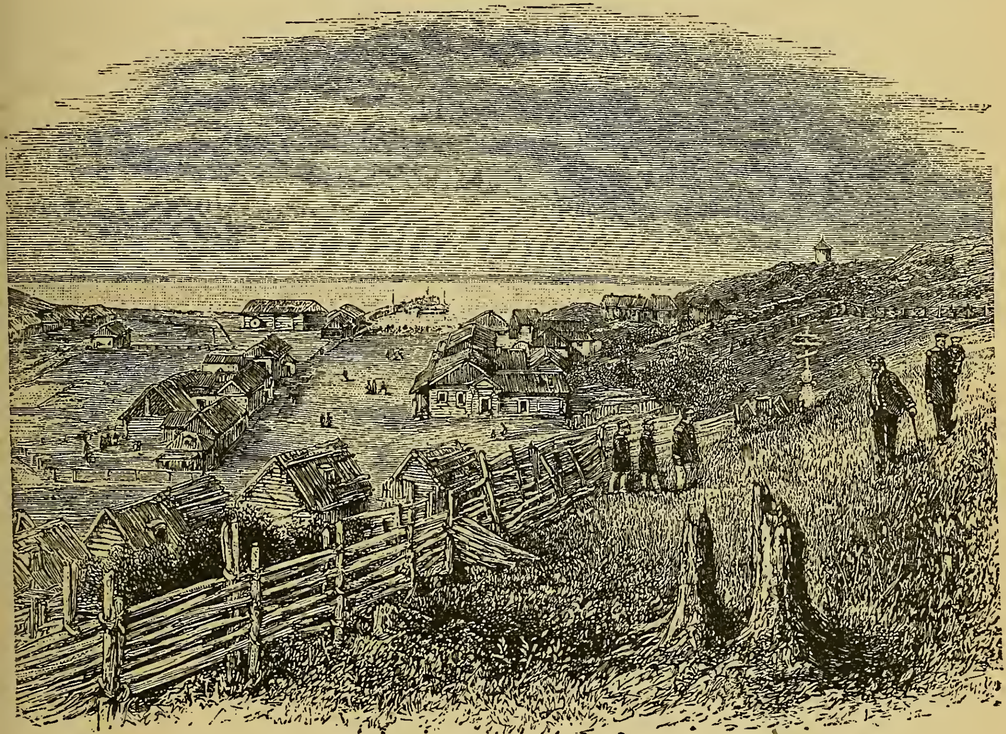
Alarmed at the way in which the people were using the privileges he had given them, Alexander began to withdraw some. At this, nihilism broke out like a plague, and spread in every direction. High and low, rich and poor, were found among the infected; but nearly all were young—the students in the universities; the young ladies in the seminaries.

The Czar received frequent warnings that his death had been decreed. Several attempts were made to take his life; but he unflinchingly set to work to root out nihilism. The plotters were diligently sought for, and, when found, sentenced to death or to exile in Siberia.

On the 2d of March, 1881, a grand military parade was held in St. Petersburg, and Alexander II. went out, accompanied by his military staff and surrounded by his Cossack bodyguard, to view the troops. As he was returning he passed a party of laborers, who were shoveling snow near the Catherine Canal. Among these men was one armed with a deadly bomb.

As the emperor's carriage passed, the bomb was thrown, but it missed its mark and only wounded two Cossack soldiers. The chief of police, in a sleigh just behind, jumped out and seized the assassin. The emperor also stepped from his carriage, and at that moment a second bomb was thrown, which did the fatal work. Two hours afterward Alexander the Liberator was no more.

THE SECRET POLICE.—Few people would have cared to change places



RUSSIAN PENAL COLONY.

with Alexander III. when he put upon his head the crown of Russia. His life was threatened on every hand. He was warned that if he did not give the people a share in the government he must take the fate of his father. He determined to do neither; but to fight—first for his life, then for the maintenance of his title of Autocrat of all the Russias. The war begun by his father against the nihilists and revolutionists he kept up with vigor.

As they had their secret agents in every house to teach the doctrines of nihilism, so the Czar sent his secret agents to spy them out—it might be in the guise of a cook, coachman, or chambermaid; of a guest in the drawing-room, a general in the tent, or a midshipman on the quarter-deck. If a man spoke a word against the Czar to his nearest friend, that friend might be a spy who would report him to the secret police. Then a band of armed men would enter his room at midnight, bind him, put him in a sledge and whisk him off to Siberia.

The most trifling speech was often taken to have a treasonable meaning, and thus great injustice was done, for no fair trial was given, so that if falsely accused one could be released. The "examination" before the magistrate seldom amounted to anything more than "Confess your guilt," which, whether the prisoner did or not, made little difference. He was hurried off into exile.

The officers of the secret service were promoted according to the number of arrests they made, but never blamed for mistakes so long as they showed diligence in making arrests. Even if a person's innocence was afterwards proved, no atonement was made for the injury done him.

Among the many stories told of these midnight arrests is one of a young writer who began a serial story in the Russian *Monthly Magazine*. It was witty and well written, and gained wide attention, but suddenly it stopped. The people inquired in vain for the reason; no one knew anything about it, nor where he was. At last a letter came to the publishers from far-off Totma, and they asked permission of the officers to publish it, as an explanation to their readers of the discontinuance of the story.

The police read it, and as it only said that the story would not be carried further at present, they saw no objection to its being published; but they overlooked the headline, and when the people saw "Totma" at the beginning of the letter they knew what it meant. Some one had mistrusted the writer of throwing out a fling or so against the government, and he had been spirited away.

A sadder case was that of a young girl who was seized in her father's house one night and taken away from her home forever. Among her letters had been found one from a young student who was known to cherish revolutionary ideas. She was taken before a magistrate, accused of conspiracy against the government, and bidden to confess. She declared that she had done nothing and had nothing to confess; but all her words were of no avail. She was sent to prison, and what became of her no one ever knew.

Until recently no trial was permitted to anyone thus accused by the secret police. Now a trial is granted; but if the courts acquit a person, the police may still take him off into exile if they see fit.

A LITTLE WORLD.—The Russian peasants are called "social" people. They are seldom found living in solitary huts, but together in villages, called "mirs." Nearly all of these villages in the northern and central part of Russia have the same appearance. There is a collection of low, brown huts, placed close together, but irregularly, over a large space, and in the midst, rising high above them, a white church, with green roof, silvered dome, and frescoes of saints. A tall, graceful belfry stands near by, usually separate from the church. Surrounding the village are the lands—the grain fields, meadows, and pastures, divided into regular, oblong patches, and distributed among the villagers in proportion to the number of workers there are in each family. The more land one has, the more taxes he has to pay; so no one is anxious to have more than he can well take care of.

The day on which the lands are portioned out is a very important one to the people. They all gather at the "Forum," and the village "Elder," who is elected by the people to look after all such important matters, begins with the arable or plow land.

"Come, now, Ivan," he says to an elderly peasant; "you are a sturdy fellow, and you have a son there, a fine youth who can do the work of two; you must take at least three shares."

The land in this case is poor, and no one wants to take very much.

"No; I cannot," objects Ivan. "My son, praise to God, is strong and healthy, but my old woman is quite without force; I cannot take so much."

"If the old woman is weak, your daughter-in-law is strong—stronger than a little horse."

"It is not in my power," pleads Ivan.

"But somebody must take them," replies the Elder. "There is nothing more to be said; you must take three shares."

If Ivan objects to this, a vote is taken, and that decides the matter. The will of the mir must be obeyed.

Then comes up a woman with a child. "And how much are you to have, Prascovia?" asks the Elder.

"As the mir orders, so be it," she answers, submissively. But when he says she ought to have a share and a half, she is much surprised. "What do you say, little father?" she cries. "A share and a half! Was such a thing ever heard of? Since St. Peter's day my husband has been bed-ridden.

He cannot put a foot to the ground—all the same as if he were dead; only he eats bread!"

Here some one says that he was seen in the gin-shop last week, at which Mrs. Prascovia begins to accuse the accuser of unbecoming behavior in the past. The Elder interrupts her to say that she must take a share and a quarter; and so the work goes on.

In other places, where the land is more fertile, and the sharers more numerous perhaps, each one is anxious to receive as much land as possible.

The Russians are greatly attached to this custom of holding the land in common, and will not hear of a change of system. They are not troubled with hard landlords, like the Irish, and, since the emancipation, there is no noble to use the whip when their taxes are not forthcoming or their cabins kept in order.

The peasant's house is usually built of wood, sometimes of brick, and thatched with straw or reeds. Around it are thatched sheds for the horses and cattle, and the whole surrounded with a palisade of interlaced twigs.

There is usually two rooms, a large, square wooden table, and sometimes one or two rude chairs. In one corner is a huge brick stove, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and on the top a bed for the master of the house; the others sleep on the floor, or on the benches that run around the wall. In the corner nearest the door is a three-cornered cupboard containing the holy picture; sometimes another, holding a few glass and earthenware articles. The floor is either of hard clay or boards, according to the means of the owner. In well-wooded districts the houses are built much better, and often two stories high.

If the peasant is able, he has a bath-house, where, every Saturday night, he takes his vapor bath. The room is then heated very hot, and filled with steam by dashing water on hot stones. The whole family usually bathe together, switching each other with birch twigs to start the perspiration. While every pore is streaming they rush out door and roll in the snow. If too poor to have a private bath-house, they all go to the public one in the village, or, if he happens to live too far away, they use the oven where the bread is baked. Thus, whatever his circumstances, the Russian always takes his vapor bath; it is a part of his religion—his preparation for the Sabbath.

CHAPTER II.

SWEDEN.

Hemmed in by Russia, Norway, the Arctic Ocean and the Baltic Sea, lies SWEDEN, the home of the reindeer and the Lapp, the country of swarming insect life, the land of myths and vikings. Here sprang up the religion of Thor and Odin which was driven out only after a long struggle, by Christianity. Sweden was also the mother of the old vikings who used to carry trouble and terror over Western Europe, and from whom have descended a brave, honest, peaceful and courteous people.

On the north of Sweden, and stretching also across Norway and Russia, lies the cold, desolate country of Lapland, where the reindeer and his fur-clothed master struggle with a cruel climate for the necessaries of life. Bare rocks, forests of spruce and fir, stunted bushes and moss covers the land, which, in turn, is covered nearly all the year with snow. There are many lakes and streams which in spring overflow with water from the melting snow, and are filled with fish, and these are about the only things in the shape of food that the grudging country gives the people.

To this barren land the Lapps were driven by the stronger races that entered Europe, but they would not have been able to live here long without the reindeer. On him they have to depend for the necessaries of life. His skin furnishes them with clothing and covering for their tents, his milk and meat with food, and his sinews with thread with which to sew their clothing. On him they also must depend in winter if they would make a journey from one place to another, for no animal is furnished with a hoof like his to tread over the top of the deep snow.

A RIDE BEHIND A REINDEER.—A famous traveler gives us a good idea of the pleasures and annoyances of reindeer driving in his accounts of Lapland life. Both the reindeer and the sledge are hard at first to manage; the animal is guided by one line, and can never be induced to go slow unless he is very tired, and the sledge is so high and narrow that it upsets very easily.

"As soon as I had seated myself," says Bayard Taylor, "and taken proper hold of the rein, the signal was given to start. My deer, a strong, swift animal, gave a powerful leap and dashed around the corner of the house and down the hill. I tried to catch my breath that had been jerked out of me, and keep my balance, as the pulk (sledge) swayed from side to side and bounced over the snow. It was too late; in a second I found myself rolling in the loose snow with the pulk bottom upward beside me. The deer who was attached to my arm by the rein, was standing still facing me with an expression of stupid surprise (but no sympathy) in his face.

"I got up, shook myself, righted the pulk and commenced again. Off we went, like the wind, down the hill, the snow flying in my face and blinding me. My pulk made tremendous leaps, bounding from side to side, until, the whirlwind suddenly subsiding, I found myself off the road, deep overhead in the snow, choked and blinded, and with small snowdrifts in my pockets, sleeves and bosom.

"Then I took a fresh start, narrowly missing another overturn as we descended the slope below the house, but on reaching the level I found no difficulty in keeping my balance. My deer struck out, passed the others and soon I was alone on the track greatly enjoying the exercise."

To be gliding along so swiftly and noiselessly over the snow in the grey Arctic twilight, with the little Lapp huts rising dimly in the distance, was delightful, novel and exhilirating.

When the road leads down steep hills where there are sharp turns and high precipices reindeer sledging is too dangerous to be delightful, especially as the reindeer always flies faster that ever when going down hill.

In such cases he is unhitched and tied by his horns to the back of the sledge. This he does not like and pulls back to get away, and so keeps the sledge from going too swiftly, while the rider guides its course with his feet.

The reindeer become so tired sometimes, struggling through the deep snow and up the steep hills that they drop with fatigue and lie upon their backs with their mouths open, panting as if each breath would be their last. But after resting for a while in this position they grow easier, get up and eat a little snow and then go on.

The Lapps are always kind to their deer, and when going on a long and tedious journey take extra ones to harness when the others become tired. The reindeer does not take kindly to a life of drudgery. He prefers his freedom, and it takes two or three years to teach him to draw his master's

sledge and obey his commands. Sometimes, even after he is trained, he becomes enraged at his driver and flies at him furiously, butting him with his horns. But the agile little Lapp dodges behind his sledge and lets the deer vent his rage on that, then jumps in and goes on as if nothing had happened.

Mountain Lapps.—There are two classes of Lapps, those who own reindeer and live mostly in the interior of the country, called Mountain Lapps and those who live by fishing and hunting, called Sea Lapps. The Mountain Lapps live but a short time in one place; they are obliged to follow their herd about here and there where the best pasture is to be found. In summer the reindeer go near the sea to escape the mosquitoes, which are a great torment during the hot weather. The herd takes the lead swimming across rivers and fjords on their way, and the Lapps follow in boats. When the reindeers stop the men set up their huts and stay until the pasture becomes poor and then follow the deer to another place.

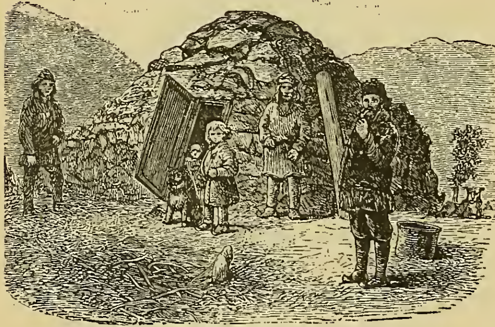
A LAPP CRADLE.

In winter the herds go north to feed upon the reindeer moss or lichen found there under the snow. It is a curious sight, travelers say, to see these animals burrowing under the snow in search of the moss, raising little mounds over their heads and pushing on until only the tips of their tails can be seen sticking up at the opening.

When a Mountain Lapp becomes the owner of a herd of one or two thousand reindeer he is considered wealthy. He employs men servants and maid servants to tend them, and pays them for their services in reindeer, the men receiving five or six, the women three animals for a year's work. When a young woman owns fifty reindeer she is considered quite a fortune for the young man that marries her, but he must pay her father for her in reindeer to cover the expense she has been to him.

Every Mountain Lapp has his dog to assist in driving the herd, keeping it together and defending it from the wolves that often makes sad havoc among them. Night and day some one has to watch for these enemies. The deer themselves are quick to scent the approach of their foes. When they begin to look startled and move off the keepers know at once what the trouble is, and start in pursuit of the wolves, while others send their dogs running round the deer to keep them from scattering. When once they break away it is hard to get them back again, and the loss of forty or fifty deer is a sad misfortune to the owner, especially if he have but a few.

Every night in summer the herd has to be brought up to the enclosure to be milked, which is quite an exciting operation. The boys run around the herd to bring them together, and the dogs dash here and there driving in stragglers until the whole herd comes trotting up in fine style to the enclosure. Those that are to be milked have to be caught with a lasso, which is another lively exercise, for often the resentful captive dashes round and round the ring after he is caught, dragging his master with him until both are tired out. The little Lapp always takes the matter coolly, never falling into a rage and beating the poor dumb brute, as some of his more enlightened brethren would be very likely to do under such circumstances.



A LAPP HUT.

Sea Lapps.—Another class of Laplanders, called Sea Laps, usually have three or four dwelling places, one for each season of the year. In winter many of them go to the cod-fisheries off the coast of Norway, from there to their summer residences by a lake or river where fresh-water fishing is good, and, in the autumn, to their full stations to hunt birds, martins, squirrels, otter, bears or wild reindeer. They never own but a few of these last animals and these they frequently send to pasture with the mountain Lapps, while they are engaged with other work.

At each station they have a rude hut, shaped something like a bee-hive, the framework of birch stems, the covering of birch bark and sods,

REINDEER.

the floor of mud with a small platform around the sides to sit or sleep upon. A pile of stones serves for a stove, and a hole in the top of the hut for a chimney. A pot to stew their meat in and a few wooden bowls and horn spoons are about all the furniture or utensils they own. The walls are frequently decorated with bladders of deer's milk and muffin-shaped cheeses.

The prettiest article in a Lapp's tent is the tiny cradle for the baby. It is often covered on the outside with green baize cloth ornamented with bright scarlet binding. The little bed inside is made of fine moss, as soft as velvet, and covered with a little quilt of hare's skin. A string is fastened around it so that at night it can be hung up on a peg, or when the parents are traveling, across the mother's back. A string of prettily colored glass beads for his playthings are kept near the baby's head.

The summer huts are usually surrounded with gardens and green patches of pasture where a few sheep and goats can be kept.

As a race, the Lapps are gentle and friendly, strangers to cruelty and crime. One tribe in Russian Lapland is said to be somewhat savage, but the most of them are harmless and industrious, their poor little lives are used up in a constant struggle with the unfriendly country to obtain from it enough to supply their simple wants.

ANIKA, THE VIKING GIANT.—During the long winter nights the Lapp's often tell each other queer old legends as they sit around the fire in their smoky little huts. One of their favorite stories is about a fierce giant that used to come every year to Ribatschi and demand tribute of the poor fishers. None knew of his coming or going, but he was always seen on the shore when the boats came in from the sea. Every time he came he challenged the fishermen to fight, but they did not dare attack such an enormous creature. For many years he was the terror of Ribatschi.

One day a young man came among the fishermen and asked to be taken with them on their trip. The men were all astonished at his strength in catching the fish and at his quickness in cleaning them after they had returned.

Anika was on hand as usual for his tribute of fish, but the young man spoke slightingly to him.

"He! hi!" laughed the giant. "Be careful or I will crush you."

The young man was not at all frightened at this, and when the giant challenged him to fight, quickly accepted. The method they agreed upon was for each to turn a summersault one after the other and strike his enemy in the chest with his feet.

Anika took the first turn and struck the young man, but he did not budge. The second blow sent him back a yard ; the third a fathom. Then it was the stranger's turn. His first blow drove the giant back a fathom,

SWEDISH LAPLANDERS.

his second three fathoms, and his third flung the huge viking seven fathoms outside of the ring, dead. They buried him and erected a stone heap over him.

The youth then told them to thank God that their enemy was dead and would trouble them no more. Then he disappeared.

Mosquito Season.—During the short summer in Lapland and northern Sweden the bird and insect world break out into a state of great activity, as if anxious to make the most of the brief season. Early in July the mosquitoes begin to come, and from that time there is no peace for man or beast for seven weeks.

The people prepare for their coming by covering the tops of their chimneys with sod so that they cannot fly down into the room. Windows and doors are kept tightly closed during the whole time of their stay. Bad air is as nothing compared with the irritating bites of these pests, so at least the Swedes think. There seems to be more poison about these northern mosquitoes than those of other climes, and they have a way of finding their way through all kinds of netting. Travelers who come prepared with thick veils and long gloves find their armour insufficient.

One traveler thus relates his attempts to fish, protected, as he supposed, from the mosquitoes by his veil and gloves:

"I planted myself on a large stone from which I could reach a beautiful looking eddy. But the assembly had been sounded by the leaders of the 'migs' (mosquitoes) to wake up any who might have been asleep and call them to the feast.

"In a few moments they began to come from all directions. I was busy putting my rod together and took but little notice of them at first, but as fresh arrivals took place fresh vigor seized the whole body of the enemy and they began to storm the citadel from all points. Some crawled through my net, others up my sleeves and into my coat. By this time my rod was put together and ready for a cast. But all around me the air was darkened with mosquitoes, the poison of their bites already began to irritate, and after fighting for sometime, net in one hand and rod in the other, I jumped off the stone and took to my heels through the forest."

An Ant Colony.—A very thriving inhabitant of Sweden is a large black ant, whose industry during the short summer enables it to provide for a long winter of idleness.

The hillocks of these ants are sometimes six or seven feet high, made of piles of withered fern-needles, small twigs, rotten bark and light mould. Each mound contains many thousands of black inhabitants.

They are so busy running to and fro that one would think they were always having a great political meeting or that their house was on fire.

THE LIVING-ROOM OF A SWEDISH HOUSE.

But after watching them awhile one sees that their movements are all in perfect order. Each one has his task to perform and he does it with all his little might. No drones are allowed in this colony, neither do they allow intruders. If one sits down too near their habitation he is soon invited, by means of many very forcible little nips, to take himself away.

A gentleman once threw his glove upon the top of an ant-hill to see what they would do with it, and he was much amused at their queer performances. At first they fell into the greatest confusion. They collected in a mob to view the calamity that had befallen them. They examined it in every possible position, some burrowing inside, and arrviving at the top through a small hole between the thumb and forefinger. Others clustered around the button at the wrist as if speculating as to what that could possibly be, and why so different from the rest. A few gathered about in groups and seemed to consult as to whether this strange substance could be made use of or should be removed. Very little time, however, was spent in idle discussion. No long speeches were made, and a speedy decision was reached. Thirty or forty strong ants approached the thumb cautiously, seized it, and pulled stoutly. The glove moved. This quickly dispelled the fears of the rest. The whole crowd made a rush at it and in a few moments had dragged it to the edge of the hill. Then a startling accident happened. The little finger fell over the brow of the hill with such suddenness that some forty of the small folks were sent flying head over heels down upon the grass at the foot. But none of them appeared to be injured by the fall, and the others kept on dragging the glove. Suddenly, as they reached the edge of the mound, the glove slid down the hill carrying nearly the whole colony of terrified ants along with it. To see how surprised they were, how quickly they scrambled up to the top of their hill again, and how they gathered about in groups, as if talking over the wonderful invasion, and their happy escape, was very amusing and entertaining to one interested in the ways of such small folks.

The Great God Odin.—Not far from the city of Upsala is a plain that used to be considered sacred ground by the ancient Scandinavians. It was the burial place of their great god Odin. There stood a large temple erected to his honor, and there stands yet three large mounds which the people believe to be the tombs of Odin, his wife Frigg and his son Thor.

The worship of Odin ceased about a thousand years ago, when Christianity was introduced, and now people look upon him simply as an ancient Scythian hero, around whose name many legends grew after he died. No

clear account of him can be found. It is supposed that he came from near the Caspian Sea, bringing with him perhaps the first band of Scythians that invaded Scandinavia. He seems to have stopped at the island of Funen in Denmark, for the Danes claim that he landed there and founded Odense. From there he went to Sweden and settled near Upsala.

After dwelling at Upsala for some time, engaging in many wars and performing many feats of valor, he called his people around him and told them that he was going back to Asgard, to take his seat among the gods and prepare an eternal banquet in Valhalla for all those who should fight like heroes and die bravely with their swords in their hands.

He then charged his followers to burn his body after he left it, and disdaining to wait for death, he killed himself with nine spear-wounds in his breast.

After he was dead his people began to regard him as a god; they built a magnificent temple for him at Upsala and offered costly sacrifices, sometimes human victims. His warriors became fiercer than ever, led on by the hope of winning a place in the hall of Valhalla. There, they said, they should have nothing to do except to feast and fight; but the wounds they received would not then be fatal. A warrior might be all cut to pieces, but when the call to the feast sounded he would recover at once, spring upon his steed and return to the banquet hall.

In battle they were encouraged by thought that the Valkyries, the celestial maidens whom Odin sent through the earth to find the bravest heroes, were hovering over them to carry at once to Valhalla those who fell fighting gloriously.

ODIN AND THE WISE GIANT.—Besides his reputation as a great warrior, Odin came to be regarded as a very wise man. He invented the use of Runes, they said, the characters used in ancient Scandinavian writing. Among the many stories told of his wisdom is one about a discussion he once had with a very wise giant.

Disguised as a traveler Odin came to the giant's abode, and was kindly received. After a while it was proposed that they have a discussion on scientific subjects, but the one that was beaten was to lose his head. The giant began by asking many questions about the religion of Odin, all of which were answered with such wisdom that the giant was greatly surprised.

When it came the traveler's turn he asked the giant about the future state of the soul.

"Tell me," he said, "what do the heroes in Valhalla?"

The giant who was well versed in the religion of Odin answered readily, taking great pains to explain everything as simply as if he were talking to a child.

Odin listened quietly, and when he had finished, said in a low, deep voice:

"Tell me the words that Odin whispered in the ear of his son Baldur, when Baldur lay on the funeral pyre?"

At this the giant grew pale as death, for he knew that no one but Odin himself knew those words, and that it must be he who sat before him.

"My doom, my doom, great Odin!" he cried. "Let the deed of celestial destiny be done. Let it fall on him who has dared to talk of sacred things to Odin, wisest of the gods."

Odin then told the giant that there was a higher question than that of life and death, that it dealt with the existence of Odin and Baldur in the new world where no evil comes.

THE GREAT GOD THOR.—The stories that were told of Odin began to include after a time the names of his two sons, Thor and Baldur. Thor, it was said, was the bravest, strongest and swiftest of the gods. Unlike his father he was not in favor of war, but when he was called upon to defend the gods and men from the evil giants he could prove a most terrible warrior. With his great hammer, that always returned to his hand of itself after being thrown, he dealt most deadly blows. This hammer he could not lift unless he had on his iron gauntlets which gave him miraculous strength. Then, too, he had a girdle that always kept him supplied with strength. When he found himself growing weak all he had to do was to press upon the girdle and at once he was as fresh and strong as ever. His chariot was drawn by two rams, and when he rode over the bridge Gjallar the noise made the heavens tremble. This, men called thunder, they said. The rams that drew the chariot had also very remarkable powers. When the god was hungry he killed and ate them, but the bones he gathered up carefully and put back in the skins. By morning there were the two rams alive and well, ready to draw his chariot and be eaten again the next day.

From this old Scandinavian god we get our name for *Thursday*, which means *Thor's* day. Wednesday also means *Wodin's* day, or Odin's day.

THE FATE OF BALDUR.—Baldur, the second son of Odin, had the reputation of being a very graceful, eloquent and amiable god. He possessed every good quality. He was so beautiful that rays of light seemed to dart from his person, and his eyes shone more brilliantly than the morning star. He was also very powerful; he could still a tempest, and he made all of his

brothers obey him. But he seldom took part in any of their pastimes, he preferred to stay in his beautiful palace in the bright zone of the heavens.

It was said that the happiness of all the gods depended upon the fate of Baldur. During his life they were to be secure; but when he should die evil would befall them. From the book of destiny Odin found that Baldur's death had been foretold, and when the gods learned this terrible secret they were filled with fear.

Then Frigg, the wife of Odin, the mother of Baldur, called upon every object in nature to swear that it would not furnish arms against her son or in any way injure him. Every element, fire, water, earth, rocks and trees all swore a solemn oath not to harm Baldur. But one plant was forgotten, the mistletoe. Loki, the evil one, saw this and resolved to take advantage of it.

It began to be a great amusement in the palace of Odin to throw darts at Baldur when it was found that nothing would injure him. It was a pleasure to them, and to him also, to see their weapons fall harmlessly from his charmed person. But the crafty Loki prepared a weapon of the fatal mistletoe and put it in the hands of a blind brother of Baldur, playfully telling him to shoot and he would guide his hand. This brother, not knowing what the weapon was, nor who it was that gave it to him, raised the dart and let it fly at Baldur. Guided by the Loki it flew straight to its mark, and Baldur fell lifeless to the ground.

Then there was great consternation among the gods. They remembered that terrible evil was to befall them when Baldur died, so a messenger was sent in haste to the abode of Hel,(death),to see if she would not give Baldur back to them. She replied that if the whole world would weep for him she would give him back. Then the gods sent out messengers requesting everything in the world to weep for Baldur, and there was a great lamentation. Everything, gods and men, plants, animals, stones and the earth joined in the general mourning. But on his way home the messenger met an old giant woman who would not weep. Hel therefore would not give up her dead.

Then followed a terrible war between the gods and the descendents of Loki, the evil giants. While it was waging the gods learned that the giant woman who had refused to weep for Baldur was Loki himself in disguise. They therefore sought for him until they found him, bound him on a rock and hung a venomous snake over him in such a way that the poison dropped continually on his face.

The story also says that his wife Sigyn sits by his side and receives the poison into a dish; but when the dish is full and she goes away to empty

it, the venom then drops on Loki's face and causes him such pain that the world shakes with his agonized struggles.

THE VIKINGAR.—When the followers of Odin had fought among themselves until they were tired, they began to long for new fields of battle. To the south, they had heard, were many rich countries where every good thing abounded. Why not go there and help themselves?

Thus it came to pass that about the middle of the eight century, the people of Europe, who until that time knew very little of the Scandinavians, in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, saw queer square-sailed vessels sailing down from the North sea, filled with fierce looking warriors. Wherever these Northmen landed terrible scenes followed; people were murdered, their goods carried off and their houses left in ashes. Every year fresh numbers came, more towns and villages were destroyed, and in vain the terror-stricken people prayed, "Deliver us, O Lord, from the rage of the Norsemen."

These Norsemen, Northmen, or Normans, as they were called, from the region whence they came, were descendants of the fierce followers of Odin. Having learned the art of war to perfection and fought among themselves until they were tired, they now started out in search of plunder. It was altogether beneath their idea of a warrior's dignity to hoe and plant, but the business of viking—robbing, murdering and burning, was perfectly proper and honorable, they thought.

The people of the south were all unprepared for defending themselves against such savage foes; and the kings of France and England, after a time tried to hire the Northmen to stay away. Their money was accepted, but the next year the robbers came again and demanded more. As it was better to give gold and silver than to be murdered,the people agreed to pay for the privilege of being let alone, and the Norman came each year for their tribute until the countries were able to resist them.

RAGNER LODBROG.—One of the most terrible Vikings that ever visited the shores of Europe, was one whose exploits made him a favorite hero in all the Scandinavian country. In his younger days he was anxious to marry a very beautiful princess named Tora, who was closely guarded by a dragon that no one could get near her. This dragon had a very disagreeable habit of biting the legs of all who approached him, so Ragner prepared himself against such attacks by wearing a pair of thick leather leggings, hence his name of *Lodbrog*. Attired in these he went out, killed the dragon, and married the princess.

Ragner's last "viking" expedition was against England, from which he never returned. He intended it to be the most glorious of any he had yet undertaken. He fitted out two ships, the largest that had ever been built in the north, and sent an arrow, the signal of war, throughout his dominion to call together his warriors. They came flocking to him, ready for the fray, and the big ships set sail upon their murderous voyage. But fate did not favor him as it had in former times. The vessels were shipwrecked off the coast of Northumberland, and when the warriors landed they were not in so good a condition for fighting as they might have been. The Saxon king, Ella, was also quite well prepared to receive them, and they were soon worsted.

Lodbrog, clothed in his enchanted robe, that his queen had made for him just before he left home, broke the Saxon ranks four times, dealing terrible death-blows all around him with his huge spear; but at last his men were all killed, and he was taken prisoner and cast into a den of serpents. At first the reptiles did not touch him, but when he was stripped of his enchanted robe they fastened upon him and in a few minutes stung him to death. He died singing his famous death song, which is still preserved among the Scandinavian legends, and which tells how he had during his life "prepared ample food for the ravenous wolves and the yellow-footed eagles."

The Blood Bath.—A stop was put to "viking" when Christianity began to take the place of the religion of Odin in the north. The people began to till their lands instead of fighting. All three of the Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Norway and Denmark were united under one government and began to grow civilized; but after a time the rulers, who were always Danes, treated the Swedes harshly, and they began to wish for a king and a government of their own. At last they made an effort to set up a Swedish king. This made the Danish king very angry. He put a stop to the movement, and prepared a severe punishment for all the nobles and leading men that he thought were concerned in it. In the great market-place of Stockholm ninety of these men were led out and beheaded one at a time, while the people looked on stunned with horror. They shrunk away to their homes, but were not allowed to close their eyes on the horrid scene, for a heavy rain came down and mingled with the blood of the slain, carrying it along the street into the very doorways.

The fearful sight was called the "Blood Bath," and from that time the Swedes hated the Danish tyrant with an intense hatred, and never gave up their determination to be free from Danish rule.

Gustavus Vasa.—At the time of the "blood bath" a young Swedish noble was hiding from the Danish king in the forests, where he worked in the guise of a farmer. For a while he worked as a miner in Delecarlia. Here he heard of the death of his father, who was one of the victims of the "blood bath." He began to urge the men about him to rise against the Danish tyrant. Then he told them who he was, and soon he had collected quite a band of patriots. Sixteen powerful men became his body-guard and several hundred joined him as foot followers.

The Danes tried to turn the Swedes against him and his men, saying they were lawless rebels, but their talk had no effect.

A company of eight thousand soldiers were sent against Gustavus by the governor whom Christian had appointed at Stockholm. When he saw the number of men in the patriotic company all drawn up and ready to fight he asked where they all came from, and what they could get to eat in that desolate region. He was told that when they could get nothing else they drank water and ate bread made from the bark of the fir tree.

"If this be so, my comrades," he said, "let us retreat while we may, for the devil himself, let alone ordinary mortals, could never subdue people who lived on wood and water." He therefore turned around and went back to Stockholm.

When the peasantry heard of this they were encouraged to come out boldly in favor of Gustavus and defy the Danes. Soon twenty thousand men gathered around his standard. Fresh victories brought fresh troops, and in a little while the whole of the northern part of Sweden had thrown off the Danish yoke.

But Christian's cruelties were drawing to a close. His own people were disgusted with him and put him in prison. Then the Swedish nobles met and elected Gustavus Vasa king of Sweden.

Warrior Kings.—During the century following that in which Gustavus Vasa lived, two kings arose in Sweden who proved that the land of Odin could still produce warriors when they were needed. The first was Gustavus Adolphus, a direct descendant of the other Gustavus, who found himself in trouble with Danes, Russians and Poles during the first years of his reign. He overcame them all and by his wise rule, made the people prosperous and happy and very proud of their young king.

At this time the "thirty years war" was raging in Europe, between the Catholics and Protestants. The Swedes were Protestants, and they saw that if their brethren down in Germany were conquered there would be

VIKING.

trouble in store for them. At least Gustavus saw this, and, calling his people together, he told them that he had long wished to help the persecuted brethren, and now he was ready to go with as many soldiers as would follow him. Then he took his little five-year-old daughter up in his arms, commended her to their care as their future queen if he never came back, and after a few touching farewell words closed the meeting with prayer.

Twenty thousand Swedes followed their king into Germany, and there began a series of conquests that made him the hero of the war. Within eight months he had taken eighty fortified places, and during the next two years defeated three times the greatest general of Europe, who had never before been vanquished.

His last battle was fought at Lutzen, and there the hero was slain while leading a charge early in the day. The sight of his riderless horse rushing back from the front was the first intimation his men had of his fall, and it filled them with such fury that they rushed madly on their foes and carried the day.

Among twelve thousand dead and dying, the body of Gustavus was found after the battle, covered with wounds and trampled by hoofs until it could scarcely be recognized. It was taken up tenderly, carried to a little church, and, after a funeral service, embalmed and sent to Sweden amid universal mourning. Even his enemies could not but admire his military skill, his heroism and his kindness to the vanquished.

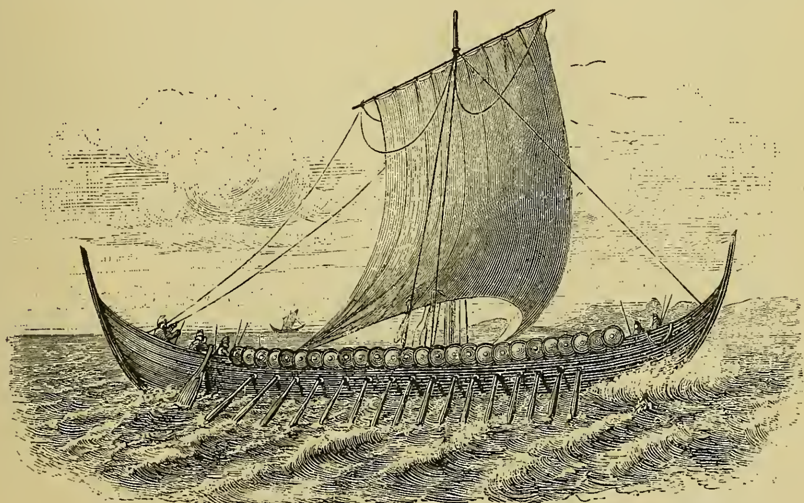
About sixty years afterward another military meteor flashed out from Sweden, and astonished Europe by his sudden conquests. This was Charles XII., who, coming to the throne when a mere boy, and showing more taste for boyish sports than for the affairs of his kingdom, led the greedy rulers around him to suppose themselves safe in seizing some of his territory.

He laid down his playthings at once and descended with fury upon his enemies, compelled the Danes to sue for peace, vanquished the Poles, and drove Peter from Narva with but a handful of men compared with the host of Russians. But the Swedish star sank as suddenly as it rose. His rival, Peter the Great, learned his arts of warfare at Narva so well that he used them against him afterward with good effect; and by bad judgment Charles lost the fruits of his brilliant victories, so that he left his kingdom in more trouble than he found it.

CHAPTER III.

NORWAY.

The Country of NORWAY bounds the northwestern coast of Europe with a thick fringe of high capes and walled bays, the handwork of the ancient glaciers that have cut and ground and polished the face of the earth in so many places during the ages of the past, while the interior is full of abrupt precipices, broad terraces, huge boulders, interesting subjects to the



NORSE SHIP OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

geologist, and of beautiful valleys and magnificent waterfalls. And the people, though they boast of no glorious history, such as the world calls glorious, have made good progress in civilization in spite of the severe climate and unfriendly soil. The cold weather has but warmed their hearts and the grudging soil brought out their perseverance and energy.

The Fjords.—The numerous narrow bays along the coast called "fjords" extend, some but a short distance inland, others reach, like long arms, far into the interior, their waters studded with small islands, some rocky and barren, others clothed with grass and trees, and, if large enough, inhabited.

The giant of these ocean arms is the Songe fjord on the most western point of the coast. It resembles a tree with its numerous offshoots, corresponding to branches and twigs. These dark crooked lanes of water expanding here and there into lakes are lined with wooded precipices and musical with roaring cataracts.

Another large fjord, full of pleasing surprises at every turn, is the Christiana, which extends into the interior a distance of seventy or eighty miles. The water is deep and studded with green wooded islands. Range upon range of rugged mountains stretch away upon either side, and in the distance snowy peaks of inland ranges glisten in the sun. In the valleys rich fields of yellow grain make a bright contrast with the dark green of the surrounding pines. And all of these rich hues are repeated in reflections upon the still surface of the water of the fjord.

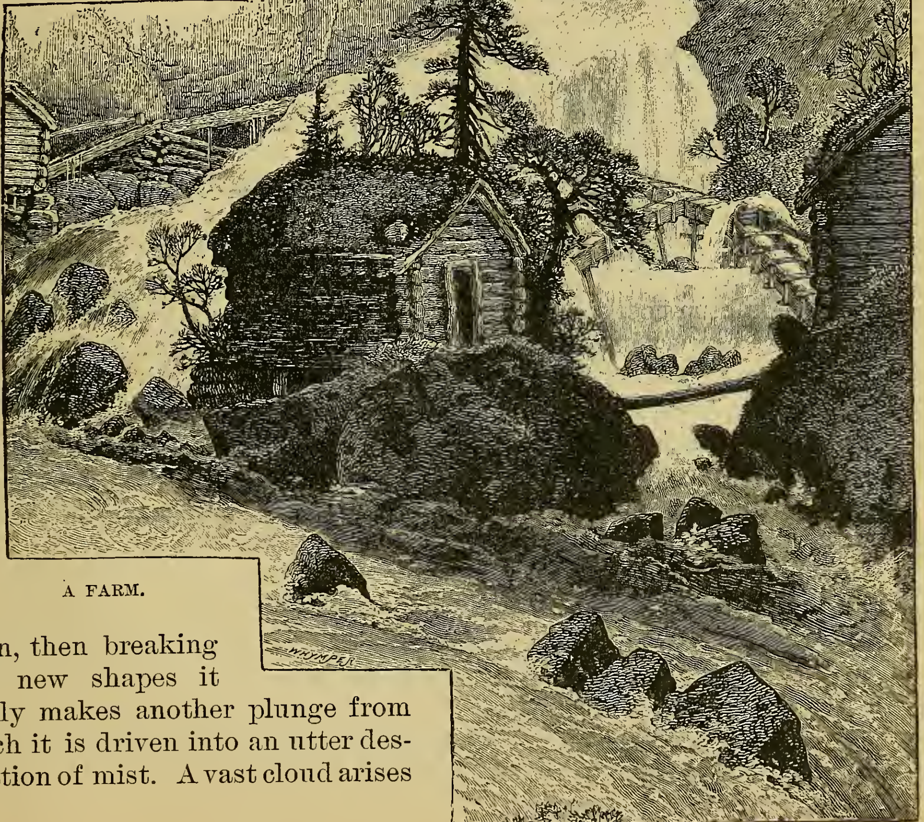
To complete the picture are the queer old fashioned cottages perched upon the hill-tops, the thrifty gardens on every slope, and the busy workers at the numerous wharves along the way.

Fosses.—The rivers of Norway do not flow along like ordinary rivers; they plunge and rush and roar along as if in breathless haste to join the fjords, and furiously angry at everything that gets in their way. They boil around the boulders, plunge over precipices and fill the air with their thunderings and their dashing spray. On every side are the most beautiful waterfalls, where the stream comes pouring in a smooth curved band over the rock above and thundering into the deep cauldron which it has pounded out of the rocks beneath.

After a little it reappears further on shattered into a thousand snowy fragments that tumble along down a rugged slope and are tossed by every ledge into still greater confusion. Denser masses of spray arise and the sun shining on them makes glorious rainbows. Presently a great ledge bars the path and beats the foaming water into dust. But another fall of five hundred feet awaits it, and after passing that it spreads out into a multitude of little rills and disappears.

One of the most beautiful cascades in Norway is the Ringsdal foss—"foss" means *force* in Norse—in the Sor fjord. At its first leap the heavy

body of water plunges over a precipice eight hundred feet high, and then, angry and turbulent, leaps to another ledge from which it is tossed more frantic than ever. Thicker and heavier clouds of spray arise, are seized by the strong current of air and tossed into a hundred beautiful and fantastic shapes. At one moment it forms a spiral column, coiling and recoiling upon itself, bounding forward and backward, and up and



A FARM.

down, then breaking into new shapes it finally makes another plunge from which it is driven into an utter desperation of mist. A vast cloud arises

above the stream and skims along the narrow gorge for a distance of about two hundred yards, then meeting another fall the whole torrent vanishes in a cloud of spray.

FJELDS.—Norway, though a mountainous country, has no mountain ranges; it has a series of elevated table-lands from which rise numerous sudden peaks and boulders. The table-lands called "fjelds," or fields, because they look like broad, flat fields, rise one above another in terraces which are marked off in many places by marks of ancient sea-levels, as though the land had risen gradually out of the ocean, one terrace at a time. Some people think that this has been the case, for it is found that the surface is now gradually rising a few inches every hundred years.

Between the steeps and precipices are many gullies filled with snow, the heads of glaciers like their predecessors that have ploughed the valleys and polished the rocks in ages gone by.

One of the most noted peaks in Norway is the Romsdal horn, near the Molde fjord, which springs up out of a valley to a distance of four thousand feet like a monstrous shattered steeple. Many ragged peaks surround it, and on its left side is a great notched and jagged wall that seems, from the valley below, to scrape the sky. Here and there on the walls are large scars where masses of rock have broken off and tumbled down to the river bed below. There they may still be seen with the water boiling and foaming around them. Such a rock, on a much smaller scale, is the North Cape, the last jagged mass of the fjelds on the north, and for a long time thought to be the northernmost point of Europe. It is a barren wedge-shaped mass with its base dipped in the cold waters of the Arctic, which dash furiously against it during the winter storms, and surrounded by other barren rocks, whistling winds and shrieking sea fowl.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—Travelers frequently go to the summit of the North Cape to see one of the wonders of the northern regions, the midnight sun. It is there that the continual day first dawns and there its last hours linger longest.

The length of the summer day and the winter night varies as one goes north or south from the North Cape to the Arctic circle. At the cape the last glimpse of the sun is caught on the eighteenth of November, at Hammerfast on the twenty-first, while at Bodo, much farther south, it is seen until the fifteenth of December.

After the sun disappears there is still a bright glow in the east every day, but as winter deepens, it keeps fading until there are only a couple of

hours at noon when one can see to read by daylight. When the weather is stormy the lamps must be kept burning all day.

This season used to be one of mournful distress and anxiety among the natives. They used to send messengers to the hill-tops to watch for the sun's return. When the news was brought that a little light was to be seen a festival was proclaimed, which was the most joyful of all their feasts.

In January, at Hammerfast, there begins to be a little light at noon, and about the twenty-first the sun just shows his face above the horizon. The next day he stays in sight a little longer, and the next day longer still. As May approaches he is in the sky nearly all of the twenty-four hours. Each time he dips below the horizon his stay is shorter. Wild flowers then begin to spring up in the fields as suddenly as if by magic, the leaves burst out and the rivers swell and dance.

On the thirteenth of May at Hammerfast the sun does not set at all. At twelve oclock at night he can be seen hanging low down on the horizon, the midnight sun.

From this time until the twenty-seventh of July he never sets. People must go to bed in broad daylight and sleep with his rays shining in at the windows.

One of the strangest things about this midnight sun is the changes in his appearance. As the last hour of the twenty-four approaches his light grows very pale, wierd-like and very drowsy, and the sky in the west has every appearance of sunset. The birds go to their nests, the dew falls. But a few minutes after twelve he begins to brighten. The mellow light passes away and the whole sky becomes brilliant as at sunrise.

The Aurora Borealis.—An ancient Roman writer who visited Germany many years ago heard there that far to the north was a sea which men believed to be the girdle or frontier of the earth, because, they said, there the brightness of the sun lasts till his rising, and there also is to be seen at times the forms of divine beings and a head crowned with rays. "Surely," he said, "this point must be the place where the world comes to an end."

In those days men had not traveled over very much of the earth, nor studied into its strange appearances. They did not know anything about a midnight sun, nor much about that other phenomenon whose mysterious light shines brightest in these far northern regions—the aurora borealis.

During the long, dark night when the ocean roars and dashes against the rock-bound coast, then this strange light flashes like a huge shining fan over the northern heavens with a brilliancy and wierdness that is never seen

in more southern lands. It often furnishes light enough for all kinds of ordinary work.

Bayard Taylor gives a very vivid description of an universally brilliant aurora that occurred during his visit to Norway.

First a narrow belt of silver fire appeared stretching directly across the zenith, with its loose frayed ends slowly swaying to and fro down the slopes of the sky. Presently it began to waver, bending back and forth, sometimes slowly, sometimes with a quick springing motion. Now it took the shape of a bow, now of Hogarth's line of beauty, brightening and fading in its sinuous motion, and finally formed a shepherd's crook, the end of which suddenly began to separate and fall off as if driven by a strong wind, until the whole belt shot away in long drifting lines of fiery light. It then gathered again into a dozen dancing fragments, which alternately advanced and retreated, shot hither and thither, against and across each other, blazed out in yellow and rosy gleams, or paled again, playing a thousand fantastic pranks, as if guided by some wild whim.

Suddenly the scattered lights ran together, as by a common impulse, joined their bright ends, twisted them through each other, and fell in a broad luminous curtain straight downward through the air until its fringed hem swung apparently but a few yards over our heads. It did not follow the spheric curve of the firmament but hung plumb from the zenith, falling apparently millions of leagues through the air, its folds gathered together among the stars, and its embroidery of flame sweeping the earth, shedding a pale unearthly radiance over the wastes of snow. A moment afterward and it was drawn up again, parted, waved its flambeaux and shot its lances hither and thither, advancing and retreating as before. "Nothing," says the traveler, "so strange, so capricious, so wonderful, so gloriously beautiful I ever expect to see again."

The Maelstrom.—Looking west from the mainland of Norway between Bodo and Tromso, one sees a dark uneven wall rising from the water far out at sea. It is the Loffoden group, whose sharp jagged peaks used to be looked upon with much reverence by the ancient mariners. They thought it was the abode of the gods and that to guard it from the approach of mortals the terrible *maelstrom* had been placed at its entrance. Fearful stories were told about this mysterious whirpool. If ships once came within reach of its current, it was said, they would be surely drawn toward the unfathomable abyss and then suddenly disappear, never to be heard from again.

But this mysterious abyss itself has now vanished; all that is found there is a very swift current running between two little islands at the southern extremity of the group, which in stormy weather in winter, or during a strong gale, is dangerous for small craft, and large vessels if not well handled may be drifted against the rocks; but there is no whirling eddy, no mysterious abyss yawning to engulf unfortunate vessels. The frail boats of the Norwegians may be seen passing through it at almost any time, stopping to fish in its very midst.

A GLACIER.

HAROLD THE FAIR-HAIRED.—The countless nooks and crannies about the shores and islands of Norway were fine hiding places for the old vikings who used to lurk there in their ships, ready to dart out at the call of their chiefs to pillage and murder. Great was their wrath when one of their chiefs, having made himself king, said "viking" was disgraceful robbery and declared that it should no longer be carried on within the bounds of Norway.

This brave and high-minded man, the first king of Norway, was called Harold the Fair-haired, because of his long fair hair. Before his time there had been no one chief powerful enough to subdue the others. This he undertook to do, because, so they say, a fair girl whom he wished to marry refused to become his wife unless he would make himself a king. He thought the task worth attempting, called his followers around him and made a solemn vow to leave his fair hair uncut and uncombed until he had made himself king of Norway.

His men all praised him for his resolution and promised to stand by him. So the fighting began. First one powerful chief and then another submitted to Harold until the rest who had not been conquered grew alarmed. They saw that they could do nothing alone against the conqueror, and so all united their forces and took their stand at a little fjord west of the present city of Stavenger, to resist their common enemy. Here a terrible battle was fought, the air was full of flying stones and spears and arrows, and many of Harold's best men fell. But the chieftains fell also one by one, until there were none left who dared to oppose him.

Then he had his hair cut, proclaimed himself king and married the beautiful Gyda.

A few of the chiefs who had escaped on the day of battle declared that they would never submit to be ruled by a king. If they could no longer be their own masters in Norway they would go where they could. They had heard of a large island far to the west, which their forefathers had visited, but the stories brought of the terrible giants who lived there under the earth, and kept throwing out hot water and stones, had discouraged others from going.

Now these chiefs said they would rather take their chances with the giants than to be ruled by Harold Haarfager. So a number of them took their wives, their children and all that they had, boarded their vessels and sailed away to Iceland.

With nothing to oppose him Harold then went on strengthening and improving his kingdom. And then it was that he commanded the earls to stop their viking cruises and stay at home and cultivate their land. This was more than the conquered chiefs could stand. They had always considered viking very right and proper business for warriors; but to stay at home and work was altogether beneath their dignity, so they packed their goods and followed the others to Iceland. A few stopped on the way at the islands on the north of Scotland and settled there.

It was at this time that the Northmen, while sailing out in search of new homes, ventured still farther than Iceland, some to Greenland and some to the eastern shores of America, which they called Vinland. But for some reason they did not choose to settle so far from the fatherland, and the account of their visit never went further than their own "sagas" until after Columbus came across America on his way to India.

The Yule Feast at Frondheim.—Hakon, the youngest son of Harold, the Fair-haired, spent most of his youth in England, where he was sent by

his father. When he came home he found the people suffering great wrongs at the hands of his brother Erik, who had become king, and who on account of his cruelties was called "Bloodaxe." Harold told the people that if they would make him king he would treat them kindly, they were very glad to hear this and crowned him without delay. His brother Erik could not raise followers enough to fight him and so left the country. While Hakon was in England he had become a Christian, and after he was thoroughly established on the throne he called a great meeting at Frondheim, and standing up before the people told them that their religion was not the true religion; that there were no such gods as Odin and Thor and Frigg; that there was only one God, the Lord, and he wanted them to serve him.

The people were much astonished and very angry at this. They had a high regard for the gods their forefathers had worshipped so many years, and were not ready to give them up. One of the chiefs rose and said that if the king was going to make them give up their gods and adopt a new religion he should have nothing more to do with him. And this speech the whole multitude loudly applauded.

Then the very polite and cautious Sigurd, Hakon's uncle, stood up and said that the king had no desire to force the new religion upon them, he was simply recommending to them what he believed to be a better belief than their old one. But this did not entirely dispel the anger of the people, they insisted that Hakon should come to the great Yule feast that was approaching and offer the sacrifice to the idols, as their other kings had done. Sigurd promised that Hakon should do as they wished and the people then went home.

On the day of the feast a great multitude came together at Frondheim. The king was there, and when the sacred drinking horn that had been consecrated to Odin was offered to him they watched to see what he would do. Now the king had decided that to appease the people he would drink, but he would first make the sign of the cross in order to consecrate it anew to the Lord. His subjects saw the motion and burst out in an angry uproar. But Sigurd quieted them by saying that the sign the king had made was that of Thor's mallet.

A short time after this the idolators found that the king was building churches and attending them. Again they were very angry, and gathering a large multitude they burned the churches, seized the king and compelled him to eat a piece of horseflesh, which was considered a proof of paganism,

and drink three horns of wine, one to Odin, one to Thor and one to Frigg. All of this Hakon did upon the advice of his uncle, but it made him more disgusted than ever with their superstitions and more determined to put an end to idolatry. He also decided to punish them for their disgraceful treatment of himself—their king.

Had this threat been carried out there would probably have been a fierce war in Norway, but just then Hakon's nephews, the sons of Erik Blood-axe, came with a number of Danes from Denmark to lay claim to the throne of their father. Hakon was obliged to call on the people to assist him, which they cheerfully did, for in spite of his having forsaken their gods they were very fond of him for his kindness. They came, therefore, and fought galantly until the sons of Erik were obliged to flee back to Denmark.

Hakon had not the heart after this to attempt to force his religion upon the people who had served him so well. He remained a Christian himself and induced many of his personal friends to forsake their idol worship. The people became more and more attached to him, and after he died they always spoke of him as Hakon the Good.

Olaf Tryggvason and the Pagans.—The honor of overthrowing idolatry in Norway belongs to Olaf Tryggvason, a grandson of Hakon the Good, and a very famous man in many respects. Before he became king he had a number of exciting adventures, of which marvelous stories are told. When he was but a baby, his cousins, the sons of Erik, and their mother, Gunhild, tried to kill him, but his mother escaped with him to Russia, where he grew up a dashing young viking.

One time when he was off on a cruise, he happened to be in Ireland on the day when a young princess was to choose a husband. A large number of nobles all dressed in their best, glittering in scarlet and gold, had ranged themselves in a row in the streets, and a little to one side looking at the show stood Olaf in his fur hood and cape thrown carelessly around him.

As the princess passed along, looking to see which of the nobles pleased her most, she caught sight of the handsome Northman. Walking up to him she looked him over and said she would take him for her husband.

Olaf, of course, was well pleased; and so he married the princess, settled down in Ireland, and, in time, became a Christian.

After a while, his cousin, king of Norway heard of him and felt sure that sooner or later he would come back to claim the throne. So he sent a man to Ireland to tell Olaf that the people in Norway were rebelling against

THE VÖRINGFOS.

the king, and that if he would only come and make himself known as the grandson of Hakon the Good they would receive him with open arms. When once Olaf was in Norway, Hakon thought he could easily get him out of the way.

The young prince listened to the messenger, believed him, and returned with him to Norway. When the ship landed what was the astonishment of the messenger to find than he had told the truth. The people were in open rebellion against the king, and as soon as they heard that Olaf Tryggvason was come, they received him with great gladness and crowned him king at once.

Like Hakon the Good, Olaf as soon as he was established determined to put away idolatry and introduce Christianity, but unlike Hakon he went about it in no gentle manner. He too summoned a great meeting and told the people that their idols were nothing but wood and stone, that the Lord was the only true God and they must worship him. This aroused the people's anger at once, and they made such an uproar that the king could not say a word; and they threathened to chase him out of the country if he said anything more against their gods. To appease them he promised to attend the Yule feast and offer the sacrifice.

But when he came to the feast with four of the most zealous idol worshippers bound, and said that those were the sacrifices he should offer to Odin, the people were taken back. The four men thought they would rather be baptized into the Christian faith than offered up to Odin, so he let them have their choice.

But the multitude still remained obstinate and would not listen when he tried to talk to them. So he bade them come with him into the idol temple. There he walked around, looked at the idols carefully, and then while all the people were watching him raised his staff and knocked the great god Thor off his pedestal and broke him all to pieces. Before the horrified people had time to recover their surprise they found that their most zealous leader, Ironbeard, had been killed. They had now no leader, and when the king told them to take their choice either to be baptized or fight with him on the spot they concluded to be baptized.

From this time paganism was uprooted in Norway though there was much fighting and bloodshed before the peasants were ready to give up their long-cherished idols.

The Hero of the Kringlen Pass.—In the second century after Olaf Tryggvason, the prosperity of Norway began to decline. Her line of kings ran out, years of strife followed, and in 1380 she became a province of Denmark. After a period of over four hundred years she was transferred from Denmark to Sweden with which country she is still united, but she has compelled the Swedes to recognize her as an equal. Though reduced by bad

government and misfortunes her people were never weak-spirited; they have more than once proved themselves as brave as they are industrious and honest.

An instance of this kind happened while Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, was waring with the Danes and Norwegians. A company of Scotts, under Col. Sinclair, having come over to help the Swedes, attempted to pass through Norway instead of sailing around to Sweden by way of the Baltic. They landed at the Romsdal fjord, and had gone as far as the pass of Kringlen, in the valley of the Romsdal, when they were stopped. A company of about five hundred Norwegian peasants, headed by Lars Gram, had heard of their coming and stationed themselves on the heights above the pass, armed with large stones and logs of wood, and when the unsuspecting Scotts were just beneath them these things were hurled down upon their heads. Such a sudden and unexpected attack threw the whole regiment into confusion, and before they could recover Lars Gram and his band rushed down upon them with their swords and only a few of the Scotts escaped.

ANNA COLBJORNSEN.—During the reign of Charles XII., of Sweden, trouble broke out between that country and Norway, and Charles sent a company of Swedes over to seize the silver mines at Kongsberg. But they were defeated, and the mines saved by the coolness and forethought of a clergyman's wife, whose name, Anna Colbjornsen, stands beside that of Lars Gram in the history of her country.

The Swedes reached Nordrehong, in the southern part of Norway, one night just after the clergyman and his wife had gone to bed. Colonel Loven, the leader of the company, came to the house and demanded supper for his men and a place in the out-houses for his sleeping quarters.

The good couple arose to comply with the demand, and as Anna was busy preparing the supper she overheard an important conversation between the colonel and his men.

About three miles away at Stien was quartered a Norwegian general, Lutzow, with only a few soldiers, and he was ignorant of the arrival of the Swedes. The Swedish general proposed that early in the morning they sally out and attack Colonel Lutzow. This Anna heard and she prepared to prevent it.

She showed every possible kindness and attention to her guests, and finding that something more was needed for their comfort sent her servant girl out to get it, so she told the colonel. But the girl had been bidden to

go quickly to Stien and tell Colonel Lutzow of the arrival of the Swedes; also that she would light a bonfire when there was a favorable time for an attack, and when he saw it he should come quickly and fall upon the intruders.

When the Swedish colonel inquired of Anna the road to Stien, she told him a wrong one; when he stationed a boy at the door with a horse all ready saddled that he might be able to start at a moment's notice, she made the boy tipsy and had the horse locked up in the stable. Then she proposed to the colonel to make a fire for the poor fellows who were watching out in the cold, and the unsuspecting officer consented. As soon as the Norwegian soldiers saw the signal they hurried forward, took Colonel Loven and a number of the Swedes prisoners, put the rest to flight, and ate up the supper that had been prepared for their enemies.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, Anna with one of her maids went out to look around. The Swedes who had escaped capture still outnumbered the Norwegians, and were now gathering together. One of the officers pointed his gun at Anna, whom he probably suspected of treachery, and seemed about to fire. The maid fainted, but Anna coolly asked the officer if the King of Sweden kept his soldiers for the purpose of shooting old women. This made the fellow ashamed of himself, so he lowered his gun and asked her how many Norwegians there were in Colonel Lutzow's band.

"See for yourself," said Anna. "They lie behind the church there as thick as sand, and more than I can count."

The Swedes believed this and took themselves away as fast as they could —many being killed by the Norwegian soldiers or the peasants of the neighborhood as they were going.

A Carriole Ride.—The people of Norway have many very excellent qualities; in true politeness they are not to be surpassed, they are honest and industrious, and even when so poor that they have to put fir-bark in the "flad-brod" to make it hold out, will give the best the house affords to a stranger and seldom take any pay for their hospitality.

For this reason Norway is a pleasant country to visit. The traveler is sure of being kindly treated and of finding friends whenever he needs them.

The mode of travel is interesting, and though not so rapid and convenient in some respects as our own, it furnishes a good opportunity of seeing the country and getting acquainted with the people.

A number of stations are established along the principal roads by the government, and provided with ponies and "carrioles" to be let to travelers.

The carriole is a small two-wheeled vehicle with a seat for just one person inside, and a step on the back for the boy who goes with the traveler from one station to the next to bring the carriole and pony back.

At a "fast" station a pony and carriole can be had within fifteen minutes; but at the slow ones, one must wait sometimes three or four hours until a pony is found at a neighboring farm.

The roads in some places are not always the smoothest, but the beauty of the landscapes through which one passes, the bright sunshine glimmering through the trees, the music of the wild waterfall, and the invigorating air fanning one's face, as the nimble little pony carries him swiftly along, makes up for the unevenness of the road.

A whole day in some parts of Norway may be passed in a continuous panorama of blue sky, bald mountains, dashing waterfalls, green slopes, yellow-tinted fields, rich pine forests, and thriving farms.

Sometimes the "skydskarl," or post-boy, proves to be an entertaining little fellow, whose kindness, simplicity or precociousness whiles away the time when the road proves tedious.

One traveler gives a pleasing account of his drive with a funny little *skydskarl*, who seemed, he says, to be a fixed laugh all over. His mouth, nose, ears, eyes, hair and chin was all turned up in a broad grin. Even the elbows of his coat and the knees of his trousers were wide open with laughter. He whistled, sang lively snatches of songs, joked with the horse, and when the horse neighed, laughed a regular horse laugh to keep it company. When they reached the station the traveler gave the boy an extra shilling for his lively spirits, at which he grinned all over wider than ever, put the change in his pocket, and with his red cap in one hand made a queer little bow with his shaggy head, while he held out the other hand for the traveler to shake. Everybody shakes hands in Norway. In one respect the Norwegian "skydskarl" is unlike some American boys. He has a very tender regard for the little pony that is a great pet in the family and always treated kindly. If the traveler drives it too hard or whips it unnecessarily the little fellow remonstrates in his strongest Norwegian, and if no attention is paid to him he bursts into tears. But when the station is reached he reports the cruel traveler to the keeper, and then the traveler finds it difficult to get another pony.

A Post Girl.—Sometimes a girl is sent with the carriole. The same traveler gives an entertaining account of a ride he once took with a very lively Norwegian girl.

When he was ready to start he looked around for the boy, but instead he saw a young girl about sixteen years of age, with her cap and cape on, bounding up behind the carriole. She whistled to the horse in a style he seemed to understand perfectly well, for away he dashed down the hill at a great rate. "I was afraid every moment I should be pitched out and rolled down the precipice."

"*Na! Reise! Reise!*" cried this extraordinary girl, and away we went over rocks, into ruts, and against roots and bushes; bouncing springing, splashing and dashing through mud holes; whirling past terrific pits, jagged pinnacles of rock and yawning gulfs of darkness; through gloomy patches of pine, out again into open spaces, and along the brinks of fearful precipices; over rickety wooden bridges and through foaming torrents that dashed out over the road, the wild girl clinging fast behind, the little pony flying along madly in front, the carriole creaking and rattling as if going to pieces, and myself hanging on to the reins in a perfect agony of doubt whether each moment would not be our last.

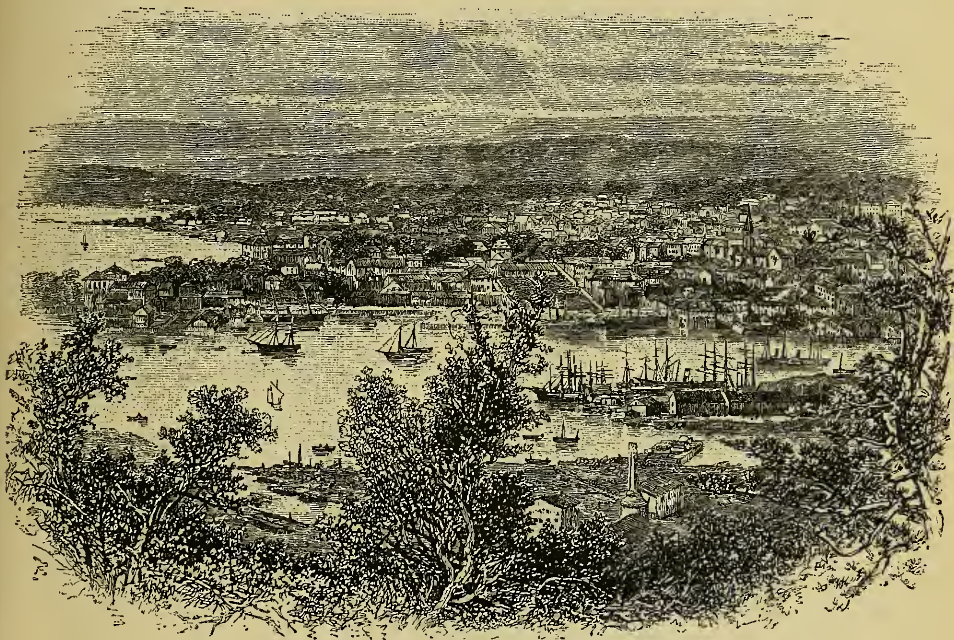
Trees whirled by, waterfalls flashed upon my astonished eyes, streaks of sunshine and of gloom dazzled me, and I could see nothing clearly. There was a horrible jumble in my mind of black rocks and blue eyes, pine forests, flying clouds, the roar of torrents and the ringing voice of the maiden as she cried, "*Sknyde pa! sknyde pa!*" (faster, faster.)

Only one thought was in my mind, the fear of being dashed to pieces. If I could only stop the pony, but I dared not attempt it. A pull at the reins would throw him upon his haunches, and carriole and all would go spinning over him into some horrible abyss. And yet the wild damsel whistled and shouted, "*sknyde pa! sknyde pa! Riese!*" She seized the whip and cracked it around the pony's ears until he broke into a frantic run, and yet she shrieked, "faster! faster!"

By this time I was positively beside myself with terror, I closed my eyes and gasped for breath. A fearful bouncing of the carriole made me open them again. We had struck a rock and were now spinning along the edge of a mighty abyss on one wheel, the other performing a sort of balance in the air. I caught sight of a long stretch of level road beyond! O! if the terrible creature would only stop whistling and cracking her whip, and driving the pony crazy with her cries until we reached it! But the nearer we approached to the bottom of the hill the wilder she became. Now she actually danced on the little board with delight, now leaning over to get a good cut at the pony's tail with her whip while she whistled more fiercely

than ever and cried, "*Flue! Gaae! Reise!*" The poor little animal was reeking with sweat, and it was a miracle that he did not drop down.

By great good fortune, aided by my skill in driving, we made the turn, and in a few minutes were safely jogging along the level road. Quite bewildered I turned around to see what manner of being this girl was. And if she wasn't shaking her sides with laughter at the confusion and astonishment she had caused me.



CHRISTIANIA.

In a little while the station house was in sight, and here I had to part with my lively post girl. I gave her double the usual fee, at which she made a very polite courtesy, gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and wished me a pleasant journey.

A Farm-house.—The stations along thecarriole routes are usually at some farm-house,which looks more like a village than a country residence, because of the numerous sheds and out-houses huddled around it. There are cow-sheds, sheep-sheds, pig-styes, chicken-cribs, store-rooms and lodging-houses

all huddled around the barn as though that was the centre of attraction. And when on top of all these, oats, weeds, flowers, moss or young trees are seen growing out of the sod roofs it looks as if the people had made up for the loss of the ground their buildings occupy by planting their gardens on the roofs of the houses.

The family room of the place is usually large, as it must needs be to accomodate the number of people and the various kinds of work carried on there during the long winter evenings.

The floor is covered with home-made rugs, and a large porcelain stove stands in the center of the room reaching nearly to the ceiling.

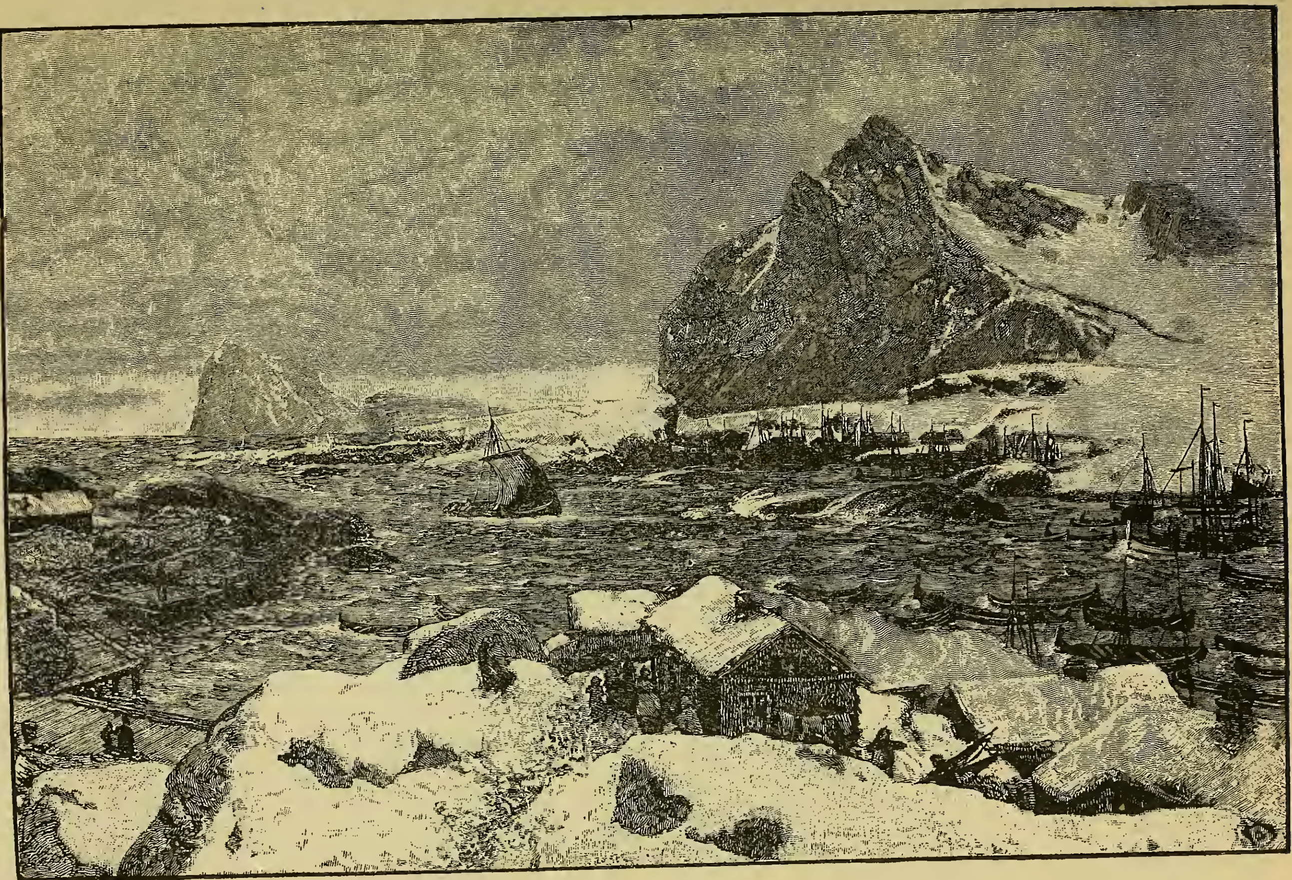
When the hay-making season arrives this little village is deserted all day, for all hands are needed to gather every spear of grass that can be found. The field may lie on the other side of a torrent that must be crossed on a rickety bridge, or in a boat; or it may be at the top of a dizzy cliff that must be climbed at the risking of broken limbs; no matter. A long, cold winter is coming when the cattle will need more than can be gathered if every spear is brought home.

Some farm-houses are built upon such high precipices that the path up to them is very difficult and dangerous. Stepping places have to be made by fixing logs against the face of the cliffs. The small children are "hobbled" to keep them from going too near the dangerous edge.

When a death occurs in one of these out-of-the-way houses no hearse can be brought to carry the dead away. The body has to be put into a basket and carried down the cliff on some one's back.

The Fishing Grounds.—Compared with other countries Norway has but little farm land, the fisheries are the chief dependence of a large proportion of the people. Every year, as the season draws near, they leave their homes and go to the fishing grounds to stay for several weeks.

The Loffoden Islands is a favorite resort of the codfish, and about the first of February the place begins to swarm with fishermen. The little Lapps set up their canvas tents, the log-houses are filled to overflowing, hundreds of fishing boats glide about the bays loaded to the water's edge, and numerous trading vessels arrive to buy fish and sell coffee, sugar, bread, tobacco and other things to the fishermen. On the shore are crowds of men and women opening and cleaning the fish which are piled in heaps everywhere; rows of fish strung on poles are drying in the sun; barrels of cod-livers are standing around, and heads and refuse are heaped everywhere, smelling horribly.



VILLAGE DURING THE FISHING SEASON.

The fishing grounds are divided into districts, in each of which is a station or headquarter where the boats assemble in the morning before starting out. No one is allowed to go before the appointed time, for all must have an equal chance in the fishing harvest.

Early in the morning the men come from their huts and take their places in the boat, five or six usually in each one. All eyes are then turned toward the flag-staff as the men wait with ready oars for the signal. Suddenly the flag rises. A thousand oars strike the water, and the boats are pulled rapidly away to the place where the fish are caught. In the afternoon they come back with their loads, and the fishers tired and hungry hurry in to their dinner. They do not mind the fatigue if they have had good luck, but some seasons the fish are very scarce. Then all their toil and hardship brings but little return, and the poor fishermen go home with heavy hearts knowing there will be little bread for the hungry mouths the coming year.

One of the most profitable part of the cod-fisheries is the manufacture of cod-liver oil in which a new process is being used, not so disgusting as the old. The livers used to be allowed to stand in a tank and rot until the oil rose to the top; this was skimmed off, and the reeking mass was boiled to extract the remainder of the oil. The stench around such an establishment was terrible.

The latest process is to take the fresh livers, sort them carefully, throwing away the bad ones, and boil the healthy ones in a large tank after they have been washed and drained. The oil thus obtained is of a much better quality than that from rotted livers. Herring-fisheries are carried on at Stavanger and vicinity, begining on the first of January and lasting about three months, with another short season in the early fall. There is not a set time for the boats to go out here as in the cod-fisheries, for the herrings travel in large shoals. When the watchers see a number of gulls and other sea-birds hovering over a certain place in the sea they know there is a shoal of herring underneath. The signal is quickly given, and the boats go out to cast the nets with a great deal of shouting and noise; it is an exciting time. As soon as the "cast" has been made the men begin to take out the fish by means of large baskets fastened on poles. Sometimes all of the boats are filled and the net has to be held until they can go ashore and empty. As many as thirty thousand barrels have been taken at a single catch, and more than a million barrels are caught during the season if the fishing is good.

A Norwegian Dinner Party.—In the winter while the fishermen are toiling away with their nets in the cold, the wealthier classes are enjoying

themselves at dinner parties, which are very fashionable in Norway. Each householder makes a big dinner, and invites all of his friends, expecting, of course, to be invited by each one of them in return. Those who fail to return the compliment he is pretty sure to drop from his list of guests another year.

The company at a dinner party meet in a large ante-room, says a traveler who attended some of these, and stand about, the gentlemen by themselves,

LAPP HUTS.

and the ladies by themselves, all looking very grave and solemn. After about an hour the dinner is announced. A few of the oldest gentlemen escort some of the oldest ladies, the others go by themselves. If it is a "stand-up" party, all stand around the table, plate in one hand and knife and fork in the other, and help themselves to whatever they wish. There is some crowding and pushing, but every one is good-natured and eats and drinks as though that was what he came for.

And there is enough on the table to keep them all busy for some time. There are hot crab pies, sausages, oyster patties, lobster, cold meats, cold sliced fish, raw herrings, old cheese, hot vegetables and "flad-brod."

When this tableful is exhausted, and while the gentlemen are washing the last down with draughts of wine, the ladies withdraw to the desert table, where the gentlemen soon follow. This table is loaded with all kinds of pastries, ices, jellies, and many other dainty dishes which soon disappear before the hearty company.

The dinner ends with speech-making, very solemn and dignified, and then games follow and dancing. The gentlemen do a great deal of smoking, and the ladies considerable gossiping, as elsewhere, and then the party breaks up, usually at an early hour.

Before leaving everybody shakes hands with the hostess and thanks her for the meal; to forget to do this would be considered very bad manners, and an ill-mannered person is seldom found in Norway. The people always take off their hats when they meet a friend, or a stranger, when they enter a house or even a shop to make a trifling purchase. Common laborers, fishermen and private soldiers salute each other with a bow and doff their hats, even the children are carefully taught to bow politely to each other in the streets.

Feast Days.—Two great festivals are held every year in Norway; one on St. John's day, the twenty-fourth of June, and the other at Christmas time. These feasts have been observed ever since they first originated in honor of Odin, Thor, and Frigg; but when the Christian religion was introduced the honors were changed, while the feasts remained the same. The festival now begins by going to church, instead of to the temple of Odin.

The chief amusement at the spring festival is dancing round the May-poles, which are covered with flowers and evergreens, and sometimes with colored egg-shells, gilded hearts, and festoons of colored paper.

The houses are also hung with festoons about the doors and windows, the horses and wagons are decorated with evergreens, and even the ships in the harbors are decked out with birch boughs.

But the Yule feast at Christmas time is the favorite holiday season, especially among the farmers. Their out-door work is finished then, and they have plenty of time for feasting and dancing. Sometimes the merry-making is kept up for thirteen days, called "The Thirteen Days of Yule."

At this time all the old heirlooms of the family are brought out, the old pottery, wooden spoons and vessels, and gilded tankards that have descended

from the old Viking forefathers. Baking and brewing is carried on on a large scale in the kitchens for days before the feast begins. The fatted calf or sheep is killed, and fish, venison and bird meat brought out from the larders where they have been kept in waiting.

Not the people alone are feasted at this time but the birds and domestic animals as well. Two or three days before Christmas, sheaves of oats are driven into the towns by the sleigh-loads. Everyone, rich and poor, buy at

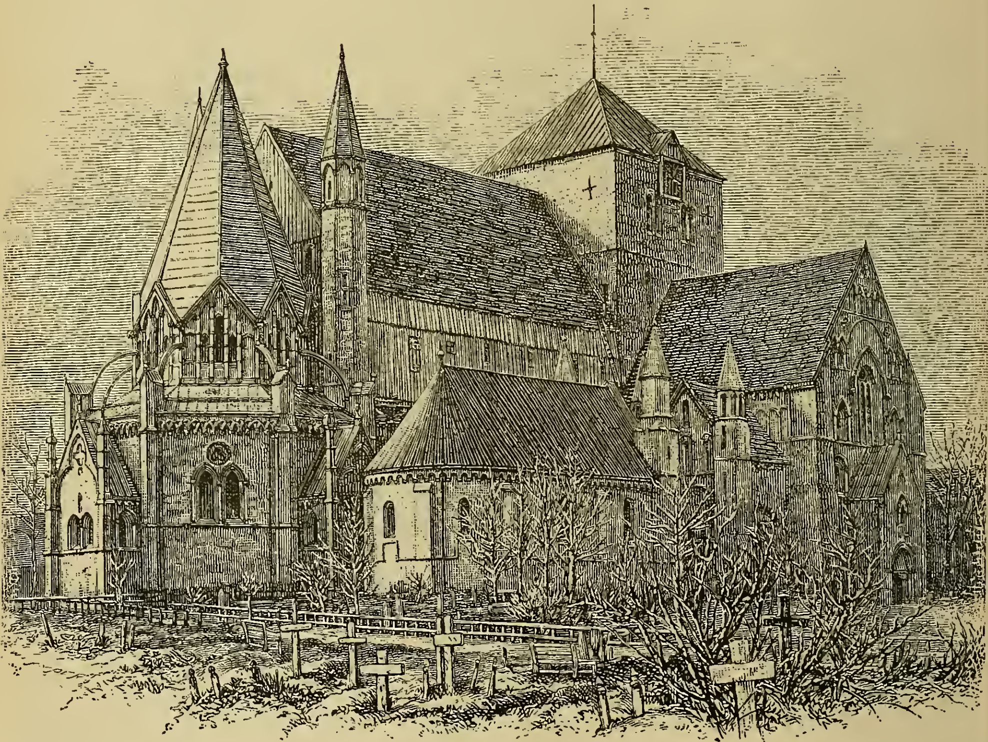
PEASANTS.

least a bunch to place on their houses, fences, or on a long pole for the birds. The sight of the little creatures fluttering around these sheaves, filling their hungry crops with the grain, warms the hearts of these kindly people and prepares them for a heartier enjoyment of their own feast. The old horse, the cattle, and even the goats and pigs, are given a double portion of food on this day, often more than they can eat.

A great deal of cleaning is also done on the day before Christmas. The floors are scrubbed and strewn with fir or juniper leaves, and when all is

finished, every member of the family takes a bath. Sometimes, sad to say, it is the only bath they do take in the whole year.

Much merry-making goes on among the young people during the feast, they hide each others shoes, black their faces, dress up in all sorts of fantastical clothing, sing songs and dance, and have a much happier time than people who have more of the good things of the world, but less goodness of heart.



TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER IV.

DENMARK.

The low, flat country that rises out of the sea just south of Norway and Sweden, forming with them the third Scandinavian country, has received, if anything, fewer blessings from the hand of Nature than her sisters to the north, and more adversities. She is the victim of blasting fogs, ocean floods and desolating storms of wind and sand. But when the sun does come out he shines upon many a bright-green meadow, grain covered hill, rich dark forest, neatly kept garden and snug little cottage ; and also upon many fine old castles filled with the memories and relics of Denmark's former glory. For Denmark has had days of glory ; her dominion once extended over the whole of Scandinavia, far away Iceland and Greenland, and other islands of the sea. But Norway and Sweden have been taken from her, Schleswig-Holstein cut off, and now only a little corner of Northwestern Europe is left her, the barren peninsula of Jutland and a few islands to the east ; she still holds Iceland and Greenland.

Sands and Sand Dunes.—It would be hard to find a more desolate region than the northwestern part of Jutland. Nothing but sand and sea and wrecks—marks of the sea's fury—can be seen for miles. No roads ; the smooth sand of the beach, brought in by the ocean at high tide, is driven before the wind like snow in winter time, covering everything and making high drifts or "dunes." The houses, when there are any, are half hidden by sand-hills, and gardens, if any one is venturous enough to make them, are in constant danger of being buried or caught up and carried away.

Whole cornfields planted on top of these treacherous sands have been lifted up and whirled away, and whole fields are often buried.

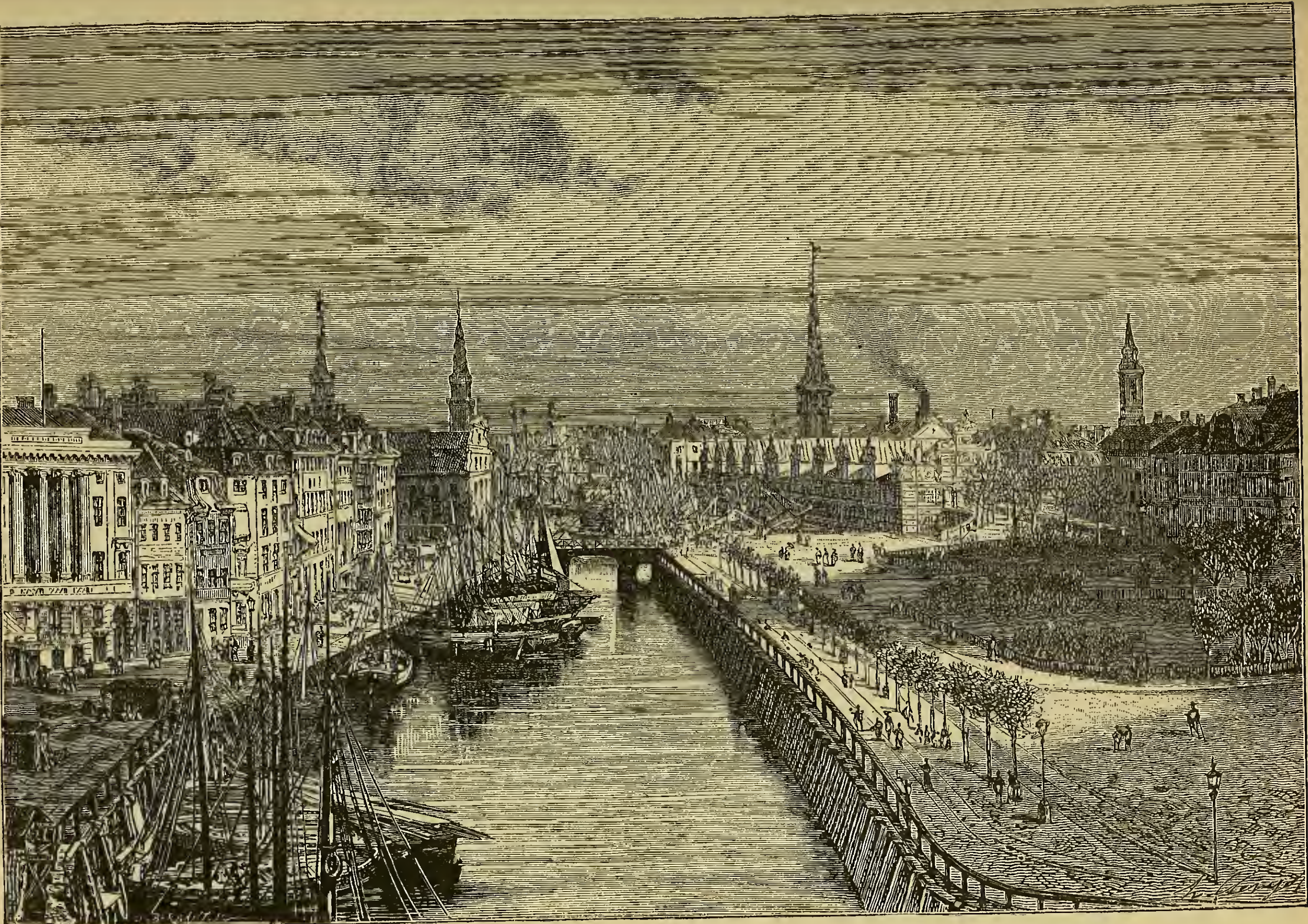
In late years a kind of reed grass is sown on the dunes, and this taking root forms a net-work over the sand that holds it down. In the extreme northern part of Jutland once stood the old town of Skagen. Year after year the people had to move their houses further inland because of the

intruding drifts. In the churchyard the sand gathered as high as the walls, then overtopped them and covered the graves and tombstones, and gathered against the church until it hid the walls and windows. Still the people did not like to give up their house of worship even though they had to shovel their way to the door. But one Sunday morning, when they came together for worship, they found that an enormous drift entirely blocked up the door; to get in was impossible. So the clergyman read a prayer and dismissed the people saying, "The Lord has shut up His house here; we must build one somewhere else." Now nothing but the steeple of the old church is to be seen rising above the sand.

THE "SKAW."—Sailors long ago named the northern point of Jutland "the Skaw," because of the fierce storms that raged there. Much they dreaded coming into that dangerous region where countless numbers of fine ships have gone down. For many years the shore was constantly strewn with wrecks. The people built their houses of the planks and timbers cast up by the sea. Hans Christian Andersen tells of a shed that had for its roof the hull of a boat, and of a great image of Walter Scott, which had once been the figure-head of a ship bearing the poet's name, set up to ornament a fisherman's potato garden.

A light-house now warns ships off the dangerous coast, and the people of Skagen are prepared with the best kind of life-saving apparatus to go to the rescue of those in danger of being shipwrecked.

"Follow us up yonder," says Hans Christian Andersen, "in a storm, when an ill-fated ship lies fast in the sand out there, and the raging billows are breaking over its planks. There is not a bold denizen of the 'Skaw' who will not risk his life to save its helpless human freight. Leave your room during the pitch-dark night! The storm is so furious that you cannot hear the roaring of the sea; the wind's terrific blasts meet you as you enter the open air; the drifting sand, and clouds of small, sharp stones beat against your face. You perceive over you and around you a power which seems mighty enough to suck up the sea itself; a thundering noise is bursting over you and seemingly over the whole world. Climb up to the top of the sand hills in that deep gloom. Crawl on during the gusts of wind, and when you have gained the top, and when you have become somewhat accustomed to the blinding salt spray in your eyes, and the tomb-like darkness around, glance down on the boiling, foaming sea, and listen to—more piercing than the sea-bird's shrillest screams—that harrowing cry for help, that cry of wild despair.



COPENHAGEN, WITH A VIEW OF THE CHRISTIANBORG PALACE.

"Suddenly there is a light—a bonfire is kindled—and away out from the land a rocket is thrown towards the ship. By the flickering blue light of the bonfire they see the stranded vessel, fast imprisoned in the sand; the heavy frothing billows are dashing against it and vaulting over it; the people on board, in the mortal agony of impending death, are running against each other, some holding on by the rigging; the next tremendous wave may sweep them off into the raging sea, and crushing the planks and beams scatter them like chips over the shore.

"But helpful hands are near. A line is bound to the rocket that fell over the ship; the line drew out a stronger rope; a connection was thus formed between the land and the wrecked vessel, and by its means every one on board is brought safely to the shore."

THE ISLANDS.—There is a wide contrast between the sand banks of Jutland and the fertile islands lying to the east, constituting the most important parts of Denmark. Amak, just east of the city of Copenhagen, and connected with it by bridges, is called the garden of the city, for here is raised nearly everything in the eating line that appears on its tables.

Bornholm has given to Copenhagen the stones that pave her streets, the marble that adorns them, and the clay out of which her famous porcelain is made.

The island of Moen, southeast of Zealand, has been called the "museum of northern antiquities," because it contains so many tumuli and cairns and other old burial places in which are found quantities of curious vessels, weapons, beads, and gold and silver ornaments. They are the work of very early races who peopled Scandinavia, and of whom history gives no account.

This island contains also some of the finest scenery in Denmark; it abounds in pretty lakes, beautiful narrow valleys, and fertile fields out of which rise a number of snowy white chalk cliffs.

ELF-FOLK.—On all the islands of Denmark, but especially on Bornholm, the people used to believe a great deal in a race of Elf-folk, that they thought lived under the ground working at blacksmithing, tin-making and other trades, and sometimes appeared to people and helped them out of difficulties.

Once when some Swedish ships of war threatened to attack Bornholm, they say that a company of elf soldiers came out of the ground in such numbers that the Swedes were frightened and went away. It was also declared that on bright moonlight nights these elf soldiers could be seen on the hill-sides practising with their arms. As nearly as the observers could

see, the soldiers wore light-blue, or steel-gray uniforms and red caps, sometimes three cornered hats. The sound of their drums could be heard at times, and small round stones which they used for bullets could be found on the ground. But such stories are now called "old wives tales."

Odin's Island.—The island of Fyen, which lies midway between Zealand and Jutland, was long regarded as sacred ground by the early Danes. Here the great Odin landed, and built the city to which he gave his name. Here his temple stood, the Mecca of the rich vikings who brought their plunder to the altars of their god, that by his favor they might gain more.

When Christianity was preached in Denmark, the people of Fyen were among the first to embrace it, and here at Odensee was erected the church of St. Knud, Denmark's patron saint.

Again in the time of the Reformation Fyen was the first to change its religion. Hanse Tausen, a learned citizen of Odensee, became such a leading reformer that he was called "the Danish Luther."

King Gorm and Queen Thyra.—During the early years of Denmark's history the country was occupied by a number of petty chiefs, each of which ruled over his own band, and there was no king. But in the time of the Viking expeditions, in which the Jutes and Danes joined the Swedes and Norwegians, Gorm, one of the Danish chiefs, made himself king. He remained at home one year when the others sailed away, and after they were gone, fell upon their provinces, conquered them, and when the chiefs returned he was ruler of the whole of Denmark. They must have thought when they found their estates had been seized that the tables had been turned upon them, and that "viking" sometimes worked both ways.

After he had established himself as king of the country, Gorm went off on a sea-voyage again, and during his absence the Franks on the south kept making trouble about the boundary line between his dominion and theirs. Finally Queen Thyra, Gorm's wife, sent word to all the chieftains of Denmark that she wished to see them, and when they were assembled she talked to them about the trouble with the Franks, and asked each one to state before the others what he would give toward building a wall along the southern boundary for a defence. All the chiefs gave bountifully and cheerfully toward the object, and when Gorm returned he found a line of earth-works ten miles long built up between his kingdom and that of his troublesome neighbors. This line served for a long time as a barrier against the Franks.

Queen Thyra has always been held in grateful remembrance by the Danes for this, and many other wise deeds. They gave her the name of

Danebod "the people's pride." It was she that first brought Christianity into the country from France, where she had been baptized. She invited Christian missionaries into Denmark to preach to her pagan subjects, and she had her son Harold baptized into the new faith. Afterward he became the first Christian king of Denmark.

In the southeastern part of Jutland near the Vezle Fjord stand two monuments bearing the names of King Gorm and Queen Thyra. On one is written in runic writing :

"King Gorm constructed this barrow to his wife Thyra Danmarksbod ;" on the other, "King Harold caused this barrow to be made to his father Gorm and his mother Thyra; the same Harold who acquired all Denmark and Norway and Christianity as well."

Roskilde Cathedral.—On the island of Zealand, not far from Copenhagen, stands the famous cathedral of Roskilde, where all the kings of Denmark have been buried since Harold Blatand, the son of Queen Thyra, built here the first Christian church in honor of the new religion he had embraced. It was built almost within sight and sound of the great temple of Odin, at Ledre, where every seven or nine years the blood of human sacrifice flowed over the pagan altars.

The church that Harold erected was only a wooden one. About a hundred years afterward a handsome stone building was built in its place by Svend Estrisden, a nephew of Canute the Great. The interior of the cathedral has remained nearly the same from that day to this ; but each passing century has added something to its furnishings. There are altar pieces made for it in the thirteenth century, carved seats of the fourteenth, a curious piece of clock work of the fifteenth, a grand organ, the finest in Scandinavia, of the sixteenth, and a splendid pulpit, font and pew of the seventeenth century.

In the great vault of the cathedral stand side by side the coffins of the kings. A hundred gorgeous caskets rich in silver and gold and curious workmanship is all that remains of the great Harolds, the Canutes, the Valdemars, the Christians and the Fredericks, who once swayed the sceptre of Denmark.

The Valdemars.—Three of the early and most powerful kings of Denmark bore the name of Valdemar. The first won the title of "the Great," by making seventeen successful wars upon the Pagans of the South, and by clearing the northern seas of the Wendish pirates that were treating the Danish coasts as the Danes had treated those of England and France a few years before.

Valdemar II. was as successful a warrior as his father, and the title "the Victorious" was given to him. During his reign Norway, Sweden and the northern part of Germany belonged to Denmark. Her ships ruled the waves; her warriors conquered wherever they fought. This has been called her "Golden Age."

It was at this time, while Valdemar was fighting with the Wends, that Denmark received, so the story goes, her national ensign, the red banner bearing a white cross. While the battle was raging, and just as the Danes, after a long day's fight, were beginning to give way before the Wends, this banner fell from the skies. The sight of the emblem of their faith—the cross—gave to the Danes new strength while the pagans fell back frightened at the strange appearance. Before another day dawned, this banner, which they named the "Dannebrog" waved over the heads of thousands of Wendish converts.

Queen Dagmar's Cross.—In the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen is a curious old cross that is held in almost as much veneration as the national flag. It is called "Queen Dagmar's Cross."

Queen Dagmar was the wife of Valdemar II., who, before her marriage, was a Bohemian Princess. He reputation for beauty and goodness reached the ears of king Valdemar and he sent for her to make her his wife.

She began to be a blessing to Denmark as soon as she entered the country. She obtained from the king the release of the good bishop of Waldemar, who had been imprisoned for eighteen years. She requested also the release of all captives, and that the plow-rent should no longer be collected from the poor. This the king was at first unwilling to grant, but when she told him that she would go back to her father if he did not do it he consented.

After this Queen Dagmar was the idol of the people. Her praises were on every lip, and the blessings of the peasants followed her wherever she went.

The cross which is kept as a national memorial of this queen is about an inch and a quarter long, and one inch wide. It bears on one side the figure of the Saviour, on the other five medallions, the heads of the Virgin Mary, St. Basil, and the two St. Johns. The figures are all of most excellent workmanship in gold and enamel, and so fine and clear that the print of the nails in the palms of the Saviour's hands can be plainly seen. The complexion of the face is clear and transparent, and the hair and beard as natural as life. On each side of the body under the outstretched arms are two enamelled scrolls, and above the head a blue enamelled circle bordered with purple and gold. A very fine imitation of Queen Dagmar's cross was made

for the Princess Alexandria, daughter of Christian IX., when she was married to the Prince of Wales, and is valued as one of her most cherished treasures.

GOOSE TOWER.—In the southern part of the island of Zealand, at Vordingborg, stands the ruins of an old castle built by Valdemar the Great. Both he and his son died there, and there a hundred years later their namesake, Valdemar III., dwelt for a time.

This Valdemar left his mark upon one of the towers of the castle in the shape of a golden goose which he had made to commemorate a joke that he once played upon some members of the Hanseatic league when they came to visit him.

This league was a union of large commercial cities on the Baltic, which grew to be so powerful that they could compel the surrounding kings to do about as they pleased—all but Valdemar. He paid no attention to the league or its demands, so a delegate from each of the seventy-seven cities composing the league was sent to Valdemar's castle to remonstrate with him. Having heard that Denmark was a very cold country they came well provided with plenty of warm clothing, furs and blankets. When Valdemar heard of this, he said, "Now we will have some fun."

He commanded that the guests should be received in the large banqueting hall, and that roaring fires should be built in every stove in the room.

When the guests arrived they were politely conducted into the hall where a feast was spread and the doors were locked. And here in this hot room they were kept all night in their heavy fur coats and blanket trousers, with the perspiration streaming from every pore, while the king and his courtiers were as cool as cucumbers.

In the morning Valdemar sent them away with the assurance that he did not care a fig for the Hanseatic towns nor anything they could do. In memory of his good joke upon these "fat geese," as he called his Hanseatic visitors, he had a golden goose put upon one of the towers of the castle. The tower, which was afterwards called the "goose tower," is still standing, though most of the castle is in ruins.

THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF GURRE.—In the eastern part of Zealand lies a famous hunting ground of Gurre, where according to the belief of some simple country folks, King Valdemar rides every night with his hounds. The reason for this curious behavior of the rather queer old king is that he once said that if the Lord would give him Gurre wood he did not care for

Heaven. And now, they say, he is receiving his punishment for his blasphemous wish, by being compelled to ride there every night.

During the festival of St. John's eve some of the old women have a custom of going out to open the gates for King Valdemar. But if they hear him coming, hear the cracking of whips, the shouting of the huntsmen, and the yelping of the dogs they must get out of the way, they say, for sometimes King Valdemar stops and asks them to hold his dogs for an hour. He always pays well for the service, but the coin is so hot, showing what torment he endures, that it will burn a hole through one's hand if one takes it. But if allowed to lie on the ground until it is cool it will be found to be pure gold.

The way King Valdemar came to be so much attached to Gurre wood is accounted for as follows:

There was a very lovely lady in Denmark named Lovelille, whom the king liked very much, and when she died his sorrow was so great that he could not quit her corpse, but had it carried about with him wherever he went. This caused so much inconvenience to those about him that one of his courtiers tried to find out what it was that so attracted the king to the dead body. He found an enchanted ring upon the finger of the corpse, which he took off and put upon his own hand.

Immediately the king showed no further regard for the body of Lovelille, but became greatly attached to this courtier. Nothing was too good for him, and the king could not bear him out of his sight a moment.

At first the courtier enjoyed his great privileges, but after a while he began to grow tired of so much very particular attention, and knowing that the ring was the cause of it, he determined to throw it away. So one day as he was riding through Gurre wood he tossed the ring into a thicket. From that time there was nothing that King Valdemar enjoyed so much as hunting in Gurre wood. He built him a castle there, and spent nearly all of his time in the forest, having no desire for anything better.

The Semiramus of the North.—One day as Valdemar III. was out riding he saw a beautiful little brown-eyed girl weaving a garland of flowers. He was so pleased with her that he placed her on his horse and said, "Now where shall we ride?"

"To the castle," she replied, "where that wicked old king keeps my mother a prisoner." By this Valdemar knew that the child was his own daughter whose mother he had kept shut up in a castle for years because she had displeased him. He had never permitted the child to be brought

near him before, but now he was so pleased with her that he had her sent to Copenhagen and educated.

When she was ten years of age she was married to the king of Norway. Her son, Olaf, inherited the throne of both Norway and Denmark, but died at an early age. The councillors of Denmark then chose Margaret as the "all-powerful lord and master of Denmark." and a year afterward the Norwegians chose her for their "king and ruler."

Their elections did not please Albert, king of Sweden, who had been planning to have the crowns of Denmark and Norway conferred upon himself. But he ruled his own country so poorly that the Swede's desired Margaret to come and be their ruler. She accepted the invitation at once and raised an army to assist in dethroning Albert, he of course opposed this with all the forces he could muster, and to show his contempt for a woman warrior sent her a whetstone with the message that she would do well to sharpen her needles and leave swords to men. The taunt cost him dear, for when soon after this Margaret's forces conquered, and Albert was taken prisoner, she ordered him to be brought to her in a woman's gown and a fool's cap, "since he had not known how to fight in men's attire."

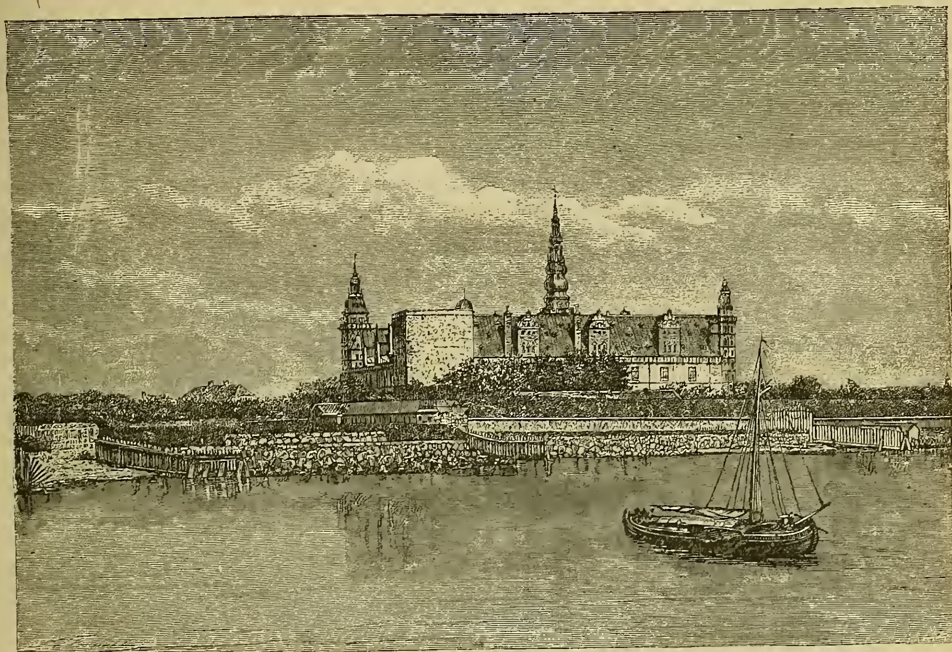
Margaret governed the three kingdoms so well that the people lived peacefully together, and a few years later she was able to unite the three countries in one government by what was called the Kalmar union, which lasted for many years, but which was the cause in after years of much fighting and bloodshed. It was the "Blood Bath" in Sweden that put an end to this union.

THE HORN OF OLDENBORG.—During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the kings of Denmark spent a great deal of time and money in building fine castles. Many of these now serve as museums in which are collected the interesting relics of other days, and are the scenes of numerous stories concerning the kings, queens and princes who once held their gay courts within the walls. One of these castles stands in the center of the city of Copenhagen, though when it was built by Christian IV. for a summer residence it stood outside. The city did not extend as far then as now.

In this fine old building are to be seen many interesting relics, the property of former kings and queens, and among them a magnificent silver drinking horn, ornamented with pearl, ruby, emerald, amethyst and gold. A very wonderful legend has often been told about the way this horn came into the possession of Count Otto of Oldenborg many years ago.

One day as the count was out hunting he became separated from his companions and wandered off into an unfrequented path. The weather was very hot, and the King, reigning in his horse, sighed for a drink of cold water. He had scarcely ended his wish when the side of the mountain opened and a beautiful maiden with long golden hair stood before him.

The count had seen many beautiful women, but the loveliness of this one completely bewildered him. She wore a crown of gold upon her head, a



CRONBERG CASTLE.

light gossamer robe that fell gracefully about her, and a wreath of beautiful flowers.

While the count was wondering at her marvelous beauty she stepped toward him and held out a silver horn saying, in a voice that sounded sweeter than the strains of a Æolian harp, "Drink of this Count Otto, then fortune shall favor thee and the whole house of Oldenborg. But if thou refuse to empty this horn, dissentions and misfortune shall befall thy house and evil shall betide thy race."

The count placed the horn to his lips intending to obey the maiden, but as soon as he tasted the liquid with which it was filled he discovered that it was intensely bitter and had a poisonous odor.

His admiration for the beautiful maiden was at once turned to disgust and he dashed the liquid upon the ground. As he did so a drop fell upon his horse's hair and singed it in an instant.

When the maiden saw what he did, she commanded him to return the horn at once, but with a polite bow he said, "What has once been given to me must never be taken away."

With this he spurred up his horse and soon overtook his companions. The horn was always kept by the house of Oldenborg until it was brought to Copenhagen and placed in Rosenborg Castle.

CRONBORG CASTLE.—At the northeastern extremity of the island of Zealand, near the town of Elsinore, stands the famous castle of Cronborg, around which a number of interesting stories and legends centre. It was built by Frederick II., the father of Christian IV., for a fortress to guard the entrance to the Sound, but in form it has the elegance and grandeur of a palace. For many years all vessels passing through the Sound were obliged to stop and pay toll at Cronborg Castle, which the Danes claimed as their pay for keeping up the lighthouse. This privilege has now been taken away from her, and the United States was one of the first countries that objected to paying the "Sound dues."

Cronborg Castle is noted especially as the place where Queen Matilda, sister of George III., of England, and wife of Christian VII., of Denmark, was for a long time imprisoned.

Her husband's mother, the Queen dowager of Denmark, being anxious to secure the throne for her son Frederick, sought to make trouble between Queen Matilda and the King. Her opportunity came on a night in June, when a masked ball was given at the palace, and all the youth and beauty of Copenhagen were present. The King, throwing aside the gloomy look he usually wore, had danced a rustic country dance with the Queen before retiring, and she, after remaining a while longer, went also to her room.

About four o'clock in the morning the Queen dowager and her son Frederick entered the King's sleeping room, woke him and told him that the Queen and Count Struensee, the Prime Minister, were planning to take the kingdom away from him and that he must at once sign the papers which they had brought with them for the arrest of the guilty couple.

The King refused at first to do this, but being very weak-minded yielded at last to his mother and signed the warrant, in tears, it is said. Officers were sent at once to take the Queen.

She was hurried into one of the King's carriages and driven with all haste to Cronborg Castle, where she was kept a close prisoner until her brother in England heard of it and sent a fleet to release her and take her to Germany. In about a year after her release she died of grief.

Since Shakespeare's great tragedy of Hamlet came into existence, Cron-

ELSINORE.

borg Castle has been a place of interest to all English speaking people as the scene of the tradition upon which the play was founded. Outside of the castle walls "Hamlet's garden" is still pointed out as the place where the ghost is supposed to have appeared to tell Hamlet of his uncle's crime.

HOLGER THE DANE.—One of the several legends connected with Cronborg Castle is about Holger, the favorite Danish hero, who is said to be sleeping in one of the holds of the castle, waiting for the time when the Fatherland shall stand in sorest need of his strong arm. "Poor Denmark!" says one,

"if yet worse straits are to come upon her than those which have come and have failed to rouse her sleeping hero."

It is said that a slave who had forfeited his life was promised his liberty if he would go down into the holds of the castle and find out the cause of the strange noises that sometimes came from those dim regions. Others had attempted to do this but were either frightened back or were never seen again alive.

This slave, more brave than the others, went on down through dungeon after dungeon until he came to one in the centre of which was a large table, above it a lamp burning dimly, and around it a number of iron-clad warriors asleep.

As the slave entered, the largest and strongest of the warriors—which was Holger, the Dane—rose and holding out his hand, said, "It is well, there are yet *men* in Denmark."

The slave was afraid to give his hand to the warrior, so he held out a bar of iron that stood by the door. Holger, who had not known the grasp of a friendly hand for centuries did not perceive the difference and grasped the iron with such fervor that he left upon it the prints of his fingers.

The slave carried the bar up from the dungeons, showed the prints of Holger's fingers, related his story and received his freedom.

The Castle of the Heavens.—On the little island of Hveen, in the Sound just east of Zealand, once stood the castle of the great Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe. The King, Frederick II., became interested in him when he was quite a young man and used to go to hear him lecture at Copenhagen on his theory of comets, and after awhile made him a present of this island, gave him the money to build him an observatory and settled a pension upon him for the rest of his life, so that he need do nothing but study the stars.

The astronomer built his house in a very queer style, something like the old feudal castles, and something like the abode of an eastern magician. On the top he put a great observatory like which nothing had ever been seen in Europe. It was a great curiosity to the simple people around, who wondered at his queer ways, his plebeian wife, his pet poodle, his golden nose, which he wore to replace his own that he lost in a duel, but most of all they wondered why he should stay in that great tower all night peering at the stars.

But the result of his midnight vigils, when published to the world, made his place become noted all over Europe. Scholars, princes and kings came

to visit him. Among them was James VI. of Scotland, who afterward became James I. of England. Keplar, the great German astronomer, came also and studied with him, and from the observations which Tycho Brahe made discovered the great laws that made his own name famous.

But the death of his patron Frederick II., put an end to Tycho Brahe's good fortune. His pension was stopped, his pet poodle was cuffed by the Prime Minister, and he left Denmark in disgust. His nephew pulled down his "Castle of the Heavens," and used the material for building his stables. But later, when the value of the old astronomer's observations became known, his countrymen all united in honoring his memory.

In the year 1846, the three hundredth anniversary of his birthday, eight thousand people from Denmark, Norway and Sweden met on the site of his old observatory and raised there a collossal bust of the great astronomer, while the flags of the three countries waved in his honor from the masts of the fleet that carried the people thither.

The Palace of Art.—There is one palace in Copenhagen which every Dane looks upon as belonging in part to himself. It is the museum that contains the works of Denmark's great sculptor—Thorwaldsen. All of his great statues, the Christ, the Baptismal Angel and the Apostles, his characters from Greek mythology and Odin's legends, together with his numerous busts, reliefs, and friezes are here collected.

In one room is a bust of Luther which the sculptor was at work upon the day he died. Near it is an old-fashioned clock, which stopped, it is said, of itself when its master breathed his last. In another room is the furniture that he used, his bed, sofa and chairs just as he left them.

In an open court in the centre of the Museum is the great sculptor's grave, in the spot that he selected during his life as his last resting place. An ebony cross on the top of his grave bears his name, the date of his birth and of his death. Around it is twined vines of ivy, and upon the blue walls of the court are painted roses and lilies, the flowers that he loved. Above, the sky forms the only ceiling, and the birds and the clouds sail over the tomb of him who loved to look upon them when alive.

Bertel Thorwaldsen was an Icelander by birth, the son of a poor wood carver. At eleven years of age he entered the free Academy of Arts at Copenhagen. At seventeen he took the silver medal of the academy, at twenty a gold medal, and at twenty-three a grand prize that enabled him to go to Rome and study sculpture among the great masters.

There nobody took much notice of the quiet young sculptor until, one

day, just as he was beginning to grow discouraged, and was thinking of returning to Denmark, an English gentleman came in and was so much pleased with a figure, "Jason bearing the Golden Fleece," that he ordered one made like it in marble.

"What is your price?" he asked of the sculptor.

"Six hundred sequins," Thorwaldsen replied.

"It is not enough, I will give you eight hundred," the gentleman said, and asked to have it begun at once.

Orders soon began to come in from all over Europe. His King, Christian VII., desired him to come home and complete the improvements he was making in Christianborg Palace, but this he was now too busy to undertake.

Like all great geniuses his art completely absorbed his thoughts. Hans Christian Andersen, who was a great admirer of Thorwaldsen, tells the following story illustrating this:

One day he called on Thorwaldsen who was at work, chisel in hand, on a bust of the great story-teller himself. Mr. Andersen wished him good morning, but the sculptor made no reply, and after waiting a few minutes the visitor thinking that he was perhaps disturbing the sculptor went out. Thorwaldsen who had not heard him leave, but had been conscious of his presence, began presently to talk to him in his liveliest manner, but without taking his eyes off his work.

He told a long story about himself and Lord Byron, and when he had finished, thought it strange that Andersen should not say a word in reply.

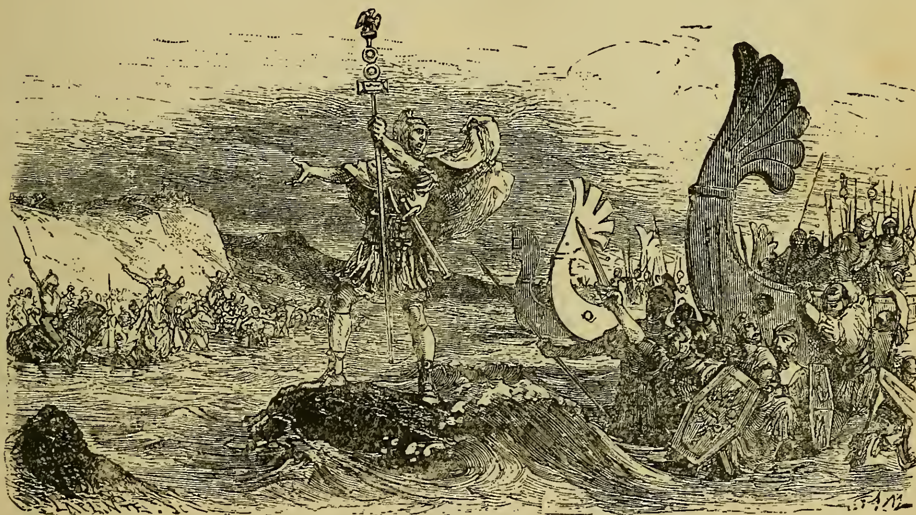
Turning around he discovered that he had been talking a whole hour to bare walls.

Thorwaldsen modeled a statue of Lord Byron, and another of Sir Walter Scott, from the originals themselves. With Lord Byron he did not get along very well, for the poet would insist on being made to look melancholy, and this the sculptor said was not his natural expression. But he and Sir Walter Scott became fast friends, though neither could understand a word of the other's language. They expressed their mutual sympathy and admiration by smiling, embracing, and patting each other on the shoulder, but not a word could either say that the other could understand.

CHAPTER V.

ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, the mistress of the sea, the owner of territory so vast that the sun never sets on her dominions, occupies but a very small space on the Continent of Europe. England and Wales together contain only a few more square miles than the state of Georgia; but the English people, combining the bravery of their Saxon forefathers with the covetousness of the Norman



INVASION OF BRITAIN BY JULIUS CÆSAR.

vikings, have conquered and held a large proportion of the Earth's surface. And being early compelled, by their not very friendly climate, to form habits of industry and frugality, they have become a race of manufacturers, of wealthy traders, statesmen, scholars, men of letters, masters of art and learning in every branch.

England is now at the height of her prosperity ; her coffers are full of gold, her picturesque hills and valleys are covered with stately mansions, palaces and churches. Will the time ever come when she must point back to these for evidence of her former greatness, as Ireland is doing to-day, and will it come to pass that some other country shall declare the English incapable of governing themselves, and refuse them a parliament at London ? History repeats itself, they say.

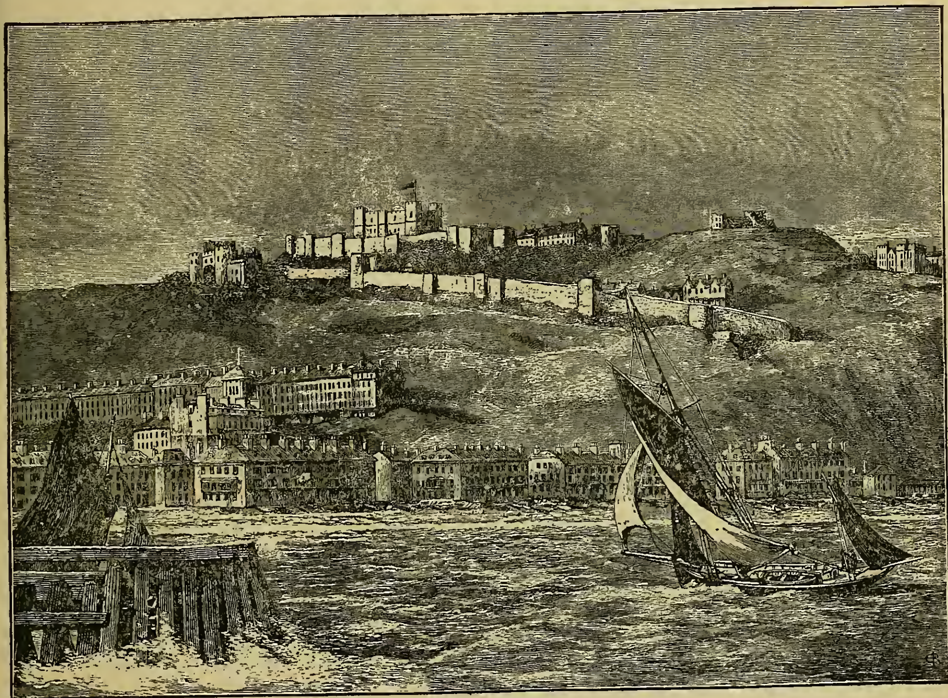
Lost in a Fog.—The marshes of northwestern Europe, give rise to extra quantities of moisture about the shores of the North Sea. Rain or fog is the usual state of the weather. Between the fog, and the smoke of her manufactories, England, and especially London, enjoys but a small share of sunshine. The average number of clear days at Greenwich observatory is only twenty-two in a whole year.

There are times, out in the country, when a fog looks quite beautiful as it comes winding along through the valleys like a milk white river, or flattens out clear and silvery, like a lake. But in a double sense the going off of a fog is the most pleasing part of it, especially when it lifts itself suddenly and reveals unexpected surroundings. Where a moment before nothing could be seen but dense smoky vaper shutting in ones view to a few feet in each direction, now a great stretch of mountain wood, plain, river and lake bursts out suddenly as if by magic. An unfortunate sportsman, caught in a fog once, had a fine chance of noticing all these appearances and also some curious effects upon himself.

Having promised to meet some friends in Princetown at five o'clock, he shut up his rod as the hour drew nigh, and prepared to cross the moor. The idea occurred to him that before he could gain the other side of the hill towards Princetown he might be caught in a fog, but with a carelessness, that he afterward regretted, he determined to run the risk. Up the mountain therefore he started, but he had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when a cloud, dense, and dark, and flaky fell instantly about him. So sudden was its descent that he was completely startled. On every side appeared whirling masses of mist, so thick that it effected his breathing. He paused, but still thinking that he could not err in following a straight line over the hill he went on. At last he saw through the mist some of the immense pieces of granite that he knew to be strewed about the summit. Their appearance through the fog was wonderfully grand, wavy, and fantastic, while some sheep, a few yards away, looked like distorted moving masses, many times larger than they really were. Every now and then one would start out from

the side of a block of granite with a screaming bleat, as if it too was filled with surprise and awe at its strange surroundings. Above, beneath, and all around was a flaky mass, and at times even a rushing white fog of no color that could be named, a sombre whiteness, a light that was darkness.

As he went onward, now among massive fragments of granite, now among bogs and rushes, he became impatient to catch sight of some familiar object, he quickened his pace; but the further he proceeded the more did



DOVER, FROM THE SEA.

the fog bewilder him. His eyesight became affected; his brain began to whirl, till at last he sat down utterly unable to walk another step.

His situation was now painful. The evening was drawing on, and the fog increasing in murkiness, all hopes that it would clear away had vanished. He was chilled and shivering. Noticing the boggy nature of the ground where he was now traveling, he concluded he had gone north instead of south, and therefore turned directly to the left, and went swiftly forward. The ground began to incline. He was descending a hill, and heard the dis-

tant rushing of water; after stopping to calculate where it could be, he pressed onward, when suddenly, so suddenly that he could compare it to nothing but the lifting of a veil, the fog rushed from him and the scene he beheld made him almost doubt his senses. At his right, within two or three hundred yards, was the very spot he had quitted when he put up his rod. He had toiled up and across the mountain, and then back again to the very spot from whence he had thought himself all the while going.

In an instant the fog was back again, but the sportsman had learned a lesson by experience. This time he followed the stream, and in a little while reached his destination in safety.

THE CHALK CLIFFS.—Rising out of the fog and the sea, the first object to be seen as one approaches England from the south, are the tall white chalk cliffs, whose glittering tops, when lit up by the morning sun, dazzle the eye with their brilliancy. It was these shining white cliffs, very likely, that first attracted the attention of the old Phoenician voyagers ages ago, and led to the trade in tin, which brought wealth and civilization to the shores of ancient Britain.

The chalk forming these cliffs is very dry and soft, and full of small flint stones worn smooth like pebbles. Some one has called the cliffs English plum puddings, the chalk, answering for flour, and the pebbles for plums.

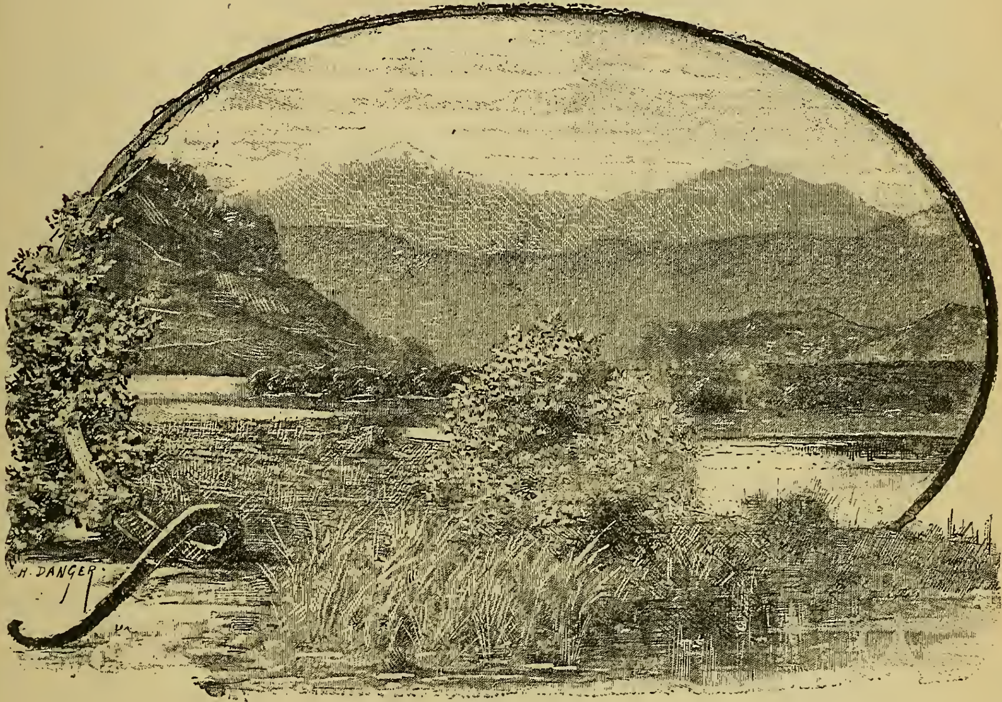
To the east of the line, overlooking the strait of Dover, is a tall cliff, from the top of which rises an old castle with its ancient watch tower still keeping guard over the straits. It is supposed that Julius Cæsar ordered the building of this ancient castle, and ever since the place has been used as a fortress. To-day the white cliffs bristle with black cannon, and are full of soldiers barracks, apartments and galleries, which have been cut into the soft stone. Among the guns is a great iron twelve pounder, twenty-four feet long, which the states of Holland presented to Queen Elizabeth.

One of the Dover cliffs, which used to hang over the water, but is now broken off, is called Shakspeare's Cliff, because it corresponds to a description he gives in "King Lear." From here, in clear weather, one can see the far away coast of France, with the straits between filled with sailing vessels.

TOPPLING ROCKS.—On account of the softness of the chalky rocks along the southern coast, they have been worn into many curious shapes by the washing of the waves. The Isle of Wight, which is almost entirely of chalk formation, ends in a long tapering point on the west, and from the extremity the sea has split huge perpendicular slices. These tall, pointed rocks have been named "the needles," though somebody says they look more like

thimbles than needles. Once there was one which had a very sharp point, and that probably suggested the name of needle, but it fell some time ago, worn away by the waves. Others are growing thin and it is quite probable that they too will fall some day, and their place be taken by new ones split off from the wedge-shaped extremity of the isle.

Another curious rock in this vicinity is called the cheesewring, because



SNOWDON.

of its resemblance in shape to an old-fashioned cheesepress. The five upper stones are so much broader than the three supporting ones, that people have long wondered how it could stand, especially when fierce storms swept over it.

Another toppling rock once stood off the coast of Sidmouth, called the Chit Rock. Here every year the fishermen used to come and hold a festival,

during which the oldest man among them was taken to the top and crowned "King of Chit Rock." One dark November night a fierce storm raged along the coast, and in the morning when the people looked out toward the channel, Chit Rock was gone.

Such changes are constantly going on along the coasts of England, and have been for ages. The chalk and limestone cliffs on the south and west are being worn down; the rocky headlands on the east are slowly being washed away by the strong Atlantic currents, while the sandy shore south of "the wash" is receiving constant additions.

WILD WALES.—England proper is not a mountainous country. The highest regions are the Cheviot hills and the Pennine range in the north, both abounding in many picturesque hills and valleys; but over in Wales are the wild, rugged Cambrian mountains, whose high peaks overlook all England. From the top of Mount Snowdon, on a clear day, one can see nearly all of the four united countries, and all around its feet lie the beautiful mountains and valleys that attract hundreds of visitors every year.

Among these rugged hills the ancient Britons fled for refuge from the Saxons, and many years went by before they submitted to be ruled by the English kings. Here Owen Glendwyr, the last native prince of Wales, lived in his palace of Sycharth, and kept open house for years. His doors were never locked nor barred. Everybody was free to come and go when he liked, and help himself to whatever he needed while he stayed.

The wardrobe as well as the larder was kept supplied for the use of guests. A perfect stranger could clothe himself from head to foot, eat and rest a month, if he liked, and then go on his way with nothing to pay but thanks.

But this same Owen was a troublesome enemy to the king of England, who had roused the hatred of the Prince by attempting to deprive him of his estate, and a bitter war was kept up during all the later years of Owen's life. Some of the scenes in Shakspeare's play of Henry IV. are founded on this war; but the Owen Glendwyr of the play does not properly represent the real Owen.

At one time the Welsh forces, joined by the Percy's of England, who were dissatisfied with Henry IV., marched as far as Worcester, and threatened the capital; but they were driven back, and the brave chieftain was obliged to spend the last years of his life hiding among the glens and caves of his native mountains.

About a hundred years before Owen's insurrection, the Welsh had been

brought by a kind of stratagem, to recognize the young son of Edward I. as their prince. They had long declared that they would own allegiance to no prince born outside of Wales, and Edward had told them that he would appoint a person born in their own country, who could not speak a word of English. Such a person they consented to receive as their sovereign. But when they had assembled at Carnarvon castle, where Edward was then staying, he brought out to them his infant son, who had been born in the castle, and of course could not speak a word of English. Holding him up before them, Edward said in Welsh, "*Eich dyn*," that is, "This is your man." Ever since the eldest son of the English sovereign has been prince of Wales.

BEDDGELERT.—Edward II. was born just a short time after the death of Llewelyn the Great, grandfather of Owen Glendwyr. This prince had freed Wales entirely from the English, and been acknowledged by Henry III. as an independent ruler, but when Edward I. came to the throne he demanded Llewelyn's submission. Again war broke out, and though the Welsh were defeated, they continued in rebellion until Llewelyn was killed,—not in battle, but in single combat with an English knight.

It is of this prince that the story is told which gave rise to Spencer's noted poem of "Llewelyn and his Dog." During the struggle with Edward, Llewelyn was encamped at one time in a little valley not far from Carnarvon Castle, and one day he went out to hunt with his men, leaving his infant son inside the tent in charge of Gelert, his faithful hound.

While he was absent, a wolf came out of the forest, entered the tent and would have devoured the child had it not been for the dog, who sprang upon him and began a fierce struggle, during which the tent was overturned and everything besmeared with blood. When Llewelyn came back and saw the tent overturned, blood everywhere, even on the dogs mouth, and his child nowhere to be seen, he supposed Gelert had devoured him, and in a great rage he thrust the faithful dog through with his sword. But scarcely had he done so when he heard a cry, and hastily overturning the canvas from whence the sound came, found his boy safe in his cradle, but close beside him the torn and mangled body of a great wolf.

The reason for all the blood was then very clear, and Llewelyn, shedding tears of repentance, hastened back to his dying dog. Poor Gelert was not quite dead, and with his last strength tried to lick his master's hand.

Llewelyn raised a fine monument over the grave of his faithful dog, and to this day the place is called "Beddgelert,"—the grave of Gelert.

THE DRUID'S RETREAT.—Wales was the last stronghold of the ancient

Druids, who were found all over Britain when the Romans came, and whose horrid ceremonies are described by Cæsar and the Welsh bards. They retreated from before the Roman conquerors into Wales, and then into the farthest corner of Wales, the island of Anglesia. Here they were left for a while to themselves. Here the priests continued to walk in their flowing white robes through the sacred groves of oak, to talk of the signs they read in the stars, and in the flight of birds ; to practice medicine, after their superstitious fashion; and to teach the young men who resorted to them the mysticism of their creed, their dark sayings, and their verses which it took twenty years to learn.

At certain seasons of the year they gathered the sacred mistletoe from the branches of the no less sacred oak. When a branch of this plant was discovered, the Druids assembled in crowds from far and near beneath the tree. A great banquet was prepared, and the arch-druid clothed in his white vestments, cut the sacred twig with a golden sickle, while two other priests caught it in a white cloak as it fell. Immediately two milk white heifers were offered as a sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the rest of the day was spent in great rejoicing.

Other plants beside the mistletoe were held in high esteem : the marshwort which they plucked with the left hand after fasting, and without looking at it; and the hedge hyssop which they gathered barefooted, and without a knife, after careful ablutions, and offerings of bread and wine. All these plants were thought to be powerful remedies for all manner of diseases, as well as talesmen against evil influences. These, together with amber beads and serpent's eggs, the people carried about with them as charms, and buried them in the tombs of their dead.

The Druids had other more mystic and darker ceremonies, which were practiced only in the deep recesses of the forests, and of which no account has ever been preserved, for these, the priests, though familiar with an alphabet, never put in writing. One of their worst rites we know was the sacrifice of human beings upon their stone altars.

All these things the Romans stopped when they entered Britain, and after a while they appeared before the refugees in Anglesia. In vain the priests called down vengeance upon their foes. In vain the women ran to and fro with flying hair, tossing on high the blazing brands they had seized from the sacred altars. The stern Romans, pausing only for a moment to observe their strange performances, rushed upon the Druids, priests and priestesses, and put an end to them and their religion.

The Stonehenge.—All over England and northern France, curious stones are found, which are supposed to be the remains of temples, altars, or places of burial left by the Druids. In some places the stones are arranged in circles, in others in heaps, and in still others there stands only a single tall stone.

On Salisbury plains, in southern England, is the most wonderful of all these antiquities. It is a large circle of huge upright stones, containing a smaller circle of smaller stones, and within that two ovals, the stones of which are smaller still; but none would weigh less than ten tons, and the largest would weigh seventy. In the centre is a flat slab fifteen feet long,

STONEHENGE.

which is supposed to have been the altar; beneath it have been found the bones of deer, oxen and other animals, mixed with burnt wood and pieces of pottery.

Many of the stones composing the Stonehenge have fallen, but enough remain to show the original shape and size of the immense structure.

How those rude people managed to raise these great solid blocks that tower up four or five times as high as a man, and then to lay across them others nearly as large, and mortised them to the uprights, is a mystery. And so is the purpose for which the whole was built. Whole books have been written on the subject, but few writers hold the same opinion. Some think it was erected in honor of the four hundred and sixty Britons slain by Hengist, the Saxon. Some think it was a monument raised to Hengist;

some think it was a place for observing the stars, or for public assemblies. But the majority think it was a place of worship built long before the Saxons came to Britian. This opinion seems the more probable from the fact that all around the Stonehenge is a vast burying ground, containing numberless mounds or barrows, in many of which skeletons have been found with their heads lying toward the Stonehenge, as if that were considered a holy place.

In nearly all of the mounds have been found human bones and various ornaments and beads of amber, jet and gold. In one of the mounds the bones were in an urn of baked clay, and from their size, and the quantity of female ornaments mixed with them, the discoverers judged that they were the remains of a young girl. There were beads of all shapes and sizes, some of colored glass and some of baked clay; some were covered with metal, one with a film of gold. These had all been burned with the body, and all that could crumble was ready to fall to pieces.

This part of the great plain of Salisbury presents a curious sight in the morning at sunrise, when each little bell-shaped mound is tipped with golden light, and all the rest of the plain lies in shadows, except the tall, silent and solemn monuments of the Stonehenge, whose secrets neither the light of the sun, nor the light of learning have yet been able to reveal.

THE ROMAN WALL.—Side by side with the rude works of the old barbarians are the traces left by their civilized conquerers, the Romans. Old fortresses, castles, walls, bridges and roads, though nearly distroyed by the hand of time, yet tell of the intelligent and exact workman whose purpose was to hold the conquered land, to defend it from surrounding savages, and to teach the conquered people the arts of civilization.

The greatest work left by the Romans is the long wall running across Great Britian from the Solway Firth almost to the North sea. There are really two walls, the nortnern one of stone, and about sixty yards below it on the south another of earth; between the two runs a smooth level road about seventeen feet wide. The stone wall is very straight, except where there are hills in its way. Instead of turning aside to go around them, it always goes straight to their summits, shooting from the top of one to the top of the next in a sharp zigzag line.

The work of this wall, and the inscriptions found upon some of the stones, show that the Romans were the builders, and we have some account of it in their old latin writings. We know too that after they had taken possession of Briton, they found the Picts on the north very troublesome. They would come rushing down unexpectedly upon the cultivated fields and

thriving villages of the Britons do a great deal of damage, and be back among their hills again before any one could stop them. It did no good to follow them, for their mountains were full of safe hiding places. So to keep them out the Romans built this great wall, eighteen feet high, and by its side a wide and deep ditch. At short distances apart, about four miles, were placed stations large enough to hold a number of soldiers, and between these,

PART OF A ROMAN WALL.

about a mile apart, smaller stations, and between these yet little turrets, or watch towers.

By keeping the turrets constantly guarded, and strong garrisons at each station, word could be quickly sent along the line wherever a band of Picts made their appearance; and before they could cross the wide ditch and scale the high wall, a large body of soldiers could hurry along the smooth road and be on hand to stop them.

It would seem at first that there was no need for the earthen wall at the south, but there were some tribes not quite subdued in that portion of the

country, and it would have been too good an opportunity for them to break out while the soldiers had their backs turned, if there had been no southern wall. One of the Roman generals once said, it had long been his opinion that the back of a general or his army was never safe, so this is the reason, it is supposed, that two walls were built. It was on the north, however, that the greater danger lay, so the northern wall was made the stronger.

THE BLOOD BANQUET.—Troubles at home compelled the Romans after a period of about five hundred years, to withdraw their soldiers from Britain, and as soon as the Picts saw that the Roman eagles no longer waved above the garrisons, they quickly clambered over the wall and descended upon the well-kept fields and flocks of the Britons, robbing, murdering and burning. The Britons tried for a while to keep the savages out, and then they hired a band of Saxons, who were staying on the island of Thanet, to fight for them. The Picts soon fled from before the prancing white horse on the banner of Hengist, the Saxon; and Vertigen, king of the Britons, took care to treat their deliverers with great respect. When soon afterward, five thousand more of the Saxons came over from Germany, they too were welcomed; but when Vertigen shortly took the daughter of Hengist to be his wife, the Britons said it was time for the Saxons to take their leave, and Vertigen was made to give up his crown to his son.

After a short struggle the Saxons retreated, but in a few years Hengist come back to beg for peace. Vertigen, who was again king, received him in good faith, and prepared in his honor a great banquet on Salisbury Plain, to which all the most distinguished British nobles were invited. They were asked to bring neither spear nor shield, for it was to be a gathering of friends. There was to be no strife among the jovial company, the invitation said.

"The heroes went to the feast cheerful and sprightly," says the old Welsh poet, "while he, the bitter warrior, was disposing of his blades. Adorned with a wreath was the leader of the sea-drifted wolves, and of amber was that wreath which twined about his temples."

Hengist had arranged that one of his own people should sit next to each Briton, and had told his men that when he should rise and say, "take your knives," each Saxon should seize his knife and plunge it into the breast of his British neighbor.

The banquet began with much mirth and joyousness, but in the midst of it, while the Britons were reveling in the good cheer before them, Hengist arose and repeated the fatal words. Each Saxon quickly drew his

knife, and so completely was the deadly work done, that only three of the British nobles escaped. From that time the Saxons set up their rule in

ROBIN HOOD.

Briton, and the rightful owners were killed or driven into the mountains in Wales.

SHERWOOD FOREST.—The savage Saxons, after driving out the owners of

the land, settled down and made themselves at home for about six hundred years. Then it came their turn to be invaded. William of Normandy came over from France, defeated the Saxons in the great battle of Hasting and made himself king. But the Saxons were not murdered and driven out as the Britons had been. The Normans held all the offices, their language was the only one spoken at court, and some very strict rules were made about hunting in the forests, which William declared to be his special property. The Saxons, of course, thought all of this was very hard; they complained of the injustice done by the Norman office-holders, and there was much ill-will on both sides.

During these troublous times, there appeared among the Saxons a defiant young man known as Robin Hood, who became their hero and idol, because of his kindness to them and his disregard for the more fortunate Normans.

Collecting a band of men whom he trained to be expert archers, Robin took up his abode in Sherwood forest, where he hunted as much as he liked in spite of the kings orders, and relieved the passing monks and nobles of their purses, but all in a most polite and gentle manner, if the stories told of him are true.

His custom was to station his men about the forest, and when they saw a wealthy knight approaching, they invited him to come and dine with their chief. No refusal, of course, was ever accepted, for their master had made preparations for his guests, they said, and could not be disappointed.

Arrived at Robin's camp, the travelers always found a good dinner waiting, and Robin a most jovial host; but afterward the guest was requested to pay a good round sum for his entertainment, as much as Robin judged he could afford.

One day as Robin's men were watching, they saw a knight riding by alone, whom they invited, according to the usual custom, to dine with their master. The knight was somewhat surprised when told that dinner had been waiting for him three hours, and knew not how to refuse so courteous an invitation; so he was taken to Robin's abode.

The dinner which followed was a good one, for there was plenty of game in the forest, and Robin's men were unerring archers. When it was finished the knight rose to go, and began to thank his host warmly for his entertainment. But Robin gently hinted that thanks was not sufficient. The knight replied that he was ashamed to offer what was in his purse, it was so small a sum, all he had, he said, was ten shillings. Robin bade one of his men

examine the purse, saying to the knight that if this were really so he would gladly lend him some money.

John, the attendant, reported that the knight had said truly, his purse contained but ten shillings. Robin was interested at once, and inquired of the knight the cause of his thin purse.

The stranger then told Robin how his son, in a tournament, had killed his antagonist, for which he had been arrested, and the father had sold all his goods and pledged his lands to obtain money for his son's defense. Moreover, the day had nearly arrived upon which he was to redeem his lands, and he should not be able to raise the money, so he should lose all he had. To Robin's further inquiries he said that all of his friends, who had flattered him when he was rich and partook of his hospitality, had now deserted him, and that he should soon have to leave his native land and seek his fortune elsewhere. Robin and all the company were much touched by the stranger's story, and when he left the place it was with a pocket full of money, enough to pay his debt and redeem his lands.

But this was not the end of the story. The Abbot who had lent the money to the knight and taken his lands in pledge, was looking eagerly forward to the day of redemption, believing that the knight would be unable to pay and then all these broad acres should be his at a cost of only four hundred pounds.

When the day of settlement came the knight appeared, and to try the good man's mercy, pretended that he had not the money. This was exactly what the abbot had expected and prepared to clinch the land at once, nor could he be persuaded to wait a little longer. Then the knight produced the money and demanded his paper of the much astonished and greatly disappointed abbot.

One year from the day the knight had dined with Robin, he was to return and pay the debt, so when the day arrived, and a very magnificent procession was seen entering the wood, Robin supposed that it was the knight coming to return his money. Instead of the knight, however, it was the greedy old abbot, who was taking a trip through the wood with his gay attendants. As the chief man in the train, he was taken by Robin's men, who pretended to believé that he had been sent as an ambassador by the knight to pay the money, and though he stoutly denied all knowledge of any such business, they persisted in their demands for the money. To clear himself the abbot declared that he had but twenty marks in his coffers.

Robin commanded Little John to see if this were true, and lo! eight

hundred pounds were found in the good monk's purse. Of course the woodsman considered himself justified in taking it all, and the abbot went sorrowfully on his way.

A little later in the day the real knight appeared, with a hundred men clothed in red and white, bringing as a present to the forresters a hundred beautiful bows, and a hundred sheaves of arrows, each with burnished head and ornamented with silver and peacock plumes. He regretted that he was so late in the day he said, but he had stopped by the way to help some one out of trouble. Robin readily excused him and forgave him the debt, as he had already received twice the amount that day from the abbot.

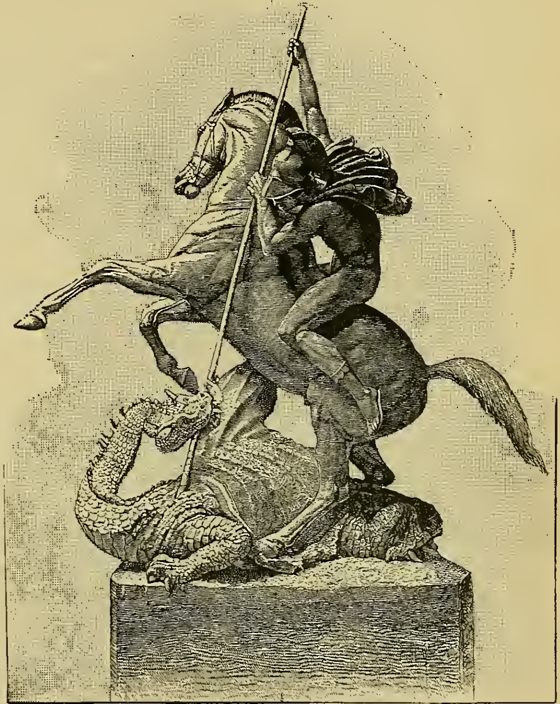
SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.—For each period of their early history the English have had a popular hero. During the age of the Britons there was Arthur Pendragon, who made himself known as the son of the king by pulling the magic sword out of the stone at London, and then forming his famous circle of knights about the enchanted "round table," rode forth with them to perform most wonderful exploits. The poet Tennyson tells a number of the legends of King Arthur in his "Idyls of the King," and a table, said to be the very one around which the hero used to gather his knights, is still kept at Winchester Castle; but many persons think that Arthur, table, and all are only myths.

But there was a real King Alfred during the Saxon period, who fought against the Danish "vikings" so successfully that he became a national hero, and then after the Norman conquest, came Robin Hood. Still later, before the bad feeling between the Normans and Saxons was entirely healed another personage was introduced to the English, both as a hero and a saint, and he, though he had lived many years before, and had probably never heard of the British Isles, and though Saint Augustine had come from Rome and converted the whole of Saxon England to Christianity, this foreigner, Saint George, the slayer of Dragons, became the patron saint of England. One reason for this was the disdain of the Normans for everything belonging to the Saxons, Saint Augustine not accepted, and another was the peculiar character and history of Saint George, which made him suit both Norman knights, and Saxon peasants.

"Saint George" was born, as nearly as can be learned, in far off Lydda, many years before the battle of Hastings. His parents had accepted the then new religion of Christianity, and being a wealthy family, their son was allowed to enter the Roman army as a lieutenant under Diocletian. But this emperior began to persecute the Christians, and young George resigned

his command, declaring that he was a Christian and should stand by his faith. He was therefore arrested, tortured and put to death.

After he was burried the people who visited his tomb declared that they had been cured of various ailments during their visits. His very bones they said possessed the power of healing. So he was made a saint, and when the persecution of the Christians ceased, and a Christian emperor ruled over Rome, a church was raised above his remains.



SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

When Richard of England reached Palestine, to engage in the war of the Crusades, he found the fame of Saint George spread over all the land. The knights of the cross called upon him in all their trouble, and even believed that he had left his throne in heaven and come down to help them fight against the Turks. Richard learned to call upon him too, and determined to carry the fame of the knightly saint back to England.

There was still another side to Saint George's character that had much to do with his reception in England. In the same country where his fame first arose, there had been two cities, one named after Reseph, the god of light, the other after Dagon, the god of darkness. They were rival cities in trade, and after a time the people of the city of light rose up and slew the people of the city of darkness. As the story was told over by succeeding generations, it grew to be a myth about Reseph, god of light, slaying Dagon, the god of darkness, part of whose body was like a fish.

This myth spread about till it reached Egypt, where there was also a god of light, and plenty of real dragons and crocodiles for him to slay. An

Egyptian artist represented the myth in a bas-relief,—a mounted god with his feet on a reptile's neck thrusting his lance into the creatures spine.

And so the Egyptian bas-relief became, after a while, the symbol of the Lyddian saint, and was pictured on the banners of the knights who went forth to fight against the Turks in Palestine, and Richard carried the fame of the saint, his banner and his war-cry back with him to England. The Normans were pleased with the knightly character of Saint George, and the Saxons, who believed with nearly all the rest of the world that marshes, which were numerous in England, were the abodes of fearful dragons, were very glad to know a saint who was a dragon-slayer.

A few years after Richard's return the council of Oxford ordered a feast-day to be held in his honor, and in the next century Edward III. built a chapel to Saint George at Windsor Palace, and at a grand tournament founded the Order of the Garter, of which Saint George was the special patron.

The Apostle of Britain.—A building from which has gone out a far greater influence than ever went from the chapel of Saint George, stands in the city of Canterbury, southeast of London. It was here that Saint Augustine lived and labored until the whole Saxon nation, that was devoted to paganism when he came, had become Christianized.

Christianity was preached among the Britons by the Romans, but when the Saxons came they made the country a pagan land again, and so it continued for about a century and a half. About this time Pope Gregory the First was an archdeacon in Rome, and one day he saw in the streets some Saxon children who had been sent there from England to be sold as slaves. The sight troubled him, and as he thought on the sad condition of those pagan people who could sell their own children into slavery, he determined to go and carry the gospel to the benighted land, but before he was ready to go he was called to be Pope. But he did not forget about the English, and as soon as he could, sent forty monks with Augustine at their head to convert the Saxons, and Angles (or English—England meaning Angle-land).

Augustine and his brother monks landed at the island of Thanet, in the southeastern part of England, and here king Ethelbert, with his Queen Bertha, came down to meet them. Sitting down in the open air, Ethelbert called the monks around him and asked what they proposed to do.

Augustine answered in an earnest speech in which he strongly urged the king himself to become a Christian, and Ethelbert, like Agrippa of old, was almost persuaded, but he finally said:

"Your proposals are noble, and your promises inviting, but I cannot resolve to quit the religion of my ancestors. Since, however, you have undertaken so long a journey on purpose to impart to us these things which you deem so important you shall not be sent away without some satisfaction. I will take care that you are treated with civility and supplied with all things necessary and convenient. And if any of my people, convinced by your arguments, desire to embrace your faith, I will not oppose them."

The Queen, who had become a Christian before she left France, asked Ethelbert to invite Augustine to their palace at Canterbury to hold meetings, which he did, and the Queen gave him the use of her own chapel.

In less than a year the King became a convert to the new religion which had already been received by many of his subjects. After Ethelbert was baptized the people flocked to the churches by thousand. As many as ten thousand it is said were baptized in a single day. The old pagan temples were deserted, many of them were consecrated to Christian services; and at Canterbury was laid the foundations of a great cathedral, which Augustine did not live to see completed, but which has long been one of the finest buildings in the land as well as the tomb of the saint and the centre of Christian influence.

THE SHRINE OF SAINT CUTHBERT.—For nearly a thousand years after Augustine converted the Saxons from idolatry the church of Rome was the established religion of England, and all its institutions were greatly venerated. Great and good men who gave their lives to preaching the gospel were looked upon after their death as more than ordinary mortals. Their very bones were thought to have miraculous powers; extravagant stories were told of them and long visits were made to the shrines where they rested.

A favorite shrine in England was the cathedral of Durham, which contained the remains of Saint Cuthbert, hermit of Lindisfarne. The stories told of this remarkable man say that when he was a mere boy, tending sheep like David of old, he felt called to enter a monastery and devote himself to a holy life.

After passing several years among the brethren of St. Aiden he was chosen prior of Melrose, and then abbot of the monastery of Lindisfarne, or "Holy Island," off the coast of Northumberland. Here he lived for a long time, going over to the mainland occasionally and preaching the gospel to the dwellers in the glens and fortresses who had never yet heard of it—were yet under the spell of the old Druids. His preaching met with much success, and the fierce hunters and warriors of the northern woods learned to

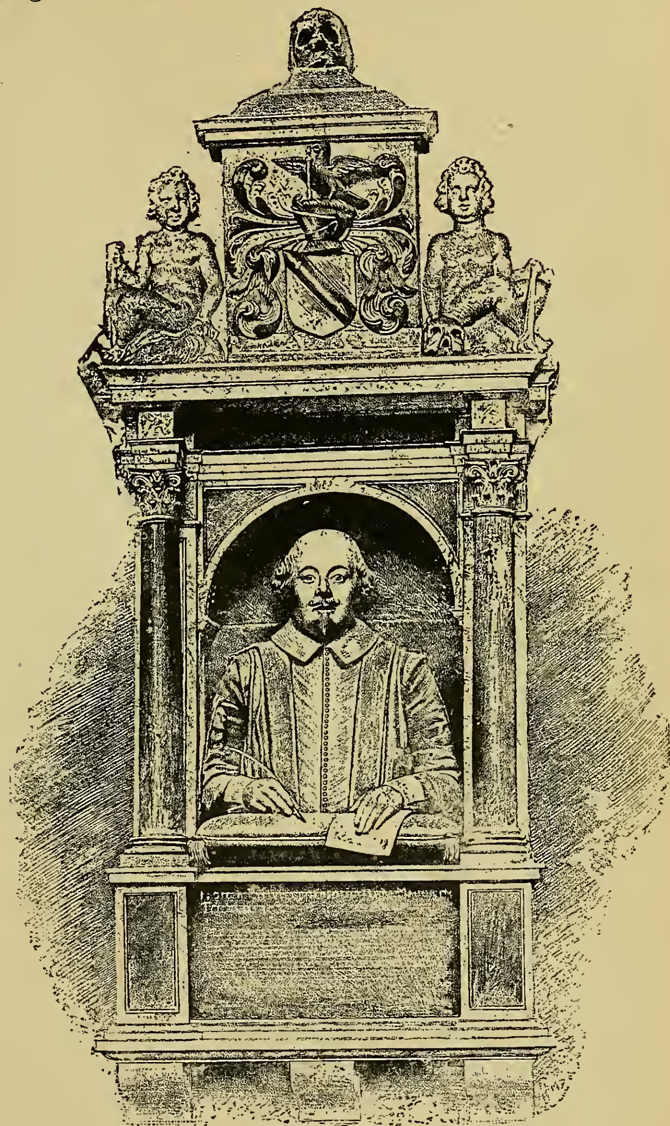
lower their spears before the Cross and become less ferocious, more brotherly.

After fourteen years spent in this way he felt the need of more time for prayer and study, so he went further out in the sea to the desolate island of Farne, where there was nothing but the roaring sea and screaming sea-birds to disturb the stillness of the stern bare rocks. Here he built him a small house by scraping together the patches of scanty turf that grew in the sheltered hollows, and piling up a few rough stones. The windows he placed so high that he could see nothing but the sky, in order that his attention might not be distracted even by the seagulls, the waves and the rocks.

What he lived on no one knows, for nothing could grow on those bare stones; tradition says that a spring gushed out of the rock at his bidding and he only had to strike his hoe into the earth to obtain vegetables. However that may be, he managed in some way to obtain food, and here he lived for nine years. Much as he was revered in his life it was not until after his death that the people began to hear what a wonderful man he was. His body, so it is said, after being enshrined at Lindisfarne for a long time, was discovered to be perfectly incorruptible and possessed of most miraculous power.

When the Danish vikings came pouring down upon England, and the monks were obliged to fly from the monastery, they took the sacred body of Saint Cuthbert with them in a stone coffin. And then new marvels began. Seven stout monks could barely carry the heavy coffin, but when they came to a stream of water it would float easily along upon the surface, and many miracles of healing were performed on the journey to Chester-le-Street. There the coffin was left for more than a hundred years; but the Danes came again, and again the body had to be carried still further. After another long journey it was set down where the city of Durham now stands, a shrine was built for it, and here it has remained ever since, the center of many historic events. Here Canute the Dane came on a pilgrimage, with naked feet and in pilgrim garb, to pay honors to the shrine of the saint. Here Robert Comyn, whom William the Conqueror sent to subdue the north of England, was surrounded by an angry host of peasantry, and here William himself come to punish them with fire and sword. Here came many of Scotlands noted men, Malcom, the Bruces and Baliol, during the fierce border wars; here a peace was celebrated when James I. of Scotland was liberated and sent home with his young wife, and here raged the destructive scenes of the Reformation,

and the Puritanical purging of Cromwell's time when, all shrines and relics were unmercifully destroyed.



SHAKSPEARE'S MONUMENT.

To this shrine came princes and people of all ranks, eager to offer lands, money, jewels and more relics which in turn drew more visitors, and so the place grew in riches and splendor until a convent, a cathedral, and a city rose up around the sacred shrine.

LITERARY SHRINES.—Veneration of relics died out in England after the Reformation. The tomb of Saint Cuthbert and all the other holy shrines were deserted. Now the places most frequented by visitors are the homes or graves of England's great statesmen, scholars, writers and poets. At the head of the list stands the little house at Stratford-on-Avon, where the great Shakspeare was born and the tomb which contains the threatening verse about moving his bones. Near Bedford is another shrine where the author of the Pil-

grim's Progress was born, and at Stoke Pogis, near Windsor Castle, is the home of Gray, and the churchyard from which all the scenes of his great elegy may be traced. There may still be seen "the rugged elm," "the yew-tree's shade," "the swelling mound where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," and there too is the grave where the poet himself is "in his narrow cell forever laid." In the distance are "the spires and towers" that crown the "watery glade," and those fields where he says his "careless childhood strayed." All the features of the landscape which he pictures, and nearly all the sounds of nature which he describes, may here be seen and heard,—the "twittering swallow," the "lowing herd" and the "drowsy tinkling of the sheep in the fold." No monument has yet been raised over his tomb, but his poem is a monument that will never allow his memory to fade as long as the English language is spoken.

Hampton Court.—No one of the celebrated buildings of England, the cathedrals, castles and palaces, full of memories of other days, ever witnessed so much elegance and rich display as did Hampton Court during the reign of the great Cardinal Wolsey. Not even Windsor Palace, where Queen Elizabeth used to stay with her maidens while she hunted in the great park, and danced with her courtiers in the palace halls; where nearly all the English sovereigns from William III., who rebuilt and adorned it, down to Queen Victoria have made it their chief residence, has ever been the scene of so much stately splendor, or filled with as rich a train of courtiers and attendants, as gathered around the Cardinal in this palace.

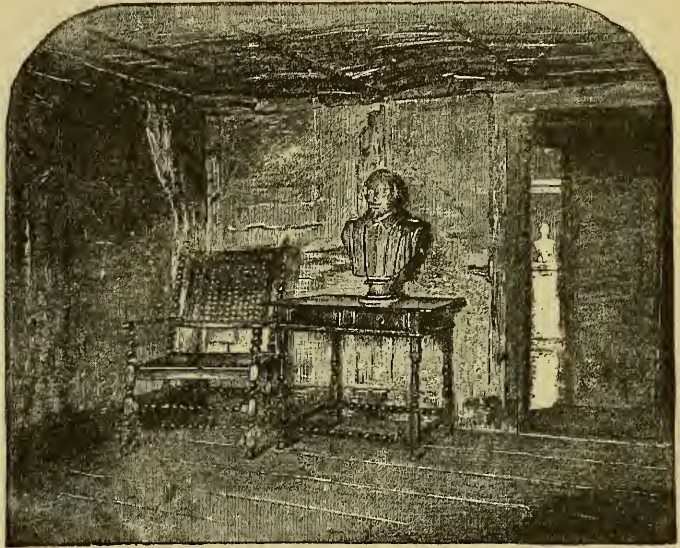
And well he might indulge in splendid surroundings, for not even the king received so great an income as he. All the fat offices in church and state had been bestowed upon him by the king and the pope. He was lord chancellor and chief cardinal, and princes and dignitaries from foreign courts sought his favor. By his adroitness he ruled the strong-minded Henry, and whoever had a favor to ask went first to the Cardinal Wolsey.

While in the enjoyment of all this power and riches he fitted up Hampton Court for his private residence, though when Henry came to visit him, and, surprised at the splendor, inquired if such a palace were becoming in a subject, Wolsey answered with ready tact, "I hope it is a becoming present for a subject to offer to his king." Henry did not claim the present, though, for some time, and the Cardinal continued in his glory.

The servants in the household at Hampton Court numbered between five and eight hundred persons. Each department had its chief officers and trains of assistants. There was a master of the wardrobe, of the laundry,

of the bake-house, and of the woodyard, each with a small army of assistants; and there were gatemen, stable-men, farmers, yeomen, and grooms without number.

In the kitchen which supplied the public tables were two head clerks, a clerk-comptroller, a surveyor of the dressers, a clerk of spicery, two cooks with laborers and children for assistants, a dozen turn-spits, four scullery-men, two pastry-men and two paste layers. Besides, the Cardinal had his own private kitchen, with a master cook daily dressed in velvet or satin, and under him another army of officers. Among these were clerks of the larder, the scullery, the ewry, the buttery, the chandlery and the wafery. In his private chapel were deans, and sub-deans, a gospeler, an epistler, a repeater, a singing master, choirmen and children, a vestryman and two grooms. There were forty priests in attendance, all wearing rich vestments of white satin, scarlet or crimson. The altar was covered with massive plate and blazed with jewels and precious stones.



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.

Another army of clerks, chamberlain's ushers, and grooms attended him in his private chamber, and another set accompained him on his travels.

When he dressed to go to Westminister Hall he summoned his retinue and they speedily clothed him in his cardinal's robes, his upper vesture of red, scarlet or crimson satin, his scarlet "pillion" and sable tippet. In his hand, when he was ready to go out, he carried an orange shell containing a sponge of aromatic vinegar lest in the crowd he should inbibe a pestilence; a great lord or gentleman walked before him carrying the seal of England

and his cardinal's hat; two others proceeded this bearing two large silver crosses, and before these the ushers cried "On masters, on, and make room for my lord." As he descended to the hall of his palace other officers took their places in front, a sergeant-at-arms with a great silver mace and two gentlemen bearing silver plates.

At the gate he mounted his mule, trapped in crimson velvet, and with his cross-bearers and pillar-bearers before him, all on fine horses, and surrounded by a train of gentry and footmen, proceeded on his way.

When he went to visit king Henry at Greenwich, he sailed in his magnificent barge with troops of yeomen standing on the sails, and crowds of gentlemen about the deck. When he disembarked his mule and cavalcade stood ready to conduct him to the king's door. Wherever he went the same stately, solemn following accompanied him.

Within his stately palace very stately banquets were given to stately lords and ladies who came, and had as merry a time as it were possible amid so much stateliness.

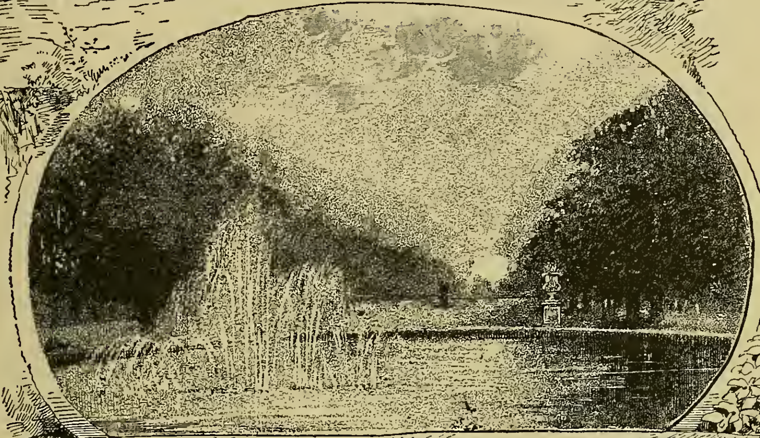
But at last the great Wolsey was stripped of all his greatness; the king was influenced against him; friends and fortune fled. Friendless and in disgrace he sought a refuge for his last hours in a convent. Shakspeare pictures him at the convent door saying:—

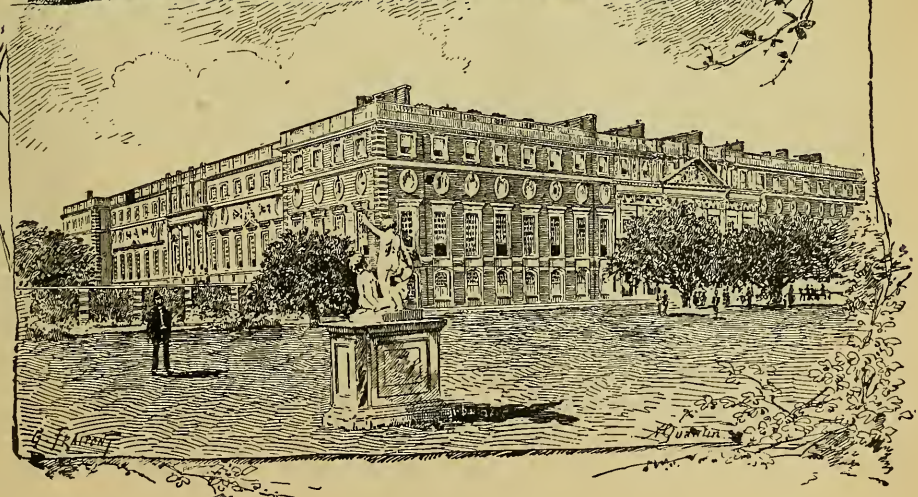
"O Father abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The most beautiful building now in England is the Crystal Palace, the wonderful city of glass and iron, now at Sydenham. It was first erected at Hyde Park to serve as an exhibition building when Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, instituted there the first "world's fair" held in Great Britain. Afterwards it was sold to a company, taken down and re-erected at Sydenham, where it now stands.

The building is four or five stories high, built entirely of strong iron frames, into which are set long, narrow plates of glass. Two towers, seven or eight stories high, contain reservoirs of water which supply the fountains in all parts of the palace and in the gardens surrounding it.

Inside of this great palace, which covers twenty acres, one seems to be walking through a street in Paris or Brussels. There are shops where porcelain, jewelry, pictures and all kinds of industrial products are displayed; there are places of amusement, theatres, concerts, restaurants, and vast hot-houses containing almost every kind of rare and strange plant in the





HAMPTON COURT.

world, lovely flowers, and giant trees with birds sporting and singing among the branches. There is also a large aquarium containing many strange creatures from the water world, among which is a number of sea-anemones, helpless flower-like creatures that have to be waited on by an attendant, whose sole business is to place small shrimps, crabs, oysters and fish within reach of their waving tentacula.

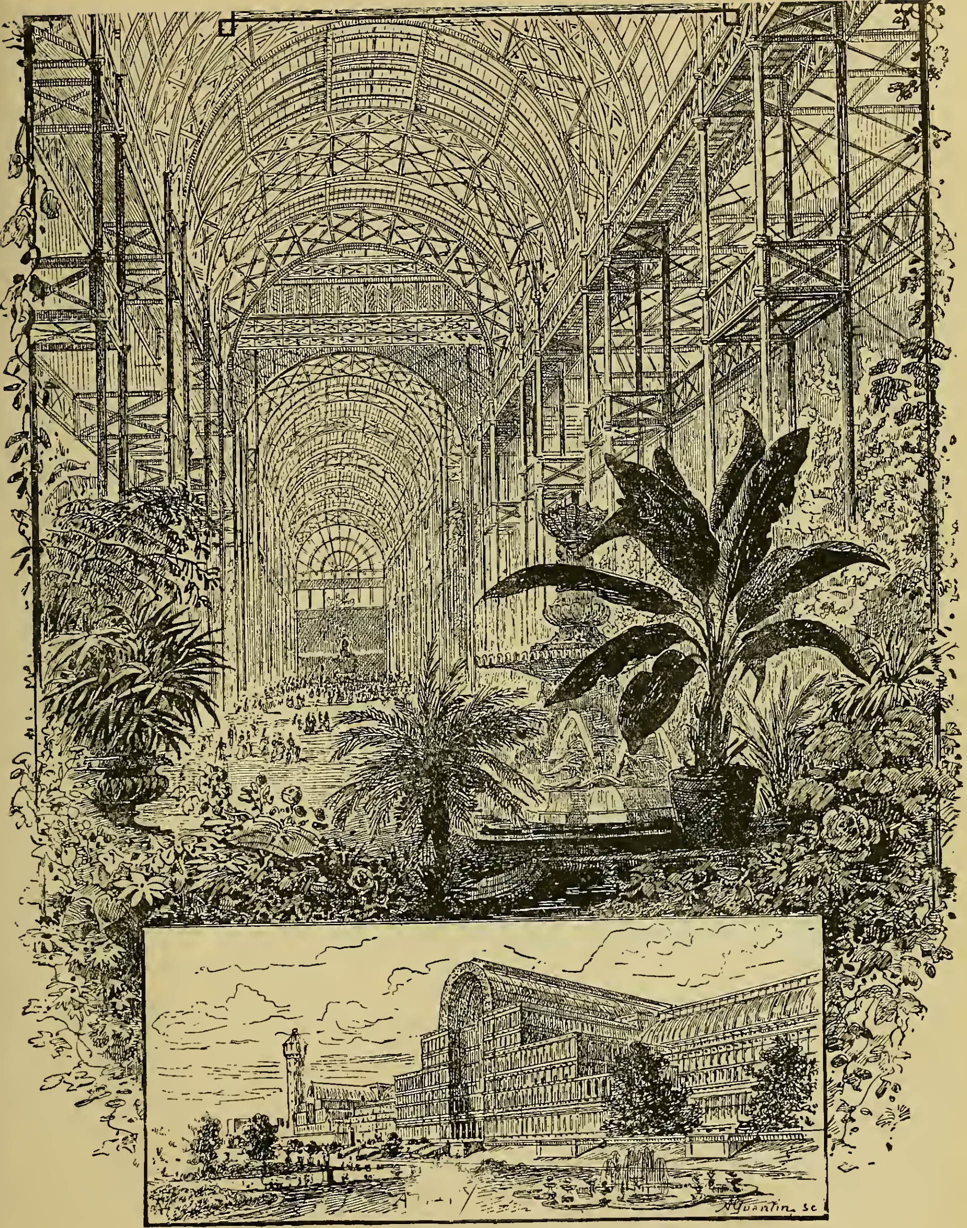
Many rare works of art, paintings, pieces of sculpture, adorn the different parts of the building, good music may almost always be heard in some part, and altogether it is a most attractive place of resort, as is proved by the crowds of ladies and gentlemen by whom it is frequented.

TIN MINES.—There is no other country in the world that can better afford fine castles, palaces and costly public works than England. "English gold" is a familiar expression all over the world, and it has had much to do with the world's history. Large sums of money have been paid to countries who fought in her interests besides those that her own armies have cost. Other countries trying to do the same have been impoverished, the people have had to suffer for the extravagance of the rulers. But England's wealth is almost inexhaustible; it rolls in to her from her colonies all over the globe, while beneath her feet she has mines of mineral wealth. In the southwest are the tin mines which brought Phœnician gold to Britian before the Romans came, and which ever since have yielded thousands of dollars worth of metal every year. There are more than three hundred of these mines in Cornwall, furnishing employment to about thirty thousand persons. All round, the rocks resound with incessant clanging of steam hammers, by which the ore, brought up from the mines below, is being reduced to powder. This is afterward mixed with water and filtered over long shelving plates in which the tin, being heavier, forms a thin incrustation. The metal is then poured into vats and again mixed with water, the finer portion settling at the bottom.

It is quite amusing to see the different machines acting almost human in their various movements. A brush looking like a paint brush is dipped by machinery every few minutes very slowly and steadily, as if with great jugment, into some water in a trough beneath, which but for this would become stagnant. Another immense vat is tapped every few minutes with a piece of wood to assist in precipitating the metal.

The ancient Britons used to be very careful about the quality of the metal sold to their Phœnician customers.

The tin on being melted was put into moulds, holding usually above



CRYSTAL PALACE.

three hundred weight, and stamped with the owner's mark, by laying the brass or iron stamp on the face of the block of tin, while it was yet in a fluid state, but cool enough to sustain the stamping iron.

When the tin was brought to the assay-master, it was tried by cutting off a piece from the lower corner. If found good it was stamped with his seal, an assurance that it had been examined and found all right. The punishment of him who used to bring bad tin was to have a portion of it melted and poured down his throat.

The Phœnicians were thus particular about the quality because, it is said, they used it in the manufacture of their Tyrian Purple, and any adulteration would have been fatal to the trade.

The Greeks were anxious to discover where the Phœnicians obtained their tin, and sent one of their vessels to track a Phœnician trader, but it was discovered by the wary captain, who it was said purposely ran his vessel ashore in imminent danger of shipwreck to avoid detection. He was highly rewarded when he returned home for having preserved so valuable a secret of the national commerce.

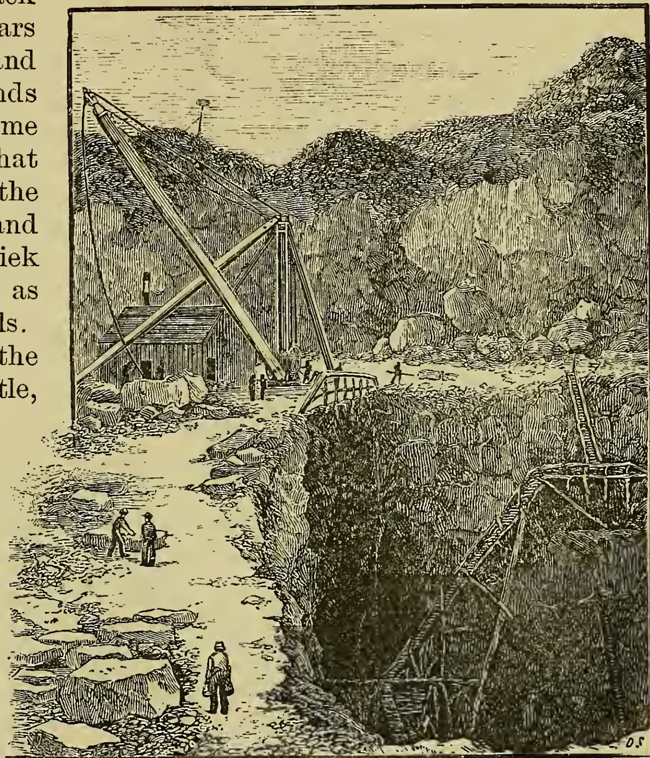
The Portland Quarries.—East of the tin regions, along the southern coast of England, are the celebrated Portland quarries, another fertile source of British wealth. All about the quarry may be seen beautifully colored stones as large as a good-sized room, some pure white, some mixed with shades of yellow and red, and some stained by little rills of mineral water, or by mosses and lichens. From projecting rocks hang large orange colored stalactites which the quarrymen call "congealed water."

The good marble lies buried under layers of soil, turf, and coarse stone, which must all be removed before the real work of quarrying begins.

There are many splits in the rock, which assist the quarryman in cutting out the blocks of stone, and which also decide the size, and, therefore, the use for which the blocks can be prepared. A tall, narrow one will make a shaft for a column, a shorter, thicker one, a pier stone for a bridge. They are then taken to a convenient place, chipped to their required shape and receive their weight-mark. When ready they are lifted on heavy carts and wheeled to the railroad station or wharf. The workmen are said to be all very strong and hardy, the effects of their vigorous exercise and the pure air of the quarry.

Carrying Coals at Newcastle.—For more than six hundred yeai men have been continually picking, shoveling and carrying away coals from the famous mines of Newcastle in the northern part of England, and yet the

supply shows no signs of giving out. If one would understand how unprofitable would be the labor of "carrying coals to Newcastle," he should visit this wide coal field and see the quantities of coal that are being constantly carried away to market. As soon as one reaches the Bishopric of Durham, he begins to see tall engine-houses, and vastly taller chimneys, breathing into the sky long black clouds of smoke. He hears groans and whistlings and numerous unearthly sounds around him, which come from the great engines that work the machinery of the mines, and the pulleys and gins and cars that shriek and groan and rumble as they carry away the coals.



GRANITE QUARRIES.

When he reaches the country nearer Newcastle, all these operations—the groanings and wailings, the cinders and fires increase. Here he passes one of the tall engine-houses that he saw in the distance, with its tall chimney, hoisting into the sky slanting columns of turbid smoke. He now sees from the upper part of the engine house a huge beam, protruding itself like a giant's arm, lifting itself up and then falling again. To this beam is attached the rod and bucket of a pump which, probably at some hundred yards deep, is lifting out the water from a mine and enabling the miners to work where otherwise they would be drowned in the water that floods the mine. Or he sees a great beam placed on a high support and wagging its ends alternately up and down, doing the same work in a different way.

There again the huge engines are at work whirling baskets down into the deep shafts for coal, or whirling the colliers themseves down to get the coal. For two or three hundred yards, down into the bowels of the earth, they are sent with a rapidity that to a stranger is frightful, the engines all the time groaning and coughing over their toil like so many condemned Titans; and the wheels and pulleys that they had put in motion, singing and whistling like so many lesser spirits doomed to attend their labors.

Here one sees baskets of coal emerge from the mouth of the pit, and immediately, as if by self agency, run away, empty themselves into a wagon or boat, and come back ready for a fresh descent. There is a whole train of wagons loaded with coal, going on their way without horse, without steam-engine, without man, except one who sits behind, and instead of propelling these mad wagons, he seems to be trying to stop them with his weight.

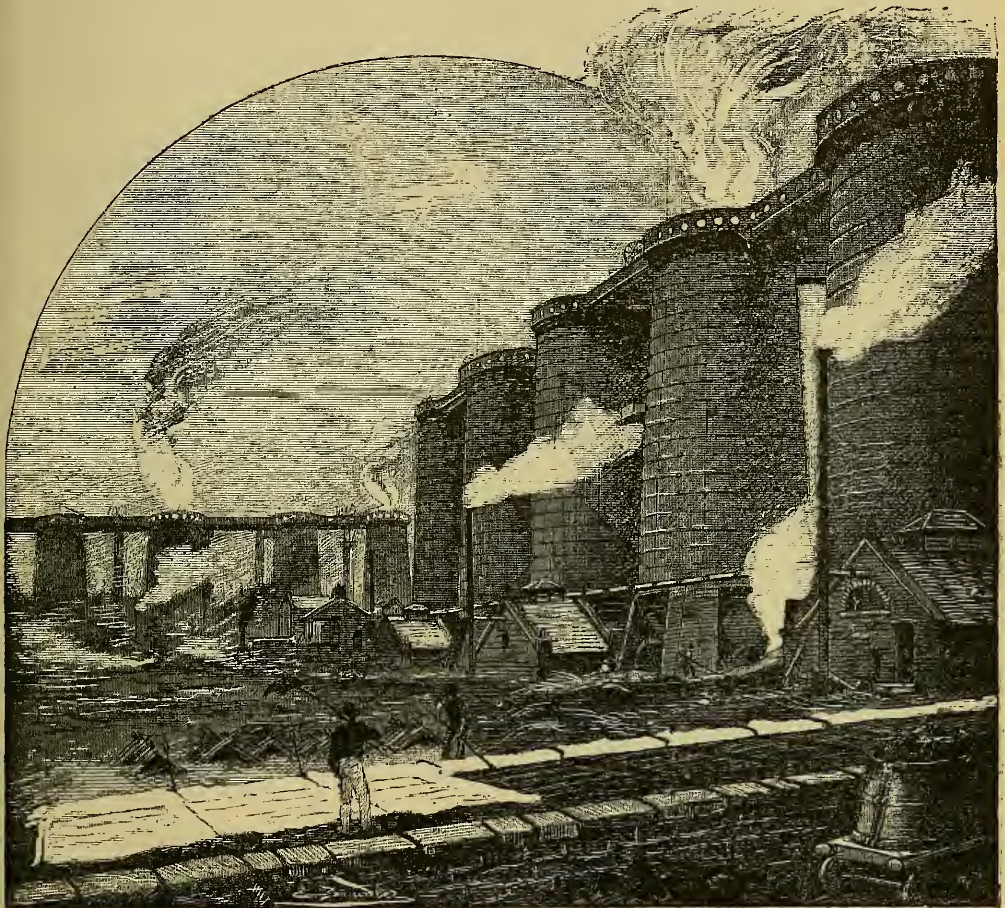
But what is one's amazement when he comes in sight of the river Tyne to see these wagons still careering at the very brink of the water: to see a railway carried from the high bank, and supported on tall piles, horizontally above the surface of the river, and to some distance into it, as if to allow these wagon trains to run right off, and dash themselves down into the river.

There they go, all mad together! Another moment and they will shoot off the end of the lofty railway, and go headlong into the Tyne, helter-skelter! But see! As they draw near the river they pause! They stop! One by one they detach themselves, and one runs on by itself, while the others wait. It nears the river, and a pair of gigantic arms separate themselves from the end of the railway. They catch the wagon and hold it suspended in the air. They let it softly and gently descend. A ship lies below the end of the railway; the wagon descends to it. A man standing there strikes a bolt, and the bottom falls from the wagon. The coals are quickly deposited into the hold of the vessel. Then up again the wagon soars in that pair of gigantic arms. It reaches the railway, and glides away of its own accord to a distance and there it awaits its brethren. As they are carried down and emptied, they come on and join it, and then all glide swiftly back over the plain to the distant pit.

The Thames Tunnel.—Where plenty most abounds, and good government gives fullest assurance to the people of continued peace and prosperity, there the greatest advancement will be made in literature, science and art. The English have long held a foremost rank in all these, but the arts in which they have most excelled have not been the finer ones, sculpture

painting so much as works of invention and engineering, such as bare most directly upon their manufacturing and commercial interests.

For many years the Thames, in the thickest part of London, was so



BLAST FURNACES.

choked up with all kinds of craft that it was next to impossible for a ferry boat to make its way across, or for a bridge to span it without interfering with the shipping. When, therefore, Sir Mark Brunel, in the early part of the present century, proposed to build a tunnel under the Thames the

proposition was received with great favor, by those who did not declare it an impossibility. Work was begun in 1825, but accidents, mismanagement, and want of confidence, brought it to a stand still and seemingly confirmed the words of those who said it could not be done, but after nineteen years of patient labor on the part of the designer, the great task was completed. Since then others have been built.

The following account of Queen Victoria's visit to the Tunnel, soon after its completion, was published at the time in a London paper:

It was not generally known until the middle of the day that the Queen and Prince Albert intended to pay a visit to the Tunnel, then in a short time the streets presented a very gay appearance. Flags were hoisted from nearly every house, and people made their way from all quarters to the Middlesex side where the royal standard was hoisted. The bells of the old church struck up a merry peal and the standard was hung out from the steeple. At one o'clock the tunnel was closed against the public, but those who were in it, among them a number of the nobility and of very elegantly dressed ladies who had been invited by the directors, remained. The Tunnel Pier, on which it was announced that her Majesty would land, was covered with crimson cloth, and a ladder was fixed on the outer barge for her Majesty and suite to ascend.

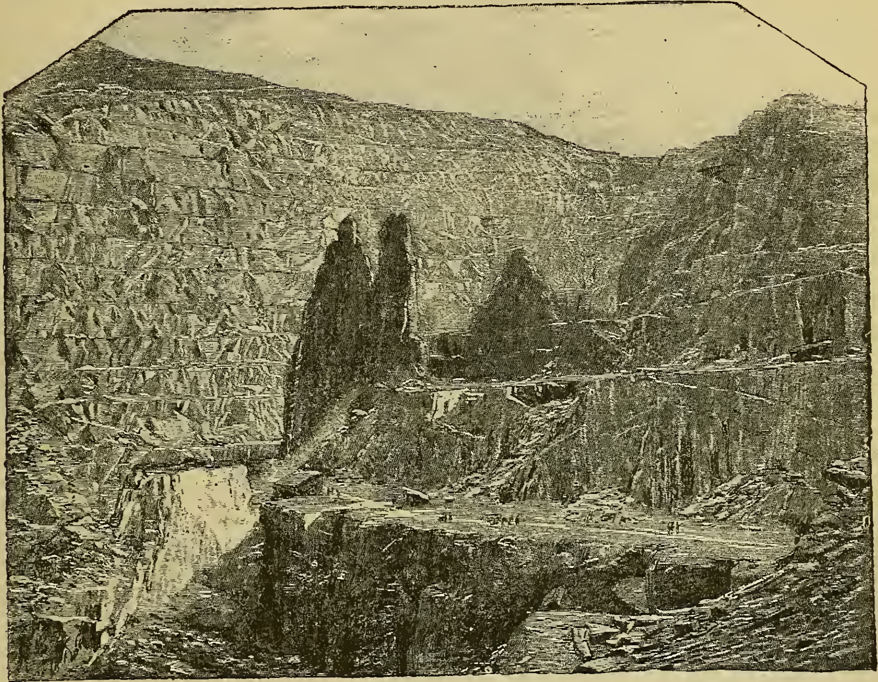
The whole of the Thames police were mustered in their galleys upon the river to prevent the multitude of boats from pressing upon the royal barge. At half-past three o'clock the firing of guns and the advance of more than one hundred small boats announced the approach of the noble company. At twenty-five minutes of four her Majesty landed on the pier. Three hearty cheers were given by the crowd, which the Queen gracefully acknowledged. Her Majesty proceeded at once down the shaft into the tunnel and entered the western arch, where the cheering was renewed by the company assembled.

The superintendent of the police preceeded the Queen, the acting engineer of the work walked by her side, explaining to her Majesty the nature of the work and various particulars connected with it, to which she and the royal consort paid much attention.

In the middle of the tunnel one of the stall-keepers displayed his loyality in a peculiar manner. All the silk handkerchiefs disposed in his stall for sale he spread upon the ground for her Majesty to walk upon, and they presented the appearance of a rich carpet.

Her Majesty proceeded as far as the Rotherhite side, but did not ascend it, returning through the same arch.

Upon ascending the shaft they were again cheered, and had got about half way up when the people below began the national anthem "God save the Queen." More than six hundred persons joined in the chorus; their voices reverberating along the tunnel and up the shaft had a most pleasing effect.



SLATE QUARRIES.

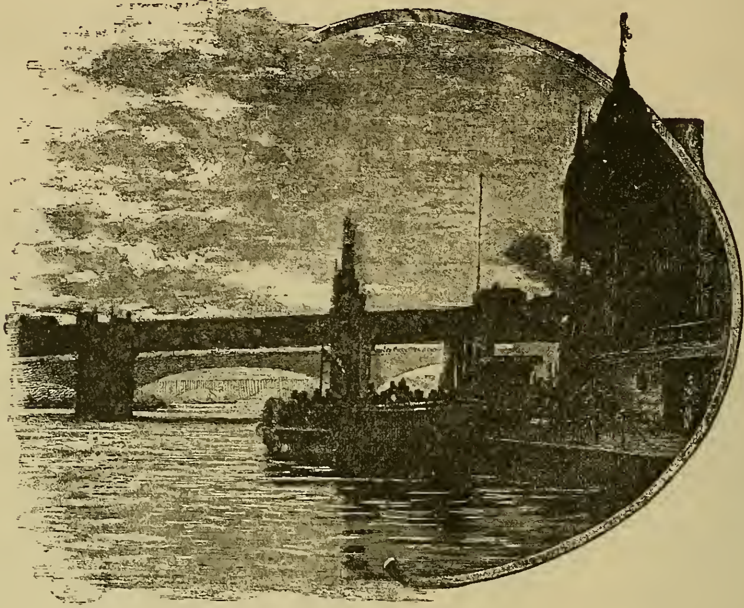
Her Majesty and Prince Albert remained on the staircase listening to the strain until it was ended, and then bowing to the people left the place.

On reaching the tunnel pier her Majesty was saluted by fifty coal porters with their faces as black as coals. They raised their fan-tail hats and set up a most tremendous cheer. Her Majesty turned round, smiled and bowed.

"God bless you mar'm" roared one of the coaleys with stentorian lungs, "I hope you'll come to Wapping again."

The rough manners of the honest fellow pleased her Majesty and the

Prince very much. Before leaving the tunnel her Majesty was presented with a gold medal representing the Tunnel on one side and the illustrious engineer, Sir Lambert Brunel, on the other.



THE THAMES.

CHAPTER VI.

IRELAND.

The country that was once called the "Gem of the Sea" and the "Emerald Isle," is to-day "Poor Erin," "Unfortunate Ireland." Her green forests are sunken into black bogs; her prosperity has departed; the subject of her wrongs has filled volumes. Still Nature deals kindly with her: she has many rich acres, which, if properly cared for, would supply all her wants, and the sunken forests furnish an abundance of heat fuel to take the place of wood and coal. All she needs to make her a prosperous and happy country again is good government.

Peat-bogs.—Between Galway and Sligo bays, on the west coast of Ireland, is a large shoulder of land extending into the Atlantic. Lines, drawn from the northern and southern extremities of this projection across to the east, would measure off a belt of country know as the "bog" region of Ireland. Nearly all of this strip is marshy ground covered with a growth of mosses, lichens, heaths and grasses. Underneath

these living carpets lie the decaying roots and leaves of former growths, imbedded in mud, and kept continually wet by the moist climate.

In some places this rank growth has choked up shallow ponds and lakes, in others it has spread itself over good ground, converting it into "bogs." It is not uncommon to see a large patch of bog itself moving along over the ground, as if on rollers. Water has collected under it, until it has broken loose from its resting place, and is carried along by the overflowing water until it comes to a level meadow where it stops, and begins to grow.

A few years ago the people in the neighborhood of the great Sloggan bog, were alarmed one day by several loud reports like discharges of artillery or claps of thunder coming from the bog. Then, to their astonishment, they saw an immense field of turf, moving slowly toward the road. In a few minutes it had covered the road for a distance of fifty rods and continuing on towards the river Main, nearly choking up its channel.

When these rank mosses have obtained a footing they begin to increase in depth. New leaves come out on top of the old ones each year, and, supplied with abundant moisture, gather qualities of mud, and thus the moss goes on thickening and deepening. As the depth increases the decaying fibers disappear, and the moss becomes blacker until near the bottom peat is formed. This substance, when dried, resembles soft coal, and makes very good fuel.

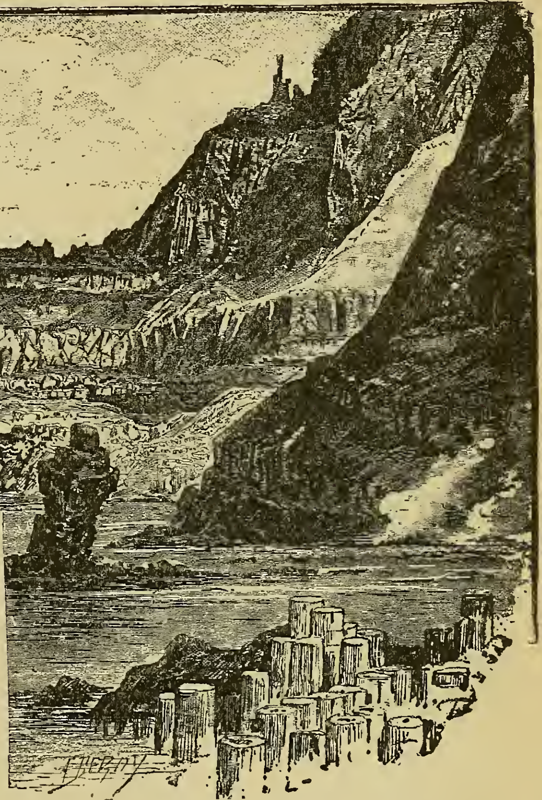
In some bogs the trunks of large trees are found, showing that they have formed over ancient forests. It is thought that the trees were perhaps first felled by hurricanes, or destroyed by floods, and around their prostrate forms the bog moss began to grow; valuable wood is sometimes dug out of these places and sold.

The business of digging peat affords to many poor families their only means of earning a living. On all sides of a large bog may be seen miserable little huts, dug out of the bank, and roofed over with sod, showing how scanty is the reward of their hard toil.

The Bells of Shannon.—Through the bog region from north to south, draining the lakes of the central part, runs the Shannon, the chief river of Ireland. It abounds in fine scenery and furnishes a water-way for many parts of the interior. Canals connect it with the chief water courses of the northern and eastern regions, and costly dredgings from Limerick down to the sea, make it passable there for large vessels.

Overlooking the wide estuary that begins to broaden out at Limerick, stands the old cathedral of the town with its fine peal of bells, whose music

resounds far over the waters of the Shannon, and have become widely noted for their sweetness. The history of this set of bells is as remarkable as their tone. They were made many years ago in Italy, by a young Italian who devoted many months to the task, and when they were done, sold them to the prior of a neighboring convent. With the profits of his sale the young manufacturer bought a little villa near the convent, and settled down



GIANT S CAUSEWAY.

with the expectation of growing old amid his pleasant surroundings, and within hearing of his beloved bells,—the work of his hands.

But misfortune in the shape of war visited his quiet home. His villa, his friends and all that he had perished ; he alone was left. Even the convent bells were gone. The building in which they hung had been razed to the earth and the bells taken away. The man became a wanderer ; traveled all over Europe but found no place that satisfied him. After years of traveling, when his hair had turned gray he was possessed with a desire to hear again those convent bells which alone of all he had once loved, were

left upon the earth. Hearing that they were in the cathedral of Limerick, he took passage for Ireland. As the vessel came to anchor near the city, some one pointed out to him the steeple where the bells hung. Procuring a small boat he was rowed toward the town, his eyes fixed all the while on the steeple of St Mary.

The evening was a calm and beautiful one in spring, just the time of year to remind him of sunny Italy, his native land. The Shannon lay like a broad, smooth mirror, and the boat glided over it almost noiselessly. Suddenly amid the stillness the bells tolled from the cathedral. The rowers rested on their oars and waited in silence, as the old Italian crossed his arms and lay back in his seat, listening to the familiar tones that brought back to him memories of his early home and happiness.

When the rowers looked around they saw that his eyes were closed, although his face was still turned toward the cathedral. They rowed to the shore and when the boat landed they found him dead.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—A brim of mountains surrounds the bog region of Ireland, narrow on the east and west, broader on the north and south. Within this brim are many beautiful hills, valleys, rivers, and lakes, and on the northern coast is one of Nature's wonders—the Giant's Causeway. This remarkable place is a rocky platform composed of jointed columns like those of Fingal's Cave, as regularly formed as if hewn out by chisel and rule; and fitted together so exactly that a knife blade, or a sheet of paper can scarcely be crowded between them, yet each column is separate and can be taken down joint by joint like a stove pipe. Nearly all are six-sided, there are some with five, seven, eight, and nine sides. One has only three.

The platform called the "causeway" is about seven hundred feet long and three hundred and fifty wide, extending from the base of a steep cliff out into the sea in three divisions, like three separate piers, one much larger than the others.

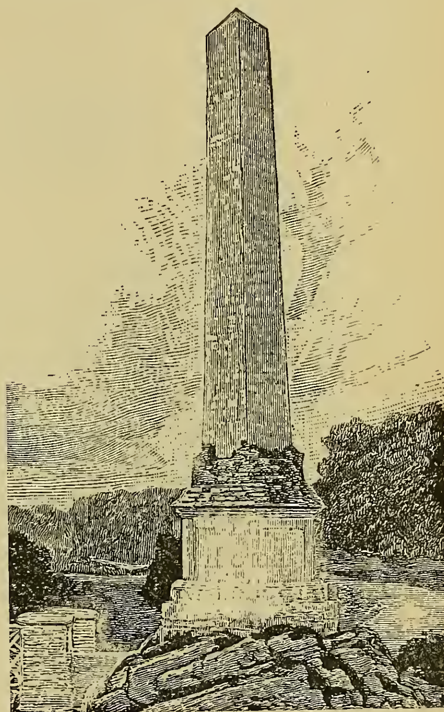
In various parts of the Causeway the columns rise in curious shaped groups, one resembling an organ, another a chair. The organ, called the Giant's organ, was once mistaken by a hostile ship at sea for a castle, and several balls were fired into it breaking some of the columns.

The ancient inhabitants of Ireland, to whom this Causeway was as much of a wonder as it is to people of to-day, thought that it must have been the work of a Giant, and after a while a story was spread around telling how it came to be built.

It was said that a great giant once lived in the northern coast of Ireland,

and another over on the coast of Scotland, just opposite. The Scotch giant became enraged at the Irish giant one day and expressed a desire to whip him. He said he would come over and give him a regular pounding if it was not for getting his feet wet.

The Irish giant very obligingly told him that he would save him the annoyance of wetting his feet and still give him an opportunity of fighting. So he built this great causeway and then invited the Scotch giant to step over and whip him. The great belligerant came, but instead of beating his Irish antagonist he was very badly beaten himself, as he might have expected, from the hands that could prepare such a path as the causeway.



THE BOYNE OBELISK.

Fairyland.—While the people in the north talk of giants, those of the west tell fairy stories, and are quite well satisfied that certain of their pretty mountain glens are the favorite haunts of real fairies. It is not unusual to see a rustic countryman take off his hat when he sees an eddy of dust raised by the wind whirling about in the road before him, and mutter half aloud "God speed ye Gentlemen." He supposes that the elf-folks are passing along, and says it is always best to be civil and polite. At any rate he wishes to keep on good terms with these invisible little people for he has heard that they are armed with flint-headed arrows, which they sometimes shoot at cattle to bewitch them. This was the way they used to take revenge, it was said, upon the people who settled too near their haunts.

A story is yet told of an industrious peasant, who purchased a farm that bordered upon one of the abodes of the fairies, and he not only dug and plowed the land close to their doors, and built him a house, but he also set up a lime-kiln.

This was more than the fairies could allow, and they soon began to visit their displeasure upon the daring farmer. First his horse fell into the quarry, then three of his cows died, and nine of his pigs. He concluded that it was because the fairies were displeased with him for digging up the earth for his lime-kiln, and so, though it had cost him five guineas, he took it down without delay and never burned another brick.

The Lakes of Killarney.—The finest scenery in Ireland is in the vicinity of the lakes of Killarney in the southwest. Macgillicuddy's Rocks, the highest mountain in Ireland, watch over the beautiful lakes, surrounded by many other bare and rugged rocks. Passing these sentinels, the hills become partially wooded; the crags which over-hang the road are tufted with rich verdure. Then the broad bosom of the upper lake begins to spread out in its calm beauty like a smooth mirror set in majestic mountains.

One of the lakes of Killarney contains as many as thirty little islands, among which is Innisfallen, particularly noted for its beauty. It is bordered by a dense wood, but the interior is spread out into the most graceful lawns, broken here and there by clumps of trees and masses of rock. No spot among the lakes is so much frequented as this island of Innisfallen, not only by travelers, but the resident gentry, who hold many a picnic there in summer, dancing on the green sod and rowing about the little coves that fringe the borders.

The people of the Killarney region have long held a curious tradition about the origin of their largest lake. They say that it was once the site of a fine city, where lived a daring Irish warrior, by the name of O'Donoghue.

It was supplied with an abundance of everything except water, of which there was only a little spring. A mighty sorcerer had given them this spring and charged O'Donoghue that whenever anyone drew water from it he should always cover it with the silver vessel which he left for that purpose.

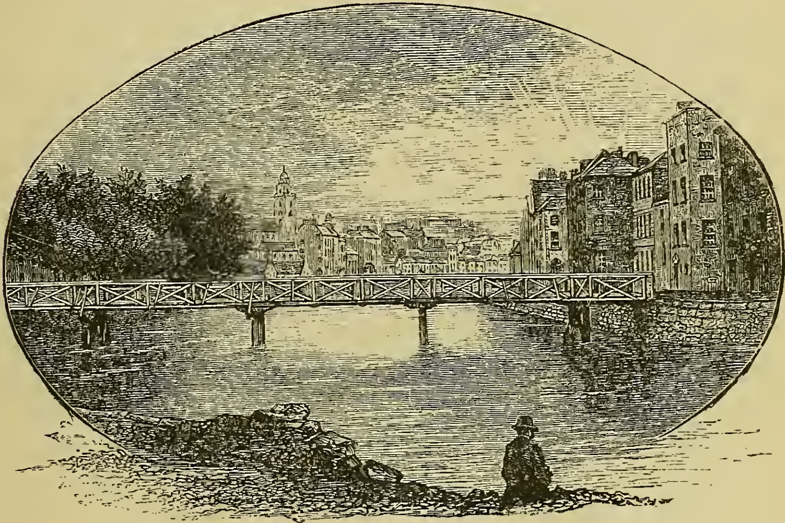
But one day O'Donoghue had drank more wine than was good for him, and being very careless and merry, he ordered the silver cover to be brought into his house, for it would make him, he said, an excellent bath. His terrified vassals tried to persuade him not to commit such a fearful sacrilege, but he only laughed at their fears and insisted upon its being brought at once. "Never fear," he said "the cool night air will do the water good and in the morning you will find it fresher than ever."

Trembling with apprehensions, the servants took the cover from the

mouth of the well and carried it to the room of the audacious prince. As they did so they imagined that they heard awful sounds coming from it, threatening them with vengeance. Fearful and anxious, they retired for the night, but one more alarmed than the others fled to the mountains.

In the morning he looked down into the valley where he had left his prince and companions and instead of the magnificent city, there was a great lake of water.

So much credit is given to this legend that some of the fishermen are still confident that they can see palaces and towers glimmering from the



ON THE LEE, CORK.

bottom of the lake when the water is clear. They also declare that when a storm is approaching O'Donoghue's giant figure may be seen riding over the waves on a snorting white horse.

The beautiful scenery about Killarney is sadly marred by sights of human wretchedness. Among the few fine mansions of the nobility, are hosts of wretched hovels. Within the well-kept grounds of the aristocratic enclosures, all is greenness and fertility, without all is want and misery. The landlord's family lives in luxury; the tenant's go hungry and in rags. Nearly all of his earnings are taken for rent; and even if he could save a little he cannot buy a foot of land. No matter how frugal and industrious

he is he can do little to improve his condition. It would be some consolation if the landlord had the better right to the soil; but when the tenant remembers that his ancestors were driven out to make room for those of his lord it is no wonder that he protests and rebels against the might that has triumphed over right.

THE ROUND TOWERS.—Beside the miserable huts of the poor in Ireland, stand the evidences of her former prosperous times. Ruined castles, fortresses, monasteries and towers tell of the wealth and learning of better days. Among her numerous antiquities is a peculiar kind of high tower which is found nowhere else after the same pattern. There are more than a hundred of these round towers of different heights and sizes, all built in the same shape.

Some are only thirty five feet high, some one hundred and twenty. They were once divided into stories, from three to eight according to the height; the floors are yet remaining in two or three. In each story there was one window, so placed that it would not come directly over the one below, and around the top, just beneath the cone-shaped roof, a series of windows on a level with each other ran all around the tower. The top of the roof ended in a little sharp point.

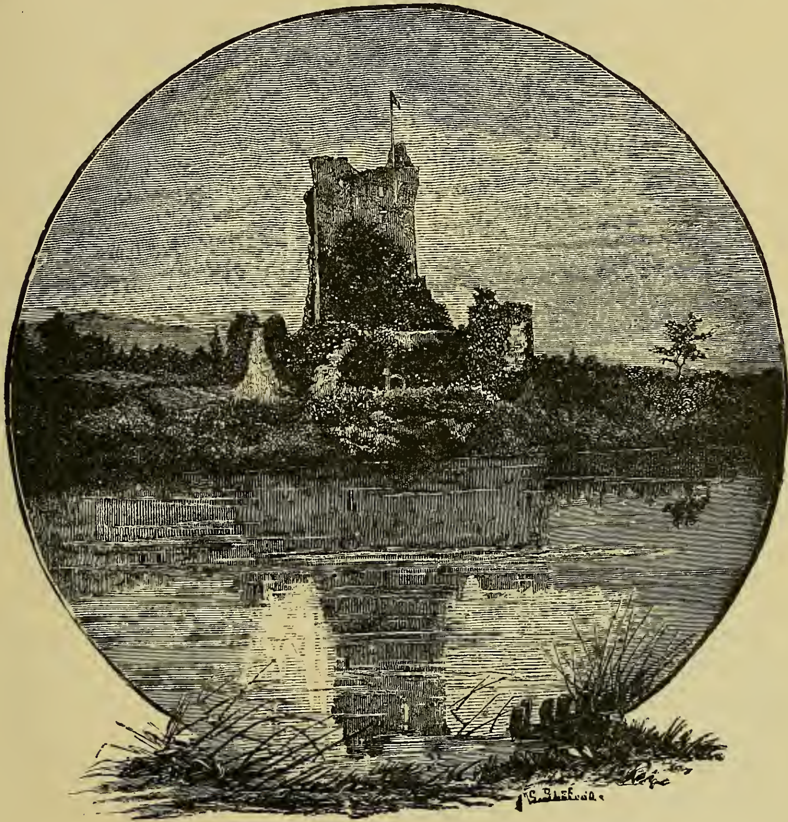
The stones composing the shafts have all been skillfully chiseled and nicely fitted together. There is no trace of mortar to be found between them, but in places something that appears to have been a kind of cement.

All the careful examination that has been made of these towers has failed to show when, by whom, or for what purpose they were constructed. There is evidence that they were standing in the twelfth century; a traveler who visited the country at that time speaks of them, but he could tell nothing of their origin. Some say that the Phœnicians erected them for fire temples; others that the Druids used them in proclaiming their festivals; others that the Magians built them for astronomical purposes; some think they were built by the early Christians either for bell towers, for store-rooms for their church plate, for monasteries or for places of refuge. But nobody can be certain, and the old towers stand silent and dark refusing to give any account of themselves.

THE HALL OF TARA.—Ireland's oldest relic of the past is a heap of mounds on a high hill in the county of Meath, surmounted by a single upright stone. Twenty-seven hundred years ago the Irish princes used to meet upon this hill in the great Hall of Tara that stood above these mounds. Here they elected their king, crowned him upon the upright stone which,

during the ceremony tradition says, used to roar, and then they gathered in the great hall to make laws.

A sumptuous dinner was always given before the business of the day began, announced by the chief trumpeter with three blasts of his horn. The first signal called the shield bearers of the princes to enter the grand door



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

and hand their master's shields to the marshal who hung them in their proper places; the second blast called the shield-bearers of the generals to do the same; and the third brought the whole company to their places in the dining hall.

Not only princes and soldiers, but scholars and poets assembled in the

halls of ancient Tara where the harp "the soul of music shed," for there were noted schools of learning then in Ireland where philosophy, astronomy, medicine, history and poetry were taught to pupils from far and near.

But not even the walls of Tara, where the harp so long hung mute, are now remaining. A tradition says that the place was cursed in the year 563 by a saint who was displeased with the king, and after that it was deserted. The buildings either crumbled entirely or were destroyed.

Ireland's Harp.—The ancient harps of Ireland have also passed away, excepting perhaps a few that may still be found in the cabinets of the curious. There is one called Brian Boroimhes harp in the museum at Dublin, said to be the oldest Irish harp in Europe. It is beautifully carved and ornamented, showing that music was not the only art in which the people were skilled.

The harp has long been the favorite musical instrument of Ireland; it used to be represented upon her national arms, and there are yet those who can remember the time when a very old harper, the last of his race, used to go through the country from house to house bending beneath the load of his heavy instrument.

He used to play with a peculiar eager expression upon his face, and with his head bent forward as if trying to catch from its strings strains of the old heroic measures he had heard in former days. But as if the calamities of the country had touched the strings of its national instrument, the music it gave out was only sad and mournful. Says the poet,

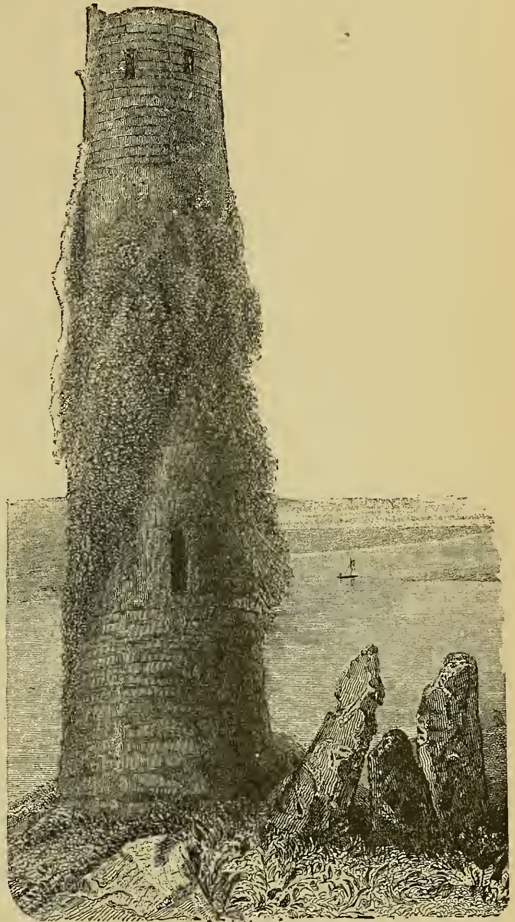
> "So oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
> That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still."

The Irish are still fond of music; they sing when they are happy because they cannot help it, and when they are miserable to lighten their sorrows; but as some one has said, the mingling of the wild and the beautiful of gloom and sunshine, of tears and smiles, which marks the scenery, the climate and the history of Ireland, has impressed itself upon the character of her music which, while thrilling with exquisite melody, awakens emotions of sadness.

Saint Patrick at Tara.—One night in the olden times, while a great pagan festival was being held at Tara, the king and his attendants were startled by seeing a fire on the top of a hill near by.

Now, it was well understood all over the land that on the night of this festival all fires were to be put out, and none to be lit until the great fire, which was the chief feature of the occasion, was seen blazing forth from the

hill of Tara. Who could have dared to disobey this well known command? In haste the king sent for the arch Druid, and the priest bent his eyes on the distant light. Presently he said, very solemly and emphatically, "O king, if yonder fire be not put out this night it will never be quenched in Erin."



ANCIENT ROUND TOWER.

The person who had thus boldly disobeyed the law of the land was none other than Saint Patrick, who had come to Ireland to preach Christianity to the pagan people, and this night, being the eve of Easter Sunday, he had lit a fire in accordance with the commandment of the church.

He was arrested and brought before the king in all haste to answer for his audacious act, but he boldly told the king and the assembled princes and high priests that he had come to Erin on purpose to quench the fires of pagan sacrifice throughout the land, and to kindle in its place the flames of Christian faith.

The king was amazed and not a little angry to hear this, but he invited Patrick to come to Tara the next day, and talk the matter over with the wise men of the country.

The result was that many of those wise men were converted to the new religion, and the king, though not ready to quit the pagan worship himself, gave Patrick permission to go all through the land and preach. Many wonderful stories are told of the life and labors of the Saint, some of which are too wonderful to be believed; but the fact that Ireland was a pagan country when he entered it, and a Christian one when he died, shows how successful a preacher he was.

After his death Ireland again became famous for her schools of learning. A great zeal for study spread through all the churches and monasteries Saint Patrick had founded, especially the one at Armagh, in Munster, which was resorted to by students from all over the continent.

Blarney Castle.—The most perfect of Ireland's antiquities is a cluster of buildings on the rock of Cashel in Tipperary, consisting of a round tower, a cathedral, an abbey, a chapel and a palace, all joined together, though built at different periods, and all quite well preserved. But the most renowned is the Castle of Blarney near the city of Cork. Its fame has been caused by the tradition about the stone near its summit which, it is said, gives to whoever kisses it the power of persuasive eloquence. He will be able to wheedle or coax people into doing whatever he wishes. But whoever would kiss the real Blarney stone must submit to the unpleasant operation of being suspended by the heels over the parapet of the tower, until his head is within reach of the stone. Most visitors content themselves with kissing a stone more easily reached.

A reason for the curious tradition of the Blarney stone is found in a story about the Lord of Blarney and one of Queen Elizabeth's generals. During the war carried on at the time of her reign, Lord Carew, an English commander, agreed to a truce with Cormac McCarthy, lord of Blarney, on condition that the castle be surrendered into his hands. Day after day went by and still the lord of Blarney held the castle. But whenever Carew sent to demand its instant submission McCarthey put him off with flattering speeches, plausible excuses, and fair promises. At last the poor general became the laughing stock of Elizabeth's court for being so duped by the lord of Blarney, and "blarney" became the term applied to all such smooth speeches in after time.

The old castle is now covered to the top of its tower with masses of ivy that hide the mouldering walls and the huge gaps made in it by Cromwell's cannon.

Near the castle is the famous "groves of Blarney" where, according to the poet Milliken, there used to be a "cave where no daylight enters," a "lake well stored with fishes" and a "sweet rock-close." The lake is still said to contain treasures of wealth, which the last earl of Blarney cast into it, and which are to lie there until a McCarthy is again lord of Blarney. The secret of the hiding place he told to three of the McCarthys, who were only to tell it at their death to another member of the family until the time for revealing it came.

Brian, King of the Tributes.—It was in the vicinity of Blarney castle that Ireland's troubles began, but the first link in the chain of evils was a

SAINT PATRICK GOING TO TARA.

piece of great good fortune very different from the events to which it led.

The piratical vikings from Denmark paid Ireland a visit in the course of their ravages, but they found here a second Alfred in the warlike Brian, king of Munster.

At the beginning of the conflict Brian was only an under-king, subject to the high-king, Malachy, with whom he joined his forces.

It seems to have been a case of Saul and David, for while the king slew his thousands Brian slew his ten thousand. The Danes were vanquished, but they feared only Brian. They agreed to pay tribute to him, but not to the high king Malachy. This made Brian ambitious, and he announced himself as high-king of Erin.

King Malachy made but little attempt to hold the throne against Brian. Seeing that a struggle would bring a disastrous war upon the land he, like a true patriot, yielded up his own rights for the welfare of his country.

Brian made a good king, although he exacted almost as heavy tributes from his vassal kings as he had from the Danes. The five years of his reign are considered the most glorious in the history of Ireland. The whole country was wisely governed, and everybody dwelt without being disturbed either by their neighbors or foreign foes. The Danes kept within their fortified cities, and paid their tribute regularly. Many improvements were made in the condition of the people, one was that everybody added the name of his clan to that of his own, putting before it "Mac" for son, and "O" for grandson.

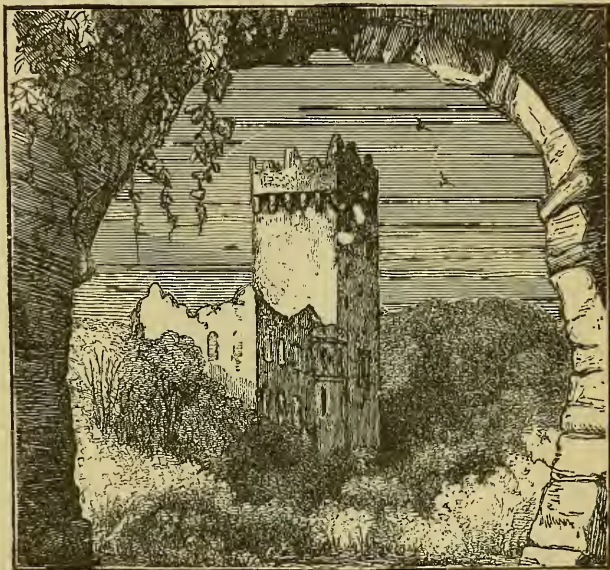
When Brian had become an old man the Danes arose again and made a great effort to conquer Ireland. In all the surrounding lands they had been victorious and they now determined to make a mighty effort for the conquest of Ireland. From all around they gathered, from Denmark the "faderland" and from England, Scotland and the Orkney's where they had settled colonies, to assist those already in Ireland in making one grand struggle.

Brian gathered and prepared his warriors, and the battle took place at Clontarf, near Dublin, April 23rd, 1014, a little more than fifty-two years before the Norman conquest of England.

Just before the battle Brian rode along the lines with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and with his white hair floating in the wind exhorted his soldiers to fight as they never had before. It was now their religion and their country against paganism and bondage. He begged them to resolve, as he had, to win or die in the struggle; both he and his sons and grandsons were all there, ready to risk their all in the fight. He reminded

them of the savage cruelties these barbarians had inflicted upon their countrymen, how they had profaned the altars and murdered even the priests. Then raising the crucifix on high he prayed that God would strengthen their arms in a cause so just and holy.

When he ceased speaking the whole army raised a deafening shout and demanded to be led at once against their foes. The old man placed himself at their head ready to lead, but his sons and all the princes besought him not to go into the battle at his age, but to give the command to his eldest son. After much persuasion he consented, and retired to his tent to pray, while the battle went on. Most fiercely did it rage all day until on each side there was hardly a leader left. Brian's son performed the most heroic deeds, but in the afternoon he was slain, just as the tide of battle was turning in favor of the Irish. All of Brian's other sons perished also. and even the young grandson, only fifteen years of age was found dead with his hand still grasping the hair of a Dane whom he had killed. Saddest of all the aged Brian himself, while praying in his tent was slain by a Dane who had made his way thither from the field. But none of these calamities made the Irish soldiers waver. They paused for nothing until the Danes were beaten back.



BLARNEY CASTLE.

It has been said that the sun of Ireland set in a flash of glory, meaning that the brilliant victory at Clontarf closed her career of greatness. After Brian's death king Malachy again became high-king and for eight years the country continued to prosper. But when he died civil wars began.

Brian had set a bad example in taking the government away from a good king and all the ambitious princes were not slow in following it after

Malachy's death. For more than a hundred years they strove and fought with each other, sacrificing their country's good for their own selfish aims, and thus prepared the way for Henry II. of England to step in as a peacemaker and afterward demand their allegiance in return for his services.

A Transplanted Nation.—When the Irish, after a struggle of four hundred years, had been compelled to submit to the English, a fresh calamity befell them. The English as a nation became Protestants, while the Irish remained Catholics. Bitter hatred sprang up between the two sects and the English determined to put an end to Catholicism in Ireland. The Irish rose again and battled for their faith as heroically as they had for their independence, but they were defeated. Elizabeth took away the lands of their most gallant defenders and gave them to her English favorites. Nearly the whole province of Munster was "planted" in this way by English earls and barons, and a few years afterward James the First planted Ulster in the same way. This roused fresh rebellions and Cromwell was sent over to reduce the Irish to submission and to convert them to Protestantism. He took with him for the purpose a large supply of Bibles, ammunition, and scythes. Those who refused to be converted were killed; and those who escaped being killed were starved into submission by the loss of their crops which were cut down with the scythes.

After conquering the men in battle and murdering women and children in cold blood, Cromwell followed the example of Elizabeth and James and "planted" colonies. Having seized the government of England and killed the king, he had the provinces of Ulster and Munster to replant with his own friends, and Leinster to plant new. The remaining one, Connaught, which was almost barren served as a prison for the dispossessed people whom he could not otherwise dispose of.

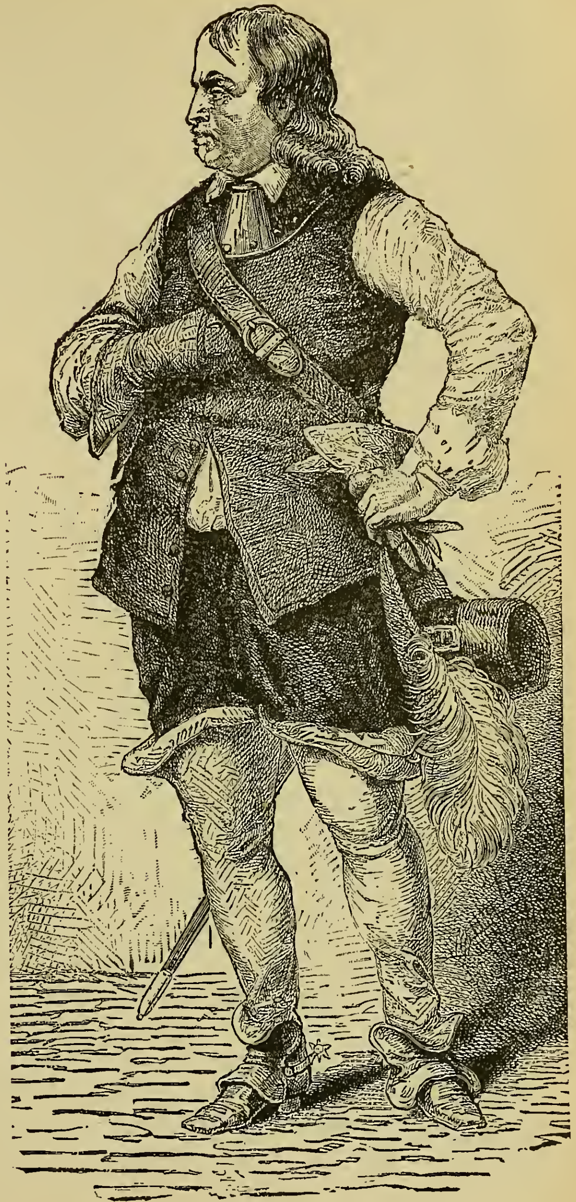
In April, 1654, the work of "transplanting" began. Toward the seaports moved a procession of over forty thousand men going into exile in Spain. Following it was another procession of young boys and girls ten and twelve years of age who had been torn from their mothers' arms by bands of soldiers, going into slavery on the tobacco plantations of the West Indies. Toward the west streamed another procession of aged men and heart-broken women, stripped of their homes and their loved ones and carrying with them into barren Connaught all they had left in the world.

The cause of all this cruel persecution is to be looked for, not in England or Ireland, but away in Spain where the sullen fanatical Philip started the fierce fires of persecution against the "heretics." It was the inquisition in

the Netherlands, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the burning stake set up by Mary, the wife of Philip in England, that infuriated the English against the Catholic church and made them think that they were doing the Lord service when they tried to banish it from Ireland. They forgot that the Lord they pretended to serve did not come to conquer by the sword.

THE EMANCIPATOR.—About a hundred and fifty years after Cromwell's cruelties at Drogheda and Wexford, there arose in Ireland a man who was able to lighten somewhat the burden that still rested upon his Catholic countrymen. A full account of his life is necessary to give one a clear idea of the difficulties which he had to meet, but a few scenes show how he accomplished much good.

First we see him as a young lawyer, pouring over law papers in his dimly lighted study for hours before dawn. He needs to make more than ordinary efforts, for he belongs to the despised Catholics, and the courts are in the hands of



OLIVER CROMWELL

Protestant judges, who favor the lawyers of their creed, and allow the jury boxes to be packed with those who will decide according to their wishes.

There is little chance for a Catholic lawyer to win. He must have more than ordinary knowledge of the law, and he must be quick and sharp to detect and expose the trickeries of an unjust court. So O'Connell spends hours that he needs for sleep in mastering his case and points in the law.

Then we see him in the court-room. Several Irish noblemen have been accused of conspiracy against the government in order that their estates may be taken from them. Many witnesses have testified to their good character. Nothing has been proved against them; but the jury has been "packed" and there is no hope for the victims unless O'Connell can come to plead their case.

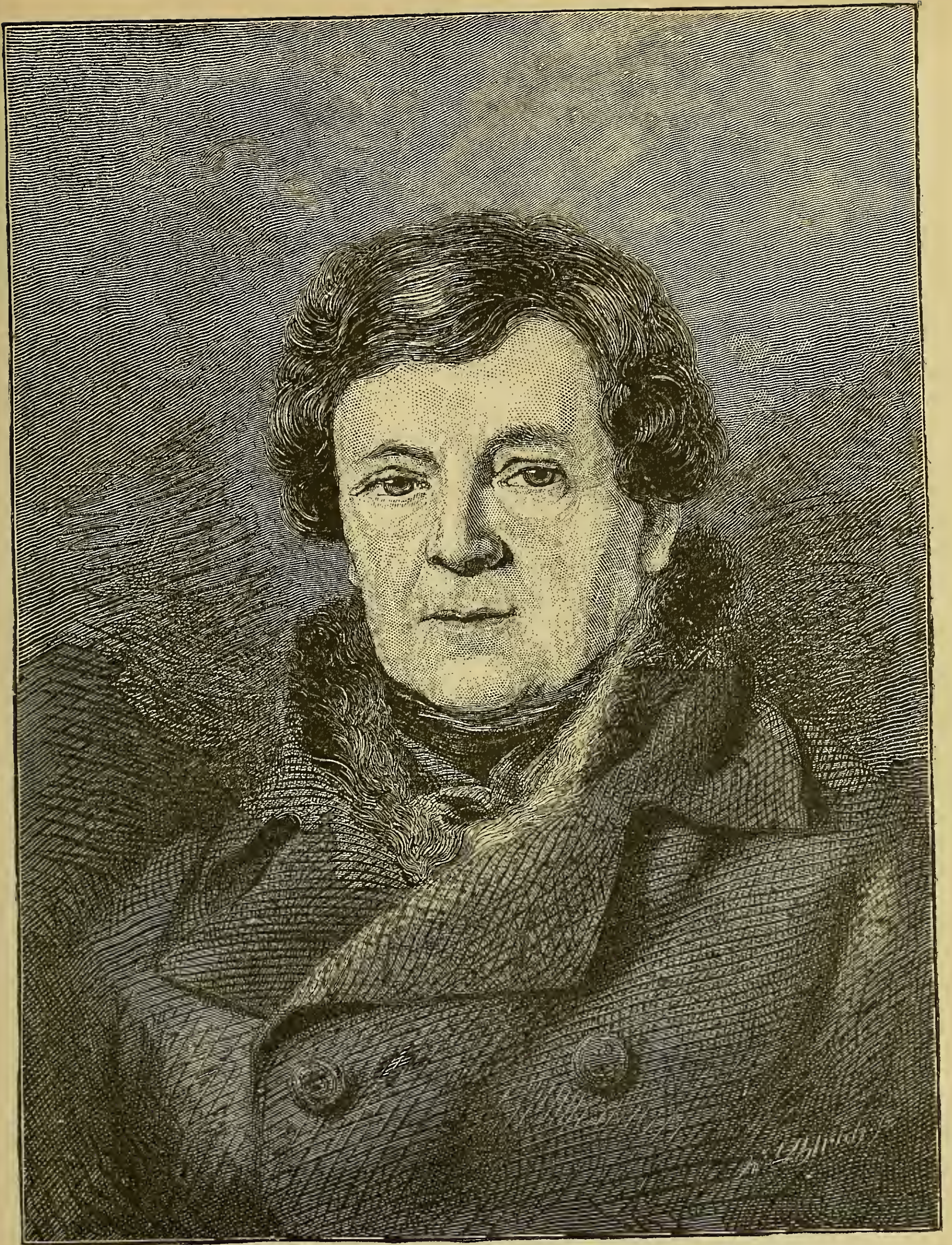
A messenger has been sent in haste, and O'Connell has come without waiting to eat. He has a lunch brought into the court-room that he may breakfast while waiting for his turn to speak, and not miss what the other side is pleading.

In the midst of his lunch, he interrupts the lawyer on the other side, "That is not according to law," he says with his mouth full. The judge is obliged to admit that O'Connell is right. This embarrasses the lawyer, and he makes a ridiculous blunder. O'Connell quickly points it out, and raises a hearty laugh at the speaker's expense.

Then O'Connell's turn comes. He rises, and with a few keen words shows the falseness of the accusation, the baseness of the conspiracy, and the accused are set free.

Follow him again in the evening. His work in the court-room is over and he has gathered a company of his countrymen to talk with them about the deplorable condition of Ireland, and of what can be done for her relief. He makes their blood boil by pictures of fresh abuses and rouses them to a high pitch of enthusiasm. He says the Catholics must be given equal privileges with the Protestants, and he says the law carrying the Irish parliament to London must be repealed and national parliament brought back to Dublin. "But," he says, "it must be done without costing a single drop of blood. That is too great a price to pay for any social reform."

He says the way to bring it about is by their votes. When the English see that the whole nation is united in voting for men of their own choice they will not dare to deny Catholics the right of holding office. The people listened to their great leader. His stirring appeals aroused the whole nation and when election day came they voted as they pleased even at the



DANIEL O'CONNELL.

risk of being turned out of their homes by their landlords. O'Connell was elected to a seat in Parliament. But now another difficulty arose. Before a new member could take his seat in the House he must swear to an oath which among other things compelled him to deny the chief doctrines of the Catholic creed. When it came O'Connell's turn to be sworn he repeated that part of the oath in a loud voice so that all could hear. Then he said that some of these statements he knew to be false, and the rest he did not believe were true and therefore it would be impossible for him to take the oath. Of course he could not take his seat, but his manly bearing made a profound impression, and people began to think about changing the oath.

Another election was declared for Clair county, but again O'Connell was elected by a larger majority than at first. The English saw there would be serious trouble unless O'Connell was permitted to take his seat in Parliament. Finally they made out an "emancipation" bill giving Catholics the right to hold office. There was great opposition to passing this bill and it is said that when it was taken to King George to sign he broke his pen to pieces and stamped upon it in his rage. But he saw that it must be signed, and so the Catholic Emancipation bill became a law. O'Connell had gained a great victory, and gained it as he said he would, without shedding a drop of blood.

But there was still another measure to be won before Irish affairs could be much improved. They must have a Parliament of their own at Dublin for the regulation of home affairs.

Again we see O'Connell on the hillside speaking to a great throng of people. He is their idol now and they gather from far and near to hear him. At day-break on Sunday morning they may be seen coming in groups to the place of meeting and kneeling on the greensward around their priests while the incense rises from a hundred rude altars and the solemn music of the mass floats out over the hillside.

Presently O'Connell comes to take his seat upon the platform and the great throng bursts out in enthusiastic cheers. But when he rises to speak every lip is still. Perfect silence reigns throughout the great multitude. The good order is considered marvelous, and the English officers watch in vain for any cause for arrests. But the people are under the influence of a master mind, and confidence in their leader makes them calm.

But he has difficult material to manage sometimes. There are young patriots in his audience who are burning with eagerness to fight for what

they want. To them O'Connell says, "Is it by force or violence that I shall gain this victory dear above every earthly consideration? No, perish the thought forever! I will do it by legal, peaceable, and constitutional means alone—by the electricity of public opinion, by the moral combination of good men, and by the enrollment of four millions of repealers."

But O'Connell was not allowed to finish his work. He was seized and imprisoned in spite of his care to do nothing against the law, and the object for which he labored has not yet been accomplished. But England has now a "grand old man" who is ashamed of the long course of dishonor his country has pursued toward Ireland, and is trying to obtain for it by constitutional means a Home Parliament at Dublin.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.—It has not been possible for some of Ireland's eager patriots to follow O'Connell's advice and refrain from fighting. They have hoped to compel the English to yield to their wishes by the force of arms, by secret plots, and by various other means that the great agitator denounced. He saw that it would only make matters worse, and it has. Many devoted lives have gone out on the scaffold for heading insurrections, and the whole country has suffered from the harsh measures that have been used to prevent further uprisings.

The world has seldom seen a more touching and peaceable protest against oppression than took place one cold December day in the city of Dublin. Men, women and children came from all the country round to join in a great funeral procession in honor of their countrymen who had been put to death by the government.

At eleven o' clock the ranks began to form and for hours the people marched through mud and rain; women in silks and women in calico, young children, and men of all ages. First in the lines came a company of five hundred respectably-dressed citizens, each man wearing on his left shoulder a green rosette and on his left arm a band of crape. Some had crape and green ribbons around their hats, or a broad green scarf around their shoulders, with shamrocks or a harp embroidered upon it.

Behind the five hundred came a couple of thousand of young children trudging manfully through the cold storms and the mud, and after the children a hundred young women. Then followed a company of elderly men, another of bricklayers all wearing green caps, and another of young men wearing crape hat-bands and green rosettes with harps in the centre. There were between four and five thousand of these. Next came about two thousand young women each one wearing some article of green, either a

shawl, bonnet, veil, dress or mantle. On all of these the rain kept pouring down and the mud was deep enough to have discouraged all ordinary patriotism, but not these young Irish women.

At some distance from the head of the procession came the three empty hearses each bearing the name of one of the martyrs whose bodies had been buried in dishonor in Manchester. Bands proceeded and followed each hearse, playing the dead march, and crowds of citizens lining the streets reverently lifting their hats as the hearses passed by.

The line of march led by the scaffold where Emmet was executed and the statue of O'Connell, at each of which the bands ceased playing and all marched by in silence with uncovered heads.

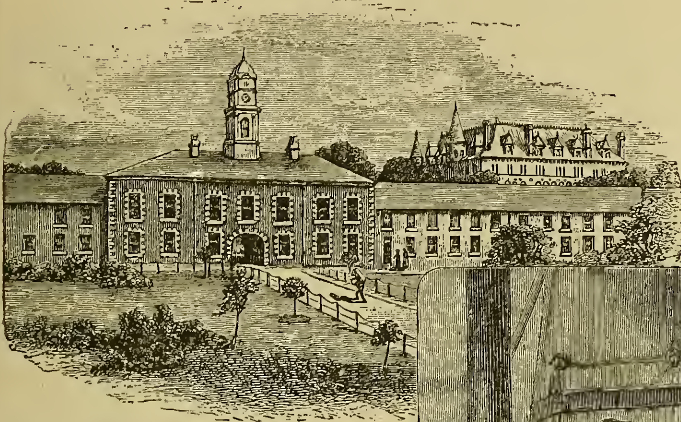
At the cemetery one of the leading men made a stirring address on the condition of Ireland, the death of their countrymen, and the object of the funeral procession ; but he urged them to refrain from any disorderly outbreaks and to go quietly to their homes, which they did.

Similar processions were arranged for other parts of Ireland, but they were prevented from being held by the English authorites, who feared that this wearing of the green would cause more insurrections.

The Famine.—While other lands are teeming with industry, humming with factories and covered with flourishing farms, Ireland is full of idleness, miserable shanties and want. The owner of a large estate, who is usually an English lord, lets out little patches to the Irish peasant at a price which would buy the same amount of land in America, and the tenant plants his little strip with potatoes, as that will furnish him with the largest quantity of food that can be raised on such a small space. When harvest time comes he must pay the rent before he can gather his crop. To raise this is the great struggle. He must often sell his pigs and cows before he can dig his potatoes, and should these turn out bad there is nothing between him and starvation. If his neighbors happen to be a little better off he can beg or borrow, but when, as was the case in 1847, everybody's potatoes are bad, then there is no hope.

For several years before this terrible time known as "the famine" the potato crop had been a failure, but this year there came a sudden blight upon all in the island. At first the people did not realize the terrible calamity that had befallen them, but it was not long before a despairing cry for bread arose. From every miserable, damp, unhealthy hovel the last article of furniture and clothing was sold to buy food, and when all was gone sickness and fever followed fast.

The living were too weak to bury their dead, and decaying corpses in almost every hovel caused an outbreak of fever which carried the survivors off by hundreds. Poor weak wretches dropped dead in the streets; half naked bodies lay unburied by the roadside, the market places were piled with coffined corpses which there was no one to bury.



LINEN HALL, BELFAST.

Mothers carried their dead infants about in their arms in the hope of obtaining a little charity from those who had plenty; for there were those in Ireland who had enough and to spare in the midst of all this wretchedness, and the suffering was increased by many a heartless landlord who seized what might have been sold for bread to make sure of his rents.

A gentleman who went to Ireland at the time to distribute food met one day two men driving several gaunt cows toward Letterbrick, and behind them the sorrowful half-starved owners. He inquired the trouble and was told that the cows were being taken to the

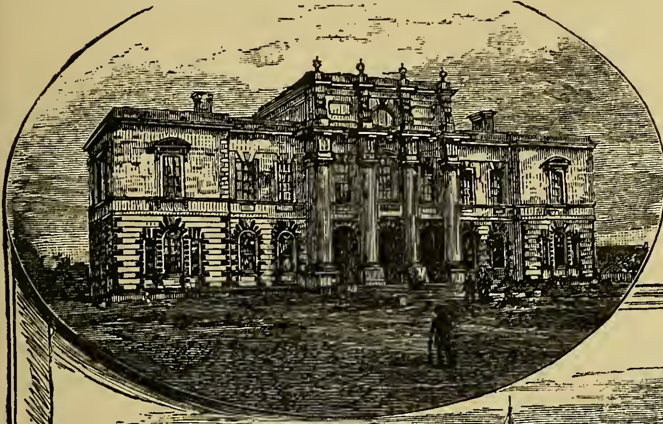
pound to be sold for rent, which the owners declared was not due till May; but the landlord said if he did not make sure of it the people would sell the cows and be off to America leaving the rent unpaid.

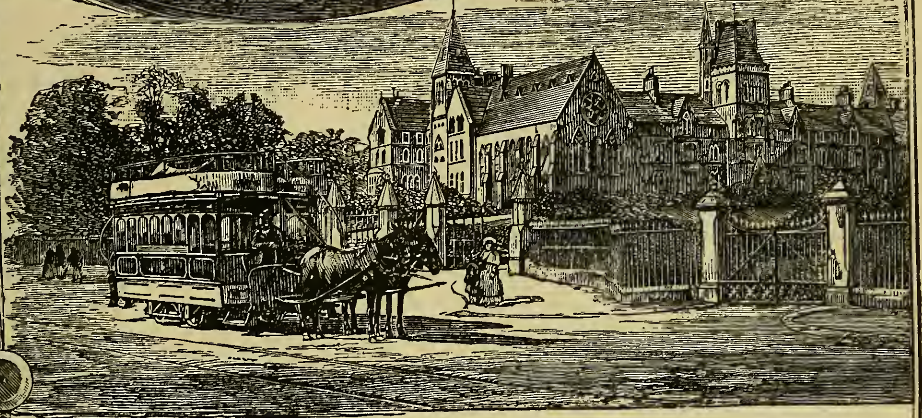
As the news of Ireland's terrible distress spread abroad people everywhere sent relief as fast as possible. Private individuals and associations gave money; a cargo of food was sent from the United States; and the English government made several large appropriations, amounting in all to ten millions of pounds. Seed too for another year was sent, and Ireland rose again from her affliction to carry on her struggle for existence.

THE LINEN TRADE.—More than a quarter of a million of people in the north of Ireland depend in some way or another upon the manufacture of linen, which was started there during the reign of Charles I. Fleets of coasters are occupied all the year round in carrying coals from the opposite shore of Great Britan for the use of the factories and bleach works; thousands of iron founders and engineers are working constantly at the construction and repair of machinery. Blacksmiths, tinsmiths, turners and carpenters are kept ever busy in furnishing the small articles needed. It is the linen manufactories that gives life and industry to the north of Ireland.

For many years the spinning and weaving and bleaching used to go on among the cottagers all around the great towns, but now the little whirring spinning wheels that used to enliven the firesides of Ulster are hushed, and the girls go into the great factories to superintend machines that do the work of hundreds of hand spinners. The bleaching too is now carried on by wholesale, and rapidly in large houses. Chemistry has stepped in and shown how the process may be greatly hastened. A piece of raw linen can now be bleached and made ready for market in twenty-four hours. Belfast is nearly surrounded by bleaching greens where strips of white linen are stretched upon the green grass making a very pretty picture. By using different kinds of chemicals a variety of shades can be produced according to the taste of the customers, for in linen,as in everything else,tastes differ. Some want a blue white, some a pink white,some pearl,snow,or dead white, some want it put up in plain packages, some in decorated ones. The English buyers want the very best quality of linen put up without fancy ornaments on the packages. Decorations arouse the suspicions of their customers in regard to the quality. A large packing house in Belfast once made the mistake of sending to a London linen-draper a bale of linen each piece of which bore a trifling ornament on the outside. The London men at once demanded a deduction on the amount of his bill because of the ornamented

linen. He had not dared to offer it to his customers and had to repack it and dispose of it as best he could. The Americans on the other hand want their linen done up in papers of the gayest colors to make it look attractive.





VIEWS IN BELFAST: PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE. METHODIST COLLEGE. QUEEN'S BRIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

SCOTLAND.

Scotland is the land of poetry and romance. It is also a land of wild glens, rugged mountains, blue haze and purple heather, all beautiful and charming, but their chief charm lies in the glamor of romance that has been thrown around them by story-tellers. Each loch, glen, and cave echoes with the tales of Highland Chief and Lowland warrior told by poet and minstrel from the days of Ossian, bard of Morven, to those of the great "Magician of the North" and the sweet singer of "Bonnie Doon."

The Great Glen.—Many pointed bays cut the coast of Scotland into jagged fragments; the four larger ones making great inroads into the land. Between the two northernmost, Murray Firth on the east and Firth of Lorn on the west, runs a great natural gap, which looks as if some gigantic Titan had split the mountains apart. A large part of this gap is the bed of Loch Ness and a few smaller lakes, and the hand of man has finished the work of the Titans by digging out the rest of the gap for the Caledonian canal, which connects all the lakes and forms a continuous passage from the North sea to the Atlantic.

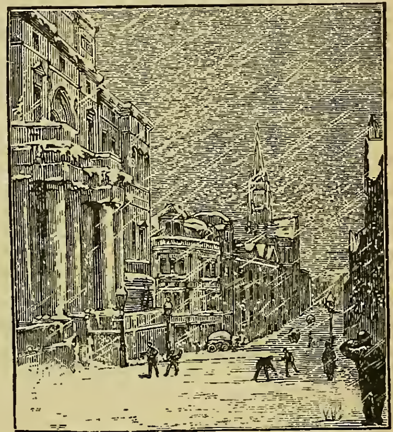
Along this course lies some of the wildest glen scenery in Scotland. Lake Ness, a long, narrow body of water, is here shut in by wooded shores and steep hills rising upon either side in bold lofty swells. The water of this lake is so deep that it never freezes; all winter, vapor rises from its surface and this has given rise to a belief that it rests upon a bed of fire. When the great earthquake occurred in Lisbon in 1755 the waters of this little lake tumbled about in the greatest confusion showing that it had some secret connection with the mysterious depths below.

Lake Locky, just below Lake Ness, is not quite half so long but its hills are loftier and rise more perpendicularly from the water. On its western shores lie the lands once owned by Donald Cameron, Chief of Lochiel, who, in Campbell's poem is warned by the wizard not to join Charles Edward

against the English. At the southern extremity of the great gap stands Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain.

GLENCO.—Just south of Ben Nevis, branching off from an arm of Loch Linne, is a wild little vale called Glenco. It is a most rugged and beautiful spot, at one extremity fertile and well wooded, at the other rocky and barren. The wildest portion is near the center where rises a mountain three thousand feet high, composed of perpendicular belts of dark cliffs piled one upon another until the top is lost to sight. Under the base of this mountain and overhung by its crags lies a small lake, the headwaters of the dashing Cona, upon whose banks the poet Ossian was born.

This grand but gloomy pass is now nearly without inhabitants. Wild eagles scream from the topmost crags, and goats climb about the rocks where once the powerful clan of the MacDonalds lived, peopling the glen with hardy life and simple happiness. But one of the darkest deeds in human history put an end to their happiness. When king William came from Holland to rule over Great Britan, some of the Scottish chiefs still held faithful to James II., who had been deprived of his throne. They said they had no dislike for William, but they considered James the rightful king. William first tried to buy and then to threaten the rebellious chiefs into submission. Some yielded, others stood out still. Among the last was MacIan, chief of the MacDonalds of Glenco.



A FAMILIAR BIT OF EDINBURG WEATHER.

At last a proclamation was sent out by the king saying that unless the chiefs signed a paper declaring their fealty to him before the first of January (1691), they would be punished with fire and sword. MacIan at first paid no attention to this, but finding that all of the other chiefs were giving in he at last, just a few days before the time had expired went to Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, to take his oath of allegiance. But this man he found had no right to receive the oath, and he must go to the Sheriff of Argyleshire at Inverary. This was some distance away, and though he hurried as fast as he could through stony and almost impassable roads, it was three or four days after the first of January before he reached the sheriff's house.

He presented to the sheriff a letter which Colonel Hill had given him explaining the delay, was allowed to take the oath and went home thinking that all would be well.

But MacIan had an enemy who had been watching for just this opportunity of striking a blow. This enemy was the powerful Lord of Stair, who had a great deal of influence with King William. By representing the MacDonald's as a most turbulent and troublesome people, and withholding, some say, from the king the knowledge of MacIan's late compliance with the proclamation, he obtained the king's signature to an order for the complete destruction of the whole clan.

The master of Stair sent the paper to Colonel Hill with orders to see that it was strictly carried out, and much as that officer would like to have saved the Highlanders he dared not disobey. A regiment was sent to the glen with additional directions from the cruel Stair, telling how to proceed so as to prevent suspicion until the passes were all secured that none could escape and then the orders were to put to death all under seventy, and not to trouble the government with prisoners.

At four o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth of February the terrible work began and was carried on as mercilessly as the master of Stair could wish, but a heavy fall of snow had prevented one body of troops from reaching the eastern passes and through these a few of the people escaped from their burning huts and savage foes. Half-naked they fled through the snow on the cold winter morning and many sunk to rise no more. But the weather was less pitiless than their terrible persecutors, and about a hundred and fifty men, women and children reached a place of safety.

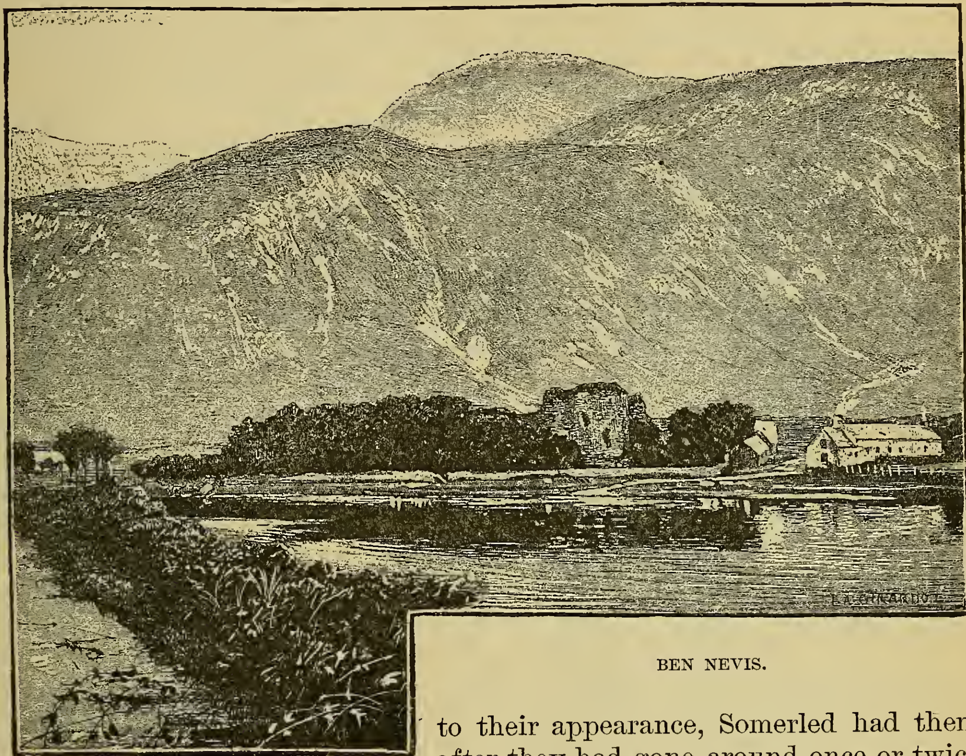
THE MEN OF MORVEN—At the southern extremity of the great glen, northeast of the Island of Mull from which it is separated by a narrow sound, lies the land of Morven, celebrated in the songs of Ossian. This land, now a part of Argyle, was once invaded by the Norwegians who had conquered the Orkneys, the Hebrides, and made several conquests in the north of Scotland.

There was living in one of the wild caves of Morven at the time a Scottish chief by the name of Somerled, who was urged by his followers to drive out the Norwegians.

He knew it would be useless to attempt this in open fight with his small force, so he planned a stratagem. He ordered a herd of cattle that were quietly pasturing in the valley to be slain and skinned, and with only this preparation awaited the approach of the Norsemen. "As soon as he saw

a portion of the foe in motion he caused his men to march several times round the hill where they lay descending each time into a small glen underneath, from which, unknown to the foe was a path leading to the summit on the other side.

When they appeared again on the top of the hill, the enemy took them for fresh forces. And to strengthen this impression, and add more terror



BEN NEVIS.

to their appearance, Somerled had them, after they had gone around once or twice, put on the cows hides changing the position and manner of wearing them after each round.

The trick was a success. The Norse, thinking that a whole army of Scots was preparing to attack them, they fell into a panic, and while the confusion lasted Somerled made a furious charge with his little band and completed the route.

Two of the Norse leaders were killed, and the third finding himself closely pursued, leaped into a boiling torrent. The place is still called "Leap of the

Chief." In a short time Somerled drove the Northmen from Morven, and became Thane of Argyle.

Fingal's Cave.—Just north of the entrance to the Firth of Lorn, at the southwestern extremity of the Great Glen is the island of Staffa, which contains the celebrated Fingal's cave. The whole island is full of caves, among which are the Scallopshell cave, and the Herdsman's cave; but the wonderful one is the cave of Fingal, whose huge jointed columns of basalt are as regular as if hewn out with square and chisel; its arched ceiling is like that of a great Gothic church, and the thundering of the waves as they roll in over the floor of the cave like the music of some huge organ.

Fingal, after whom this cave is supposed to be named, was a famous hero whose deeds are celebrated in the songs of his son, the bard of Morven.

Ossian was very proud of his father's valor, and his own too, for he was a warrior as well as a bard, and his songs are full of Fingal's praise and stories of his adventures. One is of an encounter Fingal once had with Starno, king of Lochlin.

Fingal, then a young man, and his heroes had had an encounter Starno, a Scandinavian chief, and beaten him, the only time says the story that ever the mighty Starno had been overcome. After capturing him, Fingal had generously restored him to his ships, and he had gone home vowing vengeance. After a while this chief sent a very flattering invitation to Fingal to come to a Feast in his halls.

He said Fingal was the fairest of warriors, and might marry his beautiful daughter, Agandecca.

Fingal accepted the invitation, taking only a few of his heroes with him.

Arrived at the hall of Starno the king proposed that they feast and hunt for three days before the wedding. Accordingly the following days were spent in hunting and in the evenings the harps were strung, and Fingal's bards praised the beauty of Starno's daughter, as well as the deeds of their chief. On the third day Agandecca warned Fingal that her father was plotting to take his life, and that he must that day beware of the wood where the braves of Lochlin were hid.

Fingal went on apparently the same as ever, his heroes by his side, but they were ready for the attack, and when it came had no trouble in overcoming the men of Starno. Then "the king's dark brows were like clouds. His eyes like meteors of night. 'Bring hither,' he cried, 'Agendecca to her lovely king of Morven! his hand is stained with the blood of my people; her words have not been in vain.'" !

" She came," says Ossian, " with the red eye of tears, with loosely flowing locks. Starno pierced her side with steel. She fell like a wreath of snow which slides from the rocks of Ronan.

" Then Fingal eyed his valiant chiefs ; his valiant chiefs took arms. The gloom of battle roared ; Lochlin fled or died. Pale, in his bounding ship, Fingal took the maid. Her tomb ascends on Ardven ; the sea roars round her narrow dwelling."

THE CLAN TARTANS.—The days of the Scottish clans are gone. No more the whistle of the chief, or the clang of his "bossy shield" calls his warriors about him to battle. His bonnet, plaid, and kilt-skirt have been laid aside for the hat, coat, and trousers of civilized Europe; though occasionally, in remote glens, one may still see a Highlander in full dress, bare knees, heavy leather purse and all.

HIGHLANDER PERFORMING THE NATIONAL DANCE.

Some who have adopted the new style of dress still make their clothes out of the old clan tartans, which in other days distinguished one band from another. The pattern of these tartans, the breadth and order of the stripes, as well as their precise shade and color, were all established many hundred years ago and still remain unaltered. The tribe distinction is still kept up though the clans are no longer in existence. The people still cherish the traditions, memories, and patriotic sentiments that the stripes of the Tartan once signified. It is said that the sight of his clan tartan in a foreign land will at once raise painful longings in the heart of a Scotchman.

Once there were no tartans except those appropriated by the particular clans for which they were originated, but now patterns are being invented and named after distinguished modern families. These are called fancy tartans in distinction from the old historic clan-tartans.

Some of the old patterns were very simple, that of the Macgregors, of whom Scott writes in "Rob Roy," was merely two red and black stripes of equal width crossing each other in regular order. The tartan of the Stuart clan was very complicated; the ground work was royal purple crossed with yellow, black, blue and green stripes woven in a very intricate manner. The shepherd's tartan is a black and white check.

The plaid is still a favorite garment. It is so "handy" the people say; it is easily carried, thrown over the shoulder, and when needed can be wrapped about whatever part the cold strikes.

THE DROVERS' DEPARTURE.—The Highlanders still assemble every year, and march down into England, but now it is to follow their droves of cattle to market, instead of their chiefs to battle. At the time appointed each owner of a herd sends the cattle he wishes to sell to the place of meeting in charge of a herdsman.

When the drove is all made up they start away for the long journey to the south. One of the men who knows all the roads through the wildest regions is chosen captain of the company or "topsman," and is paid a good price by the owners of the cattle for taking charge of the drove. He directs all the movements, transacts all the business, and is responsible for all losses.

The day when such a drove is to take its departure for the south is one of great importance in all the hills and glens of the neighborhood.

Landseer, the famous animal painter, has made a picture of the scene presented at such a time. It represents a young "topsman" taking leave of his family while the advanced divisons of the drove are moving off in the direction they are to take, with their drovers walking soberly after them.

The chief figure in the picture is that of the "Topsman" who in full traveling costume, his kilt on, his plaid over his shoulder, his sandals on his feet, and the "blue bonnet" on his head stands with his little son in his arms just outside the door of his cot. His wife is busy preparing his bottles for the journey, his old father, bent and wrinkled, has come out and sat down by the door to see him off. A young woman, an unmarried sister apparently, is wrapping a plaid about the old man to protect him from the sharp mountain air as he takes another look at the scene he has witnessed so often in his younger days. Farther back another bonnie lassie is saying

good-bye to a great strong "laddie." All around are the cattle that have not yet joined in the long line moving off toward the dark range of the Scotch highlands in the distance.

THE FIRTH OF CLYDE.—The boundary between the Highlands and the Lowlands, is marked by a second pair of arms extending into Scotland from the sea; on the east the Firth of Forth, the highway to Edinburgh,

GLASGOW.

the city of art and literature; on the west the Firth of Clyde leading to Glasgow, the city of trade and industry. The river Clyde, on which this great city stands, was only a narrow shallow stream at the beginning of the present century, but as the manufactories sprang up and trade grew the river was dredged until it can now admit large ships as far as Glasgow. Now the water fairly swarms with laden vessels, and with new ones just launched from the many dock-yards along its banks. More than a hundred large steamers can be counted in these yards at one time, some showing only

the frame work, like great skeletons, others all finished waiting to be painted, others ready to be launched.

And not only is the Clyde the birth-place of the great Cunard and other steamers of modern times, but also of the first steamer ever used in European waters. Five years after Fulton's *Clermont* was completed in New York, the *Comet*, built by Henry Bell, was launched upon the Clyde.

And not only this, but the steam engine itself here grew from a mere toy to a propelling power. It was on the bleaching green of Glasgow that James Watt was walking one Sunday afternoon when the idea he had been trying for months to find flashed into his head. He went home to work upon his model—the little toy engine—and in a short time it was ready to propel Fulton's boat.

Ben Lomond.—Passing from the Clyde to the north by way of the short winding stream that connects it with Loch Lomond, the traveler soon comes out upon that prince of Scotland's lakes, surrounded by beautiful scenery and historic places. At its northern end rises the stately head of Ben Lomond, not as high as Ben Nevis, who guards the Great Glen, but more highly honored because he watches over the far-famed scenes of "the Lady of the Lake."

Most of the time Ben Lomond keeps his head covered with a cap of mist, but occasionally he doffs it, and then, if one is fortunate enough to be on his summit a fine view may be enjoyed. At the foot of the mountain lies Loch Lomond, smooth as a sheet of glass, and although three thousand feet below, every island is perfectly distinct. On the east eight successive mountain chains may be seen rising each one higher than the last; on the south the river Clyde and Dunbarton castle, farther on the ocean and the Isle of Arran.

On the western side of Lomond are two celebrated caves, one of which once sheltered Scott's hero, Rob Roy, from the English; and the other, Robert Bruce, from the same enemies many years earlier. Only a short distance from Lomond is the narrow pass of Dalry, through which Bruce was passing with his men when the followers of the Lord of Lorn fell upon him. He had sent his men on ahead while he staid behind to guard the rear. Seeing him alone three of the Lorn men vowed that they would kill or capture him. All three, a father and his sons, rushed upon him, one seizing his bridle and another his leg.

With one blow of his sword he cut off the hand that grasped his rein. At the same time he gave his horse a stab with his spur, making it leap so

LOCH LOMOND.

that the man who had seized his leg was thrown under the horse, another blow of his powerful sword felled this second assailant just as the third grasped him by the mantle and held him so close that he could not use his long sword. But a heavy hammer hung at his saddle bow and with this he struck his last enemy a death blow. The dying man, however, did not loose his clasp on Bruce's mantle, and not being able to wrench it away, Bruce undid the clasp and rode off without it to this cave, where he passed the night.

The descendants of the house of Lorn always kept this mantle as a trophy, showing how nearly Robert Bruce came to being captured by their ancestors.

Ellen's Isle.—It is doubtful if Sir Walter Scott imagined when writing "The Lady of the Lake" that hundreds of people would go over the scene of his poem, guide book in hand, tracing out the very spots over which he took his characters. So real has he made all his story seem, that the sides of Ben Voerlich, to the northeast of Loch Lomond, seem yet to echo with the bay of the hounds and the horn of huntsmen as they startled the noble stag from his heathery couch that bright morning. Eagerly the visitor follows the course of the stag to the Teith at whose flooded waters some of the huntsmen drew back, and to little lake Achray, just east of Loch Katrine where the poor animal thought it would find safety. Here the bristling crags of the Trosachs begin, whose heights were too much for Fitz James' gallant gray, and in whose deep glens the stag soon found a safe refuge from the panting hounds.

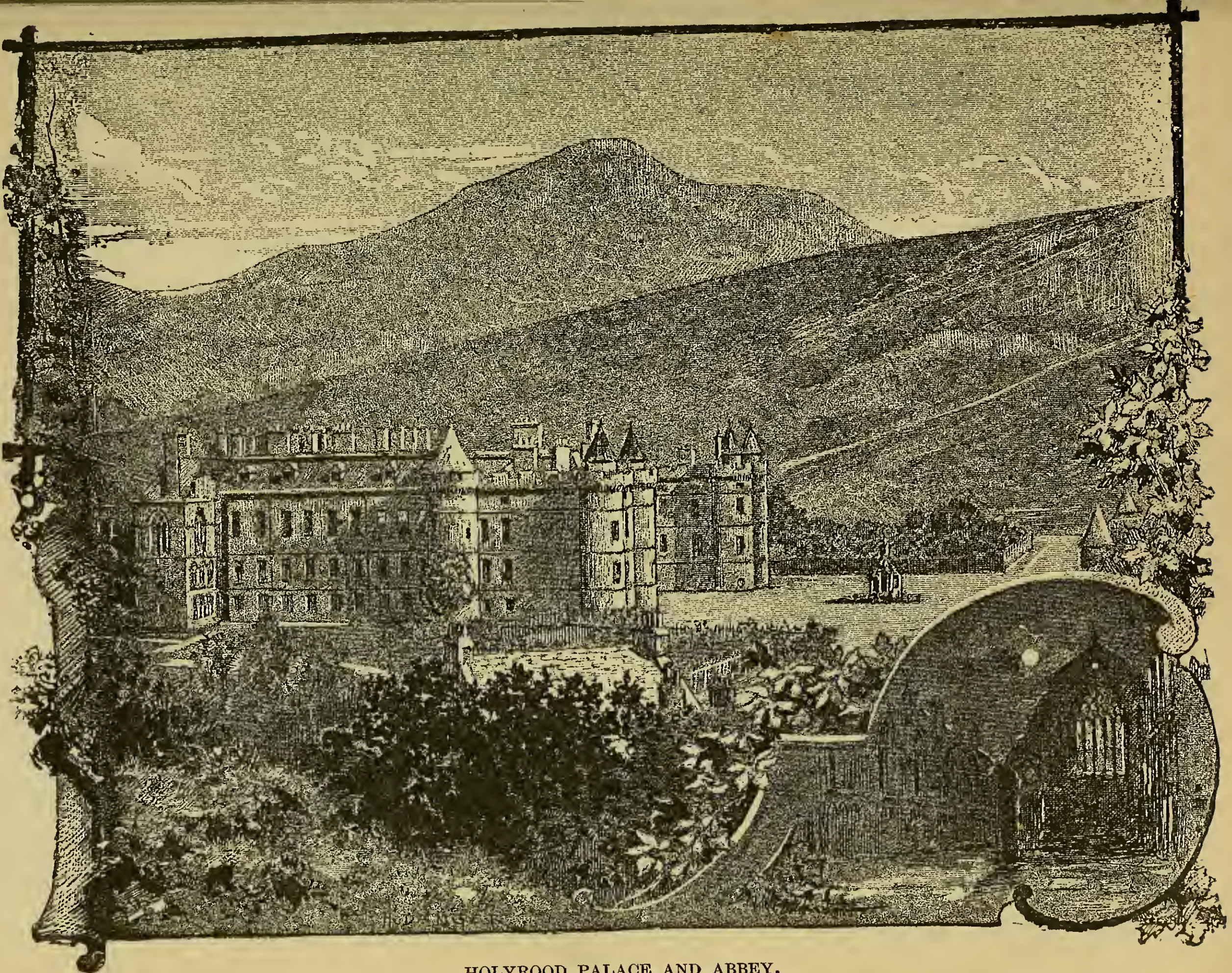
The "thunder splintered pinnacles" of the Trosach astonish the passer-by as they did Fitz James, who often paused bewildered and amazed before he issued from the glen by climbing the "far projecting precipice" and saw Loch Katrine rolled out beneath him "in all her length far winding."

From this high rock, at the eastern extremity of the lake, one can see just such an island as the one from which the light skiff shot towards Fitz James in answer to his horn.

To make the scene still more real a lady once built upon the rocky isle a rustic bower, such a one as Scott described the home of Ellen to be, but a careless visitor's cigar destroyed the pretty tribute to Sir Walter's genius.

The usual route of the traveler lies from Loch Lomond to the western extremity of Loch Katrine and then by steamer to the eastern side, through the Trosachs and then on to Stirling. In going this way he passes "Ben Ledi's living side," where the armed host sprang up at Roderick's signal, and again as quickly disappeared at a wave of their chieftain's hand, and further on at the end of the glen Coilantogle's ford where Fitz James laid the haughty chieftain low after the desperate fight.

Stirling Castle—The fiercest struggles in the history of Scotland have taken place in the vicinity of Stirling, just southeast of Loch Katrine. From the terrace of the high rock on which the castle stands twelve battlefields may be seen. Lying as it does at the foot of the Highlands it has



HOLYROOD PALACE AND ABBEY.

formed the boundary line of invasion from the south. The rocky hiding places in the north offered sure retreats to the northern chieftains and dangerous surprises to the southern invaders. Across this portion of the island the Romans stretched their furthest wall of defense; here the Saxon march was stayed, and here the English left many of their bravest soldiers.

Just above the town of Stirling, on Abbey Crag, William Wallace took up his camp and called his countrymen to resist the English. It was not long before their foes appeared on the southern side of the river and sent a pompous message offering pardon to all who would lay down their arms.

"Go back to the Earl of Warren," said Wallace, "and tell him that we value not the pardon of the English king. We are not here to talk of peace, but to fight for the freedom of our country. Let the English come on, we defy them to their beards."

The English came on, but when half had crossed the narrow bridge Wallace swept down upon them and drove into the river all who were not slain on the spot.

Farther away to the southeast of Stirling lies Falkirk, where Wallace was sorely defeated the next year, deserted by the jealous Scottish nobility; but nearer by only about three miles from the Castle lies the glorious field of Bannockburn, where the persevering Bruce destroyed the flower of the English army and obtained the long desired freedom.

The castle itself has been a bloody place. It was here that James II. of Scotland slew with his own hand the Earl of Douglas after inviting him there on a visit, in seeming friendliness.

The Gudeman of Ballengiech—There are some pleasant scenes, as well as bloody ones connected with the old castle of Stirling; one of these is the story of James V., the "Fitz James" of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." This king had a habit of going about the country in disguise in order to see more of the ways of his people than he could when appearing among them in his true character.

When out upon these rambles he always called himself the, "Goodman of Ballengiech:" *goodman* meant a tenant, and *Ballengiech* was the name of a steep pass down the rock at the back of Stirling Castle. Only a few of the nobility knew the secret of the Goodman of Ballengiech.

One time when he was out alone he fell into a quarrel with some gypsies and four or five of them began to give him a beating. While he was defending himself as best he could with his sword a poor man who was thresh-

ing corn in a barn near by came out and seeing one man beset by a number decided to take his part. So he went at the gypsies with his flail and they were soon obliged to leave. He then took the stranger into the barn, brought him a basin of water and a towel that he might wash the blood from his face, and when he was ready to go walked with him toward the castle.

On the way James asked the man his name, and whether there was anything which he would particularly like to have. The man said his name was John Howieson, that he was a bondsman on a farm that belonged to the king of Scotland, and that he should be perfectly happy if he owned the farm. John then inquired of the stranger his name. James answered as usual that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, who had some work to do about the palace and ended by inviting John to come and see him the following Sunday.

MARY STUART.

On the day appointed John came dressed in his best. James had given orders that he should be admitted and received him in the same dress he had worn when out on his journey. He showed John about the palace, and finally asked if he would like to see the king. John confessed that he should like nothing better, but feared the king would be offended. Assured that all would be right, he then wished to know how he should be able to tell the king from the nobles who would be around him.

"Easily," said his companion, "all the others will be bareheaded, the king alone will keep his bonnet on."

As they entered the hall John looked in vain for the king, everybody was bareheaded but himself and the Goodman of Ballengiech.

I told you you would know him by his wearing his hat," said James, "Well then," said John, "it must be either you or me, for everybody else is bareheaded."

James was much amused at this speech, but he gave the poor man a great pleasure in return, for he assured him that the farm he was working should be his on only one condition, that was that he should always have a basin of water for the king to wash his hands in when he came that way.

HOLYROOD—Upon the heights of Edinburgh stands the palace of Holyrood begun by James V., and completed during the reign of his daughter Mary Queen of Scots. It was here she passed the few years of her troubled reign before going to Elizabeth for protection and death. Her private room still remains just as she left it. The royal curtains about the bed are old and faded and the furniture rickety with age, but it will always be looked upon with great interest as long as the story of "the unfortunate queen" remains upon the page of history. Adjoining the palace is the abbey where she was married to Lord Darnley, and in one of the rooms she was at supper when her jealous husband entered with his ruffianly followers, seized her Italian priest and before her eyes stabbed him to death while he was begging her protection.

In another room are the portraits of the kings of Scotland, and among them a portrait of Mary; it represents a proud but beautiful face, the admiration of all who behold it.

A short distance from Holyrood Palace is the noted castle of Edinburgh, where occurred an event that put an end to the troubles between England and Scotland, the birth of Mary's son, James VI. He inherited the crowns of both countries, and thus effected what no force of arms could ever have done, the reunion of Scotland and England. Another room in the castle contains the now useless regalia of Scotland, the golden crown, the sceptre, and the sword, the cause of so many long years of misery and bloodshed.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.—Southeast of Edinburgh, on the Tweed, is a fine old abbey that was built by Robert Bruce after he became king of Scotland, and under which his heart is buried. This famous abbey of Melrose has long stood in ruins, its chancel open to the sky, its walls overgrown with ivy and its crumbling arches inhabited by rooks. Its greatest fame was received at the hands of Scott, who made it the scene of a passage in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Here he used to sit on one of the broken arches, while the moonlight streamed over the moss-covered

ruin, and muse on the tales of the old minstrels until he was ready to pour forth his story about the last of the old bards and the Magic Book.

All over Scotland, Ireland and England the bards were once great favorites. Every chief had one or more in his household, and the people used to welcome to their firesides wandering ones who entertained the company with many a song and jest after the evening meal. So popular were they in England during the reign of Henry V. that he took eighteen with him when he went to France, and paid them each twelve pence a day.

After a while minstrels went out of fashion and long before Sir Walter's day they had come to be looked upon with contempt.

ABBOTTSFORD.

This was owing no doubt to the unfit ones who entered the profession in its prosperous days for gain, and by becoming mere jokers brought minstrelsy into disgrace. But Scott had a great admiration for the genuine bards of old. He hunted up all their old stories and from these poured out new ones that have enchanted the world ever since. It seems as if all the old poetic fire in

the Scottish bards before him was renewed in this the last one of their race.

Scott's home at Abbottsford has been the Mecca of his admirers ever since the weary old writer left it. Here in his private study stands his desk with the inkstand still upon it, and the chair before it as though he he had but just gone out for a moment. It is with a feeling of reverence, almost awe, that one looks around this place where the noble old man labored until the pen dropped from his hand to pay the debt in which his dishonest partners had involved him.

About half way between the ceiling and the floor is a small wire balcony running around the room and above it the walls are lined with books. A door opening from the balcony leads into the little bedroom from which he often came down at night and worked while the family slept. In a little closet where he kept his manuscript are the clothes he last wore, his cane, and his belt, to which a hammer, a small axe and his sword are attached.

In rooms adjoining the study are many curious old relics collected by him from all parts of the world, besides costly presents from kings and nobles, and some fine paintings. Among the antiquities are old suits of armor, instruments of torture, Rob Roy's gun and purse, Napoleon's writing case, and the offering box of Queen Mary; also an amusing pen and ink sketch of Queen Elizabeth dancing the Highland Fling when sixty years of age.

Scotland may well be proud of her "Magician of the North," he has covered her glens and mountains with subtle charms and made the name of Scotchman a passport into good favor wherever he goes.

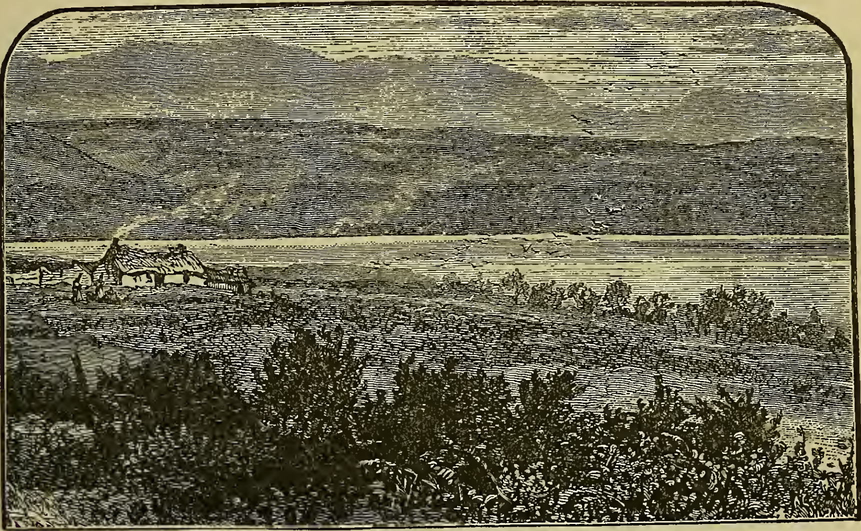
The Field of Culloden.—Poetic genius has made famous a spot in the north of Scotland near the coast of Murray Firth. It was the scene of a great battle, but this did not give it the interest that the poet Campbell gave it when he wrote "Lochiel's Warning." The "field of the dead" that the old wizard saw in his prophetic vision was Culloden moor, near Murray Firth, a short distance northeast of Inverness.

Charles Edward Stuart, a grandson of James II., came to Scotland to ask the chiefs to help make his father, the son of the dethroned James, king of England. The Highlanders, who had always taken the part of the Stuarts, rose around the young prince with something of the old enthusiasm with which their ancestors had followed Bruce and Wallace in days gone by.

On they went to Edinburgh and defeated the English at Preston-Pans. In thirteen days they had taken Carlisle, Penrith, Kendall, Lancaster, Man-

chester and Derby. The people of London were wild with terror, many collected their property and left the city. Vessels were ready to carry the king to Hanover. The Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister, shut himself up in his room for two days to determine whether he should stand by King George or declare for James, so certain did it seem that the exiled King would win.

But the powerful Duke of Cumberland had raised 30,000 men and was now at Finchley, and the Scottish princes who had only 6,000 thought it best to retreat toward Scotland. Some think this was a mistake on



CULLODEN MOOR.

their part, for the English had such a terror of the valiant Scots that a victory for James would have been almost certain if they had fought. But they retreated, and the Duke hastened after them to Inverness.

And now Charles made another mistake. He took his men upon an all night march that he might surprise the forces of the Duke. He would not wait to seek a strong-hold in the mountain as the chiefs urged. But with men worn-out by a long march, faint for want of food and sleep, he put himself in the way of the powerful forces of the Duke. Still, say some, he might have won had not the MacDonald clan became offended and refused

to fight because they were not placed on the right, the place they had always occupied in the Scottish army since Bannockburn.

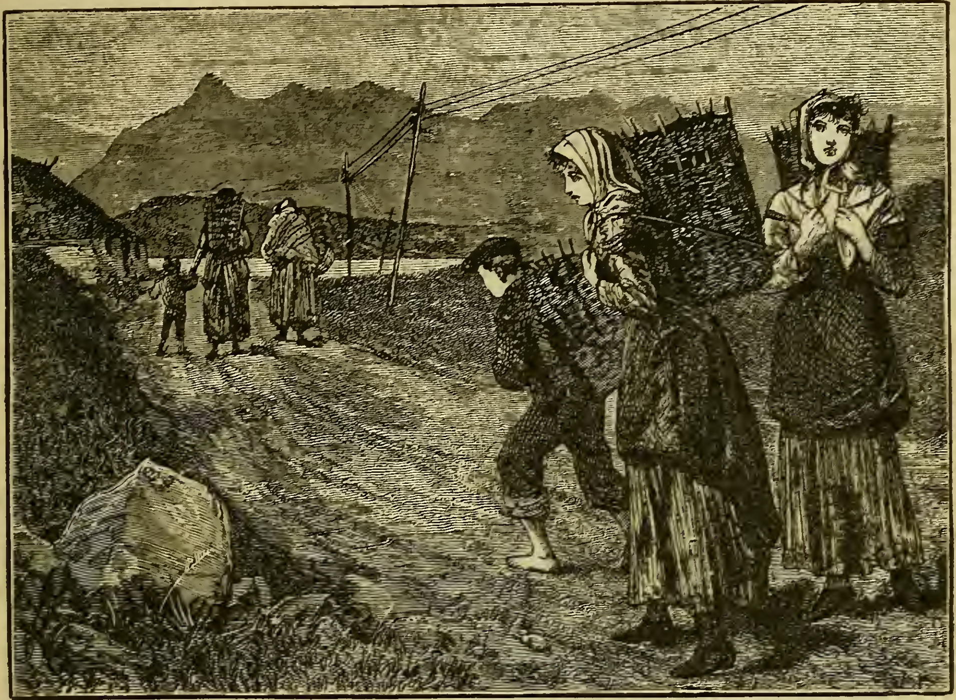
All the horrors foreseen by the wizard were more than fulfilled in the battle that followed. Terrible was the slaughter of the brave Scots and terrible the cruelties of the heartless Duke of Cumberland after the struggle was over. The wounded were stripped of their clothing and left upon the field from Wednesday until Friday and then they were put to death with savage cruelty. Some had found refuge in a barn, and this the Duke ordered burned while soldiers were stationed around it with fixed bayonets.

CHARLES EDWARD.

On the battle-field is the site of an old smithy which is believed to have been the only building upon the ground when the battle was fought. The smith, it is said, had no desire to take part in the battle, but when he saw the havoc being made among his countrymen he snatched up the shaft of a cart and rushing out into the thickest of the fight struck down every Englishman within reach of his tremendous weapon. His exploits attracted the attention of the English cavalry and soon such numbers began to gather about him that he was obliged to fly. He took the road toward Inverness and after turning upon and slaying several of his pursuers was at last killed. The spot where he fell is still pointed out by the country people.

Among the slain was the valiant Lochiel who refused to heed the wizard's warning.

THE LOBSTER FISHERS.—The rain and mist and sharp mountain air of Scotland have made a brave and hardy race of her people, both men and women. Particularly is this the case in the Hebrides, where the inhabitants are not only finely formed and handsome, but well-read and gentle and courteous in their manners, though their occupation obliges even the women to expose



PEAT GATHERERS.

themselves to dangers and hardships. One traveler tells of a woman who was the best pilot and sailor on the coast.

All the men not only greatly respected her, but were ready to obey her, so that she was quite the king of the district where she lived. And this woman had saved several vessels from shipwreck.

One of the chief occupations in the northern Hebrides, off the island of Lewis especially, is that of the lobster fishers. Their boats may be seen beating about the dangerous islets in the stormiest of weather. Each one

carries a crew of four, and from twelve to twenty lobster creels, which are baited and lowered about fifteen fathoms with a cork buoy to mark the place where they are left. When, one after another, all have been quietly dropped, the fishers wait until they think the creatures below have had time to taste their dinners; then they begin where the first was let down and draw them up. Eagerly they peer in upon the contents as soon as the creel rises above the water, for it is not everyone that brings up a fine high-priced lobster.

There will always be a few adventurous crabs who have crashed their broad backs through the ring of the creel, or a sea-serpent or a huge star fish with its thousand brilliant mouths sucking dilligently at the bait. Perhaps a large tangle is drawn to the surface bringing with it a piece of the bottom of the ocean round which its roots are clinging. Over it numerous small shell fish are running to and fro in their awkward attempts at walking.

Sometimes a fowl of the air is brought up from the bottom of the sea, a daring cormorant who has plunged down for his dinner and caught his death in the traps. But a big red lobster with his great nippers helplessly dangling makes the fishermen's eyes sparkle.

A skillful cut severs the muscle of his dangerous weapons, and then he is carefully wrapped in an oilskin to keep him from the wind or shower which his delicate constitution cannot stand. Each must also be kept from his neighbor or a combat takes place which disfigures one or the other for market.

The life of a lobster fisher is no child's play. He must keep his line constantly set for bait, for the red dragon of the deep requires always the very choicest; he must be out early so as to be the first on the ground, and stay late so as to watch his property; he must be ready to row for dear life in the stormy gale and to take advantage of every change in the weather, and after all his hard work he earns hardly enough to keep him comfortable.

The Fisherman's House.—For mile beyond mile the island of Lews is covered with peat bog or overgrown by wet moss and grasses. Everywhere gray, scattered fantastic masses of rocks push their barren summits up through the black dank peat and scant herbage.

Everywhere the earth is moist and gleaming with dark, peat-stained stagnant water. Noisy trout streams run sparkling along over loose stones and pebbles, or flow silently between cliffs and chasms of cold, gray granite. Tiny locks and tarns nestle in the hallows at the foot of every crag sometimes lashed to fury by the wind which drives and whistles pitilessly over the

sterile land, till they break in foam-crested waves on their small stony shores. Not a tree is to be seen, not a shrub or flower.

No bees hum, no birds sing, only the mournful cry of the sea-gull or curlew is heard. Small herds of sheep or West Highland cattle may be seen grazing on the scanty grass, tended by bare-legged children, or an occasional group of women or girls carrying on their backs great baskets full of peat. At long intervals one comes upon a few beehive shaped, straw thatched huts, many of them windowless and most of them chimneyless, the homes of the poor fisherman.

Into one of these an English lady once took refuge from a storm and thus describes what she saw:

FISHERMEN'S HUTS.

"As I entered the low doorway, the darkness within was so great that for a minute or two I could see nothing, but soon the ruddy glow from the peat-fire illuminated the room and its occupants. I saw there a

long lofty shed whose slanting roof was thatched with straw and fastened down by ropes attached to heavy stones.

"There were neither windows nor chimney, the smoke from the fire finding its escape through the various holes in the well ventilated roof, through which the continuous drizzling rain freely entered, making little pools all over the smooth-trodden mud floor.

"The shed was divided into two parts, the smaller end being the common sleeping room, the larger the house-keeping place for the whole family, which included two cows, two sheep, and a score of ducks, hens, and chickens that were quacking, clucking and picking all over the floor in company with several small children and a baby.

"As I stood, wet and forlorn, in the door-way, a woman rose from a wooden bench in a dark corner and came toward me, inviting me in a soft musical voice to enter and take shelter. She was very tall and slight, and I saw by the flickering firelight that she was handsome, with a dark gentle face and large soft eyes.

"I saw also that she was weeping, and I heard sobs from some hidden region in the darkness beyond. I hesitated about intruding on a family trouble, but the woman laid her hand on my arm and assured me that I was welcome.

"Presently as my ear caught the sound of another stifled sob from the room beyond, I said to the woman, 'You are in trouble; is there anything I can do?'

"'No,' she answered, wiping her eyes, 'it is the herring fishery. Seven of our Lews men haf not been heard of whatever; there haf been awful storms here, and off the coast by Aberdeen, and seven men haf not come back at all. One of them wass my daughter's laddie; and to-day it is she wass to haf gone home to him in Stornoway as his married wife, and now'—and she hid her face and wept.

"I left the place," continued the lady, "picking my way through the slushy road with my heart heavy for those I was leaving behind, and thinking pitifully of the many dangers encounted by the men who ply their perilous trade on the storm tossed waters of the Hebrides."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NETHERLANDS.

The Low Countries of Europe, the *Neder-lands*, are as wonderful as the famous hanging gardens of Babylon. They are the work of human hands. They have been snatched from the ocean piece by piece, shut in with massive walls, and cultivated until there is no spot in the world so fertile as the rich meadows and blooming gardens of Holland and her sister states.

A great part of the surface of the Netherlands lies below the level of the sea; or above low water, and below high water mark, so that an ancient writer said of it, "the ocean pours in its flood twice every day, and keeps one always in doubt as to whether the country is really a part of the continent, or a part of the sea."

The barbarous tribes who were first found in these morasses used to build their huts on top of stakes or little sand hills. "When the sea rises," said the same old writer, "they look like sailors, when it retires they seem as though they had been shipwrecked."

But these ancient people were brave and hardy; they fought with terrific force against their human enemies, and, after a while, they began to wage war on their watery foes. Like Canute of old, they said to the ocean "Thus far shalt thou go and no further," but unlike him they caused their commands to be obeyed.

The Dykes.—From the mouth of the Ems to those of the Scheldt the Netherlands is a great fortress showing to its enemy, the sea, only the tops of its towers and the roofs of its houses. Its defenses are huge walls of stone, timber and earthworks, built at a cost of money and labor that has astonished the world. These dykes are so high in some places that ships in the water outside sail along above the houses.

One can go all through the island of Zealand without seeing it; it is hidden behind the dykes that enclose the canals. On the western coast of Walcheren is a dyke that has cost enough to buy its weight in solid cop-

per. Friesland is nearly surrounded by dykes and all the large cities have their protecting walls.

And all of these great works have been built under the greatest difficulties. The country furnished nothing for the builders to work with, no stone, no iron or metal of any kind, no wood,—the forests had all been destroyed by tempests—no anything. But the people taxed themselves out of their scanty stores to buy what was needed, they bought granite and timber from Norway and toiled and struggled against every difficulty until now they are safely walled in from the ocean by miles of solid masonry against which the sea dashes in fury, but in vain; it can find no entrance.

And yet all is not safe behind those thick walls without constant watching. The currents formed by the outflowing rivers and the inflowing tides gnaw at the base of the dykes until they are ready to crumble. To watch them and keep them in repair is the work of a class of men called water engineers, who are educated and hired by the country for this special business. They are called water engineers and they are supposed to know all about dykes, sluices, flood-gates and water works of all kinds, even water-spouts and tempests. With this standing army at their posts night and day, a constant supply of wicker work, piles, and stones always on hand, with alarm bells in every steeple and people ready to rush out at the first signal to place mats of straw, rushes and sail cloths on the threatened spot until the danger is over, the Dutch can feel just about secure. It has been several years since they have been visited with any very terrible inundations, such as have come upon them in former times. One time a great deluge was caused by an unusually strong gale that, blowing for several days swept the waters of the Atlantic up into the North sea and piled them with such force against the dykes that they burst in every direction. The one between Amsterdam and Meyden was broken in twelve pieces. Another, made of oaken piles fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors, and secured by gravel and granite, was snapped like a thread. The ocean poured in with terrible fury; whole districts of land with all their villages, farms, and churches were torn out of their places and borne along by the waves, to be lodged perhaps in another part of the country. The steeples and towers of the cities that stood firm became islands in an ocean of waters. Ships were driven in from the sea and beaten to pieces against the roofs and walls of houses, or became entangled in orchards and groves. Everywhere were men, women, and children, horses and cattle struggling in the waves. Some found a refuge in the branches of trees or in churches until boats

STREET SCENE, HOLLAND.

could be sent out to their rescue, but fully one hundred thousand people were drowned.

The Lady's Sand.—The rivers of the Netherlands have cost as much labor as the sea. With the mud brought down by the currents they choke up their mouths and then break out into new channels paying no regard to the houses that stand in the way. But the Dutch have stopped these ravages by walling the rivers in with dykes and keeping their mouths open by dredging. The monsters sometimes break out in rebellion in winter, and then a strange battle is fought. The water bursts from under the ice and throws it up against the dykes in huge masses that reach across the river and form a dam. In a little while the water would overflow and wash away the dykes, but the watchful engineers are prepared to ward off the danger.

They bring up loaded cannon within range of the ice dam and open a fire upon the frozen towers and pinnacles until they give way. With considerable pride a Dutchman once said, "I think we are the only nation who fight their rivers with cannon."

Before the Hollanders had learned how to control their watery enemies so well, constant changes were going on in the shape of the country. In some places the sea would cut off a piece of the mainland and make an island of it; in others it would sink away and join an island to the continent; here it would sweep in and wash away cities and then retire and leave far inland those that once stood upon the shore. The rivers too added to the general confusion by changing their channels and blocking up their harbors with sand.

It was probably the last of these causes that gave rise to a curious story about the town of Stavoren, a city that once had a good harbor and carried on a thriving trade.

According to the story there once lived in the town a rich widow whose wealth was so great that she knew not how much she was really worth. As is quite often the case, her riches made her cross and saucy. One day she loaded a ship for Dantzig and ordered its master to bring back the most exquisite and rare produce in exchange for the goods she sent. The master found in Dantzig nothing better to his mind than grain, so he loaded his vessel with that and returned to Stavoren. But the widow was so displeased with the cargo that she ordered him to throw it into the sea. He did as he was bid and instantly a great sand bank arose, so high that it blocked the harbor, and no ships have since been able to enter the port of Stavoren. This bank is there yet and is called "the Lady's Sand." Since then the town has lost its traffic.

Canals.—As in ancient times a victorious army made slaves of their captives, so the Dutch have made servants of the conquered waters. All over the Netherlands there is a net-work of canals running from city to city, from village to village, and from house to house. Even the individual farmers have little private canals around their fields and gardens serving as boundary-wall, hedge, and roadway. They carry their produce to market, not in a great lumbering wagon drawn by horses, but in private boats drawn sometimes by horses, sometimes by the farmer and his wife.

Besides the private boats and rafts there are in Holland the *treckschuyten*, or stage boat, which go from place to place carrying passengers, small freight, letters or messages. The owner with his family live in the boat, and passengers making long trips make themselves perfectly at home; the women knit, or sew, the men sit on the top and smoke. As night comes on and the boat glides like a shadow through the sleeping villages, hiding behind trees and shrubbery or skimming along in the silvery moonlight, the passengers, lulled by the stillness and gentle motion, doze off to sleep as comfortably as if in their beds at home.

In winter the canals become highways for skates and sledges. The farmer glides along to market on his skates, the laborer to his work, the shopkeeper to his counter, the peasant girl to town with milk for her customers. Whole families go on skates from the country to the city carrying bags or baskets or drawing them on sleds. Skating is as easy and natural with them as walking, and they attain a speed that is quite wonderful. Women and girls dart along like arrows. People skate from the Hague to Amsterdam and back the same day. University students leave Utrecht in the morning, dine at Amsterdam at noon, and get back to the college before night.

The first day on which the canals and basins are frozen solid enough for skating is a grand gala day. Early in the morning the joyful news is announced in the city, the journals publish it, the boys shout it, rushing excitedly about the streets, the servants are given a day out, even old ladies forget their years and go to the canals to gossip with their friends and see the sports.

Meanwhile a crowd gathers upon the ice, and together, ladies and servants, students, officers, boys, old men and sometimes a prince, mingle in a giddy whirling crowd. Some cut curious figures on the ice, some dart backward on one leg, others twist and twine in a hundred dizzy whirls within one small space, bending, crouching, or standing straight upright, like puppets moved by strings.

Sleds and sledges of every form and size gather upon the ice,—some pushed from behind by a skater, some drawn by horses, some moved by two iron-shod sticks held in hands of the persons seated in the sledges; quantities of carriages and vehicles of different sorts are deprived of their wheels and placed on runners. Even boats and other vessels with flying rigging are thus furnished with runners and sail along much more swiftly than when traveling in their usual manner.

Gay festivals and exciting races are held upon the ice. The snow is swept off; cafes, eating-houses, pavilions and small theatres rise on every side, brightly lit at night, and surrounded by throngs of skaters. The best citizens from all around gather to see the racing. Masts and banners are planted along the canal, stands and railings are put up, and good music is provided. The names of the winners are faithfully recorded and they are famous people ever afterward.

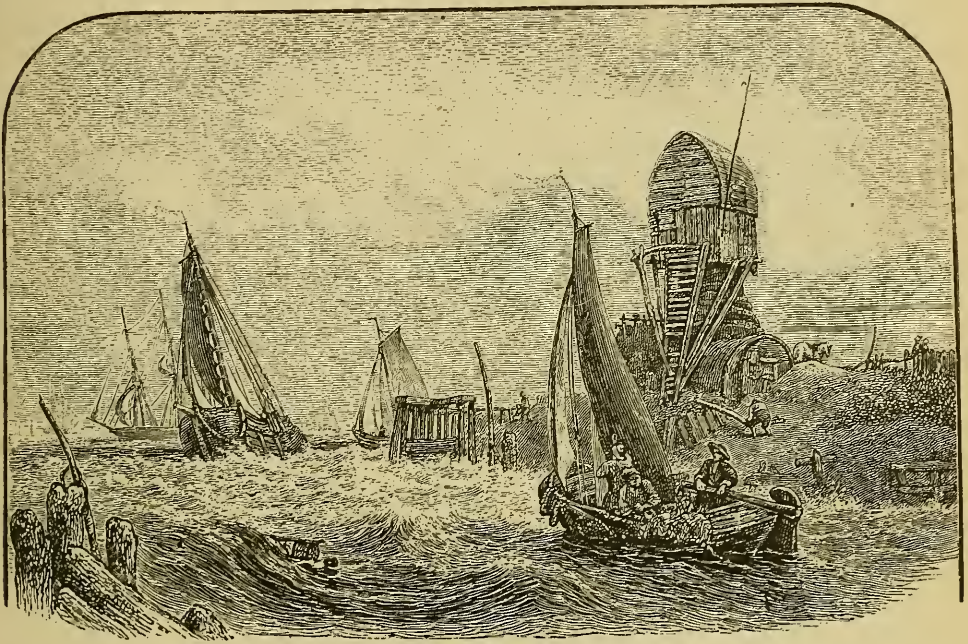
Haarlem Meer and Zuyder Zee.—Upon any map of Holland made more than fifty years ago will be found a large body of water lying southwest of Amsterdam, called Haarlem Lake, but no visitor to Holland now will be able to find it. It is another conquest. The people, not the sea, are now changing the geography of their country.

The lake was formed more than three hundred years ago by a terrible inundation that swept away a number of villages, and left this body of water covering about forty-five acres of land. The thrifty Hollanders after a while began to think it a great waste to have so many good acres occupied by useless water, and moreover the lake was constantly threatening their lives by overflowing its banks, so they resolved to drain it. A high bank was built up around it and three huge draining machines set to work, each of which drove eleven monstrous pumps. For four years the engines puffed steadily away day and night sucking up the water, and sending it out to the ocean through sluices. Then the lake became dry land and now there are handsome dwellings, rich flourishing farms where once the salt sea dashed about at its pleasure. The sturdy conquerors sit calmly down by their door-sides and smoke their pipes in peace and plenty with the imprisoned waters flowing obediently along above their heads.

This undertaking has been such a success that the Dutch are now planning a greater one, the draining of the Zuyder Zee. This great body of water was also snatched by the ocean in one or two terrible sweeps of fury, and now the persevering Hollanders will patiently win it back again. They will gain about five hundred thousand acres of land by the operation at a

cost of fifty millions of dollars. Already the surveys have been completed, a huge dyke will be built from Eukhuizen on the western shore to the island of Urk, and from there to Kempen, a distance of twenty-five miles, and by the end of the present century, the Dutch cows with blankets on will be grazing where now the scaly fish are swimming.

WINDMILLS.—It is often said that Nature has done nothing for the Dutch, they have had to struggle against Nature all along. The only ele-



ENTRANCE TO THE ZUYDER ZEE.

ment that has helped them at all has been the wind, it has furnished much of the power that has drained the marshes and done quantities of other work besides. In other countries sawmills, flourmills and factories can be run by water power; in Holland where there are no swift streams to do this work, they have harnessed the wind. Everywhere the country is covered with tall whirling windmills that are busily draining the marshes, grinding corn, sawing timber, cutting tobacco, washing rags, crushing lime, breaking stones and doing various other services for the Hollanders.

These windmills, the larger ones, are tall brick towers about fifty feet high, covered with a heavy thatch of straw and furnished with enormous arms of wood or sailcloth that sweep around in a circle of over a hundred feet in diameter. Each turn produces a tremendous shudder throughout the mill and when there is a fair breeze the big shaft that passes down through the centre seems to be alive with motion. It will lift a height of four feet eight or ten thousand gallons of water per minute.

A large wind mill is worth as much as a farm: to build it, furnish it, and find a market for its produce requires a good sized capital. The owner usually lives in the foundation story which is fitted up for the purpose. It is a little surprising to find inside of these curious buildings all the characteristics of a Dutch home,—the brass-mounted presses, the tiled fire-places, the quaint Dutch clock, the dark old dressers adorned with Delft china, and claw-footed chairs of dark mahogany mounted with polished brass—everything clean and shining.

Curious enough in the day-time is the appearance of these huge windmills, their flapping arms whirling round now fast, now slow, making all the while a monotonous "tic-tack," but at night they look wierd and ghostly as if they were so many giant sentinels watching over the plain and tossing their huge arms in defiance to all invaders. And sometimes they take fire and then the arms become wheels of flame, a tempest of burning meal whirls through the air making a fiery cloud, and the whole structure turns into a red writhing monster.

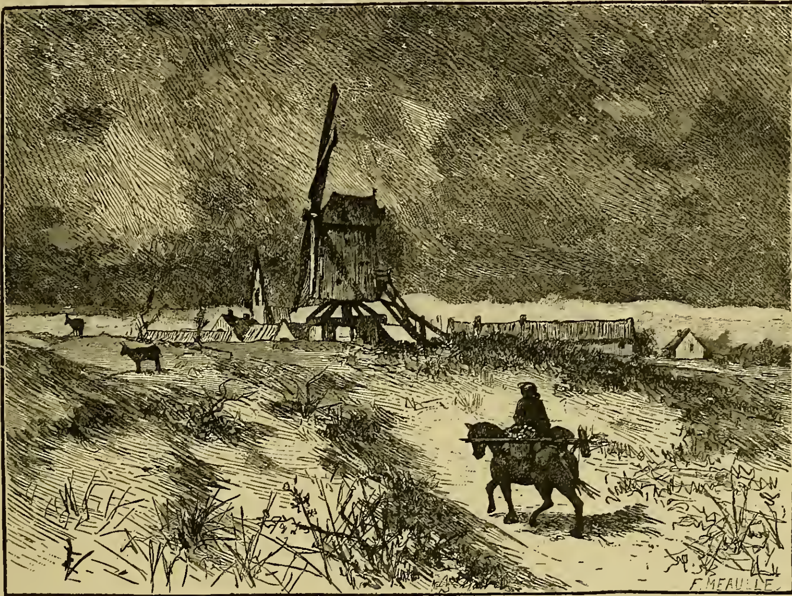
The Inquisition.—Just as the Dutch were getting their watery enemies under control, human foes broke in upon them and filled the land with terror and sufferings. The people of the Netherlands were always a brave, liberty-loving race. When the Romans undertook to conquer them in the early years of their history their hardiness won the admiration of the Roman general and he invited them to enter his army and fight with him instead of against him. For many years afterwards the Batavian legions were the pride of the Roman army, their chief dependence in many battles.

When Rome had loosened her hold upon the world and other conquerors came to the shore of the North Sea they too found these people of the marshes hard to subdue. But when once conquered they became a quiet orderly race, too busy with their battles against the sea to engage in useless fighting.

At the time of the Reformation the Netherlands were a part of the dominions of Charles V., Emperor of Austria. "He was strongly attached

to the church of Rome, and when he found that many of his Dutch subjects were being converted to the teachings of Luther he was very angry. He determined to root out this heresy at once. So he sent into the country special officers to hunt out, arrest, torture and burn all who showed any belief in these dangerous doctrines.

Spies were sent into every house, and upon the least suspicion the people were arrested and shut up in a dungeon. If a suspected person confessed his crime and swore to remain faithful to the church of Rome ever afterward, he was allowed to go free, but must give up all his property.



WINDMILL.

If, however, he declared himself innocent of the charges, he was tried by torture. At midnight the black robed executioner entered his dungeon, bound him upon a wooden bench, and with weights, pulleys and screws strained and racked his poor body until the life was well-nigh crushed out. If he endured this with no sign of suffering, an utter impossibility, his judges would take it as a sign that he was innocent of all the errors against the holy mother church; but if he showed that no miraculous power had come to him to save him, such as came to Daniel to shut the lions' mouths, then

they said it was a clear evidence of his guilt. If he still persisted in saying he was not guilty he was put through the same process the next night. A few people are said to have endured such torture for fifteen years, but many escaped it by confession which took them at once to the stake and ended their suffering in one fierce flame.

The Dutch were not the people to endure such things meekly. They had inherited a love of liberty and these cruelties roused them to open resistance. One time when two of their preachers had been condemned to the stake they decided to rescue them. A great multitude gathered in the market-place and waited until the executioners were binding the prisoner to the stake. Suddenly a woman took off her shoe and threw it into the funeral pile. This was the signal agreed upon. The whole crowd swept over the barriers, scattered the fagots in every direction and would have seized the prisoners, but the guards quickly took them back to the dungeon.

That night a great throng gathered in the streets, marched to the prison and set the two captives free.

When the governor heard of this he was in a frenzy of rage, a body of troops was at once sent to the village, and men women and children everywhere were seized and put to death.

William the Silent.—One day King Henry of France was out hunting with his courtiers, and in the royal company was the young Prince William of Orange. He had been sent on a mission to the French court by Philip II., son of Charles V., who was now ruler of the Netherlands, and king of Spain. This young man, a devoted Catholic, and the prince of a large estate, had been a favorite at the court of Charles V., and Philip knowing his abilities had sent him on important business to France.

But Philip had not told his young courtier all the business he was transacting with the French King, and Henry, supposing that he had, began to talk to William as they chanced to ride apart from the others of a matter that filled the young man with horror. It was nothing less than a well planned massacre of all the heretics in the combined dominions of both kings; for in spite of all the persecutions Charles had inflicted on the Netherlands there were still many heretics among them, and there were numbers also in France.

As William listened to the details of the plot, he showed by no look or word the horror he felt, and for this wise course he was afterward called "William the Silent." But he resolved to prevent the deed, and for this purpose hurried home and gave the alarm.

Then began a long and terrible struggle that has astonished everyone who has ever considered the contrast between the two parties engaged.

On the one side was Philip II., lord of an empire that embraced all Spain, the north and south of Italy, Belgium, and Holland; in Africa, Ovan, Tunis the Cape Verde and Canary Islands; in Asia, the Phillipines; in America, the Antilles, Mexico, and Peru. He was married to the Queen of England, and was nephew to the Emperor of Germany, who obeyed him almost as a vassal.

He was really the sovereign of all Europe, since those who were not under him were too weak to oppose him. He had under his hand the best soldiers in Europe, the greatest captains of the time, the gold of America, the industry of Flanders, the science of Italy, an army of informers chosen from all nations, the blind fanatical instruments of his will; he had everything that enchains, corrupts, terrifies, and moves the world. On the other side was William of Orange, without a kingdom, without an army, his fortune seized and taken from him, surrounded by assassins, looked upon for a time with suspicion by the very people he undertook to defend. But he is clear-headed, far sighted. Like Philip he could read the minds of men, but unlike him, he can win their hearts. He has a good cause to sustain and for its sake he makes use of all the arts his keen mind can devise. Philip who sends out spies and learns all of Williams surroundings, is himself spied out and all his evil designs discovered before he can put them in operation. Unsuspected hands search his caskets and his pockets, and unsuspected eyes read his secret papers. William in Holland seems to read the very thoughts of Philip in Spain, he foresees, unravels, and overturns all his plots, mines the earth under his feet, provokes and flies before him, but returns again perpetually, like a phantom that is seen but cannot be clutched, or if clutched cannot be destroyed. And when at last the death of this William of Orange is brought about by the hand of an assassin victory remains on his side, and defeat on that of his living enemy. The Spanish Monarchy never recovered from the consequences of her war on Holland.

This man, so great and grand a figure before the world, was equally noble in his family and among his friends. He was simple in his manners, plain in his dress, loved and beloved by his people. He frequently walked in the streets of the city alone, talking with the workmen and the fishermen who offered him drink in their own cups. He listened to their tales of trouble, settled their differences and entered their houses to re-establish peace in families, and they called him father William. He was indeed the

father, rather than the son of his country, and as such he lives in the hearts of the Hollanders.

In the city of Delft stands a fine mausoleum, erected by the States of Holland, "to the eternal memory of that William of Nassau, whom Philip II., scourge of Europe, feared and never overcame or conquered, but killed by atrocious guile," as the Latin incription sets forth. It is a kind of small temple in black and white marble, loaded with ornament and sustained by columns between which are four figures, Liberty, Prudence, Justice and Religion.

A carved figure of the Prince lies upon the coffin and at his feet the effigy of the little dog that saved his life at Malines, by waking him when two Spaniards were creeping toward him to assassinate him.

THE BURGOMASTER OF LEYDEN.—During the struggle between the Dutch and Philip the city of Leyden was beseiged by the Spaniards until the people were on the verge of starvation. Their only hope, William of Orange, had sent word that if they could hold out three weeks he would come and relieve them, but the time had passed and he was not yet in sight. The Spanish general had sent a message into the town, saying that if they would surrender and submit themselves to the mother church all would be forgiven. Some said it was not exactly becoming for the man who had broken all the promises he had ever made, destroyed their property, hanged, beheaded, burned and buried alive their innocent brethern to offer his forgiveness ; he might better ask for theirs. Others said it would be wiser to admit the Spaniards and accept their fair promises than to starve. A crowd of those who held the last opinion gathered around the burgomaster one day as he was going through the street and began to threat and abuse him for not opening the gates.

Standing up in a little open square, as gaunt and thin with suffering as any of them, he waved his hat for silence and thus addressed them :

"Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards ? a fate more horrible than the agony she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city and may God give me strength to keep it ! I can die but once, whether by your hand, the enemy's or the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved ; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your threats move me not ; my life is at your disposal ; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast and divide my flesh among you. Take my

body to appease your hunger, but accept no other surrender as long as I remain alive."

This put new courage into the despairing men and women. They went out again to the tower to watch for William of Orange; and when the Spaniards shouted "Cat-eaters" to them, they said "As long as you hear a cat mew or a dog bark in the city you may know that it still holds out. And then," they said, "when nothing remains but ourselves, we will devour our left arms while with our right we defend our women and our liberty from a foreign tyrant."

Meanwhile relief was coming. Holland had opened her dykes and let in the sea upon her enemies, and William was sailing toward them on the breast of the invading ocean, with soldiers and provisions. The frightened Spaniards when they saw that the Dutch were going to fight them with the ocean as a weapon fled in terror and the city was saved. Then followed such a sight as has been seldom seen. All the people of Leyden, barely waiting to satisfy their hunger with the bread that was thrown them from the ship, hurried to the church, the sturdy burgomaster at their head, and there offered such prayers of thanksgivings as only people delivered from such straits as theirs could offer. But in the midst of their hymn they broke down and wept like children so overcome with joy that they could not finish the thanksgiving song. They did not forget too that part of their deliverance they owed to the heroic conduct of their burgomaster, and a fine statue has been raised to his honor in the city that he saved.

THE DUTCH PAINTERS.—When the conflict with Philip was over, when the Netherlands rose up out of the water to begin again the work of centuries that she had destroyed in a day, because she prized liberty above fair fields,—when the struggle was over, and the enemy driven out, many changes began to take place.

First the country had a new government, all her own, subject to no foreign master. She had a new religion, for while she had gone down into the sea a Catholic, not intending to cut loose from the mother church, she rose up out of the waters a Protestant because the church had taken the side of her enemy. New views, new thoughts, new industries began to spring up. Prosperity returned and the people were joyous and happy. The arts and sciences were taken up with new vigor, especially painting. A class of pictures began to grow under the brushes of the Dutch painters that attracted the attention of artists all over the world.

These painters, having lost much of their interests in saints and Madonnas,

the usual subjects of artists in their time, began to paint what they saw around them. They took scenes from their snug little homes, safe now from all enemies and dearer than ever for the struggle it had cost to make them so. They painted the mother at her housework, the children at their play ; the kitchen with its table spread for the noon, or evening meal; the fireplace with its circle of smiling faces, the yawning dog, and the dozing cat.

When they looked outside for subjects there was the cow, the chief source of the Dutchman's wealth, the creature upon which he bestows the greatest of care, warm blankets and a post to rub against. These animals the painters put upon canvas with such skill that they became celebrated as cattle painters. In the museum at the Hague is a picture of a bull painted by Paul Potter that has become world renowned.

There were no forests in their land to paint, but here and there were clumps of trees, and these the Dutch painter treated in a way that brought out all their beauty, as no artist had ever done before.

Then there was their old enemy the sea, in all his changing forms and terrors, sometimes gay and melancholy, sometimes turbulent and full of varying colors, and sometimes furious with angry dashing waves. More than one of the painters bought a vessel and went out to live upon the sea with his family that he might catch all its different moods. The greatest of these painters, William Van der Velde, followed the Dutch fleet when it went to battle with the English, and painted in the midst of the cannon smoke, pushing his little vessel right into the thickest of the fight. Another man went out into a small boat while a tempest was raging that he might observe the action of the waves, and would probably have been drowned if his boatmen had not rowed to the shore in spite of his orders to the contrary. Still another kept on the sea in this way after he was twice shipwrecked.

Such pluck must needs accomplish something, and when to it was added the patience that the Dutch possess in about the same proportion the result is often wonderful. In the picture of "the Dropsical Woman" by Douro are some examples of this patience. A broom handle, about as large as a pen, cost the artist three days of labor. Every minute seam and vein, knot and filament, stands out clearly and distinctly. But in this matter a certain class of the painters went to an extreme that marred their pictures, magnifying the little things beyond their true proportion.

Studying thus from nature instead of copying, the Dutch painters made valuable discoveries. They brought out the striking effects of light

and shade, striking features of brilliant coloring and a masterly way of dealing with ocean scenes.

But, especially, they succeeded in giving a perfect panorama of Dutch life, so that if Holland should be swept away and only her pictures remain, from these alone one could see the entire country, its cities, its ports, ships, markets, shops, costumes, arms, merchandise, household utensils, food, pleasures, habits, religious beliefs and superstitions, and even read the character of her people, firm, patient, calm and courageous, so accurately have the Dutch painters represented all these things in their pictures.

REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE.

THE LESSON IN ANATOMY.—One of the best pictures of the Dutch Painters is "The Lesson in Anatomy," by Paul Rembrandt. It represents a certain Dr. Tulp, professor of anatomy at Amsterdam, with his pupils, grouped about a table on which is stretched a naked corpse, one arm of which has been opened by the dissecting knife. The professor, with his hat on his head, points out to the students with his forceps the muscles of the body. Some of the students are seated, some standing, bending over the corpse. The light striking from left to right lights up the faces and one side of the dead body and leaves in darkness the dresses, the table and the walls of the room.

The first feeling upon looking upon the picture is one of horror and repulsion from the corpse; it is so ghastly. The eyes are open with the pupils turned upward, the mouth half open, the chest sunken, the legs and feet stiff, the flesh livid, looking as if, should you touch it with your hand, it would feel cold. This stiff rigid body presents a most striking contrast to the lively attitudes, the youthful faces and bright attentive eyes of the disciples as they listen with curiosity and wonder to the words of the anatomist. He, the master, is tranquil, his eye serene and his face almost smiling with the ease and assurance gained by long study of his subject.

Rembrandt was the leader of the Dutch school of painting in his time. Pupils from all over the world came to study under him. He taught that it was better to paint the scenes of every day life even though they were ugly, than to try to paint what existed only in ones imagination, however beautiful it might seem. He painted all subjects from grave to gay, sublime to commonplace, Christian and historical. In his early years he painted a great many home scenes.

He has almost written his own biography and that of his wife in his pictures. Her face appears to have been always a favorite study; he put it in many of his works. First he painted her when a young girl with a bright smile on her face; then he represented her as queen of the fairies; then as a rich lady dressed in silks and jewels; then as mistress of her household presiding at the table. As she grows older the pictures show the changes that passing years bring to her face until there comes one in which the fresh beauty of youth and strength are gone and in their place a quiet thoughtfulness, the traces apparently of care or sickness. This picture is the last of Saskia's; she was taken from him the same year in which it was painted.

Rembrandt has painted himself also in many fanciful ways: as a jovial young man with his wife on his knee and a wine glass in his hand, as a soldier with drawn sword, as an elegant lord magnificently dressed, as a happy worker at his table, with Saskia sewing by his side or attending to her household duties. There was a long interval after Saskia's death in which he had no heart for these happy home scenes. But again toward the close of his life he painted himself with a medal around his neck, a fur cloak thrown over his shoulders and close-fitting cap on his head, his long white hair falling beneath it. Again comes a fanciful portrait in which he has a turban of white linen on his head, the handle of a dagger projects from his dress, in his right hand there is a bundle of manuscript and in his eye a merry twinkle. His last portrait of himself shows a face wrinkled by time and care, but with a hearty laugh upon it, as though he had learned to brave trouble and misfortune and could be merry and light-hearted in spite of them.

A Toy Mansion.—In the museum at the Hague may be seen a good example of patient, painstaking, Dutch handiwork. It is a toy house that was made for Peter the Great when he was in Holland learning the art of ship-building. He intended to carry it to Russia as a memento of the country, but when he found that it had cost a small fortune he refused to

take it. The rich burgomaster who had had it made at his own expense, presented it to the Museum to shame the stinginess of his royal customer.

The little building is a perfect model of the house of a well-to-do Dutchman, completely furnished from garret to cellar, but on the smallest possible scale. In the dining room is a tiny tea service upon a table as big as a silver dollar, in the kitchen are all the cooking utensils necessary for cooking a dinner. There is a gallery of pictures, a library, a cabinet of Chinese curiosities, cages with birds, tiny prayer books, carpets, linen for all the family, with finest lace and embroidery.

The burgher did the work after the manner of a Dutchman, slowly and well, so slowly, however, that it took him twenty-five years to complete it, which was perhaps one reason why Peter did not take it; he had grown tired of waiting. But it was done perfectly; the cleverest workmen in Holland had made the furniture; the most expert goldsmith the plate; the most accurate typographer printed the little books, a delicate miniature painter, the pictures; the linen was made in Flanders, the carpets and hangings in Utrecht. It is no wonder, in view of all this that it was so long in being put together, or that it cost too much for the economical Peter.

Delft Ware—In nearly every line of work that the Dutch have undertaken they have come very near perfection. In the sixteenth century they began the manufacture of earthen ware and made such an improvement upon all the wares then in the market that theirs was demanded all over Europe.

Each generation of potters went on making improvements, not only in finishing and enameling, but in producing fanciful shapes and artistic decorations.

Each dish of the table sets was made in the shape of the viand it was to contain and highly decorated. Some of the best Dutch painters were employed in decorating the Delft pottery.

Besides the table ware they made quantities of tile for ornamenting chimneys, passages, and walls, and these too were highly decorated. On some, made to hang against the wall, were painted fine pictures; a canary bird in a cage, life size, was a frequent design; horses, and cows, the last wearing blankets which were painted yellow, blue, red and green. The horses too were decked out in gay trappings and had their manes and tails plaited.

A favorite subject with the pottery painters was the marriage of William V., Prince of Orange, with the Princess Sophia Wilhelmina of Prussia. The

couple are represented facing each other with an orange branch between them.

Sometimes a historic incident is represented as the story of the strategem by which a citizen of Rotterdam saved his house from pillage during the trouble with the Spaniards. The Count of Bossu had craftily obtained an entrance into the city, and once in, had given his soldiers leave to murder and pillage to their hearts content.

One of the citizens, after sending his family into the cellar, sprinkled the floor and steps with the blood of a cat which he killed for the purpose. The door he left open, and the Spaniards seeing the blood, supposed that some of their comrades had been there before them and let the house alone. This story is told in pictures on the tile.

After a time Delft ware went out of fashion; other potters in Europe acquired more skill and turned out more substantial articles. Now a vessel of real Delft pottery of the finest kind is hard to find. The Queen of Holland has some at her "House in the Woods," and so have a few wealthy families of Holland where once it was found in every house.

The Dutch Navy.—When Peter the Great of Russia was trying to learn how to build ships he could find no better teachers than the Dutch, and so he came to Holland to receive instructions. The house where he stayed, while, in the guise of "Peter Michaelhoff"—he worked like an ordinary apprentice in the ship-yards—is still carefully preserved at Zaardam.

As navigators the Dutch had no superiors; they joined the search for the northwest passage with the other adventurers, and while doing so discovered the island of Nova Zembla. And it was from the Dutch port of Delft that the Mayflower, a Dutch ship, brought the English Puritans to the New World.

Soon after they had freed themselves from Spain they had a navy that could not be excelled by any of the larger countries of Europe. Spain and England had the largest ones and with both of these the Dutch were obliged to fight; the result was that the Spaniards were beaten badly and the English came very near losing their title to "Mistress of the Sea."

No better example of sturdy Dutch "pluck" can be found than the famous Admiral Van Tromp who saw thirty-two sea fights, and was killed while leading a charge against the English. He fought several hard battles with the English fleet and at first he was worsted in the encounters. But at last he completely scattered their fleet and returned to Holland with a broom

nailed to the masthead of his ship to show that he had swept them from the sea.

Another gallant Dutch admiral was De Ruyter, who led the Dutch fleet against the English in the Irish sea and there fought one of the fiercest naval battles on record. After four days of fighting it was hard to tell which side was the victor. But a few days afterward the battle was renewed and then the English won.

It is said that De Ruyter seeing the certain defeat in store for his side cried out, "What a wretch I am! Among so many thousand bullets is there not one to put an end to my miserable life?"

The Tulip Mania.—The Dutch ships had much to do with the prosperity of Holland. Before the war with Spain all the rich goods from the East Indies were brought into Europe by the Portugese; but when the Dutch rebelled Philip forbade them to enter the harbors of Portugal. So they formed an East India Company and went themselves to the Indies for silks and spices. A thriving trade was soon established, which, added to their home industries, made them extremely wealthy. Many gained large fortunes and could afford to indulge in costly luxuries.

Their houses were like palaces; they dressed themselves in velvets, silks and pearls. After filling their homes with pictures, hangings, porcelain and precious objects from all the countries of Europe and Asia, the rich merchants of the large Dutch cities began to spend considerable sums in ornamenting their gardens.

About this time some tulips were brought into Germany from Constantinople. From there they came to Holland, and the Dutch admired them greatly. Everybody soon had tulips in his garden. Rare varieties were cultivated and brought extravagant prices. In a little while the steady Dutchmen became possessed with a perfect frenzy for tulips. Merchants and shop-keepers vied with each other in buying the most costly varieties.

The prices of a few favorite kinds rose to the most unheard of sums. A single bulb of the *Admiral Liefken* specie was worth forty-four hundred florins, an *Admiral Van der Eyck* twelve hundred and sixty florins, and a *Semper Augustus* fifty-five hundred florins. The last were much sought after and the fame of possessing one was reluctantly parted with even for money. One speculator offered twelve acres of building ground for one of these tulips, and another gave for one "forty-six hundred florins, a new carriage, two gray horses and a complete suit of harness."

Sometimes these costly plants met with sad accidents at the hands of strangers or visitors in Holland who were not versed in tulip-lore.

A wealthy merchant who was once the owner of a very costly *Semper Augustus*, which he kept upon his counter, received notice one day that a ship-load of goods, ordered from abroad, had come to port. He rewarded the sailor who came to tell him of the ship's arrival with a red-herring for his breakfast, and the fellow went on his way. But this sailor was very fond of onions, and while he was in the store seeing what he took to be an onion lying on the merchant's counter, among the silks and velvets, he picked it up, while the owner's back was turned, and put it in his pocket.

Soon after the sailor left, the merchant missed his *Semper Augustus*. A great uproar at once followed, everybody searched distractedly for the precious root, but in vain. The merchant was nearly frantic, when some one remembered the sailor. All hands dashed into the street, the master leading the way, and rushed down to the vessel. There sat the sailor innocently chewing the last morsel of his "onion;" never dreaming that he was swallowing a fourteen-hundred dollar breakfast. Poor man! he was hustled off to prison by the irate merchant and sentenced to a term of several months on a charge of felony.

Another unfortunate man, an English philosopher and a botanist, saw a tulip-root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman, and taking it to be an onion, began experimenting on it with his pen-knife. When he had peeled off about half the layers, cut it into equal sections and made many learned remarks upon it, the owner suddenly darted upon him and asked if he knew what he was doing?

"Peeling a most extraordinary onion," replied the philosopher coolly.

"*Hundert tausend duyvel!*" cried the Dutchman, "that's an *Admiral Van der Eyck*."

"Thank you," said the Englishman, taking out his note book to write down the name; "are these admirals common in your country?"

For answer the Dutchman seized him by the collar and said, "Come before the syndic and you shall see."

In spite of all his protests he was dragged through the streets, followed by a mob of people and taken before the magistrate. There he learned that he had been experimenting upon a tulip that cost four thousand florins, and that he must go to prison until he could find securities for paying the full amount to the owner.

ROTTERDAM.

The Smoking Mania.—Everybody who visits Holland is surprised and somewhat amused at the clouds of tobacco smoke constantly rising from the nose and mouth of every Dutchman.

One traveler says that they measure distances by pipe-fulls. From this place to that one is not so many miles, but so many pipes. He says that they go to sleep with pipes in their mouths, relight them when they wake in the night, and again in the morning before they get out of bed.

A queer story is often told in Holland of a man who had as great a mania for tobacco as ever his countrymen had for tulips. He had made a very large fortune in India, and on his return built a beautiful palace near Rotterdam. In this he collected and arranged and labeled as in a museum, all the models of pipes that were ever used in all countries and in all times, from the rude ones of the most ancient barbarians to the splendid pipes of meerschaum and amber, carved in relief and bound in gold. The museum was open to everybody, and all who visited it were sent away with an elaborate catalogue of the articles on exhibition, bound in velvet, and a pocketful of cigars and tobacco.

This great piper smoked 150 grammes of tobacco per day and lived to the age of ninety eight, so that if he began when about eighteen years of age, in the course of his life he smoked 4,383 kilograms of tobacco.

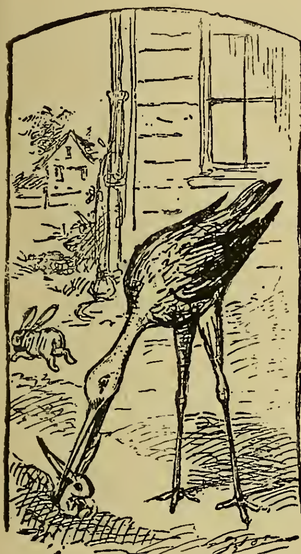
When he felt that his end was near we sent for his lawyer and made his will, after each had placed a well filled pipe in his mouth. "I desire," he said, "that all the smokers in this country shall be invited to my funeral by all possible means, by newspapers, private letters, circulars and advertisements. Every smoker who accepts the invitation shall receive ten pounds of tobacco and two pipes, upon which shall be engraved my name, my arms and the date of my death. The poor who follow my body to the grave shall receive each man, every year, on the anniversary of my death, a large parcel of tobacco; but on condition that all who are present at the funeral services, shall smoke constantly throughout the entire ceremony. When my coffin is deposited in the vault every person present shall pass by and cast upon it the ashes of his pipe."

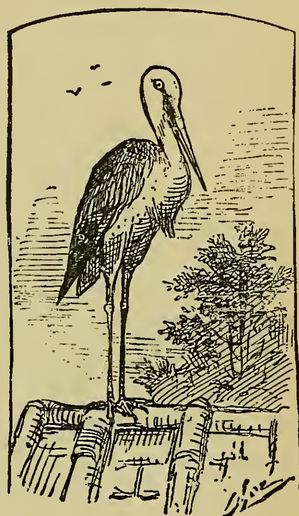
This strange will, they say, was rigorously carried out. The funeral was attended by a vast multitude, every one contributing to the cloud of smoke that covered them like a veil. Even the old cook, to whom he had promised a fortune if she would conquer her dislike to tobacco, joined the crowd with a cigarette in her mouth.

Cow Paradise.—Many people who wear fine clothing would be glad

to cnange abodes with the cows of Holland. Their stalls are paved with colored tiles, the windows decorated with muslin curtains and pots of flowers, the mangers are painted; the animals themselves are scraped, combed, washed and, that they may not soil their coats, their tails are tied up by a cord to a nail in the ceiling. The beams and woodwork are often scrubbed or whitewashed and never so much as a cobweb is to be seen.

In summer, when the cows are out in the pasture, the gutters are often sprinkled with sand which is brushed with a broom into curious and fantastic figures, or ornamented with sea-shells, colored pebbles, old China-ware and pottery. An old black table with carved legs will sometimes be found in one of the stables loaded with antique vessels, fat old pewter or silver flagons, candlesticks and snuffers, and brass-hooped casks that look like big black fingers wearing gold rings. These have to be removed, of course, in the fall when the cows are brought home for the winter, but even then the stalls are kept perfectly clean with constant washing and scrubbing.





Opening off of the cow-room is a cheese-room, which is a perfect arsenal of shining pails and pans, wooden benches, scoured white, big milk and curd tubs, curd knives and cheese moulds.

In the store-room there are alcoves and shelves full of cheeses, a perfect library of cheese; all spotlessly clean, the room dry and well lighted. The greatest care is taken of these products of the dairy; each one is turned and tended every day until it is a month old, then every other day for another month. When they are sufficiently cured and painted over with linseed oil on the outside they are sent to market.

The quantity of cheese shipped from the Netherlands to all parts of the

world each year is something astonishing. From the province of North Holland alone come twenty-six millions of pounds of cheese every year.

A Heroic Bird.—After the cow, there is nothing in the animal world that the Dutch think so highly of as the Stork. On the same pole which is set up for the cow to rub against, or perhaps on the roof of the house, is nailed a huge cartwheel for these birds to make their nests upon. A very common sight in Holland is a stork perched upon one leg on the ridge pole of the house, and it is thought a good sign to have him there. To show that these birds are worthy of the high regard in which they are held, the Hollander tells of their heroic defense of their young at one time during a terrible fire at Delft.

When the fire occurred there was a large number of young storks in their nests about the city unable yet to fly. As the old birds saw the fire approaching they tried to carry their little ones out of danger but could not. After making all kinds of desperate efforts they gave up. But instead of trying to save themselves, as they might easily have done, they refused to leave their little ones to perish. With a heroism more than human they settled down upon the nests, gathered the young ones under their wings, and so awaited their fate.

But the chief reason why the stork is cherished in Holland is that it protects the dykes from destructive insects. A great panic was caused in the country once by a small creature, a kind of shell fish that had been brought in some ship from the tropical regions, and got into the dykes. It multiplied so rapidly that when discovered the wood of the dykes was almost eaten up by them, and in a very short time the sea would have broken through.

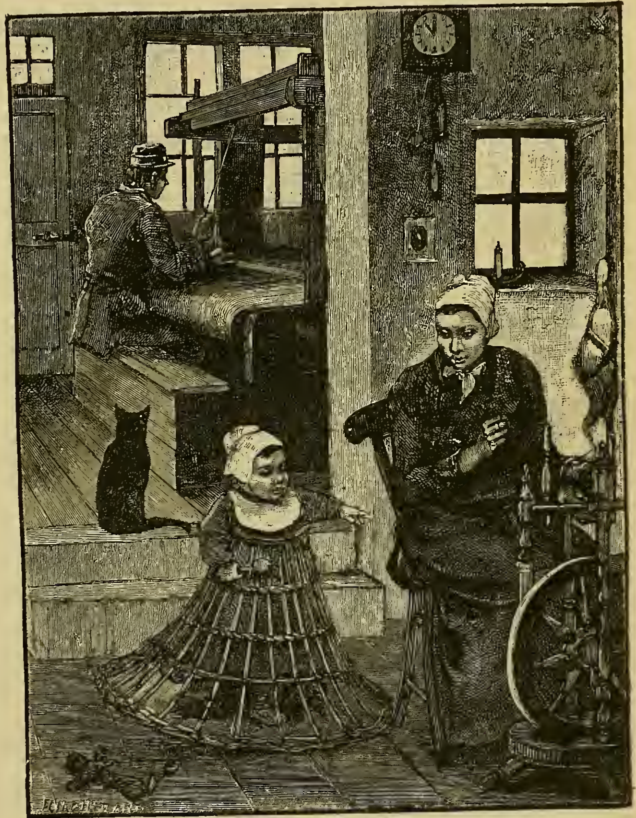
In great alarm the people rushed, first to church to pray, and then out to work. They lined the sluice gates with copper, they fortified the dykes with stone and masonry, they strengthened the piles with nails, and so managed to keep them standing until the damage had been fully repaired. But such a time of terror not even the persecutions of Philip aroused as did that little worm.

As the stork is an eager devourer of all such harmful creatures the Dutch look upon it as a kind of national protection, and give it an invitation, in the shape of a cartwheel or big box fastened on the top of the house, to come and take up its abode with them.

CHAPTER IX.

BELGIUM.

Belgium, once a part of the Netherlands is, geographically, a small country; but an important one because of its rich mineral stores and the valuable goods produced by its industrious people. After England it yields more coal than any other country of Europe; it sends out quantities of iron, zinc, building and paving stones, and the beautiful black marble of Dinant. Its thriving farms stand second to none, though the soil, like that of Holland, had to be created by patient toil; and it is famous for its fine linen and lace. Besides this it is the site of one of the most important battle fields in the world's history, and its painters once created an epoch in the world of art.



HOME WORK.

The Forest of Ardennes.—Belgium is mostly a level country, but in the southwest is a hilly region which belongs to the famous old for-

est of Ardennes through which Cæsar led his legions against the ancient Gauls.

Not all of the territory called the forest of Ardennes is wooded ; there are among its rocky and heath covered hills, its deep ravines and dark rapid streams, many fertile farms, neat cottages and thriving villages. Within the deeper recesses where wild-boars, deer and wolves yet rove are many curious old castles filled with stories of the past. The great oak forests are always roaring and whistling with the wind, resounding with the cries of night-birds and beasts, and flickering with the fitful marsh lights. All of these things, the cause of which the simple inhabitants do not understand, tend to make them superstitious, and they have peopled the place with unearthly beings, mountain sprites, goblins and dwarfs, as well as saints and heroes. The Ardennes especially abound in traditions of a kind of "lubber fiend" who, like the Scottish brownies, help those whom they like by thrashing their corn, mowing their hay, cleaning their houses, rubbing down their horses and asking in return only a bowl of bread and milk. These little people Shakespeare brings into his "Midsummer Nights Dream," the scene of which is laid in the forest of Ardennes.

The goddess Diana used to be the special deity of the ancient dwellers in Arden, and the belief in her rites held its ground for many years in spite of all the efforts made by Christian priests to banish it. In recent times certain festivals have been held there during which a mysterious banner, was displayed bearing the likeness of a centaur, half woman and half horse, with a lion's tail, holding a bow in its right hand and an arrow in its left. The simple people manifested the greatest reverence for this old banner though they could give no account nor explanation of it. Those who studied into the matter said it was a relic of the worship of Diana.

This forest of Ardennes was the scene of some of the adventures of the renowned St. Hubert, after whom it is sometimes called the forest of St. Hubert. In his younger days this man was a mighty hunter, and once as he was following his favorite pursuit a stag appeared before him bearing a cross between its horns. He took this to be a miracle intended to reprove him for his evil ways, and from that time he renounced his wickedness and became a good man. So good and so holy, it is said, that he not only had the power of working miracles, but even the smallest shred from his garments could cure disease.

He was particularly regarded as the patron saint of hunters. A town and a church, the finest in Belguim, now stands upon the very spot, it is said, where the stag appeared bearing the cross.

Caverns of the Lesse.—The forest of Ardennes is traversed by two fine rivers, the Meuse and its tributary the Lesse which is noted for its numerous rocky caverns. All along this river are rugged lime-stone rocks containing great empty chambers most beautifully decorated with hanging stalactites and glittering pillars of lime.

One of the most remarkable of these caverns is the "Haus sur Lesse," about twenty miles southeast of Dinant. The opening of the cave is a dark yawning mouth out of which pours the river. Here the visitor enters in a boat where all is dark as Tartarus except for the faint rays of the guide's torch.

A gun fired off here produces a terrible succession of thundering echoes.

After a short sail the boat is landed and the visitor climbs a steep staircase till he reaches a magnificent chamber. This opens into numerous other apartments some more than two hundred feet high.

All the roofs are covered with wonderful stalactites, and the floor with corresponding stalagmites, some like bunches of grapes, others like cauliflowers, one like the head of a swan, and another like that of a dog.

In one chamber the stalactites look like banners, and the stalagmites like tombs. Some resemble chandeliers draped with gauze, others the heads of spears. In one part of the cavern the path leads over a gurgling stream by a crazy bridge into a great gallery of marvelous height containing immense stalagmites. At every step some new and wonderful form is met, the growth of long quiet ages.

The Spa.—Upon the eastern verge of the Ardennes, southeast of the city of Liege, is a famous watering place which some one has described as a pretty green bowl with a little toy town sunk in the middle. The edges of the bowl are formed by the lofty wooded hills of the forest among and beyond which are delightful rambles and drives.

Everybody used to go to the Spa. It was the place of resort for all Europe. No tour of the continent was complete which did not take in this place; no gentleman's education was finished until he had visited it.

Not only lords and ladies but kings and queens were frequent visitors. Peter the Great was cured of a disease here in 1717 and sent a tablet to be put up at the springs as a memento of his recovery. This added greatly to the fame of the place and the number of visitors began at once to increase. Other crowned heads of Europe came here to be cured, among them Gustavus III., of Sweden, Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, Prince Henry of Prussia, and Charles II. of England during his banishment.

Two royal exiles have made their home at the Spa: the Infanta of Spain, daughter of Don Francesco de Danla who married a Polish count against the wishes of her family and was banished in disgrace, and the Prince of Capua, brother of the king of Naples, who also was forbidden to return to his home for marrying contrary to the wishes of his royal brother.

After the French Revolution the tide of fashion began to turn from the Spa to the German watering places, so that it is no longer the resort it was. Still about 16,000 people visit it every year and 150,000 bottles of the water are put up and sent away.

THE WICKED BARON OF MONJARDIN.—In the neighborhood of the Spa are a number of attractive grottos and cascades, to which the visitors at the Springs usually make short excursions. Near one of these, the grotto of Remouchamps, stood once the chateau of a very wicked baron who came to the place stained with crimes commited in his native country of Italy.

One day, says the story, there came to the castle a young minstrel asking permission to play before the baron and his wife. At the first stanza of his song the baroness grew deadly pale and asked him where he came from and of whom he had learned the song. He replied that he had come from Treves and that an aged man with whom he had lived taught him the ballad and bade him sing it in every town and castle he entered.

The baron, seeing that his wife was greatly disturbed by the song ordered the minstrel to quit the room, but to wait in the castle for further orders.

As soon as he was gone the baroness told her husband that only her father and herself had ever known that song. Then said the baron "He is a spy, and I will see that he does not return to tell anyone where we are."

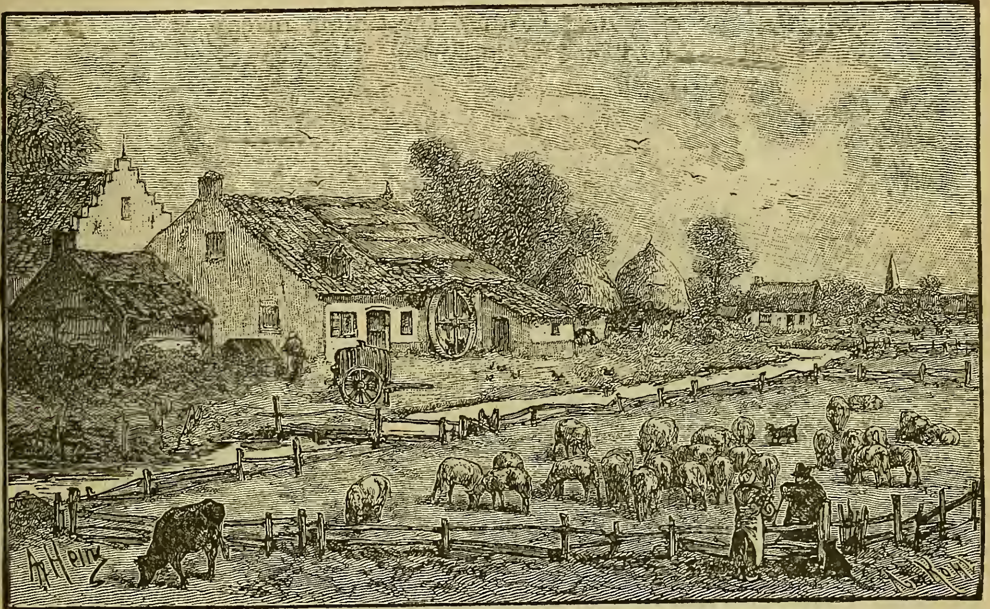
"O do not kill him," said the baroness. "Add not the murder of this innocent youth to thy long list of crimes."

"Well," replied the baron, "I will not take his life, but he must not be allowed his liberty. I will confine him in one of the chambers of the castle." But the youth was not to be found, he had left the place. A few days afterward, however, he again appeared. Then the baron had him taken to a secret chamber, known only to himself, and there bade him tell why he had come to the castle.

The minstrel answered as he had before and would say no more. The baron told him he should have neither food nor drink until he had told what he had asked, and then left him. The next day the baron came again, but the youth would say no more, so he left him to starve.

On the third day an old man, weary and footsore with travel, came to the door and asked to see the baron.

"Thou dost not remember me," he said when admitted. "I am thy wife's father. Thou didst carry off my daughter from Treves, at the head of thy robber-band, and ever since I have sought her in vain. At length I thought of a means which has proved successful. I knew a ballad which my daughter composed in her youth. This I taught to a boy whom I brought up as my son. I bade him go forth and sing this song in every town and castle until



FARM.

he had found my daughter, and send me word that I might see her before I died. He came here, thou didst know him doubtless, for he is thy brother."

The baron waited to hear no more, but hurried out to the chamber where he had confined the youth, and there found him lifeless on the floor. He took him in his arms to carry him out, when to his terror he found he had closed the door, which could only be opened from the outside. Nobody ever knew what had become of him until years after, when some masons in repairing the castle found this secret chamber, and the two wasted forms within it, with a paper containing the confession of the baron.

The baroness at once caused the castle to be pulled down and a church built upon the spot.

THE HORSE BAYARD.—About three miles from the same grotto of Remouchamps, are the ruins of an old castle which once belonged to Aymon, Prince of the Ardennes. He lived in the time of Charlemagne, or Karl the Great, and his youngest son having slain one of Karl's sons in a quarrel, brought down upon the whole family the revengeful wrath of the great monarch. For a long time they were able to defend themselves by the aid of a powerful magician and a wonderful horse called Bayard, which the Prince had given to Reinold, his youngest son. One day the magician captured the Great Karl, and brought him into the castle of the princes, which he had been beseiging, but Reinold let him go free. This angered the magician, and he refused to help the princes any more. Fearing that their families would be starved by the seige the emperor was keeping up, Reinold and his brothers escaped to their castle in the Ardennes, whither the emperor followed them.

Then Reinold's mother, Ayra, went to Karl the Great to plead with him for mercy on her children.

"Very well," replied Karl, "listen to my offer. Reinold's horse Bayard has done me more harm than Reinold himself. Now I will pardon your four sons if Reinold will give the brute to me to be killed as I think best."

When Reinold heard the offer he refused at once.

"But think of your wife, your children and your brothers. The gallows at Monfaucon is prepared for them, and it will be said that Reinold gave up all his family to die a shameful death for the sake of a dumb animal."

Here the horse whinnied softly, and laid its head trustingly on Reinold's shoulder.

"I can not do it, mother. I can not do it," he cried.

"Very well, my son," she said, "but remember when all my children and grand-children are hanging on the gallows, your mother's heart will break."

"Have your will then," he said in a strange hollow voice; "but I shall not survive it."

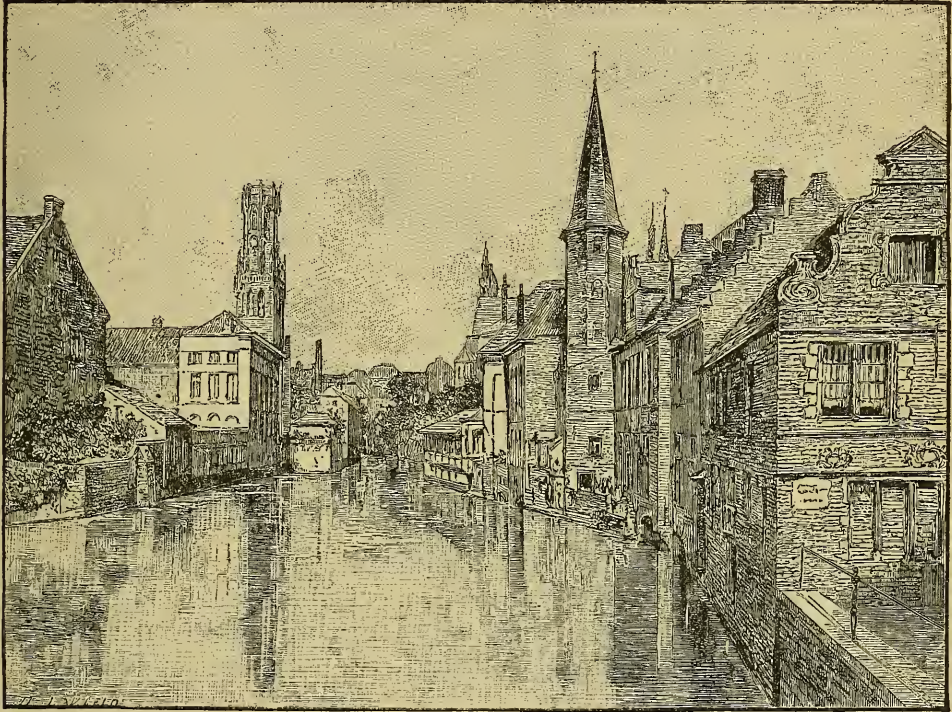
He signed the treaty, and the horse was taken to the emperor in Paris. There it was led to the middle of the bridge over the Seine, with iron weights fastened to its feet, and pushed into the river.

The emperor, Reinold, and his mother were there, and a great crowd besides came to witness the death of the famous horse. Three times he rose

to the surface, in spite of the weights, and each time looked toward his master.

"Beware, count Reinold!" cried the emperor; "his eye is fixed on you; if you are keeping him alive by any enchantment it shall be the worse for you. I will tear up the treaty."

With a cry of terror, Ayra flung her arms around her sons neck so that



CANAL AT BRUGES.

he could not see Bayard as he rose the fourth time, and not seeing his master's face, he sank then to rise no more.

Then Reinold pushed his mother aside, flung at the emperor's feet the letters granting to him his lands, and breaking his sword, threw it into the river, saying, "Lie there with my Bayard, and may God forget to be gracious to me if ever I mount a horse or draw a sword again."

Then he fled away into the forest and left his country for the Holy Land.

Knights of the Golden Fleece.—Charlemagne left Belgium, a part of the French empire, to which it remained attached for several centuries. After a while it came into possession of a family known as the house of Burgundy, who held it under the French king, according to the custom in feudal times. The Dukes of Burgundy, by marriage, treaties and alliances, kept increasing their possessions until they owned all the Netherlands and a part of France, making them nearly as powerful as the king himself. Their castles were as splendid as the palaces of kings.

One of these powerful princes was Philip the Good, at whose court one of the powerful orders of chivalry was organized. The occasion was the celebration of Philip's marriage with Isabella, daughter of King John of Portugal. When the festivities of the wedding were at their height, in the city of Bruges, Philip called his courtiers together and made them "Knights of the Golden Fleece." This name was chosen for the order because his father had been imprisoned in the land of the Golden Fleece, and the society was consecrated to St. Andrew, because he carried the gospel to that region.

Each knight received a badge containing a golden fleece, fastened to a red ribbon; around his neck he wore a chain of flints and rays of steel, the Duke's symbol of steel and flint striking fire, and each took a solemn oath promising to uphold the honor of knighthood and the interests of the Church of Rome. Its motto was, "I have accepted it." At the festivals, or "chapters" of the order, held afterward, the knights used to wear long purple robes made of silk velvet or rich scarlet cloth.

The honor of being grand master of the Golden Fleece has been the cause of much dispute between the kings of Austria and Spain. It descended to the heads of the Burgundian family until their line ended in Mary, who married Maximillian I. of Austria, bringing all of her extensive domain to that house.

According to a decree, when there was no longer a man at the head of the house of Burgundy, the heiress might bestow the title of grandmaster of the Golden Fleece upon her husband. Maximillian, therefore, received the title and gave it to his descendants. After a time a woman, Maria Theresa, inherited the throne of Austria, and she bestowed the honored title upon her husband Francis. This greatly displeased Philip V., King of Spain, who as a male descendant of Mary of Burgundy and Maximillian, through another line, claimed the honor.

The dispute could never be settled, so the kings of both Spain and Austria

have since claimed the honor, and neither will recognize the right of the other.

The Beggars.—About a hundred years after the order of the Golden Fleece was founded, another company of men met in the city of Brussels and banded themselves together, not to protect the interests of the church of Rome, but to resist the oppression which was being used against them in the name of the church, by the fanatical Philip of Spain. There was no pomp, nor ceremonies, nor festivities connected with the formation of this society. It was a solemn, earnest company, met to protect themselves from a danger which threatened their lives.

Philip's sister, Margaret of Parma, was governing the Netherlands at that time for her brother, and he had sent orders for a court of inquiry to be set up in every province for the purpose of discovering heretics and putting them to death. When the nobles heard of this they called a meeting and drew up a petition to the governess opposing most earnestly the execution of this order. When it was finished they all marched through the streets, four hundred of them, to present the paper to Margaret.

To avoid creating any excitement, or alarming the governess, they had dressed themselves in their plainest clothes, and went on foot instead of on horseback. Margaret, who had received news of their coming, was afraid they were going to threaten her into complying with their demand, but when they came into her presence, a countess whispered to her, "you need fear nothing from these people, for they are beggars."

The remark was overheard by one of the nobles, and that evening when they were met together at a banquet, he mentioned it to the others.

"It is no shame," they said, "to be beggars for the country's good," and everybody cried, "Long live the beggars." The host darted out and brought in a wooden goblet, such as the pilgrims and mendicant monks usually wear at their girdles, and pledged the whole company to the health of the beggars.

The cup went round, and when each had drank of it, they proceeded to drive a nail into the wood as a token of their adherence to the vow of the beggars. Not only this, but they dressed themselves and their families afterward in the beggar's costume of gray cloth, carried a small wooden porringer, or cup, fastened to their caps, and wore about their necks medals of gold or silver, on which were engraved the image of the king on one side, and on the other a beggar's wallet and two hands joined, with the motto, "Faithful to the king, even to the wallet."

THE IMAGE BREAKERS.—After the decided stand taken by the nobles, the people who had been meeting in secret to hear the Bible and the preaching of the Reformers, were considerably encouraged. They now assembled in open fields and plains in great numbers, "to show," they said, "how many the inquisition would have to burn, slay, and banish."

At first they went to the meetings unarmed, but finding the authorities were disposed to send the people home, they carried pistols and rapiers, and finally clubs, pikes, and muskets. They fortified the plain where they assembled with wagons, and stationed guards at all the entrances.

One day as a number of people were proceeding towards a place of meeting near the town of St. Omer, in Flanders, they were suddenly seized with a zeal for breaking all the images of the saints they saw on the road. This was a fine outlet to the fierce feelings oppression had stirred up within them, and the impulse spread rapidly to all the surrounding towns. Not only the images and statues in the churches were thrown down, but the altar pieces, the monuments, and even the coffins of the dead were defaced; the gold and silver ornaments were plundered, and the fine carvings, and paintings of the early Flemish masters, were destroyed. In the cathedral of Antwerp, 70,000 ducats worth of precious things were destroyed, and for three days the streets were filled with a wild mob engaged in sacking the churches. Order was finally restored by the knights of the Golden Fleece. In some cities the works of art were saved by the magistrate, who quietly removed them before the mob reached the churches, but the whole amount of damage done was more than could be estimated.

One thing might be said in favor of the rioters; they committed no deed of violence upon man or woman and no robberies. They left heaps of jewelry, gold and silver plate, and costly embroidery lying on the ground, and punished with death one of their number who stole five shillings worth. Their motive was simply to destroy the religious symbols, which they considered abominable idols.

But such blind zeal always does more harm than good, and the result of their work was that the Catholics of Flanders, where the image-breaking was carried on most fiercely, were so embittered against the Protestants that this portion of the Netherlands remained with Spain when the rest rose in revolt.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.—Ten miles south of the city of Brussels is the great dreary plain of Waterloo, where, a little more than seventy years ago was fought one of the most important battles of history. On this plain

"THE GUARD DIES, IT NEVER SURRENDERS."

the English Duke of Wellington placed his forces to resist an attack from the great French Conqueror, who for several years had been creating empires and emperors, and changing the map of Europe to suit himself.

Two ridges run through this field, with a little valley between them. On the one the English and their allies were stationed, on the other French. At one end of the field was the farm of "La Haie Sainte," at the other an old Flemish chateau, each of which was occupied by the British. These two points and the central ridge were the scenes of the fiercest fighting. The farm was taken and retaken several times; the chateau was held unwaveringly by the British, though a battery of howitzers planted against it set it on fire more than once. The French gained a footing within the orchard and garden several times, but were never able to enter the walls surrounding the house. Some one says, "The Belgian farmer's garden wall was the safeguard of Europe, whose destinies hung on the possession of this house." In these walls may still be seen the loop-holes through which the British guards fired.

On the central ridge, also, the British stood firm, resisting charge after charge of French cavalry, hurled upon them by the furious Ney.

A high mound has been erected on this part of the field, and on its top is placed the figure of the lion of Belgium, made of iron from the cannon left on the field, and raised in honor of the Prince of Orange, who fell there. Some have thought a British lion would have been more appropriate, as it was their resistence that saved the place, while the "braves Belges" are said to have left in great haste when the fight grew hot.

Another monument has been raised at the place where the Prussians entered, in memory of the seven thousand dead, whom they left on the field. Still another tells of a brave German legion that stood and were cut to pieces after their ammunition had given out. Their commander had forgotten to keep an opening at their rear for supplies, and they were left helpless before the fire of the enemy.

The French have left monuments of their valor only in the records of their conduct during the most trying scenes of the battle. Napoleon, when he had given the order to retreat, declared his determination to die within the square which he had vainly formed for the protection of his fugitives; but one of his generals hurried him away. Ney, covered with dust and blood, his clothing torn, his head bare, kept his place at the head of the guards, on foot and sword in hand, after the fifth horse had been shot from under him. And the old guard, surrounded at last, and their retreat cut off,

refused to lay down their arms. "The guard dies, it never surrenders," was their last reply.

THE "MASANIELLO."—After the battle of Waterloo the conquerors,—Austria, headed by the keen old statesman Metternich; Prussia, Russia, England, Denmark, and several of the small German states, all met at Vienna, to re-arrange the map of Europe, with which Napoleon had been playing such havoc. The great statesmen who represented the different countries came to the conclusion that Belgium should be put with the States of Holland, so as to form a barrier against any future attempts of France to extend her dominions on the north. The whole territory thus united was named "The Kingdom of the Netherlands," and given to Frederick William, a prince of the house of Orange. This was a very bad thing for both countries, for the two nations differed in religion, in tastes, in character and language, and more than that, the Dutch were burdened with a great debt amounting to billions, which the Belgians, who owed only a few millons, were compelled to help pay. Then too, the Dutch insisted that the Belgians, whose written language was closely allied to the French, should change it at once for their own.

The Belgians greatly outnumbered the Dutch, but were not allowed a proportionate number of representatives in the legislative chambers, and any measure they proposed for the benefit of their own country was usually opposed. The Dutch received also nearly all the nominations to office.

Thus the position of Belgium became that of a subjected country, rather than an equal. This humiliation she had already been obliged to endure for centuries, having been tossed to and fro like a ball, from Austria to Spain, from Spain back to Austria, from Austria to France, and now from France to Holland. The people began to grow tired of this, after they had been joined to Holland a while, and finally they presented petitions to the king stating their grievances. When these received no attention they grew very restless, and published bitter things in their papers. Then the papers were suppressed, and all office holders who sympathized with the Belgians were turned out of their places.

One brave man named Potter, started a subscription for the benefit of those who had been thus deprived of their livelihood because of their opinions, and he was immediately arrested, tried for sedition and banished.

Just at this time the French broke out in successful rebellion against Louis XVIII. This had a great effect upon the Belgians, who began to say that if the French could free themselves from hated rulers, why not they?

Thus the kindlings were all ready for the match, which was struck on the evening of the 28th of August, 1830. While the people of Brussels were listening to an opera composed by Auber, the French musician, they became so excited by the music that they rushed out of the house and made an attack on the office of the *national* newspaper, one that was carried on by the government.

Smashing bolts, locks, doors and windows, they poured through the building, broke and carried into the streets everything they could lay their hands on, and there set the whole pile on fire. From here they went to the armorer's shops, which they seized and barricaded. By the time the police fully realized what was going on, the revolutionists were ready for a strong defence.

The news flew quickly to other cities, where the same scenes were repeated. Then a congress of citizens assembled at Brussels, and drew up an address to the king, asking for several reforms in the government. The king replied that he would not consider the matter until they laid down their arms. This they were not willing to do, and so the royal troops were sent against them.

But the king was very loth to fight. He had been slow to realize how deeply dissatisfied the Belgians were, and now believed that they might still be brought back without much bloodshed. His son, the crown prince Frederick, who was sent against the rebels at Brussels, tried to reason with them instead of fighting, but they would not listen. When they did come to blows, the Prince's men were obliged to withdraw. The Belgians then declared their independence amid great rejoicing.

The king appealed to the powers who had given him Belgium to help him bring it back, but after some delay they decided to let the "Braves Belges" keep the independence they had gained, and so Belgium has been a separate country from that time.

Belgian Lace-makers.—While Belgium was subject to Spain all of her industries except lace-making, either dwindled away, or were carried into other countries. This too would doubtless have shared the same fate, but that the workers were women, who could not so readily seek freedom from persecution in foreign lands. They remained at home, and when the country emerged from her trouble, took up their bobbins again.

Each town, where lace making is carried on, has its own patterns, which have been handed down from mother to daughter for generations. Many of the workers live and die in the houses where they were born, working as they were taught by their mothers or grandmothers. Thus from the hands

of the women of Malines comes the *Mechlin* lace; from those of Valenciennes, the lace of that name, and from the capital city, the rich Brussels lace used for bridal and ball dresses, and to adorn the robes of queens and courtly ladies.

The work is divided among the makers, one doing the groundwork, another the flowers, another attaching the flowers to the ground.

A very important part of lace making is spinning the thread. No machine can be contrived to do this work, for it requires human care and

FISHERMEN.

vigilance. Only the skillful fingers of the Belgians have yet been able to produce it.

The finest thread for lace-making is made in Brussels, in damp underground cellars. For it is so extremely fine that the dry air above ground causes it to break. There are many old thread makers in Brussels, who have passed nearly their whole lives, spinning like spiders in their damp cellars.

The spinner has a piece of dark blue paper as a back-ground against which to watch her flax, and as soon as she sees the least unevenness in it, she breaks it off and takes a new piece. This fine flax, prepared especially

for the thread spinners, is very costly, and none of the pieces broken off are wasted.

The weavers of the lace are more fortunate than the spinners. They can take their thread and lace pillow into the open air, the park or garden. In many of the towns there is a particular street where the lace makers meet in fine weather. With their chairs and lace pillows they set out from their homes for the wide open street, and there gather in little social groups with their friends, their busy tongues keeping company, but not interfering with their busy fingers.

The Flemish Painters.—While Belgium was united with the Netherlands under the house of Burgundy, the country became the most flourishing part of Europe, and in this condition it was carried by Mary of Burgundy to the Austrians. The province of Flanders was one of the leading portions of Burgundy, and here a school of remarkable painters arose. One of the founders, Hubert van Eyck, discovered a drying varnish for oil paints that made paintings in oil much more valuable than they had ever been before. The excellence of the work done by him and a few associates drew a number of students around them just before the war with Spain. But it was not until the century after the war that the fame of the Flemish painters shot up to its greatest height.

In the year 1600, two years after the death of Philip II., Peter Paul Rubens, a young man, whose father had been secretary of William the Silent, went to Italy to study painting, having learned all that the Flemish artists could teach him. These men too had gone to Italy to study, but they had only imitated the works of the Italian masters. Rubens seized upon the life and vigor which he saw in these old works, and this idea he began to carry out in his own way "with brute violence of brush and brilliant color, and daring composition," said one of his critics.

His pictures so full of life and energy won the highest admiration, and pupils began to flock around him from every quarter. Orders came pouring in by the score, so that he could only furnish the designs for many of his pictures, and after his pupils had done the heavy work, give them their finishing touches.

He used to rise very early in the morning, in summer at four o'clock, and immediately heard mass, after which he went to work. While painting he usually employed a person to read to him, so that his mind might be occupied with pleasant thoughts while he worked.

At this time too, he was ever ready to receive visitors, talking animatedly

and pleasantly while plying his brush. Before dinner he rested an hour, letting his thoughts dwell as they would on the subjects he had been reading about, or on science, or politics.

After dinner he worked again until evening, then mounted his spirited Andalusian horse and rode for an hour or so. This was his favorite exercise; he was extremely fond of horses, and his stables generally contained some very beautiful animals. After his return home he usually received a few congenial friends, men of learning or artists, and with these he shared his plain supper, and passed the evening in pleasant conversation.

The last picture Rubens ever painted was one of his best. It was an altar-piece ordered for the church of St. Peter at Cologne, the city where he spent the first ten years of his life, and he was anxious to make it a strong one. The subject he chose was "The Crucifixion of Saint Peter," who was nailed to the cross with his feet upwards.

He was to have completed it in a year and a half, but it was not done at the time, for the painter could now work but slowly.

The last touches were hardly put upon it, when the news went from mouth to mouth through Antwerp, "Rubens is dead."

CHAPTER X.

GERMANY.

Germany is a land of stories. Here all the legends and romances of the northern nations appear in their most attractive form. Its forests are famous for witches and goblins; its chief river owes half its charms to ghost-haunted castles; its highest mountain is never named apart from the spectral shadow that plays about the summit; its most noted book is the one that records the adventures of Siegfried, the prince of legendary heroes.

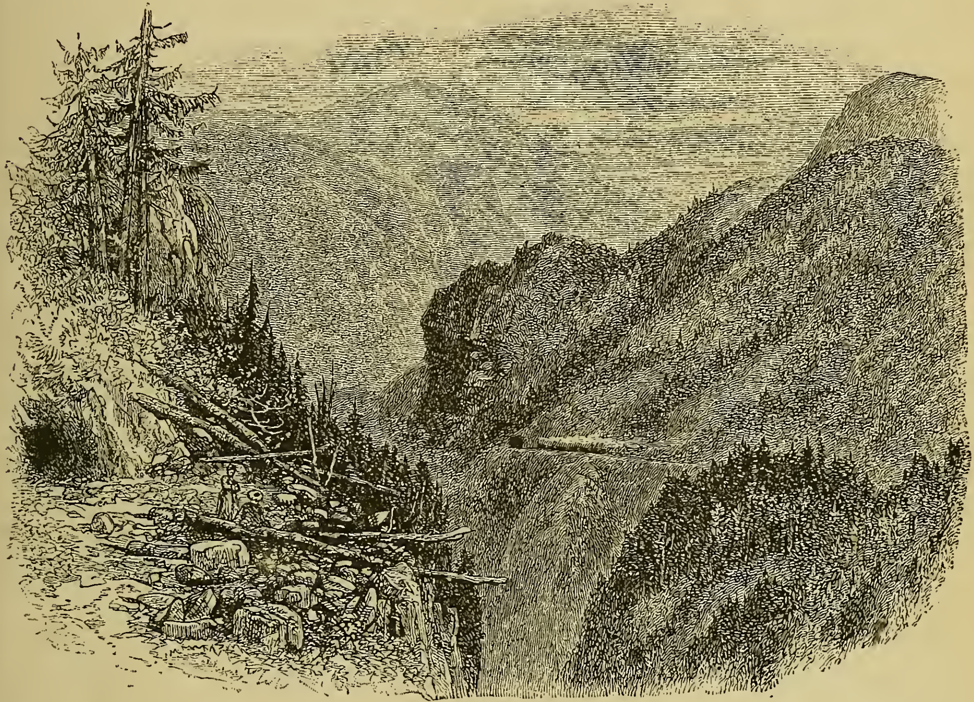
But Germany is something more than a land of stories. It is the land of champion soldiers, skillful workmen, of great musicians and learned scholars.

The River Rhine.—There is no feature of his country that the German speaks of with more pleasure and pride than the river Rhine, which some travelers think does not deserve all the fame it has received, but Victor Hugo, the great French writer, says it possesses the chief qualities of all other noted rivers. He says it is "rapid, like the Rhone; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and, like an Asiatic river, abounding with phantoms and fables."

Germany possesses but the middle portion of the Rhine, the upper part lies within and upon the boundary of Switzerland, and the lower traverses hill-less Holland, but neither of these parts are as attractive as that within the German borders.

It is here that the Rhine flows by its most picturesque banks, its most noted battle-fields, where the conquerors of other days won many of their laurels, and the flourishing cities where to-day manufacturers and traders are the chief actors. And here the busy steamers ply, carrying every year more than a million of passengers, merchants planning or driving bargains, and pleasure-seekers tracing out noted places in their guide-books, or listening to some of the oft repeated stories, such as this:

"Here is the steeple of Velmich, where once hung a silver bell, that had been given to the church by the Bishop Winnifred. For many years the bell rang for prayers, and tolled for funerals, until a wicked Seigneur was sent to rule over the town. He did not believe in God or the devil, and being once in need of money, ordered the silver bell to be taken down from the



BLACK FOREST.

steeple and brought to him. The good prior of Velmich was greatly troubled over the sacriligious act and went to see the Seigneur about it.

"Ah! you want your bell do you?" said the wicked man. "Very well you shall have it, and I warrant it shall never leave you." He ordered the bell to be tied around the priest's neck, and both to be thrown into the pit of the tower. Then large stones were thrown into the pit, filling it up about six feet.

A few days afterward the Seigneur fell ill, and when night came on the

doctor and astrologer who were watching with him, heard with terror the ringing of a silver bell from the earth underneath them.

In the morning the man was dead, and every year since, when the day on which he died comes around, those about the place can hear from beneath the ground the ringing of a silver bell.

THE BLACK FOREST.—The high region in the southwestern part of Germany where the Rhine enters, is known as the Black Forest. It is a branch of the old Hyrcanian, or Hercyan Forest, that used to cover a large part of central Europe, reaching from what is now the Thuringian Forest to the Hartz and Carpathian mountains. On the east side of the Black Forest is the birthplace of theDanube, on the west a series of elevated table-lands descending toward the Rhine. Down these steep slopes, after a heavy rain, the torrents rush with terrible force, doing much damage in the hamlets and villages below. Sometimes, in their mad career, they burst out into new channels and startle the people with their unexpected appearance.

A queer legend is made to account for the origin of one of these streams which rises in a little lake on the top of the Kandel, one of the highest peaks of the Black Forest. This lake, the people say, had once no outlet, and the inhabitants of the valley through which it now flows suffered from the want of water, and yet if the lake should break its bounds, it would flood the whole valley, for it was said to be of unmeasurable depth. Now the Evil One had long been planning a way of breaking down the rocky wall and letting the lake out to drown the poor people in the valley, but it could only be done by an innocent boy, and he had much trouble in finding such a one as would suit his purpose.

One evening he saw a poor orphan boy, who watched cattle on the Kandel, coming down the mountain, looking very sad and dejected, for he was thinking of his pitiful wages, his tattered clothes and his hunger. "This is the boy for me," said the Evil One to himself, and immediately he changed his appearance to that of a hunter. He approached the boy kindly, inquired the cause of his grief, and said that he could give him some assistance. "There is plenty of gold and silver in this mountain," said the seeming hunter, "and if you will come here early to-morrow, with a good strong team, I will help you get it. The boy promised to be on hand. The next morning, as soon as it was light, he hurried to the mountain with four heavy oxen that belonged to his master. The hunter was there waiting for him, and had fastened a ring of yellow metal around the rocky wall. The boy was not exactly pleased with the work before him, but he obeyed the stranger, and

when all was ready started the cattle, saying, " Now then, in the name of God." As soon as he had uttered these words the heavens became suddenly dark, lightning flashed about in all directions, and the mountain trembled and roared as if a mighty sea were within it, heaving against its side. The boy fell in a dead swoon at the terrible sounds, and the oxen broke loose and ran away. But the boy's exclamation as he started the oxen had thwarted the plan of the Evil One. The rock did not split entirely away as he expected, but only enough to let out a little rill of water.

When the boy recovered his senses the sun was shining, the hunter was gone, and there from a deep gap in the side of the mountain was rushing a beautiful torrent.

In a few moments he saw his master running toward him, terrified at the noises he had heard, but seeing the torrent he fell on the boy's neck, exclaiming with great joy, " The wish of the people is fulfilled, the valley will be supplied with water."

Then the boy told him what had taken place.

" Ah!" said his master, " it is well you did it in the name of the Lord, else the lake would have burst its bounds and we should all have been drowned."

Bingen on the Rhine.—Midway on its course through Germany the Rhine passes the old town of Bingen, toward which the " soldier of the legion," in Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem, looked back with such longings as he "lay dying in Algiers." Near this noted town of Bingen, the great *Nibelungian* hoard of the hero Siegfried is said to be buried, and here too stands the famous " mouse-tower," where the wicked bishop was eaten up by mice, or rats, which ever it was. The oft repeated story of this " mouse-tower " is one that never loses its interests. It has been told in many different ways, usually about as follows:

One time there lived at Mayence, a cruel archbishop named Hatto,—a miserly priest, who was readier to open his hand to bless than to bestow. One year when the hearvest was bad he purchased all the corn and shut it up in his granery, hoping to sell it at a high price. When the famine was so great that the people began to die of hunger they came to the bishop and demanded corn; but he refused to give it. Then they surrounded his granery and would not go away. They threatened to break it open if he did not give them something to keep them from starving.

Then the bishop appeared to change his mind. He told them to come next day and bring all their friends and he would give them all they could

carry away. They came in great crowds, and the bishop, unlocking the door told them to go in and help themselves. When they were all in he had his servants lock the door, and set fire to the place.

Then the wicked bishop danced with delight as he heard the screams of the burning people, and asked his servants if they heard the squeaking of the rats.

The next day the fatal granery was in ashes, and there were no longer any people in Mayence. The town seemed dead and deserted. Suddenly a swarm of rats sprang from the ashes of the granery, coming from under the ground, appearing at every crevice, swarming the streets, the citadel, the palace. Hatto in despair quitted Mayence, and fled to the plains, but the rats followed him; he shut himself up in Bingen, which was surrounded by walls, but the rats crept under them. He then fled to a tower in the middle of the Rhine, thinking he should find refuge there; but the rats swarmed through the water, climbed up the tower, gnawed the door and windows, the walls and ceilings, and at last, reaching the room where the wretched bishop was hiding, devoured him.

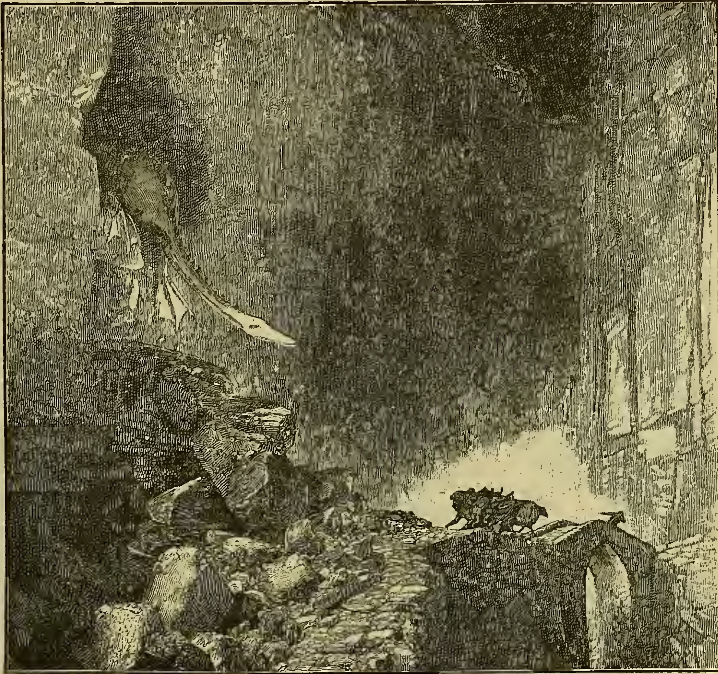
The deserted tower is now crumbling in the middle of the river; and sometimes at night a strange red vapor is seen issuing from it, like the smoke of a furnace. This, the people say, is the soul of Hatto condemned to hover forever around the place of his crime.

It is too bad to spoil an interesting story for the sake of truth, but it must sometimes be done. The facts in this case are, the tower was not built until more than a hundred years after the Bishop of Hatto died, and its purpose was for collecting toll. The bishop too was not such a very bad man, but quite strict as to church discipline, and so was disliked by the people and priests. The object of the toll house, moreover, was not very pleasing to those who had to pay toll, and so by putting two and two together the story grew into that of the very wicked bishop and the mouse-tower.

THE DRAGON'S ROCK.—Passing from the highlands of southern and central Germany into the northern plain, the Rhine reaches Cologne, the city of the great cathedral, of *eau de Cologne* (Cologne water), and the meeting place of the old Hanseatic league. Here the glory of the river toward the north ends, just where Siegfried the hero of the *Nibelungen lied* began his famous career. A few miles south of the city is a range of hills called the Siebengebirge (seven-hills) on one of which once lived a terrible dragon, who was greatly feared by all the surrounding country. One day Siegfried, son of the king of the Netherlands, started out with the deter-

mination of slaying the terrible dragon. After a furious fight the hero was victorious, and then to make his flesh proof against all mortal weapon thereafter he bathed himself in the blood of the vanquished dragon.

Thus annointed Siegfried started out in search of adventure. Before he had gone far he came to the cavern where the king of Nibelung-land had stored his enormous treasure, and here at the mouth of the cave he saw the hoard of gold spread out upon the ground and the two sons of King Nibel-



DRAGON'S ROCK.

ung surrounded by their body guard trying to divide it between them. But there was so much of the treasure that they could not decide upon any way of dividing it, and thus they had been disputing ever since the death of their father.

When they saw Siegfried they called to him to come and help them, saying they would give him as a reward their father's mighty sword, Balmung. The hero stopped and undertook to settle the dispute, but neither of the brothers would agree to any plan he proposed. Both had fiery tempers

and they wrangled and quarrelled until Siegfried was utterly out of patience, and catching up their father's sword, he slew them both and also their body guard of twelve giants. Then a powerful dwarf, Alberich, rushed out upon him with the fury of a lion to avenge the death of his masters. But Siegfried, annointed with the dragon's blood, easily overcame the dwarf and took from him his magic cloak, which had the power of making its wearer invisible and endowed with twelve times his natural strength.

Thus Siegfried became master of the great Nibelungian hoard, which consisted of more than a hundred wagon loads of gold and precious stones, and the possessor of more than human power. Moreover all the knights of Nubelungen-land swore that they would serve him as vassals, so he became their king. The dwarf, Alberich, he made keeper of the hoard, ordering him and his hosts to restore it to its place in the cavern from which he might draw it when he wished.

In after days Siegfried found this hoard of great service to him, as he went on and met with other adventures, all of which are told in the wonderful "*Nibelungian Lay.*"

The Spectre of the Brocken.—Passing from the Rhine region to the east a higher region than the Black Forest is reached among the Hartz mountains. These, though the highest in North Germany, are not especially remarkable for size nor beautiful scenery. They are mere mole-hills compared with those of the Alps just to the south, but rising from the great level plain that extends from their feet to the Baltic, they seem wonderful to the peasants who are accustomed to nothing but these flat wastes.

They are also full of fertile valleys where large herds of cattle are pastured, well wooded with valuable timber and stored with rich minerals, silver, copper, zinc, lead and iron.

For many years about thirty thousand persons have been employed in the mines of the Hartz Mountains, one of which is the deepest in the world. Mining is studied here in schools established for that purpose, and there are a number of towns in which no other business is conducted but such as is connected with the mines.

On account of their curious formation and great variety of minerals these mountains are a favorite resort of geologists, but to the usual visitor their great attraction is the mysterious shadow that plays about the summit of the Brocken at certain times. Once in a while, eight or nine times in a year perhaps, when the mists happen to be rising perpendicularly out of

the valley opposite the sun, just at sunset or at sunrise, if the top of the mountain is left clear, its shadow is reflected against the face of the rising mists greatly enlarged. The inn on the summit appears like a great palace, and the people about it like giants.

The peasants account for the shadow by saying that on certain days all the evil spirits in the world meet on the Brocken to hold a festival in honor of the Evil One himself, and if any mortal is bold enough to venture up the mountain on that night he will see his own ghost stretched out before him.

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

BRUNHILDE'S LEAP.—The whole rocky region of the Harts mountains bristles with "Devils' Pulpits," "Witches' Alters," "Goblins' Lakes," and various other names given them by the superstitious people. There is such a strong belief in real goblins, bogies and spectres among some of the peasants that at certain seasons of the year they will not venture out after dark. Every strange appearance in rock or hill is supposed to be the work of some unearthly creature.

A very wonderful story is told of a mark, something like a horse's hoof,

that is to be seen upon a rocky platform a few miles east of the Brocken. The cause of it was a beautiful princess by the name of Brunhilda who lived in the land of Bohemia. One day there came to her father's castle a handsome young prince, the son of the king of the Hartz country, who fell in love with the beautiful princess at first sight.

She was equally pleased with him, and so the wedding day was set. Soon after he had returned home to make preparations for her at his father's house, there came another suitor for the hand of the princess, the giant Bodo from the cold northland. She was not at all pleased with the giant, though he brought her elegant presents, necklaces of amber, rich gold ornaments studded with gems, and a wonderful white charger. But her father was afraid of offending the great giant so he bade Brunhilda get ready to be married within three days.

As Brunhilda was bemoaning her fate, and trying to plan some way of escape, her eye lighted on the burly form of the giant riding up and down before the castle on his favorite black steed, and a happy idea entered her head. She began at once to treat the giant more cordially and the next day made him almost happy by consenting to mount the white horse he had brought her and learn how to manage it.

The next day was the wedding, and while the merry-making was at its height, the giant laughing until the halls of the castle shook, Brunhilda slipped out to the stable, sprang upon the fiery white steed and ordered the guard to lower the drawbridge.

The sound of her horse's hoofs upon the bridge, roused the giant from his mirth, and in an instant he was on the back of his black charger flying after her. On they went over rocks, valleys, and streams, but the white steed kept ahead, and slowly increased the distance between his mistress and the giant. Night came, but on they went, sparks of fire dashing out from underneath the flying hoofs of the steeds.

As morning dawned the maiden saw far ahead the summit of the Brocken, the abode of her lover, the prince. If she could but reach his castle she would be safe, for he, she thought, would be able to deliver her from even the terrible giant.

Suddenly her horse stopped and reared, just upon the verge of a precipice. Each side was walled up, there was no way of escape, behind was the angry giant. There was only one hope and that lay before her. The horse might jump the ravine. Wheeling him around she struck him a sharp blow with her whip, and galloped to the verge of the rock. The brave horse gave a

mighty spring and landed safely on the other side, but he struck the rock with such force that he left upon it the print of his foot.

When the giant came up, he tried to make his horse do what the maiden's had done, but the weight upon its back was too great, and it sank with the giant to the bottom of the abyss.

THE HEROES OF TEUTOBERG FOREST.—The northern part of Germany is a great low plain over which the waters of the North Sea once roared, but have now left to the domain of man. Across it four great rivers roll sluggishly along, burdened with the waters of the central hills and terraces, the Rhine having turned to the left and deserted Germany for Holland.

On the boundary between the plain and the terraces is the starting point of German history. Instead of witches, goblins and nymphs, two real heroes appear battling for the liberty of the German race. First comes Arminius, or Herman, as he is sometimes called, who delivered his country from the Romans.

This Herman was born sixteen years before Christ, and when a boy went to Rome, where he must have been at the time of the Saviour's birth. The young Saxon, pleased with the wonderful sights of the great city remained there some time learning the Roman language, and arts of warfare. After a time he was given command of a legion fighting on the banks of the Danube. From there he returned home and found his country greatly oppressed by the cruel Roman general Varus, who was stationed among them. Herman became a German again at once and began planning to get rid of this Roman army.

Pretending great friendship for Varus, he advised that general to divide his army into small bands and send it around through the different provinces, that better order might be kept. Varus did as he advised, and then Herman, having secretly organized a large force, made war upon the Roman general. He drew him from his strong holds along the banks of the Rhine into the wilds of Teutoberg forests.

Then he began a fight that lasted three days and ended in the total destruction of the Roman army, Varus himself being killed.

When the news of this defeat reached Rome it caused great dismay. The old Emperor Augustine nearly lost his mind and went about wringing his hands and crying, "Varus, Varus, bring back my legions."

After five years the Romans came again to recover their lost country, but all they accomplished was the work of burying the bones of their countrymen who perished with Varus. Herman was upon them and drove them

back, with great loss. Again they came with a larger army, but met with no better success, and then they left the country forever. This was the end of the Romans in Germany.

The next great power after the Romans was that of Charlemagne, King of the Franks, who marched his victorious army into Germany a few hundred years after the Romans left. For a while his men conquered all before them, but when they were gone, a sturdy chief by the name of Wittikind stirred the Saxons up to active resistance. Charlemagne sent another force against them and all but Wittikind took the oath of allegiance; he fled to his brother-in-law, the king of Jutland.

As soon as Karl had gone away again, Wittikind returned and raised another revolt. This time the Saxons were more successful and after four years of fighting they destroyed a great army belonging to Charlemagne on the banks of the Weser just southwest of Hanover on nearly the same ground where Herman fought his last battle with the Romans. When the emperor heard of this he was very angry, and put over forty-five hundred Saxons to death. Then all the tribes rose in revolt and declared they would have Wittikind for their king. After three years more of fighting, Karl gave up trying to conquer the Saxon king, and agreed that he should rule over Saxony with the title of Duke.

Wittikind then became a Christian and reigned twenty years over the duchy of Saxony, with his court at Enger, where, nearly six hundred years after his death, the Germans raised a monument to his honor. Another monument was raised in the year 1875 on the summit of the Grotenberg, near Detmold, in honor of Arminius. The Emperor William was present at the ceremony and unveiled the statue.

The Emperor at Ems.—Germany abounds in watering places, to which in summer everybody goes. One of the favorite resorts is Ems, on the Rhine, a few miles from Coblentz. It is a very pretty spot with plenty of trees and green banks, sloping to the waters edge, and over-hung with high wooded hills. The water of the springs is thought to be very beneficial for several diseases, especially of the throat and lungs.

Jenny Lind so far recovered her voice during a short stay at Ems that she was able to sing at a concert with all her former power and clearness.

Many celebrated people from all lands may be met at Ems, from kings and emperors down. There royalty is set aside and the rulers appear somewhat like ordinary mortals. The Emperor of all the Russias walks out unattended to take his morning glass of spring-water, but the town is full of Russian

detectives in plain clothes constantly on the watch for lurking nihilists. A striking contrast to the careworn and troubled expression of the Czar is the jovial good humored face of the aged German emperor, always going about

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

among his people full of good humor and gay spirits, idclized almost by his devoted subjects. He thrusts his cane playfully at a little German maiden, stops and talks with the boys, is affable and courteous to everybody.

One morning, a few years ago, there was considerable excitment at the chief hotel of Ems. The little host darted hither and thither very nervous and anxious. He had heard that the Emperor was coming in the afternoon to call upon one of the princesses who was stopping at his house, and he was anxious to give him a grand reception. He had a huge roll of carpet brought in to be laid down on the grand staircase and quantities of flowers to be scattered over the Emperor's pathway. But the little host did not wish his carpet to be soiled with other footsteps and his flowers withered and trampled before the Emperor came. So he posted his waiters about as scouts, to report at once when the Emperor was seen approaching.

After much watching, bustling and talking a waiter rushed in, horror stricken. "The Emperor is here! he is this moment in the parlor of Madame la Princess."

The poor landlord was crestfallen. How did it happen?

It happened that the Emperor had come quietly along unattended, and turning in at a side entry had inquired the way to the Princess's apartment and so escaped Herr Huyn's watchful waiters.

But the carpets and flowers must still be made to do honor to His Majesty, and so they were laid with all haste on the back stairs. Then again all was anxiety lest the Emperor should find his way out at the front entrance. Everybody watched and waited and at last the royal visitor was heard taking leave of the princess. Coming into the hall he noticed the change at once, and asked, "For whom has all this trouble been taken?"

"For you, sire," answered little Herr Huyn, reverently.

"What a pity," said the Emperor, "to leave such lovely flowers to be trodden on by an old man like me," and stooping he picked up some of the most beautiful ones and handed them to the princess. One little blossom he fastened to his own coat.

By such acknowledgments of displays, that he would avoid if possible, and in many other kindly ways, the Emperor William has endeared himself to the hearts of his people.

It was here at Ems in 1871, that the French minister Benedetti persistently and impolitely pressed the Emperor, then King William of Prussia only, to promise that no Prussian prince should ever become a candidate for the throne of Spain. King William refused to make any such promises and six days later war was declared between France and Prussia.

Frederick at Sans Souci.—The kings of Prussia have always been

noted more for their strict attention to the business of governing than for their love of display, and the one most regardless of appearances was the Great Frederick himself, who used to go about in a shabby old coat, and

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

who died without a decent shirt to his back. He had to be buried in one belonging to his valet.

Though Frederick brought the Prussians out of the Seven Years' War, in which they were threatened on every side, with flying colors, and it is said without burdening the country with debt, yet the people were in a

desolate condition. One-sixth of all the able-bodied men had been killed, the fields were unsown and the graneries empty.

Frederick at once excused the people from paying taxes, and then ordered his household expenses on such an economical plan that he was able to save a million of thalers every year to spend in improving the lands and industries of his subjects.

The only matter in which Frederick was not economical was in building, but that could hardly be called wasteful extravagance, for it gave employment to many needy workmen. One of his finest buildings was the palace of Sans Souci, where, his victories won, he settled down to a quite, busy life, devoted to the affairs of the nation.

In his mode of life he was very regular and very industrious. For years he only allowed himself four hours of sleep out of twenty-four. In summer he usually rose at three, seldom in winter later than four, and never later than five. While in the hands of his hair dresser he opened his first packet of letters from Berlin. This contained only letters from nobles, stamped as such by the postmaster who mailed them. All others were opened by his secretaries.

His hat was one of the first articles of dress donned, and it never left his head except at dinner-time or during interviews with people of very high birth. His strict economy allowed no extravagance in dress, his uniform was often patched and threadbare, his boots red from age and want of blacking.

As soon as he was dressed his secretaries laid before him extracts from the letters they had opened, the various petitions and matters of business, and he told them what to say in reply. Then the Adjutant of the Royal Guard brought a report of all strangers who had arrived or departed the day before, a similar report was brought in from the officer at Berlin, and then the Adjutant-General came to discuss the affairs of the army.

This finished, Frederick passed to his writing-room, drank several glasses of cold water flavored with fennel leaves, and at intervals while he wrote sipped coffee or tasted a little fruit which stood ready on a side table. He took pains to encourage the culture of choice fruits by giving large orders for every new variety. While in his writing-room, the king usually played for an hour upon his flute. He was a great lover of music and said that, instead of interfering with his business, often his happiest thoughts in matters of state came to him while playing on his favorite instrument.

Between eight and ten o'clock he received his cabinet secretaries, separ-

ately, and gave them their instructions. The time that remained before dinner he spent variously, reviewing his guards, walking out if it were pleasant, or through his parlors if it were stormy. Sometimes he received visitors, but only those of noble birth. He was not fond of coming in contact with common people.

Twelve o'clock sharp was his dinner hour. Some times if the bill of fare contained a dish of which he was particularly fond, he hurried the meal on ten or fifteen minutes before the appointed time. He only took one regular meal a day, and that he made the source of as much gratification as possible. He gave especial attention to his bill of fare, on which the names of the cooks always appeared with the dishes they had prepared. The viands that pleased him most he marked with a cross, and often wrote criticisms, corrections or amendments upon the paper. Of wine he always drank sparingly, and usually diluted it with water.

There were usually at the table from seven to ten invited guests with whom the king talked gaily, laughed and joked; but his jokes were not always of the pleasantest kind, and caused his guests sometimes as much pain as the invitation to dinner could give pleasure; in fact they usually came in fear of some unpleasant thrust. After dinner, which sometimes lasted until four o'clock, if there was an unusually witty assembly, the king took another half-hour with his flute and then attended to the letters his secretaries had answered. Some he simply signed, to some he added a short postscript; for instance, to a general who had asked leave to retire from the army, the secretary had written, according to Frederick's direction, that he would consider his request. The postscript by the king added "The hens that will not lay I will not feed." To one who asked for money he writes, "I cannot give a single groschen, I am now as poor as Job."

He cared little what complaints or criticisms his subjects made. He never persecuted them for their opinions or their remarks. "My people and I understand each other," he used to say; "they are to say what they like and I am to do what I like."

From six to seven there was usually a small concert, consisting of a few musicians of the highest rank, the king himself numbering one of the players. The rest of the evening was spent in reading or lively conversation with distinguished guests; when there were no visitors, one of his *lecturers* read aloud to him until his bed-time.

Women had no part in the royal household; he had little regard for

them, and was always much irritated when any of his friends, soldiers or servants took to themselves wives.

Bristling Bayonets.—Prussia is a land of muskets and armed men. Every third man in the capital is a soldier off duty. Underneath the statue of the old soldier Frederick, his countrymen, armed to the teeth, are constantly passing and repassing in time of peace as well as in war, for Prussia has learned that the only way to maintain peace is to be ready for war.

Each day at noon through the roar of the streets swells the finest martial music, first a grand sound of trumpets, then a deafening roll from a score of brazen drums. A heavy detachment of infantry wheels out from some barracks, ranks of strong brown-haired young men stretching from sidewalk to sidewalk. Squadrons in uniforms of green and red with pennons fluttering at the ends of their lances, ride up to salute the king. Frequent drills are held in the grand parade-ground in the outskirts. Officers in full uniform gather at the quarters of the main guard on *Unter den Linden* to talk and listen to military music.

They present a most striking appearance in their brilliant uniforms, hussars in red, blue, green and black, the king's body guard in white braided with yellow and silver helmets, flashing as if made of burnished gold and crested with an eagle. Every figure is straight and trim, perfectly developed by the systematic exercise of the training.

Everything and every body in Prussia wears this military air. The little boys in the primary school carry their books and dinners in knapsacks strapped upon their backs, at the tap of the bell they march like veterans to the bugle call. The larger boys go through gymnastics, which are but preparations for musket drills. Even the girls feed their minds upon military scenes in which their forefathers have taken a part, and their teacher, a man who of course has been a soldier, glows with enthusiasm as the memories of his soldier days are recalled, and waxes eloquent in praise of military glory.

The result of all this training and preparations for the evils that may come, but which everybody hopes will not, are not simply the captured flags that decorate the Prussian arsenals, trophies of victories over Austria and France, but are to be seen in every department of life. The butcher, baker, tailor and merchant are all hardier, for the physical training of their military life, and more prosperous for the discipline gone through in their younger years in the army.

The Hanseatic League.—The foundation of Prussia's greatness was

laid, not so much in war as in trade. Along the shore of the Baltic were a number of cities established and put in a flourishing condition by an order of chivalry known as the Teutonic Knights. Under their wise rule the cities grew and prospered, but they were sorely beset by pirates, who infested the sea and seized their trading vessels, and also by petty lords in the country round, who levied upon them burdensome taxes.

To defend themselves from these attacks, delegates from the leading cities met together and agreed to band together and fit out such troops and ships as they needed to protect their commerce. This compact became known as the Hanseatic League, and so successful did they shortly become that all of the surrounding cities joined them. Taxes were freely contributed and they grew rich and powerful. The pirates were driven out of the seas, depots of trade were established at London, at Bruges, Novgorod and Bergan under protection of the league. From these points they sent out over all the surrounding regions the products of the home manufactures and received in return foreign goods, especially from the east, which brought large profits.

In a little while they became so powerful that they could dictate terms to kings and princes. Vladmir III. of Denmark did not realize their strength when he played his trick upon the seventy "fat geese," as he called the Hansers who were sent to bring him to terms, and he paid dearly for it shortly afterward. They compelled him to fly from his throne, and did not allow him to come back until he agreed to do as they wished.

But as all great powers are apt to do, the league began to take advantage of and oppress their weaker neighbors. No cities could engage in trade but those of the league. The countries of Europe began to make war upon them and demand that their people too should have a chance to trade, for they saw now the importance of commerce. The great English and Dutch navies had become very powerful. Their great commanders, Van Tromp, De Ruyter and Blake, compelled for their vessels the right of entering the Baltic and trading in any port, and the league was obliged to yield.

But though the league was no more, the good it had accomplished remained; it had opened the way for commerce; it had shown kings and emperors that trade was a greater means of prosperity than war; and it had given to the people sale for the work of their hands, thus starting into growth the great industries that make the people prosperous.

Amber Gatherers.—A profitable business for many centuries on the northern coast of Germany is collecting amber, which is more abundant along the shores of the Baltic than in any other part of the world. It is

gathered in several ways. On rough autumn days when the northeast wind blows up rough waves, the coastmen go out with their nets in the face of the freezing spray and draw in the amber which the waves have washed up.

On shore the women and children receive it and separate the pure substance from the amber weed to which it clings. Again, on a calm summer morning, the boatmen go out and after peering eagerly into the glassy green waters for a few minutes plunge their hooks and pitch-forks into a mass of rock and sea-weed, which it taxes their strength to pull to the shore. The pieces collected in this way are much larger than those washed up by the waves.

In other places the precious substance is brought up by divers. Encased in their rubber dresses, with their helmets and air chests of sheet-iron, they plunge down fifty fathoms or more into the world of the fishes. They see their way through the glass openings in the helmet which also keeps them supplied with air, being connected with the far-away air world by a long tube and kept full by air pumps in the boat.

When they reach the amber-bed they begin hooking, dragging and tearing the masses from their long resting place, working sometimes four or five hours before they give the signal to be drawn up.

The crew of a diving boat usually numbers six men, an overseer, two divers, four men to work the air pumps—two at a time, and one to hold the safety rope by which to haul the men up at the slightest signal from below.

Near Munich, East Prussia, amber is obtained by dredging machines, which have brought up nearly sixty thousand pounds in a single season. It is also obtained in the eastern province of the Baltic by mining. One of these mines is said to have been discovered by a maiden while she was looking for blackberries in a dell near the shore. She saw something glistening in the sun and, picking it up, found it to be amber. Beneath the spot a large strata of embedded trees were found rich with the fossilized gum.

When amber was first discovered among the barbarians who then lived along the shore of the Baltic, it was not held in very high esteem by them; some used it for kindling fires. But when the beauty loving Greeks saw it they called it the "tear drops of the goddess," and were willing to pay a good price for it. Pytheas, the old Greek navigator who lived in the time of Alexander the Great, was much interested in the substance which he thought was "the scum of the encrusted sea." The Greeks knew little then about a frozen ocean.

The early Britons, who found some amber along their coasts, valued it

very highly. They considered it a charm against evil influences and always buried at least one bead in the graves of their dead. In the tomb of a chief at Wiltshire was found an amber necklace consisting of a thousand beads; in another grave in Sussex was found a cup carved from a solid block of amber; in another a collar of two hundred beads and plates, which must have extended far over the shoulders. The perforations in these plates show that they had been made with great skill by a fine metallic borer.

Some of the amber found in these old British graves is like that now washed up by the waves along the coast of Great Britain, but the most of it is a finer kind like that of the southern shores of the Baltic. When the Teutonic Knights ruled over this country they claimed all the amber as their own private property, and often paid all their court expenses with the money they derived from its sale. The Prussian kings also for a long time claimed exclusive right to the amber, and set guards to see that the people did not carry any of it away. Any one found trying to hide or sell it was hung upon gibbets kept standing there for that purpose as a warning.

At the beginning of the present century the government granted the right of gathering amber to private contractors, and any person found helping himself to the coveted substance may yet be arrested for theft.

The nature of amber was a great mystery for a long time, but it is now known to be the gum of trees, which has been buried in the sands until it has become "fossilized."

The trees from which it once flowed stood in vast forests in the region of the Baltic, and are now found buried beneath beds of sand and clay. The wood of these is full of amber which is also seen hanging from the embedded trunks in stalactites or mixed with the layer of sand beneath.

The Toy-Makers.—From the deep recesses of the living forests of Germany, from the inky old trees that look in the distance like crowds of mourners, comes a perfect torrent of fun and good times for the little folks. From their lopped branches and felled trunks are turned the wonderful jointed dolls, the legions of wooden soldiers, the fleets of Noah's arks, the doll's houses, the chairs, tables, bricks, blocks, whips and rattles, that Santa Claus pours down the chimneys at Christmas time. Many wooden images of Santa Claus himself are carved out by the ingenious toy-makers of the German forests.

In every house in these wooded regions, men, women and children may be seen cutting, carving, whittling, glueing and painting. The wood used is so soft that even the little children can begin to cut it as soon as they are

able to manage a knife. As soon as they come home from school they pick up their wood and cut demurely away at a leg or an arm, the easiest part of whatever object the family has been in the habit of making. Each family keeps to the cat, or donkey, or soldier, or whatever it has been trained to make by its ancestors, and so no time is lost in getting the "knack" of new operations. The most skilful cow-makers would not think of attempting a sheep or a dog. If the mother made goats, the children make goats, and nothing else.

The easier and simpler objects are made by the women and the children, the men take the more difficult ones, such as chairs, fancy boxes, brackets and crucifixes.

In mining regions another class of toys are made. From thence come marvelous tin-trumpets, jingling carts, tiny tinkling pianos and musical glasses. Wurtemburg is famous for this kind of toys, especially painted metal horses, stage coaches, cabs and omnibuses, ships and fire engines. Berlin, the city of military men, sends out smart metal soldiers, real cannons that will go off with a bang, tall fortresses, folding tents and pop-gun ammunition.

Sonneberg, in northern Bavaria, is the city for girls. There are made the beautiful wax dolls that sit and stand alone, and open and shut their eyes.

To get an idea of what the Germans really do in the toy-line one needs to visit the great Toy Fair, held at Liepsic every Easter. Here all kinds of toys that ever were known or invented line the streets of the city during the few days of the fair. How the sturdy little people of Leipsic do open their eyes and mouths in wonder, both at what they see and what they can not see for the boxes and wrappers around them! and how the large people, both the Leipsicians, the toy merchants from all parts of the world, and the toy makers from the forests, do chatter and smoke and drive bargains! and how fast the swords and drums and cannon and doll-houses disappear when the merchants take their leave and toy-makers go home with the price of their hard earned labor in their pockets!

Dresden China.—The perfection of skillful handwork is reached in the Dresden china works near that city. Here the people work, not in their homes, but in the large factories, where the whole process of the manufactures may be watched from the time the flower-like clay leaves the pulverizers till it emerges from the finishers in plates, cups and saucers, wonderful vases and vessels of all kinds.

In one of the galleries of the manufactory, from which various work-

rooms open, is a most curious collection of moulds, bodies without heads, legs, or arms, right legs, left legs, with and without shoes, birds, animals, and fishes of every description.

In one of the workrooms is an army of workmen to whom is given the contents of the moulds, after it has had one baking and is still yielding. With astonishing quickness they take a body, put on its arms, legs, and head, brushing them a little with a camels hair brush and water to make them stick. Then with small agate tools they mark the finger nails, deepen the eyelids, round the arms or the cheek, pat it a little on one side and then the other and behold a perfect shepherdess, or a dashing courtier.

In another room the delicate operations of the "raised china" is going on. Dainty little leaves are rolled out by quick and skillful fingers. Rose petals, one by one are curled, patted into shape and stuck into place. Each part of the tiny forget-me-not is made by itself, and put in place with fairy-like pincers and thus the work goes on until the bouquet is completed and placed in the lap of the pretty dancing girl who has been brought from the leg and arm department to receive it.

After this the poor dancing girl, with the shepherdess, the courtier and a great company of similar people must go to the oven for another baking; then to the glazing tub for a dipping, and then to the painters. This visit does not produce the appearance one would expect for the colors when first put on are dull. Even what is to be gold, comes from their hands a dull brown, but after another baking and then a brisk rubbing in the burnishing room, this dark dusky brown turns to a gold that glitters.

Just before the final baking, every piece of Dresden china is taken to the superintendent, and if he considers it perfect, he stamps it with the Dresden trade-mark—two crossed swords; if it is imperfect he draws a white line through the swords and then it is sold at the "rejected shop."

The fine porcelains used in Europe, used to be all made by the Chinese. Europeans tried in vain to discover the secret of the process and many experiments were made resulting in very good wares, such as the Dutch Delft-ware, but it was long before the art of making true porcelain was discovered, —and then it was by chance.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, employed a young chemist named Bottcher to search for the philosopher's stone, which was then a favorite idea among some wise heads. In the course of his experiments, the young chemist hit upon a preparation that produced a hard stone ware, red and brown, resembling

porcelain. The importance of his discovery was at once seen, and for several years he kept up his experiments hoping to be able soon to produce pure porcelain.

One day his valet came home with a new kind of hair powder which he had purchased in Dresden, and which was so unusually heavy that the chemist thought he would try it in one of his pastes. The result was true porcelain. Upon inquiring as to where the powder came from, it was found to be a clay from near Dresden, which was exactly the same as the kaolin used by the Chinese.

The whole matter was kept a secret, and a factory set up at Meisen near Dresden. The workmen engaged in it were shut up and guarded like prisoners. But in spite of all their care the secret leaked out, and in a few years was spread all over Europe.

The Krupp Guns.—The mammoth manufactory of Germany is the Essen steel works owned by Mr. Alfred Krupp. Nearly a thousand acres are covered by his furnaces, ovens, forges, etc. Inside of their belching, smoking shops many gigantic and interesting operations are carried on. One of these is the emptying of the crucibles.

At a given signal the furnace doors fly open and an army of workmen bearing long tongs, rush out with the red hot jars to the pits. The melted iron is poured in one, and the empty crucible thrown in another. The heat is almost unbearable to those not used to it, and it seems almost a miracle that the men can rush about in it and perform their work.

Another interesting spectacle is the working of the immense steam hammers, one of which weighs 50 tons. A mass of red hot iron is swung over the anvil by three or four workmen, and "Fritz," as the iron monster is called, comes down, sometimes with a tremendous crash that seems to shake the earth, sometimes with a gentle pressure, and sometimes with a soft tap, just as he is bid by his master, the foreman.

While these terrific operations are going on in one quarter, in another workmen are handling the minutest weights and measures and listening to every shade of sound in the iron under their inspection, careful that no flaw shall escape them.

Tests are applied to the iron all the way through its course in the shops. If a load of iron when brought to them is found to have one bad piece, the whole is rejected; and after every process, fresh tests are applied. Sometimes after a machine is nearly finished, one part will give a suspicious ring, and the whole is instantly condemned.

It is this care rigidly practised by Mr. Krupp over all parts of his work, Together with his constant motto of "improvement," that has been the secret of his success. He is determined that every wheel, axel and pulley, that leaves his shop, as well his more important works, his boilers, steamer shafts and guns, shall be absolutely perfect. In this way he has established a reputation that few manufacturers enjoy.

The most important of all Mr. Krupp's products is his celebrated guns. These too have attained their fame by constant attention to faults and improvements. In one large room of the great factory is ranged a line of guns,each one a specimen of those turned out at different stages of development. The first is a rude affair, hardly worthy of comparison with the perfect monster of destruction that stands last in the line.

In 1864, when the Prussians were fighting the Danes, frequent complaints came back to Mr. Krupp about the guns with which he had furnished his government. A number of them had burst and some people thought it was because he had used poor material. But he knew better, and he studied and experimented to remedy the fault which he knew to be in the pattern of the gun. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, vast numbers of his guns were ordered, and not one of them ever burst upon the field, though some were discharged nearly three thousand times.

THE PRINTERS' JUBILEE.—In the year 1840 the people of Leipsic held a grand celebration, the programme of which, published beforehand, was as follows:

"On the 24th the bells will ring a merry peal and the morning will be ushered in by music from the church towers and by a reveille through the streets. At eight o'clock the magistrates and different companies, with all their guests, walk in procession to hear divine service in one of the churches.

"At ten o'clock the festive procession will proceed through the principal streets to the market place, on which three temporary buildings have been erected.

"On the arrival of the procession a cantata, composed for the occasion by Mendelssohn, will be sung; at the conclusion of which the building in the centre will be opened and disclose type founders and printers in full activity. A song will be printed with the fresh cast types, distributed among the public, and sung in general chorus. At three o'clock about three thousand persons will sit down to dinner in the building erected before the university, and in the evening the town will be illuminated.

"The morning of the 25th will be devoted to a conversazione and to an

exhibition of all subjects connected with typography; in the afternoon there will be a grand musical performance under the direction of Mendelssohn, consisting of a symphony with chorus composed by him expressly for this feast, and other pieces. In the evening there will be a ball.

"The last day will be devoted to public amusements, concluding with fire-works and a procession of torches. The st according to custom will be extinguished at the market place amidst music and a general chorus."

All of this great celebration was in honor of the humble workman who four hundred years ago and over gave to the world the art of printing. Nearly every city in Germany now remembers the anniversary year of his great invention, and celebrates it with much pomp and gladness. A statue of him, by the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, was erected in Mentz, his native place, in 1837, another in Strasburg 1840.

A German Student.—Foremost in the long list of Germany's noted men stands that of Alexander von Humboldt, the great naturalist, who traveled all over the world studying all branches of natural history; made valuable discoveries, wrote books and gave a new start to the study of nearly every branch. When he was quite a young boy his desire to see the world was awakened by the account of Captain Cook's voyages, which first came out at that time. He longed for a chance to travel and explore the wonders of foreign countries, not simply for the sake of adventure, but that he might learn all about the wonderful things in the world of nature. He wanted to see the constellations that shine over the southern pole; he wanted to see the plants and animals of the hot countries, and compare them with those of his own, which he was very fond of studying.

Fortunately for the world he did not have an opportunity of traveling until he was prepared to make good use of it. He had a wise father and mother, who provided good tutors for him and his brother; and his own desire to know things made him a dilligent student. He did not learn as quickly as some, but by having to work hard for what he gained, he acquired the habit of dilligent and careful study.

The amount of knowledge this man gained during his life and travels was something wonderful. After taking the regular university course he studied manufactures and the Greek language. He studied the flowerless plants and grasses. He studied the science of language; went to a mercantile library in Hamburg and learned book-keeping and counting-house affairs, and the modern languages. Then he went to a mining academy in Freiburg and studied mining. While in the mines he discovered some

plants growing far beneath the surface of the ground, and he made a study of them, and the classes to which they belonged. This led him to try experiments in the color of plants shut out of the light and surrounded by gasses. The results of his experiments he published in a small book.

He then made a study of the science of the earth's formation, from observations made in exploring one of the Bohemian mountains. He explored the mining districts of upper Bavaria and various ports of Prussia, and made experiments with fire damp. He studied practical astronomy and learned to use the sextant for finding positions on the earth's surface.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Then he was able to start out on his long desired visit to foreign lands for the purpose of further scientific studies.

He visited the great volcanoes of Italy. He made botanical, astronomical, and magnetic observations in Spain. Here he was warmly received by King Charles IV., and fitted out with all necessary instruments for very extensive scientific studies in all the Spanish possessions in America.

He reached Venezuela first, where he spent 18 months in explorations; he went through the wild regions of the Orinoco; surveyed the high plateau of Bogota and Quito, and the snow-capped volcanoes surrounding it. He ascended nearly to the top of Chimborazo, crossed the Andes into Peru, where he took observations of the transit of Mercury. He visited the volcanoes and measured the heights of Mexico, and made a profile of the country from sea to sea; the first that had ever been made. From Mexico he sailed to Havana, thence to Washington, and called on President Jefferson; and then, having spent five years in America, made many important observations, valuable collections in all departments of natural science and geography, studied the races, and taken many important statistics, he returned home, still keeping up his studies upon every subject that came within his observation as before. He printed as the result of his travels, scientific works on astronomy, zoology and botany.

A few years afterwards he decided to take another scientific tour in Asia, which he did after studying the eastern languages. There he made more important observations, and on his return published more valuable books. During this time he was engaged by different European sovereigns to help them on various political matters. He was especially busy in 1830, the year of the French and Belgic revolutions.

He was kept going about from Paris to Berlin, to Warsaw and St. Petersburg, on political missions, and all the time he kept up his scientific studies during spare time, and prepared his books for publication.

Humboldt lived to be ninty years old, and left behind him the most valuable accumulation of observations and scientific treaties that ever the world had gained from one single man.

The Reformation Symphony.—One line in which the German nation have excelled all others is that of music. The master-pieces of harmony and melody that sprang from the brain of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Wagner and their contemporaries have delighted the world, and refined the tastes of thousands of people. Thoughts as sublime as ever painters put upon canvas, these great composers have expressed in music. Their works have swayed multitudes as no paintings have ever been known to do. The "Massaneillo" of Auber, the French composer, was the match that lighted the kindlings of the Belgic Revolution in 1830. The stout-hearted defenders of Leyden, who never quailed before the threats of the terrible Alva, broke down completely while singing their hymn of thanksgiving; and the persecuted Protestants of Germany and the Netherlands, during all the early years of the Reformation, found their greatest comfort in singing "Luther's Hymn."

During the same year in which the excited Belgians listened to the "Massaneillo," the great German composer, Mendelssohn, then in his twenty-first year, composed his "Reformation Symphony." The Protestants were preparing for a grand celebration of the third centennial of Luther's confession at Augsburg, and Mendelssohn intended to have his symphony performed at that time, but there was so much ill-feeling between the Catholics and Protestants that it was thought best to postpone the symphony, which might unduly excite the people. Two years later it was performed at Berlin under the composers direction, but it was not published until after his death.

The symphony opens with a quiet, serious strain of organ music, representing the undisturbed state of religion previous to the Reformation.

To show which religion then prevailed, the wind instruments give out an ancient Catholic response, often heard in the services of the Church of Rome. It mingles with, but does not disturb the serious organ strain, which ends as calmly as it began. Then begins a light strain with quick confused notes that seem to warn of coming conflict. The solemn response, slow and sedate, then breaks in as if it would drown the light notes, but instead they only grew louder and higher, and the response more and more imperative, as if it would demand peace. The close of this first part of the symphony is a grand climax of passionate sound, each part loud and distinct, as though it were impossible to tell which would triumph.

Next the musician introduces a light, playful little strain, as if by it he wished to express weariness with the conflict between the creeds, and a desire to look upon the fields and flowers and listen to the song of birds. It is simple, natural, and so full of sweetness that it rarely fails of being encored by the audience. Returning again to the subject, the violins bring out the most pathetic music, supposed to represent the prayers of the reformers for help and guidance. It is immediately followed by the well-known song of the reformers—Luther's Hymn—"*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" This is played alone on the flute, as if to show a heavenly response to the prayer. Other instruments then join in and bring out grandly the fine old hymn. Again the old religion is represented charging furiously upon the new; and then sometimes the "*Ein feste Burg,*" seems to be lost in a maze of sounds, but again it comes in, more distinctly than before, until at the last the whole orchestra joins in the opening bars of the hymn, proclaiming the success of the reformers.

CHAPTER XI.

AUSTRIA–HUNGARY.

Austria, or Austria-Hungary, since its union with the once subjected province, is a land of beautiful scenery, of rich underground treasures, of exceedingly fertile soil, and of state craft. Prussia's position in Europe is due to her soldiers, while Austria's is due to her statesmen.

The surface of Austria is very mountainous. It is surrounded by the Alps and Carpathians. Three large ranges, sending out branches in every direction, cut the country up into numerous basins; Bohemia, the large northwestern province, is entirely surrounded by a circular wall of mountains, which has given it the name of "Kettle-land."

Transylvania, on the opposite side, is nearly surrounded. The central part of Hungary is a basin tipped toward the Danube, into which it pours its contents. The small provinces in the west are all cut up by rocky walls.

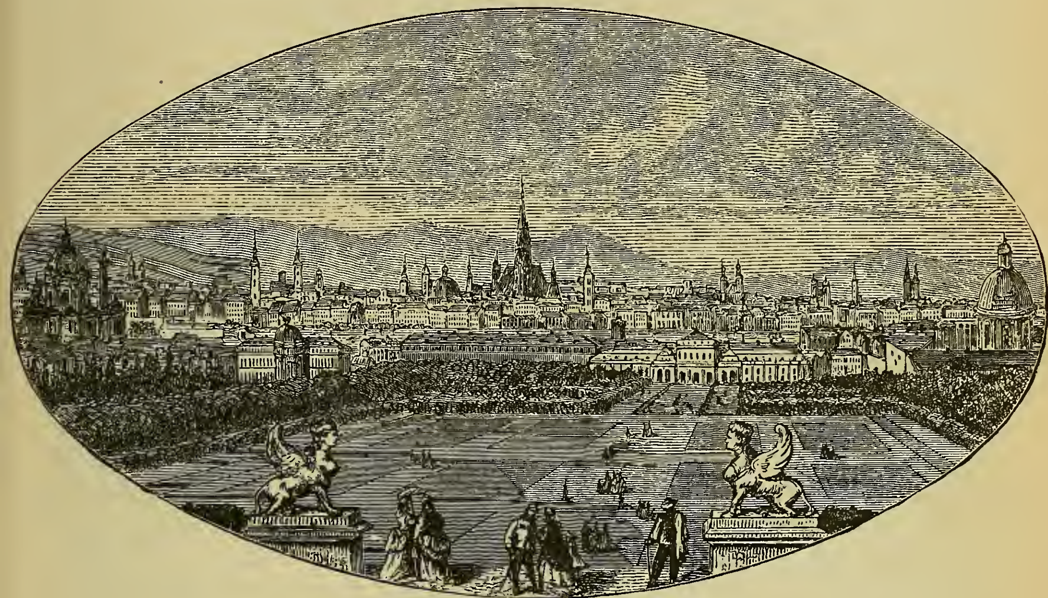
Tyrol, the most western, bristles with peaks and crags all through the interior as well as around its edge. This part of the country is much like Switzerland, which joins it on the west, and is as greatly celebrated for beautiful scenery.

The Dolomite Mountains.—In Tyrol are the celebrated Dolomite mountains, named after the French scientist, Mr. Dolomien, whose interesting studies and descriptions first brought them their reputation. These mountains are a mass of dazzling white pinnacles, very different from ordinary elevations. They are not snow-capped, nor of chalk formation, like the white cliffs of England; their whiteness is that of the pure magnesian lime stone, of which they are composed. They are not huge rounded or ungainly masses like most of their neighbors, but tall slender spires, delicate peaks and pinnacles rising up like sharp horns. In some places these spires are so numerous and slender that they might be taken for a bundle of huge bayonets or sword blades, in others they look like a row of gigantic alligator teeth.

They have also a threatening look as if they were an army of sentinels,

whose duty it was to stand with uplifted swords ready to drive out invaders. They are as solemn and silent as they are stern. No heavy blankets of snow cling to their sides, sending down thundering avalanches or musical streams.

Their appearance is ever-changing with the conditions of sky and atmosphere. A likeness seen one day will seldom appear the next; a description true for one time will not be again. On certain days they look like vertical sheets of gray paste-board, with jagged edges outlined against the lighter sky. Again like a mass of cold gray stone, rising high out of the green slopes



VIENNA, FROM THE UPPER TERRACE OF BELVEDERE PALACE.

at their feet, cheerless, frowning, pitiless and cruel. But under strong sunshine they are mellowed with the warmest of creamy and ruddy glows, even the broad blackened patches of the older exposures taking on a warm blue tone, and the fresh fissures revealing streaks of snowy whiteness, reminding one of loaf sugar. And again when lit up by the red rays of sunset, their splintered pinnacles look like so many flickering flames.

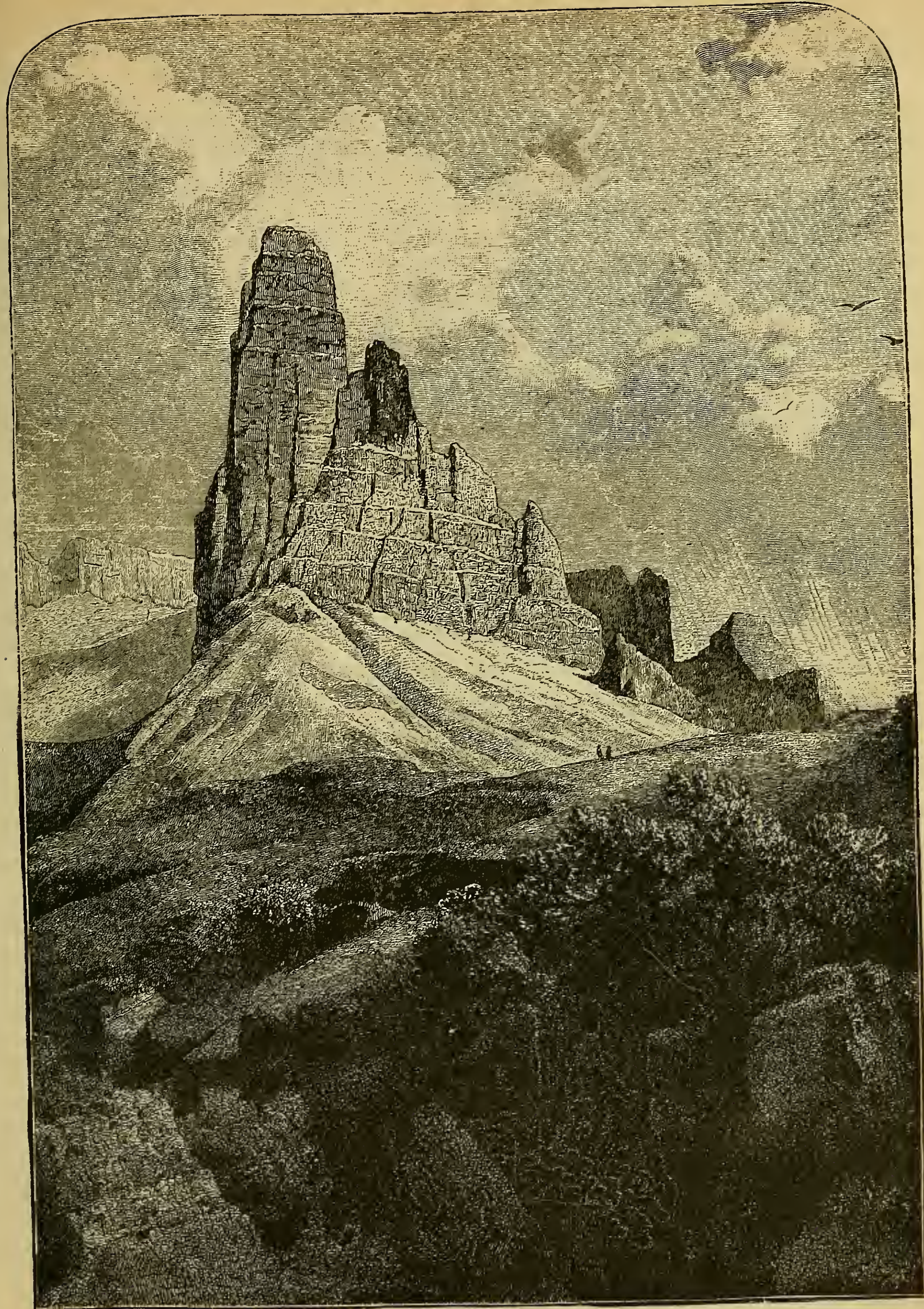
A Mountain of Salt.—Northeast of the Tyrol, in the province of Salzburg, is a range of mountains whose attractions are all on the inside. These contain the extensive salt deposits of Hallein, from which thousands of tons are produced every year.

The salt is mixed with earth, and has to be obtained by soaking it out of the moutain with water. Pits and galleries are cut into the rock until a favorable spot is reached, and there a small chamber is dug out. Pipes are laid leading down to it from above, and also leading out from it to the foot of the mountain, and in these are placed valves which can be opened and shut at pleasure.

When all is ready, water is run into the chamber through the first set of pipes until it is completely filled. The roof and sides becoming soaked with water, crumble and fall to the bottom and the salt dissolves, converting the water into strong brine. In a few weeks the brine is strong enough to be drawn off. Then the valves are opened and it flows out through the pipes, leaving the clay and marl upon the floor of the chamber. The workmen then go in, throw out the stones and rubbish, make the floor level, and then spread upon it a layer of sticky clay, well kneaded and packed down so as to make the chamber water tight. Then it is filled again and more of the mountain put to soak. Some thirty or forty chambers lie one above another in regular stories. In one the workmen will be busy hardening the floor while above their heads, with only a few feet of earth between, is a great cistern of brine, and perhaps several more above that. On each side are other chambers which sometimes approach so near that dykes have to be built to keep the water from melting down the partitions. Accidents rarely occur from these causes, however, as the engineers are watchful, but sometimes unknown to the workmen a hidden spring in the mountain gradually wears away the floor of the chamber that has been dug out too near it, and lets the contents down into another with a force that carries down several more, and creates general destruction.

Each chamber, as the water eats away its roof and leaves a layer of clay upon its floor, keeps rising until it reaches after a time what has been the floor of the one above it; but that too has been creeping upward, and so they go on until the salt in that portion of the mountain has been all extracted.

The brine from the salt chambers is led down the sides of the mountain through wooden pipes to the "salt pans," or evaporating house in the valley, sometimes miles away. When the wood necessary for boiling the brine is exhausted in one valley, the pans are set up in another, and the brine carried there, as it is more expensive to cart fuel to the evaporators than it is to lengthen the pipes enough to carry the brine a distance of forty or fifty miles if necessary. The salt pans are composed of small plates of iron,



DOLOMITE MOUNTAINS.

stoutly riveted together; are about two feet deep, forty feet long and fifteen wide, and are laid upon pillars of fireproof brick. Beneath them a tremendous fire is kept up for a fortnight day and night, the salt being taken out as fast as it crystalizes and fresh brine run in.

While the fire is raging a leak sometimes occurs in the pan, which must be mended without putting out the flames. A man shod with pattens, high enough to keep his feet out of the boiling brine, wades through to the break, and repairs it with the hissing, steaming brine and roaring fire all around him.

There are many salt deposits all over Austria, but one of the most remarkable is the great bed of rock salt in Galicia, near Cracow. It extends over a distance of several hundred miles, but only a portion of it is worked. At Wieliczka numerous shafts have been sunk, and galleries at seven different levels quarried out. From each of these run a labyrinth of passages and chambers, reaching more than 500 miles within the heart of the mountain. In one of the galleries, now no longer worked, is a large lake over 600 feet long and forty deep.

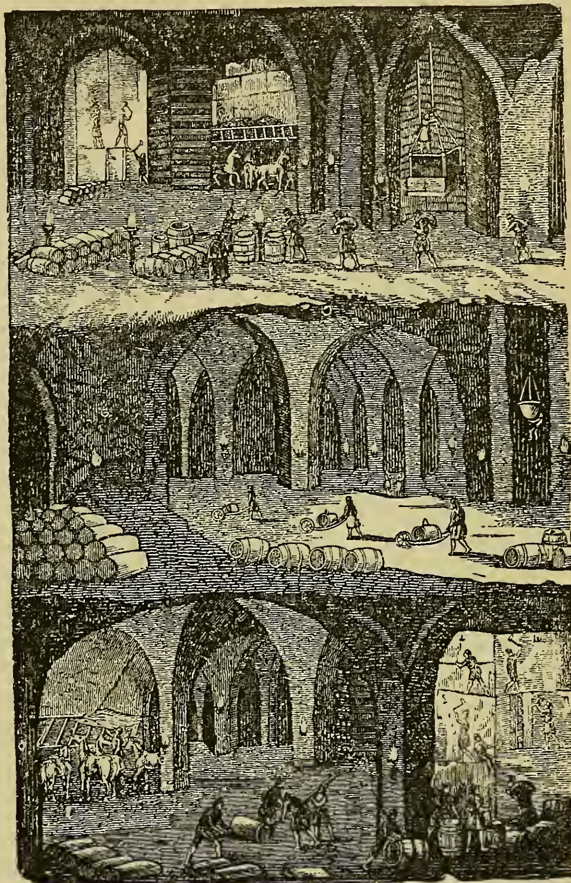
Another has been fitted up as a chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, in which the altar, statues, columns, pulpit and all are hewn out of solid salt.

Underground Wonders.—The mineral treasures of Austria comprise nearly all of the precious stones, as well as the coarser products. Chalcedony, ruby, emerald, jasper, amethyst, topaz, carnelian, chrysolite and beryl, are found; besides alabaster, gypsum, black lead, marble, zinc, iron, silver and gold. Iron is found nearly everywere, and the coal beds are almost inexhaustible. The richest quicksilver mine in Europe, excepting that of Almaden, in Spain, is at Idria, in Carniola.

Where the interior of the earth does not contain treasures, it abounds in mammoth caves, grottos, caverns and underground passages, lakes and rivers. All the southwestern strip facing the Adriatic Sea is hollowed out by these caverns. At Adelsberg, in the Julian Alps, is the largest one in Europe. Its walls and roofs shine with brilliant spar as if they were set with gems, and in all the rooms and passages are curious shapes, resembling things of the upper world, as if Nature had been repeating them here in statuary. On entering a roaring noise is heard, which grows louder and louder, until the narrow passage opens into a gigantic chamber. Here the light of the torches reveals a black chasm through which a river is thundering along fifty feet below. This chamber, which was once supposed to be the extent of the cave, is only the vestibule. A laborer working here some

years ago, accidentally broke the screen of stalactite that had closed the way to the rest of the cavern.

Beyond this runs a passage a mile or more in length, spreading out occasionally into great halls, where glittering stalactites have extended downwards until they touch the floor. Groups of these have grown together, forming gigantic columns, from the top of which pillars branch off with slender arches running along the roof in delicate tracery.



SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA.

Sometimes the rich white stone streams down in ruffles, brilliantly transparent, sometimes it spreads out into branches and leaves, cleaving to the crevices of the cavern, like a tree growing in ruins. Sometimes the stone starts up from the floor in tall masses like solemn sentinels sheeted in white.

In one place is a great white lion ready to spring, in another a spreading banyan tree, here a bell, which resounds when struck; there a pulpit, where a guide appears gesticulating like a preacher; or a barred window, behind which he again places himself playing prisoner in his cell. Chandeliers and curtains hang in graceful drapery from the roof. Cats and birds are perched about. Everywhere the beautiful white limestone paves the floors, hangs in pendants from the roof, coats and plasters the walls, cements to-

gether the fallen masses of rock, forms screens, partitions and pillars. Besides the wonderful sights, wonderful sounds may be produced by firing off a pistol. The report is carried from cave to cave in a series of sharp explosions, each one growing fainter, until it has reached the farthest chamber, then the echo comes rolling back in a loud roar like a peal of thunder.

The largest apartment is the ball-room, where every year in May, the Illyrian peasants come in excursion trains from all the surrounding cities with several military bands, and have a grand dance. The fallen stalactites broken into glittering sand, cover the floor, and a mass of white rock, running along the sides forms seats for the company; another serves as an orchestra for the musicians. The air is soft and warm, like that of any ordinary ball-room,—this apartment being much higher than the others. The sounds of mirth and music on such occasions, echoing through the far-away chambers and the brilliant lights, reflected in a thousand sparks from the glistening walls, make up a scene most weird and grand.

"The Blue Danube."—All the beauty that the Germans claim for the Rhine, the Austrians claim—and not without good grounds—for the Danube, the "beautiful blue Danube"; but the blueness, travelers say, is not so marked as one would suppose, from the "Strauss" Waltzes. The Danube is the second river of Europe in size; it drains all the large basins of Austro-Hungary; is the artery of travel for Austria, and abounds in beautiful scenery.

The finest views are found between Passau and Pesth, with the exception of a short distance at the southeastern extremity of the country, where the Iron Gate frowns down upon the rushing current. Between here and Vienna the river swarms with boats, barges and rafts, carrying lumber, grain and all the various products of the rich resources of Austria. Some of the rafts are very large, and contain small houses for the family of the owner. A number of them floating along together look like floating villages, with children playing about and men lounging or smoking on the decks.

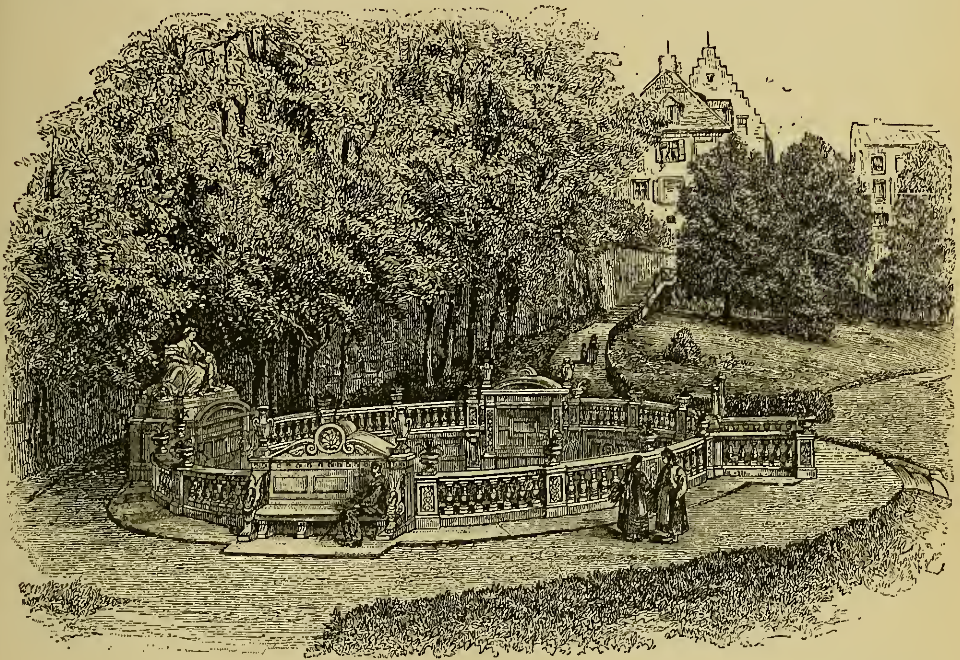
After passing Pesth, the country through which the Danube courses begins to grow wilder. Tall, silent mountains, clad with dark woods, gloomy forests, sloping down to the water's edge from the tops of high hills; dainty white cottages, picturspue villages, and ruined castles, once the abode of robber chiefs, lie along the banks. Numerous old monasteries peer out from their surrounding fir trees, and many places noted in history meet the visitor at every turn.

At Duvvenstein is the old castle where Duke Leopold VI. kept Richard

Cour de Leon so long a prisoner, and where his faithful minstrel found him at last by singing before his prison. There are several places besides Duvenstein that claim this honor.

At Vienna the Emperor Maximillian entertained three kings one day, and by great tact so disposed of his children that Bohemia, Hungary and Moravia came to be part of Austria. Here also John Sobieski saved Christendom from the Turks.

At Buda, opposite Pesth, Attila, the terrible Hun, had his camp at one



SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

time, and as nearly as can be learned, died here on the night of his marriage with the beautiful Ildico of Burgundy.

At Mohacs, further south, was fought the great battle between Louis of Hungary and Solyman the Magnificent, which ended in disaster for Louis, and made all Hungary a Turkish province. But in the same place, one hundred years afterward, Charles of Lorraine turned the day against the Turks and completed Sobieski's conquests.

The Turks at Vienna.—The danger that threatened Austria in the year 1683, when the Turks appeared in great hords before Vienna, was one shared by all the nations of Europe. For more than a hundred years the Moslems had been extending their conquests to the north, trying to get a foot-hold on the Baltic. They had thrown themselves upon Poland in a number of furious attacks, but the iron hand of John Sobeiski had hurled them back again.

The other nations had looked on without offering any assistance to the struggling Poles, surrounded and many times outnumbered by their enemies. The jealous kings had even persuaded some of Sobeiski's nobles to desert him, and Louis XIV. ordered home the Frenchmen who of their own accord had entered his service.

But now Austria, instead of Poland, was the threatened point, and the Emperor Leopold was obliged to beg of Sobeiski, whom he had injured and plotted against, to come to his deliverance. He sent the most imploring petitions. His messenger actually flung himself at the feet of the King of Poland, and begged him to come. He offered his daughter to Sobieski's son in marriage, and Louis XIV. of France, alive now to the danger that threatened his own empire if Austria were conquered by the Turks, also joined in the entreaties. On the other hand Mahomet tried to secure his friendship, promising to leave him undisturbed, if he remained neutral.

None of these inducements had any weight with Sobeiski, for he knew that the Turks meant to conquer all Europe if they could, and in defence of Christendom he consented to go.

The Turks had made the most elaborate preparations for this invasion. For seven years they had been drawing men and money from all parts of their dominion, which now extended from the Indian Ocean to the Adriatic, and southward as far as the upper waters of the Nile. In their ranks were soldiers from the Euphrates and the Nile, and whole tribes of Arabs, Kourds, Mamelukes, Greeks, Albanians and Tartars. Two thousand camels had been employed for years in carrying corn to stations along the Danube; the river was covered with their boats, and all merchant vessels passing their way had been seized and pressed into service. This was the enemy, 300,000 strong, that Sobieski was called to drive from Vienna.

While he was collecting his forces he begged Leopold to throw up fortifications around the city and put it in a defensible condition, but the Emperor left the city with all haste, and paid no attention to Sobieski's appeal.

Hastening forward with a little band of 18,000 Poles, and about twice as many Germans, not a fifth of the Turkish hosts, Sobieski had nearly reached

the city before they were aware that he was coming. Then the Moslem army was panic-stricken. Presently Sobieski and his allies appeared descending from the hills back of Vienna. But his men were hungry and tired from their long march, and Sobieski ordered a halt that they might eat and rest.

He was about to put off the battle until the next day, when he saw by the position the Turks were in, that they could be routed at once.

"The enemy is lost," he cried, and ordered an immediate charge. Surrounded by his squadrons he rushed straight on toward the crimson tent where the Vizier, in contempt for the Christian, had just gone to take coffee with his sons. "By Allah! the King is with them," cried the frightened Turks, as they recognized Sobieski's golden quiver and magnificent buckler dashing towards them as of old. "Heaven is against us," they cried, and ran for their lives. The Vizier tried in vain to rally them, and to save himself was obliged to follow his flying troops.

Such surprise and excitement as there was in Vienna that day! The people surrounded Sobieski, called him their savior, their deliverer, and kissed his hands, his feet and his coat. His officers and soldiers too crowded around him, embracing him, and called him their brave king. But the Emperor Leopold, a mile and a half away, never so much as came to thank him.

Leopold and His Contemporaries.—Leopold, who fled from before the Turks, and refused to acknowledge the services Sobieski had rendered him, was the most weak-minded and incapable member of the House of Hapsburg that ever occupied the throne of Austria. While on each side he was surrounded by the most energetic, ambitious, and powerful rulers of modern times. During the age in which he lived despotic governments reached their climax.

In Russia was Peter the Great, who having shut up his sister, was working wonders for the land of the Muscovite.

In Sweden, Charles XII. was carring out his brilliant career, having received from his father the newly acquired privilege of ruling as he pleased.

In England despotism had been overthrown during the reign of Charles I., but was revived again under Cromwell, who for a few years ruled entirely by the sword.

Prussia, just freed from Poland, was beginning her career under Frederick William the Great Elector, great-grandfather of Frederick the Great.

Poland, well on its decline, was struggling against the Turks under John Sobieski, who ruled as well as the discords of the jealous nobles would allow.

In France, Louis XIV., was carrying matters with a high hand. His ministers were mere clerks. He made war when and with whom he pleased. He invaded Holland, which was saved only by opening her dykes; he took Flanders and Franche-Comte from the Netherlands, Luxemburg from Germany, and put his grandson on the throne of Spain in opposition to the claim of Leopold's brother Charles, causing by this the war of the Spanish succession, which was in progress when Leopold died.

But the Emperor of Austria was saved from his enemy Louis by the valiant Prince Eugene, a Frenchman, who had become embittered against Louis, and declared that he would never enter France again save as an enemy. He entered the service of the Austrian emperor, carried to a successful close the war against the Turks, and won the battle of Blenheim, which turned the tide of fortune against Louis.

THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.—The royal family of Austria, called the House of Hapsburg, has played a very important part in the history of Europe. Its founder was not an Austrian, but a Swiss count who lived near Brugg on the river Aar. His house was called the "Hawks Castle," which is the meaning of *Hapsburg*. This count, Rudolph of Hapsburg, was a nephew of Frederick II. of Germany, at whose court he was brought up. He was a brave warrior, won many battles, and as he was also kind and just, he was chosen by many cities as their protector, and the leader of their armies. This was in the feudal times, when governments were not able to protect the weak from wrongs. About 1264 he was made chief magistrate of Zurich, and soon afterward, when his uncle died, he was elected Emperor of Germany.

Not long after his coronation he marched against Ottocar, the Duke of Austria, who had been one of the candidates for the throne of Germany, and who refused to acknowledge his rival Rudolph as the emperor. The Hapsburgian took away from him the duchy of Austria, which had once been a German province, but had become independent, and some other provinces beside. Thus the House of Hapsburg came into possession of Austria, which they raised to a great power.

The maxim of the Hapsburgs has always been to enlarge their borders, and strengthen themselves against their enemies by weddings instead of wars. Whenever a danger threatened the empire a royal son or daughter, brother or sister, was given in marriage to some powerful prince, who would bring wealth or influence to Austria. Sometimes the enemy himself was won over or conciliated by such an alliance. In this way the empire kept growing until the time

of Maximillian, who made more brilliant marriage bargains than all the other Hapsburgs before or since.

First he acquired the Netherlands and Franche-Comte by marrying Mary of Burgundy; he put his son Philip on the throne of Spain by marrying him to the daughter of the Spanish monarch, and with one great stroke he gained Hungary, Bohemia and Moravia by disposing of his grandson Ferdinand to Anna of Hungary, sister of Louis II.

MARIA THERESA AND THE HUNGARIAN NOBLES.—Under the misrule of the weak-minded Leopold, the Hungarians broke out in rebellion. They were brought back by his sons, Joseph I. and Charles VI., but the relations had hardly become pleasant when Charles died and his daughter, Maria Theresa, became Empress. It had not been the custom to recognize women as heirs before this, and Charles had made great exertions to obtain from all his nobles and the surrounding sovereigns a promise that his daughter should be recognized as his successor. But he was hardly in his grave before they forgot their promises. Frederick the Great marched into Silesia; the kings of Spain and Poland each claimed a portion of her territory, and Louis XV. of France, having no claim of his own to make, sided with those who had. Only George II. of England took her part.

In this distress the young Empress decided to appeal to the Hungarian nobles, though she was told it would be useless, as they too had declared that they would not be ruled by a woman. She went to Presburg, and clad in Hungarian costume, with the crown of Saint Stephen upon her head, entered the great hall of the Hungarian diet, and slowly ascended the throne. After a moment of deep silence, she addressed the assembled nobles, telling them of the dangers that threatened the Empire; of the Prussians in Silesia, and all the other powers preparing to make war against her. "The very existence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own person, of our children and our crown are now at stake," she said, "and our sole hope is in the fidelity and long tried valor of the Hungarians."

Her stirring words, her distressed and helpless condition, her beauty and dignity roused the nobles to a frenzy of enthusiam. They drew their sabres half way out of the scabbard and then flung them back with a force that made the great hall ring: "We will have no king but Maria Theresa," they cried with one voice.

The queen, overcome by their hearty response, burst into tears, and they were not ashamed to join her.

The nobles kept their promises, and their valiant swords compelled

the enemies of the Empress to leave her to her possessions, all but Silesia, which Frederick would not give up. Maria Theresa never forgot the devotion of the Hungarian nobles; throughout all her reign she looked out for their interests, respected their rights, and spoke of them gratefully almost with her last breath.

THE HERO OF THE TYROL.—When Francis I., grandson of Maria Theresa, became emperor, another storm was about to burst over the throne of Austria. The Hungarians were ready to rise the moment he attempted to ignore their rights, as his uncle had done. France, just on the border of a revolution, obliged Louis XVI. to declare war against Austria, and followed this up by beheading both Louis and his Austrian wife, Marie Antoinette, the daughter of Maria Theresa.

In the wars that followed Napoleon appeared, first as commander of the French army, and then as consul. In a few years he compelled Francis to give up Belgium, Milan, a portion of Germany, and lastly, by the battle of Austerlitz, Venice, and the Tyrol, which he had before taken from Austria, but which had returned of its own accord and resisted all interference.

The Tyrolese had always been firmly attached to the house of Hapsburg, and they were very indignant when Napoleon handed them over to the Bavarians, whom they heartily disliked. At the first opportunity, therefore, they rose in rebellion against their new rulers, determined to return to Austria. A few of the leading Tyrolese formed a plan of action, and one day as the peasants were gathered for a shooting match, at the house of Andreas Hofer, a voice was heard from the pinnacle of a mountain, saying, "It is time." The company looked at Andreas for an explanation, and he told them quickly what it meant.

"It is the signal," he said. "Martin, run down to the river and see if there be aught upon its surface; Hanora, fly with the signal to the next hamlet," Then to the men, he said, "Who will aid Andreas Hofer to liberate our wretched country?"

A shout from all present was the reply, and all who had not a weapon with him hurried to find a club, spade, axe, or knife. Meanwhile "Martin" had returned to say that the river was covered with sawdust. "It is time then;" said Andreas, and away they sped, men and women, to the meeting-place.

Andreas Hofer was made leader of the band of patriots, and quickly marched his forces to the mountains over a narrow pass in the route of the approaching enemy. Huge trees were felled and rolled to the edge of the

QUEEN THERESA AND THE YOUNG KING.

cliff, fastened with ropes and laden with masses of rock. The edge of the precipices were loosened so that a slight force would send some great rocks flying down into the gully. As soon as this was done, Hofer ordered his best riflemen to place themselves out of sight at both ends of the pass, and all the rest to hide until they heard the rifles. Soon a sentinel on a distant height sent up a thin wreath of smoke, a sign that the enemy was approaching. Word was whispered around, and everyone waited impatiently, ready to spring to his post.

On came the French, column after column, winding like a glittering snake between the dark precipices. They were expecting an attack at this place and were on the lookout. Not a sound was heard in the ranks, but the quick commands of the officers disposing the men according to the nature of the ground. But as they gained the pass, hearing no sounds and seeing no signs of an enemy, they began to think all was well, and to talk and laugh a little.

The riflemen still waited, according to their instructions, until the soldiers reached a particular place; then the quick report of their guns was heard. "Is all ready?" cried Hofer to the commander on the opposite steep. "All is ready," was the quick response. "Then in the name of God let go!"

A few quick strokes of the axe, and all that pile of rocks and logs went crashing down upon the troops beneath. Shrieks, groans, and wild shouts of terror rose and mingled with the thunder of the falling rocks and the sharp cracking of the deadly rifles. The Tyrolese women stood by their husbands and brothers, rapidly re-loading and keeping the workmen supplied. The enemy tried to return the fire, but with no effect, and they soon beat a retreat, leaving two thousand of their number, with cannon and baggage in the pass.

A few days afterward the patriots, under Hofer, again met the enemy upon the open field, and there too obtained a victory, so that Tyrol was at once abandoned by her foes. But when Austria was defeated at Austerlitz, Napoleon again said that the Tyrol must be joined with his allies, the Bavarians. The French forces were poured into the province from every point; the brave Tyrolese were defeated, driven from hill to hill and from rock to rock. A price was set upon Hofer's head, and he was hunted from one hiding place to another. Winter too came on, and cold and hunger greatly reduced the number of his followers. At last he was betrayed into the hands of the French by one of his countrymen, and taken to Mantua. The officers there would have been glad to save his life, for they re-

spected his bravery, and the humanity he had always shown to those of their number who fell into his power; but Napoleon, as soon as he heard of the capture, sent orders that the prisoner must be shot within twenty-four hours. And so the next morning, just before sunrise, the Tyrolese patriot was led out into the square of Mantua, and bravely stood up before twelve riflemen to meet his death.

THE AUSTRIAN STATESMAN.—From the humiliating position in which

METTERNICH.

Austria was left by the battle of Austerlitz, she was raised again to power by the skill of a wily statesman. When peace had been proclaimed, this man, the wealthy Prince Metternich, was sent to Napoleon's court at Paris to represent the Austrian Empire. Here by flattery, studied courtesy and very agreeable behavior, the ambassador won his way into Napoleon's favor, and so had a good chance to study out all the weak spots in the bluff,

frank, and unsuspecting French emperor. Then he went home and arranged a grand Hapsburgian conquest. Napoleon was to put away his wife, the faithful Josephine, and marry Maria Louise, the daughter of the Austrian emperor, whom he had just defeated. Then Metternich, rightly supposing that Napoleon would not now suspect Austria of plotting against him, began to do just that very thing. But very deep and subtle were the plans he laid.

When Napoleon took offense at something Alexander of Russia did, Metternich encouraged him in his resentment, and led him to declare war, for he was anxious to see both these great powers weakening each other while he kept making Austria stronger. Thus, cooly and quietly, he urged the hot-headed Napoleon on in all the rash movements that led to his downfall, preparing to take advantage of him as soon as he had become exhausted.

While Napoleon was hurrying home after his defeat in Russia to raise a fresh army, Metternich was quietly drilling one over in Bohemia to use against him when the time should arrive. Meanwhile he was secretly urging on the other powers who were getting ready for Waterloo, and promising assistance, on careful conditions, all the while maintaining a friendly appearance toward Napoleon. But at last the soldier suspected the statesman of double dealing and went to have a talk with him just as dangers were beginning to thicken around him—to the great satisfaction of Metternich.

As soon as they met, Napoleon went right to the point at once. "Well Metternich" he said, "your Cabinet wants to make capital out of my misfortune. The great question for you to decide is whether, without fighting, you can exact profitable conditions from me, or if you are to throw in your lot with my enemies. Well, we will see. Let us treat. What do you want?"

This at least was straightforward and honest. Not so the Austrian's answer, which was a perfect fog of indefinite phrases. "Nothing but those moderate terms which justice inspired. He would take up the position dictated by equity." "Speak more plainly and to the point," said the Emperor. "All I want is for you to be neutral. I am an old soldier, and know better how to break than to bend. Will you take Illyria?"

In another fog of words, Metternich said something about restoring the old condition of Europe, and guaranteeing peace by an association of independent states. Napoleon burst out in a torrent of fury. "In fact you want Italy; Russia wants Poland; Sweden wants Norway; Prussia,

Saxony; England, Holland and Belgium; and Austria wants me to agree to these conditions without unsheathing a sword. The demand is an outrage. You urge moderation, and want to dismember the French Empire. How much gold, Metternich, has England given you for this?"

The enraged Emperor paced the room, muttered angry sentences between his teeth, and waited half an hour for his wily companion to reply. But he waited in vain. Metternich knew that he had the game in his own hands, and he could afford to keep cool while his victim raged.

The silence at last became embarrassing. Napoleon dropped his hat, which by all the courtesy that Metternich had once been so quick to show, he should have picked up at once. For an emperor to stoop to pick up his hat before an envoy was something unheard of in etiquette before. But Metternich never moved, he was master now; he was not the affable, bowing courtier he used to be, when he regulated the new Emperor's drawing-room at Paris, and who, when Napoleon told him he was young to represent so old a house as Austria, replied with most becoming and delicate flattery, "Your majesty was still younger at the battle of Austerlitz." Surely a wondrous change had taken place!

The interview closed abruptly. Napoleon said, "Illyria is not my last word. We can make better terms. Consult your court and let me know." But no better understanding was arrived at, and Austria sided with Napoleon's enemies.

But when the smoke of Waterloo had cleared away, and the conquerors met at Vienna to divide the spoils, then Metternich was in his element. With the map of Europe spread out before him, surrounded by diplomats, he began to show how the countries should be put together; and to give his weighty reasons.

First he pointed out the territories that should be allowed to Austria "for deserting Napoleon and joining the allies." His next care was to prevent each of the other powers from getting too large a share. Russia might have Finland and the remainder of Poland, but Prussia must not have Saxony, that "would not be just," was the reason he urged. His true reason was it would make her too powerful. Alsace, Lorraine and Baden wanted to unite and form a state by themselves; but there were too many liberal thinkers in the three provinces, and united they would be a hot-bed of liberty that would be very likely to spread some of its ideas into Austria, and disturb the House of the Hapsburgs. These were therefore annexed to France, who would take care that liberal ideas did not grow too fast. The other small states

were put together and called the new Germanic Confederation. This he trusted to be able to manage by the arts of statesmanship, of which he was master.

THE PATRIOTS OF HUNGARY.—When the great Austrian statesman had arranged the map of Europe to suit his mind, he turned his attention to Hungary, where the nobles still clung to their constitution. But Metternich did not believe in constitutions. He thought rulers should govern as they chose. So he began in his subtle underhanded way to make the constitution of Hungary of no account.

But the Hungarians were on their guard. They not only resisted all his attempts to deprive them of their rights, but encouraged by the news of the French revolution, they went with the people of Vienna in a great crowd to the palace, and demanded that Metternich should be turned out of his office, and that they should be guaranteed a right to have a hand in their government. A mob surrounded the house of the great statesman, and he barely escaped with his life to England.

This was the end of his wily policies. But he had taught those he left behind at the court of Vienna his arts of statecraft.

Alarmed at the outbreak, the Emperor granted the petition of the Hungarians, but he took secret measures the same day to make it of no avail. Dissensions were stirred up between the Hungarians and the Servians, which resulted in a war, and this gave Austria a chance to bring in her army on the plea of restoring peace.

Among the patriots who roused the people to resist their oppressors was Kossuth, who became the central figure in the troubles that followed. He won a number of brilliant victories, and might have established the independence of Hungary, if one of his generals had not needlessly surrendered his army to the invaders. Kossuth and a number of the leaders were obliged to fly for refuge to Turkey, and Hungary was made an Austrian province.

THE EXILED ORATOR.—The fate of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, awakened general interest in both him and Hungary. President Fillmore sent a vessel to Turkey to bring him to America, and all along the way, wherever he stopped, the people showed him great honors.

There were those in England who said he was undeserving of so much attention; that he was a dissatisfied man, who wanted to raise himself to notoriety, and so had excited his people to rebellion, which, instead of bringing him the power he wished, had driven him into exile, and brought fearful slaughter upon his countrymen.

His own answer to this charge, not only shows what were his true

motives, but it gives a specimen of the wonderful eloquence for which he became widely noted in England and America. The English language he had taught himself while in prison, with a volume of Shakespeare and an English dictionary.

"How blind are those men who pretend to believe that it is only certain men who push to revolution the continent of Europe, which but for their revolutionary acts would be quiet and contented! Contented! With what? With oppression and servitude? France, contented with its constitution made ridiculous? Germany, contented with being turned into a fold of sheep, pent up to be shorn by some thirty tyrants? Switzerland, contented with threatening ambition of encroaching despots? Italy, contented with the King of Naples, or the priestly government of Rome. Austria, Bohemia, Croatia, Dalmatia, contented with having been driven to butchery, and after having been deceived, with having been plundered, oppressed, and laughed at as fools? Poland, contented with being murdered? Hungary, my poor Hungary, contented with being more than murdered—buried alive?—for it *is* alive. Half of Europe contented with having been bombarded, burned, plundered, sacked and butchered?—contented with the scaffold, with the hangman, with the prison, and no political rights at all; but having to pay innumerable millions for the highly beneficial purpose of being kept in a state of serfdom! That is the condition of the continent of Europe; and is it not ridiculous to prate about individuals disturbing the peace of Europe?"

Then as to bringing trouble upon his country by stirring up a rebellion, he says:

"Reluctant to present the neck of the realm to the deadly stroke which aimed at its very life, and anxious to bear up against the horror of fate and manfully to fight the battle of lawful defence, scarcely had I spoken the word, scarcely had I added that the defence would require two hundred thousand men and eighty millions of florins, when the spirit of freedom moved through the hall, and nearly four hundred representatives rose as one man and lifting their right arms toward God, said solemnly, 'We grant it—freedom or death.' Thus they spoke, and thus they stood in calm and silent majesty awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself, it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment and the rushing waves of sentiment, benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes, and bowing low before the majesty of my people I left the tribunal silently, speechless, mute."

"Perhaps there might be some glory in inspiring such a nation, but I cannot accept the praise. No; it is not I who inspired the Hungarian people; it was the Hungarian people who inspired me."

"With us, who beheld the nameless victims of the love of country lying on the death field beneath Buda walls, and heard the dying answer of those we would console, with the words, 'Never mind, Buda is ours,'—he who witnessed such scenes, not as exceptions, but as a constant rule; he who saw boys weep when told they were too young to die for their land; he who knows what sort of a sentiment is burning in the breast of old and young, of the strong man and tender wife; he who is aware of all this, will surely bow before this people with respect, and will acknowledge with me that such a people wants not to be inspired, but that it is an everlasting source of inspiration itself."

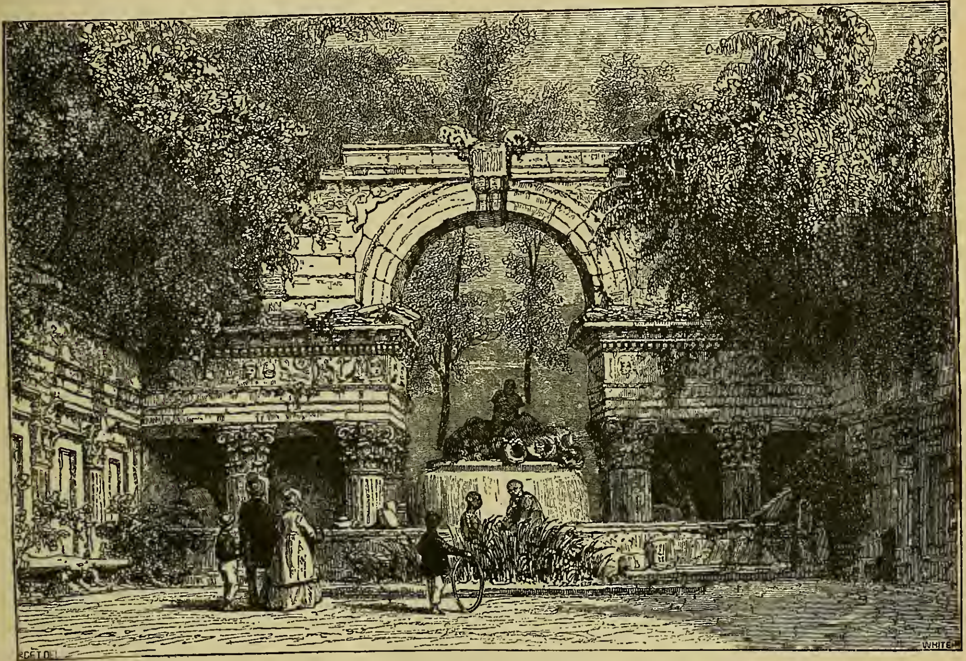
THE CORONATION AT PESTH.—Before the trouble with Hungary was over, Austria was drawn into a war with Prussia, which after a short, sharp, seven weeks' struggle ended in her defeat at the battle of Sadowa. She lost not only Holstein, the cause of the outbreak, but the place she had long been contesting with Prussia as the head of the German nation. Her emperors had for many years born the title of Emperor of Germany, which at last grew to be only a title, and then was resigned by Francis after his defeat by Napoleon. But Austria was not willing to see the rapidly growing Prussia take the place she had so long occupied, and a war of words and state intrigues had long been waged between the two great rivals. Now they had come to blows and Prussia had won.

In this humiliated condition the Emperor Francis felt obliged to make peace with the Hungarians. He appointed a new minister, who though clear headed, was not a deceiver. This man, Beust, went right to the bottom of the difficulty. He arranged that the Hungarians should be separated entirely from the Austrians, have their own diet and capital, but have the Austrian emperor for their king. This both parties agreed to, and so it was amid national rejoicing that the Emperor and Empress of Austria came to Pesth to be crowned King and Queen of Hungary. For in spite of the despotic rule of the House of Hapsburg, and the cruel persecutions and numerous executions that had followed the banishment of Kossuth, the Hungarians never forgot Maria Theresa, and were inclined to be loyal to her descendants.

They met the Emperor and Empress with enthusiastic demonstrations. Thousands of people gathered at Pesth to be present at the coronation ceremonies. The nobles called on the Emperor, and the grand ladies of Hungary, came in their carriages, to pay their respects to the Empress. In the evening Francis Joseph gave a great banquet, where all the leading men and foreign ambassadors and diplomats were present.

On the next day the royal party gathered at the parish church of Buda, where the crown of St. Stephen and the old mantle of Gesella were put upon the new king, and wearing these he rode to Pesth to take the oath.

Ever since the wars with the Turks, the Kings of Hungary, when they took the oath have ridden up the Coronation Mound, and turning to the four points of the compass have sworn with uplifted sword to maintain the rights and dominion of Hungary, and "to rescue the spoils of Christian-



SCHÖNBRUNN, NEAR VIENNA.

ity from the hands of the infidels." Some of the Austrian Emperors had disdained to do this; some had made no promises; and some who did, had not tried to keep them. But Francis Joseph went through all the ceremonies, and made all the promises, and has endeavored to keep them; so the troublesome wound has been healed.

Music in Vienna.—The court of Vienna has always given a warm reception to musicians. The capital city abounds in pleasure gardens, fine parks, walks and drives, where the people gather to hear good music and enjoy

their holidays. And just outside the city is the beautiful summer residence of the Emperor—the famous gardens of Shönbrunn. Here amid the tropical plants and tall forest trees, and thickly scattered flower beds, the people are fond of gathering, and here many musical treats have been given. Here the boy Mozart, in his seventh year, was called to play with his sister before Maria Theresa's royal family, and here her four daughters and their brother Joseph, afterward emperor, performed Gluck's exquisite composition. Gluck was a great favorite in this family. He composed a sonata for Maria Theresa's birthday, another for the marriage festivities of one of her daughters, and was for some time chapel-master of the imperial opera.

Beethoven came to Vienna to study with Mozart, and his afterworks won the enthusiastic admiration of the musical people of all classes. Here Schubert sang in the imperial choir, and here he composed the songs which were not appreciated until the author's life had been embittered with neglect and dissappointment. His monument now stands in one of the principal parks.

Here Liszt, the great Hungarian composer, came to be educated, and here he has given some of his best concerts for various benevolent objects.

Bohemian Artists.—In northern Austria is a class of people who have a wonderful natural gift for both music and painting. The ordinary laborers will sit down after their day's work is over and play and sing the most difficult music, and many are composers of no mean ability. In painting and decorations on glass and fine earthenware they have no equals. Bohemian wares are widely celebrated and in great demand.

All around the villages, where the large glass factories are located, are the houses of those who cut and paint the cups and saucers and vases as they come from the shops. Their houses are usually dainty cottages hidden among flowers, shrubs and fruit trees; as one would expect in people of such artistic tastes. Here men, women and children may be found, simple, plain people, painting the most beautiful patterns, with an ease that any artist might be proud of.

They are real artists bred and trained in the work. With no patterns but that in their "mind's eye," and one or two rude brushes they bring out the most delicate scrolls, wreaths and flowers upon the plain glass. In one house will be found exquisite paintings in gold, silver and colors; in another, beautiful leaf-work, lily, bell-flower designs, cut out of the glass with wheels. One young painter has a taste for painting insects and butterflies, which he designs from a cabinet of insect specimens that he has collected. Another turns out in five minutes on his wheel, a spirited deer making a spring over

some broken pailings. Another keeps on hand engravings from the works of great painters, which he re-arranges or selects from, and represents on his vases.

PRAGUE.

These simple, modest artists are quite surprised at the astonishment and admiration strangers express over their work. They can scarcely believe that the vases and jars which they turn off so easily, and use sometimes as flower-pots in their windows, are so highly prized in other lands.

CHAPTER XII.

SWITZERLAND.

The most beautiful mountain scenery in the world is found in Switzerland, among the Pennine Alps on the southern boundary, and the Burnese Oberlands just to the north. Here tower the loftiest mountains of Europe, and plunge the mightiest avalanches; here lie the grandest glaciers, rush the maddest torrents, and sparkle the most beautiful waterfalls. And here, every summer, comes the tourist to revel in the grandeur and beauty,—"his talk all exclamations, feelings all ecstasy."

Alpine Climbing.—One of his chief delights is to scale the highest mountains, but "he that would a climbing go" among the peaks of the Alps must be prepared for many hardships. He must endure cold and fatigue; he must keep cool in the presence of sudden danger; he must walk close to the edge of precipices; cross deceptive glaciers where lurk hidden crevices, and climb vertical steeps by footholds chopped in ice. All of this he must do with the cold sometimes so intense that he can scarcely keep from freezing, and at others, with the fierce rays of the sun scorching his skin and blinding his eyes, with the avalanche ready to start even at his whisper, and unexpected dangers on every hand. But in spite of all this there are many who find rare pleasure in such adventures. Some are rewarded by the satisfaction of doing what others have done; some by finding out the secrets which Nature has stored away in those remote regions, and some in the grand views to be had from the great heights.

An Alpine View.—One of the finest prospects in Switzerland may be viewed from the crest of the Matterhorn or Mount Cerwin. All the high peaks of the Alps can be seen from here. Away to the north, the great Finster Aarhorn, monarch of the Burnese Oberlands, with the snowy Jungfrau,—the "Maiden Mountain,"—close beside him; farther away to the northwest, the Jura range; slightly south of west hoary Mount Blanc, "the monarch of mountains," followed in the distance by the Graian and the

AN ALPINE VIEW IN THE SNOW.

Maritime Alps. Near by on the east towers the Queen of the Pennines, Monte Rosa, surrounded by her train of lofty peaks, while below, on every hand rise the massive ridges like huge stationary billows. Each sweep of the eye brings out new beauty and grandeur. There are "forests black and gloomy, and meadows light and lively, bounding water-falls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaus. There are the most rugged forms, and the most graceful outlines,—bold perpendicular cliffs and gentle undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, somber and solemn, or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones and spires. There is every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the mind can desire."

THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.—The Matterhorn was one of the last peaks to yield his "untrodden snows" to man's ambitious footsteps. One after another the other peaks had been scaled, but he was believed to be unconquerable. His precipitous sides showed no place for even a foothold. Besides, the natives believed that goblins lived in those dim, lofty regions round his top, and that they would deal vengeance to any who came near their stronghold. No guides therefore could be hired to explore them.

But there was one man who made up his mind that he would reach the top of the Matterhorn. This was Mr. Edward Whymper, an Englishman. Finding a guide who would consent to go with him, he made an attempt, but the guide soon became discouraged and refused to go on. Six different times he tried and failed, usually through the fears of the guides. A seventh trial was made in the summer of 1865. This time he had four guides, and was accompanied by three other travelers. On the second day they reached the top. The Matterhorn was conquered, and the triumphant party planted their flag on his snowy crest. But he had a terrible vengeance in store for them.

When they were ready to descend they tied themselves together with ropes, leaving a few feet between each, so that while one man moved, the others, by standing firmly braced with their alpenstocks, could keep him from falling if he slipped. When they had gone a short distance, Croz, the foremost guide, stepped back to show the traveler just behind him how to fix his feet. He had just turned to go on when the man slipped and struck Croz in the back, knocking him down. He uttered a quick cry as he fell, which was the only warning the others had, and before the third man could

brace himself, he was jerked down, and then the fourth. Peter Taugwalder, a powerful guide, came next, and behind him, Mr. Whymper. These two were prepared for the strain, which came upon both at the same instant, and they held their ground. But in a second, the rope snapped, and the four fallen men went plunging down the side of the mountain.

For more than an hour the others stood terror stricken upon the spot, unable to move. The two guides wept like children, and when they did start, trembled so that the danger of falling was doubled. But they reached the foot of the mountain at last, and carried the sad news to the village. A party started out at once to search for the lost men. The bodies of three were found crushed and mangled on the rocks at the bottom of the steep; the fourth, was never found.

MATTERHORN.

But this terrible accident, which seemed to confirm the belief of the simple people about the goblins, did not keep others from making the same journey. Only three days later another party reached the summit, and since then many ascents have been made.

THE PLUNGING AVALANCHE.—One of the grandest sights to be seen on the Alps is an avalanche, and the place to see the most stupendous ones is near a deep ravine, on one side of the Jungfrau. Down a steep of eleven thousand feet rush the huge masses of snow and ice, large enough to cover a whole village or sweep away a forest. On a sunny day at noon, the

avalanches are falling here about every ten minutes. First there is a loud report as the mass breaks loose, followed by a prolonged roar; then a swiftly sliding snow-field with clouds of loose snow arising all along its course. Once or twice on its way down it strikes against the sides of the mountain with a terrific report, which swells the continuous roar. In a few seconds, the whole mass pours over a projecting rock into the ravine with a booming crash.

The most terrible avalanche in the whole history of Switzerland occurred on the Rossburg mountain, near the village of Brunnen, many years ago. The summer had been a very rainy one, and on the first of September, 1806, a crevice was seen on the side of the mountain. The next day, the foot of the mountain began to move. Springs of water ceased flowing; trees began to reel and fall, and the birds flew away screaming with fright. About five o'clock the people saw the whole side of the mountain sliding downward, and they began to run for their lives. Some escaped, but over four hundred and fifty were killed. Houses and villages were swept away, or buried by the mass as it rolled out over the valley. When it ceased moving, the whole valley of Arth, which a few hours before was full of happy homes, was a desolate waste.

The Massive Glaciers.—The graves of the fallen avalanches are the birth-places of the glaciers. Like long white veils, these solid masses of snow and ice stream down the sides of the mountains and fill up the valleys. The enormous weight of the everfalling snows keeps crowding the whole solid valleyful slowly onward. Little by little, a few feet every year, it moves down toward the plain below with a slow, irresistible motion.

Nothing can stop it. If a rock lies in its path, it divides, passes around it, and, joining again on the other side, moves on, leaving no trace of the split. Huge bowlders are carried along as easily as chips on the surface of a stream. In and out it winds, following the course of the valley, its hard surface serving as a path to the traveler, the hunter and the chamois.

One of the strangest things about a glacier is its ebb and flow. After remaining stationary for a long time, it begins to lengthen out, creeping so slowly toward the farmer's fertile fields that he does not notice its advance, until the wheat crop begins to fail and the trees begin to shrink and wither. When, after many years, it again recedes, nothing but bare brown earth and rock is left. Its traces may be seen long afterward when the valley has regained its verdure, by the huge bowlders strewn along its path and by the smooth edges of the rocks that it ground against and polished as it passed.

The glaciers, though so huge and powerful in their slow course, are usually very quiet and do little damage to the people; but one in the St. Bernard valley a number of years ago outdid even the avalanches in the work of destruction.

For a long time this glacier kept projecting great icebergs over a cliff, until they were piled up to a vast height, and completely choked up the narrow outlet for the water that melted from them. The people knew that when summer came there would be a fearful flood, and some left their homes to escape the danger. One hot day, the icy dam gave way, and the lake which had formed above it burst out over the valley carrying death and destruction all along its way to Lake Geneva. Many lives were lost and much property destroyed.

A MOUNTAIN ASCENT.

GATEWAYS OF THE ALPS.—When Hannibal led his army over the Alps, more than sixteen hundred years ago, the people thought it a greater feat than any he had accomplished in battle. They considered the Alps impassable: they did not know of the grand gateways that Nature had cut for them in the mountain walls. There are several of these passes, and on some of them there are now good carriage roads. The most noted of these is the pass of St. Bernard, where stands the famous life saving station of the Alps, with its devoted monks and noble dogs. This hospice was

built nearly a thousand years ago by the good old St. Bernard of Menthon, for the relief of travelers. No one is ever refused admittance here, even though the guests number six or seven hundred, as they do sometimes in summer; and many a traveler has been saved from a death in the snow by the heroic inmates. Every morning, after a violent storm, the dogs are sent out, each with warm clothing, a bottle of wine, and some food fastened to his body. The monks follow, and when they hear the deep bay of a dog, they know that some lost one has been found, and that their help is needed.

An instance of the wonderful intelligence of these dogs, is the story of the famous Barry. He found a child asleep in the snow one day, awoke it, persuaded it to get upon his back, and carried it safely to the hospice. His picture, with the child clinging to his neck, approaching the convent gate is a familiar one, and his stuffed remains are still preserved at the museum of Berne.

There is one room in the hospice that tourists always look at with a great deal of interest. It is the one in which Napoleon slept while making his terrible passage with his thirty thousand soldiers. Another into which they look with as much horror as interest, is the ghastly dead house, where the bodies of those who have died upon the pass are kept, and their crumbling remains shown to all who wish to look upon them.

Since the Mount Cenis tunnel and railway were completed, there are not so many travelers over the St. Bernard pass as formerly; but there will always be some who prefer to climb the path, view the grand scenery, and visit the old hospice, even though the journey be perilous.

Travelers agree that no one can say he has seen Switzerland or a mountain gorge until he has crossed the Spluegen. Nothing in nature could be more grand or sublime. "A continuous, tortuous, black, jagged, chasm split through the stupendous mountain ridge from summit to base, in perpendicular, angular and convoluted, zigzag rifts, so narrow in some places that you could almost leap across, yet so deep that the thunder of the Rhone dies upon the ear struggling, in reverbrating echoes upward!" In some places, the precipices rise sixteen hundred feet in torn and jagged masses; in others frightful fissures yawn beside the path, through which thunders the river, sometime lost from view, its muffled booming sound just audible from the depths below, then again plunging into sight foaming and whirling like a maelstrom.

The dreariest place in all Switzerland, travelers say, is the Hospice of

the Grimsel, near the summit of the Grimsel pass, in the Bernese Oberlands.

It is built in a rocky basin by the side of a small mountain tarn, which is always black as night—kept from freezing by a warm spring underneath. A story as wierd as the place is attached to it, about an old keeper who used to stay there from November to March, with no company but his dogs. One night as he was keeping his lonely vigils, he was startled by a mysterious sound, like the moans of a person in distress. Calling his dogs he went out and searched, but no one could be found. The dogs, however, acted strangely, and when the moaning came again, crouched and trembled, refusing to go out. A third time the sound came, and a voice seemed to say, "Go in to the inner room." He went in, and knelt down to pray. In a few minutes an avalanche fell, filling every room in the house except the one where he was. With his dogs he worked his way out next day, and reached the village in safety.

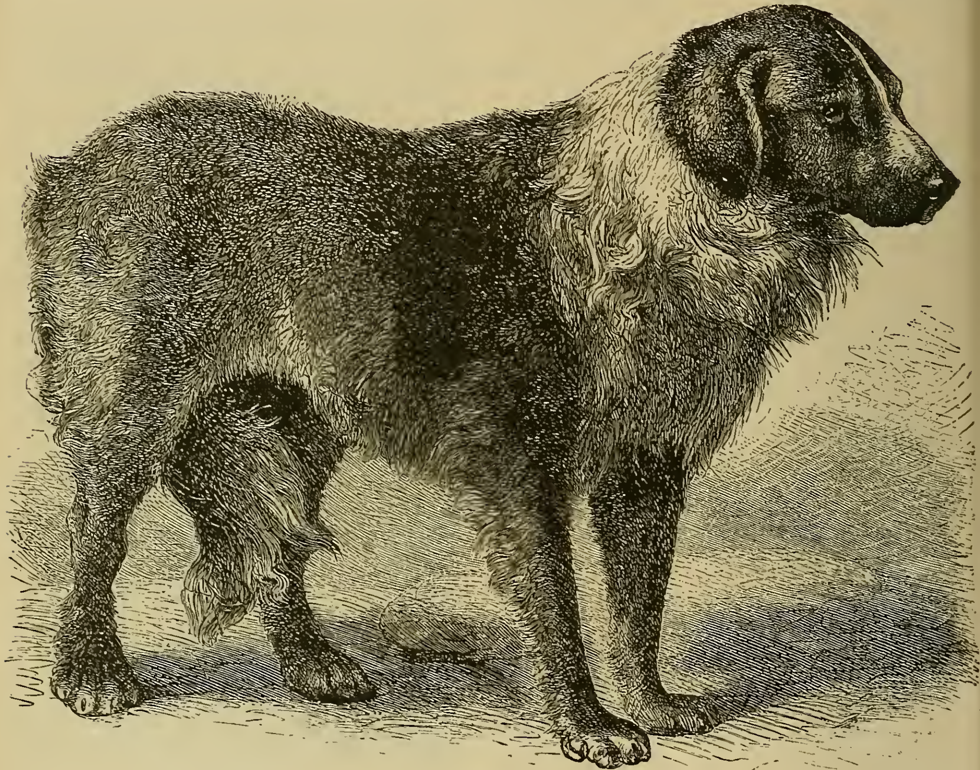
HOSPICE OF THE GRIMSEL.

THE RIVER RHONE.—The ancients used to say that the Rhone river came out of eternal night, but the great Rhone glacier, in the Burnese Oberlands, is now known to be its birthplace. Bursting out of this icy prison house with a mighty roar, as if exulting over its escape, it hastens on to water the fertile fields of Valais, and feed the vineyards of France.

The valley of the Rhone is the largest in Switzerland, and is full of beautiful scenery. The most charming object in it is the Pizevache cascade, a white line of foam boiling through a bed of black rocks, over a series of rapids to the brink of a precipice three hundred feet high. Here it leaps down into a dark cauldron, where nothing can be seen but the white seething foam.

Over this, in the morning when the sun-shines, spans a beautiful rainbow.

A Valley of Fountains.—But the most beautiful valley in all Switzerland is the Lauter Brunnen,—"nothing but fountains." Its sides are lined with multitudes of tiny streams, that hang like long tassels of silver down

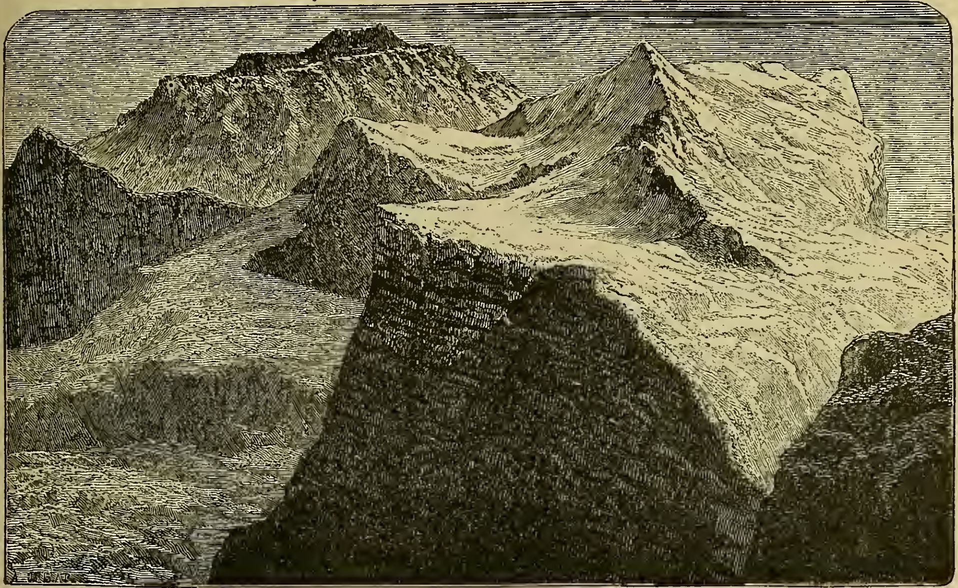


ALPINE DOG.

the face of the crags, or fling themselves in showers of rainbow spray from the edges of the high precipices. Chief among these fountains is the Stabback, or Dust Stream, that comes curving down over a precipice nine hundred feet high, swaying and spreading in the wind, until it falls in clouds of silvery dust upon the rocks below. The valley is a deep narrow chasm reaching into the sides of the St. Gothard giants. Rustic cottages are sprinkled here and there upon its over-hanging cliffs, and the little village of Lauter

Brunnen, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, nestles at its heart, so overhadowed by the surrounding cliffs, that in winter the sun does not reach it until noon, and then speedily disappears.

Lake Leman and Lake Lucerne.—"Clear placid Leman," the largest of the Swiss lakes, has received many flattering tributes from pen and pencil. Her pure waters keep ever unsullied by the numerous muddy streams that bathe themselves there before entering the channel of the Rhine.



JUNGFRAU.

When the weather is clear, the stars and mountains could ask for no better mirror than Lake Leman affords. Even Monte Blanc, fifty miles away, can see his broad glittering diadem of snow and ice reflected from her glassy surface.

Lake Lucerne, though considerably smaller than Leman, ranks not far behind it in beauty of scenery, while it is of special interest from its association with the memory of William Tell. The mountains at its eastern extremity are bold and grand, seeming to rise right out of the lake. On one of them is a scar, where a huge fragment of rock broke off and fell into the

lake, raising such a wave that a whole hamlet was flooded, and a number of lives destroyed.

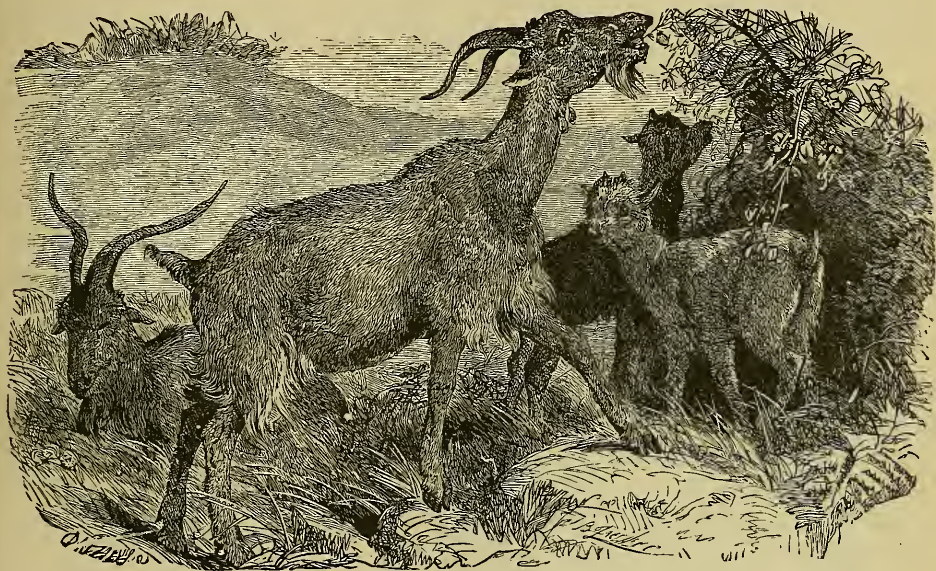
On a little shelf of rock at the eastern end of the lake stands Tell's Chapel, built in the year 1830 by the men of Uri to the memory of their hero.

ALPINE PLANTS AND FLOWERS.—The ground at the base of the Alps is covered with a variety of plants, shrubs and trees. But one by one, as the higher regions are reached, these disappear, and others of different kind take their place. No grain or fruit trees are seen above a height of sixty-five thousand feet; instead, are dwarfish birch and elder and then stunted pine. Farther on, these give place to long, rich grass. These lofty meadows are brilliant with Alpine flowers, many of them members of well-known families. There are bright colored thistles, purple crocuses, scarlet vetches, pale sweet pinks with spear-like leaves, tiny grey saxifrage, covered with thick clumps of white flowers, brilliant little blue gentians and fragrant Alpine roses, on whose petals the crimson glows of sunset seem to have been imprisoned. Upon the rocky banks of streams, grow luxuriant rhododendrons and delicate ferns. Higher still are more hardy adventurers, the Scottish blue-bell, hanging its rich clusters out of rocky crevices, the ladies' mantle spreading its satiny leaves over the bare stones, and the dainty little eidelweiss thrusting its pale yellow face out of its

ALPINE FLOWERS.

hood of white cottony leaves, at a height of eight thousand feet more. Often the guides upon the giddy heights of Mont Rosa, or the Jungfrau, call the tourist's attention to these hardy little mountaineers upon the edges of the cliffs to keep him from looking at the dizzy depths below.

The Bearded Vulture.—Nearly one-half of all the birds of Europe live among the Alps. The king of them all is the lammergeyer, or bearded vulture, a huge bird nine feet across the wings, and a most voracious eater. The stomach of one was found to contain five fragments of a cow's rib, two inches wide and from six to nine inches long; a mass of matted wool and



ALPINE ANTELOPE.

hair; and the leg of a kid perfect from the knee down. These indigestible things are slowly dissolved by the strong gastric juice of its enormous stomach. Its victims are lambs, kids and young chamois, which, if not destroyed on the spot, are carried off to its eyrie; and small quadrupeds and birds, which are "secured with one clutch, killed with one blow and swallowed at one gulp." Often it will watch a goat, sheep, or chamois as it approaches the edge of a cliff, swoop down upon it and push it over the side with its strong wings, then fly down and gorge itself upon the mangled

remains. It has been known to attack a man when asleep and to carry off young children.

The Alpine Antelope.—The timid chamois is the most noted among the animals of the Alps, for its wonderful spryness. It can spring across chasms six or seven yards wide, with a sudden bound leap up against the face of a perpendicular rock, and merely touching it with its hoofs rebound again in an opposite direction to some higher crag. When reaching upward on its hind legs, the fore hoofs resting on some higher spot, it is able to stretch to a considerable distance, and with a quick spring to bring its hind quarters to a level with the rest of its body, and with all four hoofs close together, stand poised upon a rock not broader than one's hand.

A chamois's sense of sight, hearing, and smell is so keen that it is difficult to get near one. He knows man to be his worst enemy, and is greatly disturbed when he finds one near. But even the most wary of the old patriarchs cannot resist the attractions of the salt licks in summer time, and here it is sometimes possible to find a place of ambush on the windward side of the spot where a whole herd congregates. The gambols of such a herd, especially of the giddy young kids, is a most pleasing sight. They spring up like skip-jacks on their long hind legs, run round and round, up and down, and even sideways.

The hunters do not like to frighten them by firing among them at the salt licks, as they would soon cease to visit the place, and would suffer for the need of salt. But sometimes the temptation to shoot is too great to be resisted. This was the case with one hunter, who spied among such a herd at a salt lick a notorious old fellow that had defied the best aim of all the hunters in the vicinity. He had very narrowly escaped once with the loss of a horn, and this served to make him more easily recognized. On this occasion the hunter was in a good position, and felt almost sure of the long-coveted prize. How he would be envied by the other hunters when he appeared among them wearing a bunch of that old fellow's long hair on his hat! But it was not to be. As he pulled the trigger, the hammer clicked, but the cap did not go off. The noise, slight as it was, had been heard by the wary old chamois. One loud whistle, and the whole herd was off like the wind.

Chamois Hunters.—Chamois hunting is one of the most dangerous and the least profitable of sports. The hunter must use the greatest caution, endure hardships and fatigue, and risk his life scrambling among the treacherous cliffs. But the very difficulties and perils give it extra fascination.

One of the native hunters told a tourist that his father and grandfather had both met their death while out on a chamois hunt, and that he expected to do the same. He said, however, that money could not tempt him to give it up. A couple of years afterward, the tourist heard that his prediction had been fulfilled.

FISHER GIRL.

One day as a couple of hunters were out pursuing a chamois, they separated in order to prevent its escape. One of them in his excitement leaped across a chasm to a narrow ledge of rock on the face of a cliff. Here he found that he could go no further, neither could he retrace his steps, as the place from which he had come was much higher.

The ledge on which he stood was so narrow that he could neither sit nor lie down. He shouted to his companion, but no answer came. All the rest of the day and all the following night he stood there calling for help, his strength fast failing him. The next day, just as he was sure he could hold out no longer, he heard his friend calling to him. A rope was lowered over the cliff, and he was saved. The horror and fatigue of that one night blanched his hair white as snow.

THE "WILDHEUER."—Scarcely less dangerous than chamois hunting is the business of the "wildheuer," the climbing hay-cutter of the Alps. On some of the steep lofty cliffs where the cattle cannot reach it, grows long luxuriant grass, which is much needed during the winter. Armed with his

scythe and his feet shod with crampons (thick iron-spiked shoe soles), he sets off in the early morning climbing the steep cliffs like a chamois. When he reaches the slopes where the grass grows, he cuts it, gathers it into a firm bundle, and, if the cliff is not very high, lowers it in a net or flings it over the side to wait for him below. But if the steep is high or there are projecting rocks or trees on its side, he must take the heavy burden, often more than a hundred pounds, on his back, or balance it on his head and carry it down. The descent is usually a perilous one, high walls of rock on one side and dizzy depths on the other. To turn a projecting crag he must cling to a knob or crevice, and feel with one cramponed foot for the slippery foothold that he cannot see, all the while balancing the heavy load on his head. If a stone slips or a limb fails there is nothing to save him from a fatal fall on the rocks below.

The Ribbon Weavers and the Watchmakers.—The Swiss women as a rule are industrious and thrifty. In the vicinity of Basle the loom of the ribbon weaver is found in nearly every cottage. The housewife weaves a yard or two and then attends to her potatoes for dinner, weaves a little more, then fries her sausage and boils her saurkraut. While her husband is washing for dinner, she steps to her loom and adds a mite to her growing flowers and figures. The most beautiful patterns and delicate shades come from the hands of these hard working housewives. Even the coloring is done to perfection in these humble homes. The girls and old women aid by twisting and reeling the silk. In the city the work is carried on, on a larger scale, by the factories where hundreds of looms, filled with all the different colors of the rainbow, hum with life and motion and gleam with brilliancy. The spinners and weavers are all women making on an average about three and a half dollars a week. This is continued when they are sick, and when they grow too old to work. Every year three million dollars worth of ribbon is shipped from Basle to America.

In the cottages around Geneva, the work tables of the watchmakers take the place of ribbon-weaver's looms. There are also large factories in the city where girls and women are employed. The girls first learn to make every part of the watch, and then select the part that they can do best, for their life work.

One woman's only work will perhaps be to drill little holes in the small steel plates, another's, to make a slight change in the shape of the holes already drilled.

The Guides.—Many of the men of Switzerland find employment in act-

ing as guides to tourists. The work is difficult and dangerous and their hardy courage is often put to the test. The sight of a man in peril rouses them to super-human efforts for his relief, and a disaster fills them with grief.

Prof. Tyndal became much attached to a guide by the name of Brennen,

MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

and tells the following story about his efforts to rescue a man from a crevasse in a glacier.

As Prof. Tyndal, accompanied by two other gentlemen, and the guide Brennen, were proceeding along the Aletsch glacier they saw a man stand-

ing perfectly still some little distance ahead of them. They thought nothing of it at first, but as they approached, they saw that it was one of the porters they had sent on ahead of them with provisions. As they came up to him he neither moved nor spoke, and seemed dazed. When asked what the matter was, he replied that his companion was killed. They asked where he was and he nodded toward a crevasse just before them. But when asked how he knew the man was dead, he only muttered that he was killed. Brennen had meanwhile been growing very much excited, and rushing to the brink of the crevasse, would have jumped recklessly in if Prof. Tyndal had not held him back. They listened and heard a faint moan. This increased Brennen's excitement, but Prof. Tyndal laid a hand on his shoulder and told him that unless he acted like a man they should not be able to save the sufferer.

With shaking hands Brennen hastily tied some ropes together,but Prof. Tyndal would not let him descend until each knot had been tested. Nearly all gave way, and had to be tied over again. The other men lowered first Brennen and then Prof Tyndal into the crevasse where they found the man so wedged in the ice that it took more than an hour to chop him loose, and then he was so weak that he could scarcely stir when they got him out. All the while Brennen worked like a frenzied man, and when they reached the top, insisted on carrying the sufferer to the village. But before he had gone many steps he sank under his load.

The Patriots of Rutli.—There are many interesting stories connected with the struggles of the Swiss for freedom from the yoke of Austria. One is of the three men of Rutli, who met at a house in Uri, talked of the misery of their country and the cruelty of the Austrian bailiffs, and resolved to raise a band of men who would strike for liberty. Soon after this they met again in the meadow of Rutli, each bringing with him ten true and honorable men, determined to hold the ancient liberty of their fatherland before all, and life as nothing. The three men of Rutli raised their hands to heaven, and swore to God the Lord, faithfully to live and die for the rights of the innocent people Then the thirty raised their hands and took the oath like the three. They appointed New Year's night for the work, and then separated; each returned to his valley and his cabin and tended his cattle. One of these thirty men, it is said, was William Tell.

Some wise men have concluded that there never was such a person as William Tell, and that all the stories about him are myths; but it will not do for them to tell the people of Switzerland so. One man tried it a few

years ago. He read a paper before a historical association at Geneva in which he tried to prove that William Tell was only an imaginary being. The next year he happened in Alterof, and when the people found he was there they sent word to tell him that the sooner he left the place the better it would be for him. He left without delay.

PEASANT IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

WILLIAM TELL.—The Story of William Tell is very beatifully told by the German writer Zschokke as follows:

"The bailiff, Herman Gessler, was not easy because he had an evil conscience. It seemed to him that the people began to raise their heads and to show more boldness. So he set the ducal hat of Austria on a pole in Uri, and ordered that every one who passed it should do it reverence. And

William Tell, the archer of Burglen, one of the thirty men of Rutli, passed before it, but he did not bow. He was immediately carried to the bailiff, who angrily said: 'Insolent archer, I will punish thee by means of thine own craft. I will place an apple on the head of thy little son. Shoot it off, and fail not.' And they bound the child, and placed an apple on his head, and led the archer far away. He took aim. The bowspring twanged. The arrow pierced the apple. All the people shouted for joy. But Gessler said to the archer: 'Why didst thou take a second arrow.' Tell answered: 'If the first had not pierced the apple, the second would have pierced thy heart.'

"This terrified the bailiff,and he ordered the archer to be seized, and carried to a boat in which he was himself about to embark for Kussuacht. He did not think it prudent to imprison Tell in Uri on account of the people, so he hastily departed in spite of a strong headwind.

"The sea rose and the waves dashed foaming over the boat, so that all were alarmed, and the boatman disheartened. In great anxiety, Gessler ordered the fetters to be removed from Tell, that he, an experienced steersman might take the helm. But Tell steered toward the bare flank of the Axenberg, where a naked rock projects like a small shelf into the lake. There was a shock—a spring. Tell was on the rock and the boat out upon the lake.

"The freed man climbed the mountain, and fled across the land of Schwyz, and he thought in his troubled heart: 'What may not Gessler do to my family when Landenberg put out the eyes of the old man Melchthal on account of a servant's broken finger? Either my innocent wife and child and fatherland must fall, or, bailiff Gessler, thou!'

"So thought Tell, and with bow and arrow fled toward Kussnacht, and hid in a hollow way near the village. Thither came the bailiff; there the bowspring twanged; there the free arrow pierced the tyrant's heart. The whole people shouted for joy when they learned the death of their oppressor. Tell's deed increased their courage; but the night of the New Year had not yet come."

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANCE.

THE Frenchman calls his country *La Belle* France, the beautiful France. He does not mean by this a land of beautiful scenery, for a large part of his country is flat and sandy; but he means a land well cultivated and laden with fruit. In this sense France is beautiful, for the thrifty people have covered the face of the country with orchards, vineyards and groves. It has also beautiful scenery, in the east where it reflects some of the glories of the Alps and on the south where rise the tree-clad heights of the Pyrenees.

THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.—Upon the eastern boundary of France, separating it from Italy, lie the loftiest peaks and most magnificent glaciers of the Alps. Above them all towers Mont Blanc with the great *Mer de Glace* streaming down his side, and at his feet the beautiful Vale of Chamouni. This noted spot, about which so much has been said and sung, lies in the province of Savoy just south of Lake Geneva. It is the place in which to see the "Monarch of Mountains" in all his majesty. His giant sides as well as his white summit, which he usually keeps veiled in mist, may here be seen in one full sweep, when the air is clear. From the summit down to the vale comes the great glacier filling up the deep valley between two mountain ridges to a depth of hundreds of feet. Scattered along over all of its fifteen miles of length are the huge masses of rock which have tumbled down from the sides of the mountain and are being slowly carried down to the melting point. Huge toppling crags and displaced obelisks of ice tower up among the boulders, and great chasms yawn across the surface. Looking down into one of these the most brilliant colors are seen reflected from the glittering sides.

These treacherous crevasses have swallowed up many an unfortunate traveler by snapping open at his feet just as he thought his way was smooth and safe. A few who have slipped into open ones have been pulled out by their companions, while one, a shepherd boy, was swept along by the torrent

at the bottom to the valley below. The water had worn a channel under the ice through which the boy was carried and he came out with only a broken arm.

In summer when the sun is shining a host of small streams spring from the mountain sides upon this sea of ice, and running down together form a river which by and by leaps into a crevasse, and is out of sight. But down in the valley it comes into view again—a great white cataract pouring into the vale of Chamouni.

From the *Mer de Glace* many fine views may be had, not of Mont Blanc, for that is shut out by surrounding peaks, but of the other huge cones rising like giant needles all around it. Down at their feet lies the vale of Chamouni covered with squares of wheat and rye and oats in all their various shades of green and yellow. The houses look like mere bird boxes from the height, and the fields like children's play-grounds. The yellow Arve, that muddy stream that so changes the clear waters of the Rhone, looks here like a piece of burnished wire, and the whole scene like a strip of fairy-land.

THE RUSHING RHONE.—More than two hundred glaciers formed by the snows of Mont Blanc and his neighbors pour their contents into the Rhone. No wonder it is such a mad rushing river with all this burden of water to carry. And then sometimes great bowlders get in its path, or it has to force its way through a small gap between the rocks.

The Rhone is a very rapid river. The water that at sunrise was among the chesnuts and walnuts of Savoy, at night has reached the rice fields of Carnogue. It has passed in the course of its day's run through the greatest variety of scenes. In Ain timber rafts were being prepared to float upon its surface down to Lyons, and shepherds were leading their flocks over the bordering hills. At Lyons the silk weaver's looms were rattling, and thousands of busy wheels turning out all manner of goods. Through Drone its bank was lined with the famous vintages of Zain. Busy people of Guard crowded upon it with more factories, and with mulberry and olive groves. Here, on the opposite side, lay the lands of the famous house of Orange, that had so much to do with the fortunes of the Dutch in after years; and here, also, at Avignon in Vaucluse, was the home of Petrarch's "Laura." Farther down lay the dry and arid wastes of Arles, and the rice-fields of the Mediterranean.

A glance at the past brings out another set of scenes that the Rhone has witnessed. Here, many years ago, stood the great Carthagenian hero, Hannibal, upon the western bank, looking across to the distant snow-clad

hills, beyond which lay the land of the Romans. Behind him was an army of fifty thousand foot, nine thousand horse, and thirty elephants, all glittering with gay trappings. The heavy Spanish infantry were covered with shields and helmets and breastplates of brass. The slingers from Sicily and the Balearic Isles flamed out in crimson caps and short tunics. Over all waved the ensigns of the different bands. A floating cloth, bearing the red and blue of Carthage, denoted the troops of the leader; a glittering crescent, a star or a sphere, the ranks of an ally.

But the chief figure was that of the mighty Hannibal himself. His lithe, active and handsome figure set off with richly embroidered clothing, his bearing that of a king, as with eye and mind he planned how to overcome the mad river before him and transport his troops to the other side.

In three days his glittering brigades were all across, and the Rhone saw Hannibal no more. But the Roman eagles continued to pass over and row their galleys up and down the Rhine for centuries afterward. Then came the barges of the Gothic kings, drawn by horses struggling along the bank. Lastly came the steamboats puffing in one day over a space that the horses could scarcely cover in a month, and carrying silk, wine, olive oil, watches and jewelry, instead of soldiers.

THE "LANDES."—The mountains of eastern France run rapidly down to hilly plains in the center, and to flat sandy moors in the west. From the foot of the Pyrenees on the south to the mouth of the Garrone, the western coast is nothing but a dreary strip of sand dunes, the highest of which is only about a hundred and sixty feet. Like those of Jutland, these sands are constantly shifting in the wind and covering up the cultivated fields around them. Many cabins, private dwellings, and even villages have been completely buried within the past two hundred years. Before that time the sands were never known to do such damage, for they were kept down by forests. When the people began to clear the trees away the sand began to fly, and now they are trying to repair the damage by planting forests again.

Back of the dunes toward the interior stretches a region of wide level plains covered with coarse grass, thorny shrubs and broken by innumerable shallow ponds. This marshy region has been called the "landes," and the people who live there "landescots."

A few years ago there was scarcely a sign of life in all this wide plain; a few shepherds stalked about on high stilts tending their sheep, and they suffered terribly from the malaria caused by the stagnant water. But

during the past few years, science has taught them how to make improvements here as well as in the dunes. Canals have been cut to drain the marshes and millions of trees planted to suck up the moisture. Now the malaria is gone and cottages and villages are spreading all over the once desolate plain.

THE BONE CAVES.—The Mediterranean coast of France is also low and flat with numerous marshes and lagoons, for a long distance east of the Pyrenees. But after passing the Rhone, bold rocky cliffs begin to appear until the peaks of Maritime Alps overlook the sea. Among these, in the very southeast corner is one of Nature's curiosities, by which men of science have learned much about the men and animals living in this part of the earth in the dark ages of the past. This is one of the bone caves, in which has been found the remains of many large animals which have long ago ceased to live in Europe, and a few years ago there was found here the petrified skeleton of a man. It was discovered more than twenty feet beneath the surface, lying on its left side in a perfectly natural position, as if the person had been overtaken by death while asleep. Every part of the skeleton was there, but all was turned to stone. From the size and appearance of the petrified bones it was thought that the person had once belonged to a strong and powerful race. On the skull was an ornamental head-dress, made of shells and stag's teeth, strung together in a kind of network. The workmanship of this, especially the holes by which the pieces were fastened, was such as people of the stone age used to produce.

Human bones have been found in other caves in France, and with them the rude stone implements used in the early ages. Scattered around were bones of the birds, animals and fish, especially salmon, which had been their food. Everything seemed to show they had found plenty to eat without much exertion. Those who have studied the appearance of the human bones found in these caves say they denote a people of great size, with long flat feet, short arms with powerful muscles, large strong jaws, widely opened nostrils, and a fierce disposition.

The animal bones found show that the climate was colder then than now. Reindeer were very plenty and besides there were huge hairy mammoth, wooly rhinoceros, and hippopotami, such as dressed for cold weather. There were also hyeanas and bears, all of great size, but no dogs, sheep or goats.

THE PLAIN OF CARNAC.—Very wonderful remains of former ages are found in the rocky peninsula forming the northwestern part of France. All

this region, once called Brittany, is noted for its wild wooded scenery; its quaint people, who are distant relatives of the ancient Britons, and still hold their legend of King Arthur; and its numerous and interesting stone monuments. These are much like the antiquities of Great Britain only that in the Plain of Carnac is a much larger group than the Stonehenge. The stones, ranging from ten to twenty-five feet in height, are set up in three groups over a distance of seven miles. Each group is carried out toward the end in eleven even rows of stones each a little lower than the one before it.

On a high mound in the midst of the plain stands a church which was built by the early Christian missionaries, and dedicated to St. Michael. Recently a chamber was discovered beneath the mound about six feet long and four wide. The entrance, which had faced the east, was closed by two large slabs, and another, laid across the top, formed the roof. This slab had split through from the weight of earth above it, and the floor was covered several inches deep with a flour-like dust that had sifted down through the crevice. More than a hundred small beads of jasper were found beneath all this dust, and in a corner under a small flat stone was a necklace of ivory-bugles or beads. In a small recess on one side of the chamber was a mass of cinders, earth, and fragments of human bones.

In another mound near by, thirty polished axes of stone and three necklaces of green turquois were found. On some of the stones were rude carvings of wavy, curved and zigzag lines and spirals, showing that the people who made these belonged to the later period of the stone age when ornament as well as use was studied.

The simple people of Carnac have an easy way of settling the question of how the stones came on the plain. They say that they are the petrified soldiers of a mighty army whom St. Cornely turned to stone when he could oppose them in no other way. They also declare that sometimes at midnight the skeletons of these stones may be seen in the churchyard doing penance for the sins they committed against the saint and listening very reverently to a sermon preached by Death himself.

Gothic Architecture.—Long years after the builders of the great stone avenues had passed away, another rude, uncivilized race occupied the land of France. These were the Goths who had come from the east and broken up the Roman empire. They were somewhat further advanced in the art of living than the ancient people of the iron and stone ages, but they knew little about arts and sciences. They knew enough, however, to appreciate the works of art that the Romans had left behind them. They

found use for the houses, public halls, palaces, baths, aqueducts, and bridges and after a time they began to try their hand at building. Taking the Roman buildings for patterns they set to work, but found many difficulties out of which they had to invent their way. The result was a style quite different, and at first inferior to that of the Romans, but as the Goths went on improving, they introduced many forms of beauty that are now admired more than the ancient styles. This new style was named after them, Gothic architecture.

One of the chief features of this style was the pointed arches, which grew to be very graceful, and more light and airy than the solid round arch of the Romans. In making "groined arches," the Goths invented a way of supporting them with clusters of slender columns, branching off in ribs at the top, which gave to the interior of a building the appearance of the trunks, branches and interlacing boughs of a forest.

Another idea which grew upon these builders was the beauty of a great deal of stained glass about the windows. So they put the small windows as close together as possible, and left only enough masonry between them to hold them up, so as to get in as much glass as possible. They made openings shaped like flowers of three or four leaves above the windows, and reduced the stones between to mere bars bending around the foliated forms in tracery. Finally, instead of small windows, they made one large one charmingly ornamented and surmounted with a pointed arch.

Just about this time,—the end of the 12th century and the beginning of the 13th,—there arose a great desire to build elegant cathedrals. All over France these buildings sprang up in all the beauty of graceful arches, traceried windows, and carved foliage; but before they were completed the fever died out, and nearly all were left unfinished. One of the most noted of these Gothic cathedrals in France is that of Rheims, which is also one of the finest in Europe; another is that of Notre Dame in Paris.

Battle Fields.—On the soil of France many important battles have been fought,—battles that have shaped the history of Europe. In Champagne, where Chalons *sur Marne* is now situated, the progress of the terrible Attila and his horde of Huns was stayed. He had carried terror, destruction and death over all the Eastern Roman empire, and had proceeded so far toward the west, when Aetius, a Roman general, assisted by some Goths and Franks, met him at Chalons. Here they gave him a terrible battle, in which he was utterly defeated. He was so chagrined that he was determined to bury himself alive in a grand funeral pile, with his

treasures, his women and his baggage wagons; but he changed his mind and lived to do some more ravaging in the south. But this battle may be said to have stopped his career.

In the northern part of France, in Aisne, the battle of Soissons was fought between the Franks, who were a branch of the Gothic race, and the last of the Romans, after which the Romans left the Franks to themselves. Clovis, the king of the Franks, then went on to enlarge and establish the kingdom which came to be called France.

In the west, south of the Loire, is the field of Poitiers, where Charles Martel, a later king of the Franks, drove back the Saracens, who were threatening Europe with the same danger that Sobeiski averted at Vienna, nearly a thousand years afterward. The Saracens had carried their swords and the Mohammedan faith all over Spain, and had come as far north as Poitiers, when they encountered the strong arm of Charles Martel. On account of the deadly destruction he dealt out to them that day, he was named "Martel"—the hammer.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Karl the Great.—The Empire of the Franks passed in time into the hands of Charlemagne, a great grandson of Charles Martel, who was not contented with the extent of his dominions, and at once went to making war on his neighbors. He marched into Italy and conquered the Lombards, who had taken possession of the northern part; then into Spain and took from the Moors all of the country north of the Ebro; then up into Saxony, where he met the sturdy Wittikind, with whom he had a long struggle. This country gave him more trouble than all the others, but it was compelled to yield to the great Karl at last. Then he was king from the Ebro in Spain to the Baltic, and from the Atlantic to the Oder. So great a conqueror had not lived since Cæsar.

The great object that led Charlmagne to make all these conquests was that he might unite again all the broken fragments of the fallen Roman Empire. He wished to see law and order and learning, such as the Romans had maintained, take the place of the confusion that had reigned since the coming of the barbarians. And he wished to see the Christian religion, in

which he was a zealous believer, take the place of Paganism and Mohammedanism.

As soon, therefore, as he had put together this vast region, nearly all that had belonged to the Western Roman Empire, he went to Italy and was crowned by the Pope, Emperor of Rome. Then he went home, and began to make laws, to erect fine buildings and establish schools of learning. He set an example to his subjects by studying nearly everything that was then taught, and tried to learn to write, but his fingers were so stiff with carrying the sword that he did not make much progress. He contented himself with the thought that his young subjects were enjoying privileges which no one had been wise enough to provide for him.

When Charlemagne died his body was placed in a great Mausoleum at Aix-la-Chapelle, not in a coffin but on his throne clothed in his imperial robes, with his crown upon his head, his sceptre in his hand and his sword by his side. One hundred years afterward his tomb was opened and there sat the withered skeleton of all that was left of the great conqueror. The royal robes, crown, and sceptre were carried away, and are now at Vienna; the throne and a few other relics are kept in the cathedral of Aix la-Chapelle, and over his tomb, which is just beneath the great dome, is a marble slab containing the words, "*Carolo Magno.*"

Barbe Blue.—The conquered chiefs and the nobles of the country, Charlemagne appointed to govern the various parts of his great empire, allowing them to hold offices only so long as he chose; but the weak kings who followed him were obliged to grant large favors to their officers to hold their allegiance.

One of the French kings gave the nobles large tracts of land and agreed that their sons should inherit their property and titles, only when the king went to war all must be ready to turn out and help him fight. This was called holding lands in *fief*, and the system was called *feudalism.* It gave great power to the nobles who could band together and make war on each other, build strong castles where they were safe from all attacks, and rule as they chose over the people within the bounds of their territory. The strong sallied out in bands and robbed the weak, plundered travelers, and carried people off to their castles and held them until money was paid for their deliverance. The king could do nothing to stop these wrongs; he himself lived in constant terror lest his strongest barons should band together, and deprive him of his crown.

It was the deeds of one of these powerful and wicked barons that gave

rise to the story of "Blue-beard," only instead of wives it was children that this monster killed.

The real name of the villain was Gilles de Retz Sieur, but the people called him *Barbe-blue*—Blue-Beard. In his younger days he spent his fortune in such riotous living that he wasted both his health and his money. In this state he came across an Italian magician, who said he could cure him by the use of his black arts. One of the remedies prescribed was the blood of young children, to be used as a bath. This he said would restore the baron, not only his health, but his fortune.

De Retz retired to his castle near Nantes, with the wicked magician, and there during fourteen years the most horrible crimes were committed. Hundreds of young children were seized or enticed into the castle, where many were killed and others made to take the part of priests and priestesses in the most horrible scenes, said to be the worship of the Devil.

To destroy the traces of his crimes he burnt the bodies of his victims, and scattered their ashes to the winds, but forty bodies not so disposed of were found buried in one place and eighty in another.

At length the people all around grew furious and demanded his death. The Duke of Britanny gave him a fair trial, and so much was proved against him that he was sentenced to be burned, but being a noble, he was strangled instead.

THE KNIGHTS OF CHIVALRY.—The terrible wrongs inflicted by the strong against the weak in feudal times, led a number of Christian nobles to band together to protect the helpless. They said it was a shame for those who had power to use it to oppress the weak, and that henceforth they would make it their duty to relieve all who were in distress, and especially to protect women and children. From this sprang that courteous treatment of women which distinguishes men of civilized countries from those of half-civilized or barbarian.

The purpose of these nobles pleased the church and the king, and so there went out a decree from the council of Clermont saying that every person of noble birth at twelve years of age, should take a solemn oath before the bishop of his diocese to defend the widows and orphans; that women of noble birth, both married and single, should enjoy his special care; and that nothing should be wanting to render traveling safe, and to destroy the evils of tyranny.

The education of a nobleman's son for his career as a knight began when he was very young. Sometimes when only seven years old he was sent

to the court of his king, or the castle of a noble already famed for brave deeds and there he became the page or valet of the great man. He played with other well-bred children, went through vigorous gymnastic exercises to strengthen his body,and spent much time with the ladies of the household who taught him to be courteous,gentlemanly and to serve God.. Thus goodness,manly strength, and graceful manners became the leading traits of every knight.

When fourteen years of age the young page became a squire. He now might wear a sword instead of a short dagger, and bear his lord's shield on the battle-field. Sometimes it happened that on the battle-field a young squire did such valiant service for his lord that he was then and there made a knight, but usually he had to wait until he was twenty one. A very grand ceremony always was held when a squire of high rank was to be made a knight. Amid a crowd of lords and ladies he knelt before the king or some great commander, who alone had the right to bestow the title, and swore that he would protect, at the risk of his life, the cause of religion, the widow and orphan, and all ladies that should need his protection; that he would be loyal to his chief, and would live a life of purity, temperance and uprightness. The king or lord before whom he knelt then gave him three blows on the back with his sword saying, "In the name of God, of St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight; be brave, bold and loyal."

Then the young man mounted his steed and started out, thirsting for a chance to prove his courage. Clad in his coat of mail he was proof against all common enemies. Only another knight might unhorse him, when he would lie helplessly on his back like a turtle, held down by his heavy armour, until some one helped him up. But this did not happen often. The keen scimeters of the Saracens, and all the weapons of warfare then used in Europe, excepting those of the English archers, fell harmlessly upon his coat of mail, and his horse which was also clad in armour. He could ride unharmed through a host of common soldiers slaying scores on every side.

Peter the Hermit.—While the knights were burning with a desire to prove their courage and win fame, a zealous monk of Amiens, was preparing to furnish them with just the opportunity they wished. Peter the Hermit, so called because he had given up wordly affairs and lived the life of a hermit, went on a pilgrimage from France to Jerusalem, and there he became very indignant at the wrongs done to the Christian pilgrims by the Turks, and also at the thought that these infidels should pollute the Holy City.

PETER THE HERMIT.

Filled with rage he returned to Europe and began to preach the duty of every Christian to go to Jerusalem and drive out the Turks. He soon stirred up a great excitement, and a vast army of people, men women and children of all ranks, knights and nobles, lords and peasants, all started out on foot, and on horseback for the far away land of Palestine.

Very few knew how long the journey was, or what dangers lay before them. Those who did expected to be delivered in some miraculous way, for they thought the mission on which they were going could not but receive the approval and assistance of God. So they set out without clothing, provision, or anything, expecting to find all they needed as they went along. And such was their zeal and their blindness that they thought it right to rob the Jews, who they said had killed the Savior, and even to murder thousands of these poor people.

When they came to Hungary they seized there whatever they wished, but this brought down upon them the hatred of the Hungarians, who fell upon them and slew thousands.

Hardly twenty thousand of the vast throng that started out lived to reach the borders of Asia, and there these were nearly every one slain by the Turks. Peter escaped and found his way back in time to join the next great company of crusaders, as the cross-bearers were called.

This throng was really the first crusade ; the other had been a mere rabble. This contained thousands of good warriors, the leading nobility of Europe, and the best blood of France, where the movement had started. But of these, thousands perished by sword and hardship on the way. Only a small portion of them reached Palestine, where after a fierce struggle they succeeded in capturing the Holy City. Godfrey of Bouillon was made ruler,—he refused to be crowned king where the Savior had been crowned with thorns. Peter, at the request of the army preached a sermon on the mount of Olives to the Christian conquerors. After this he returned to France rejoicing that his great mission had been a success.

It did not remain a success though according to his views. Before he had been in his grave a century, Jerusalem was retaken by the Turks; and though six other crusades, continuing through three centuries, drained Europe of thousands more of its leading men, the Turks were not driven out of Jerusalem.

But results far greater than Peter or any of his followers expected, sprang from the Crusades. The people of Europe, who had hardly risen out of barbarism, saw the luxury and refinement of the Empire at Constantinople.

They saw the results of industry in the east and the riches that could be gained by trade. They returned to Europe with new ideas. At home they found that the war had put an end to the strife between the dukes and barons by uniting them all in a common cause. And just about that time fire arms were coming into use, against which the knight's coat of mail was no protection. His shield and helmet and lance had to be laid aside, and then knight-hood went out of fashion.

Trade and manufacture soon sprang up; war ceased to be the chief oject of life, and the middle classes had a chance to earn their living by honest toil. Thus another great step was taken in civilization.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.—There are few nations that have carried on more wars both at home and abroad than the French. They have been at war with all the countries around them, and with England they fought steadily for a hundred years.

The cause of that great struggle, known in their history as the "hundred years war," was those Norman lands which William the Conqueror held when he went to fight the battle of Hastings. The French afteward insisted that his descendants, the kings of England, were the vassals of the French king, because William held those lands "in fief" to the king of France. The English on the other hand claimed not only a clear title to Normandy and Brittany but, on the grounds of some marriages and intermarriages, they claimed the whole kingdom of France.

The long struggle had continued for nearly seventy years, when Charles VII. came to the throne, or to what was left of it. The French were much weakened by the long conflict. Charles was sickly and indolent; his unnatural mother was trying to prevent him from being king, and Henry VI. of England had already been crowned king of France in the northern part, and recognized as such by all but a few in the centre and south. These kept up the discouraging contest.

While all this was going on, there was growing up at Domremy on the banks of the Meuse, a devout young girl, who was to be the deliverer of her king. This was Jeanne d'Arc or Joan of Arc.

When only thirteen years of age Jeanne became possessed of the idea that heavenly beings came and talked with her. She heard voices of the saints to whom she prayed, telling her to be a good girl, to go to confessions and perform her religious duties faithfully. These were only simple messages, but they filled Jeanne's soul with joy. Above everything else she prized these visits of her adored saints. She ceased to go with the vil-

lage young people and kept out of her mind every evil thought so as to be ready for her heavenly company.

One day, as she was listening for these voices, she thought she heard them saying that she must go to the aid of her king. She began to weep at the thought of such a thing, and said that she was only a poor maiden who knew nothing of riding or of war, but the saints told her to go to Vaucouleurs where she would find a captain of the royal army and be led to the king.

And so this simple country maid went to the court of her afflicted king, pointed him out from a number of courtiers all dressed like himself, won his faith in her mission and was given command of the French army. A suit of armour was made for her, and dressed in this she put herself at the head of ten thousand of the royal troops and led them against the English who were beseiging Orleans. Here she gained a great victory.

Enthusiasm now took the place of discouragment among all of Charles' friends. The English, who at first ridiculed the soldier maid, became almost panic stricken wherever she appeared. Within three months she fulfilled her promise of leading Charles at Rheims to be crowned.

In her suit of armour Jeanne stood by during the ceremony, and then thought her work done. Northern France which had declared for the English had now recognized Charles, and he was king of the whole country. But the English still remained, and she was urged to stay and help drive them out. She consented to remain with the army, but she gained no more victories. The next year she was captured by the English and cruelly put to death.

The blame, of this crime does not rest entirely on the English. They were not anxious to take her life, but the University of Paris, a set of strict religious teachers who had a great deal of power, declared that her claim to hearing heavenly voices was a wicked sin, which deserved the punishment of fire.

She was tried therefore, and condemned for sorcery, and amid a great crowd of people, in the city of Rouen, was burned to death. Charles, who owed to her his crown and his kingdom, made no effort to save her, and waited ten years before he published a declaration saying that she was innocent of the charge for which she had been burned and was a martyr to religion, her country and her king. But the people of France have always held in high honor this pure minded, patriotic girl, who certainly believed, whether others did or not, that she was commanded by Heaven to de-

JOAN OF ARC BEFORE THE KING.

liver her country, and who let no obstacles stand in the way of her obedience.

CATHERINE DE MEDICI.—Among the many noted women who have had much to do in shaping the course of French history, there is one who is remembered only for her evil deeds. One of the darkest crimes that stain the record of the rulers was planned by a woman. This Jezebel of France was Catherine de Medici, a member of the great Medici family of Florence.

When she first came to France as the wife of Henry II., she professed to have no taste whatever for affairs of state, and as long as her husband lived seems not to have shown any desire to manage them. But when her son, Francis II., husband of Mary Queen of Scots was reigning, she began to lay plots against those she wished out of the way. At this time she was on the side of the Huguenots, the French Protestants, who were on very bad terms with the Catholics. She planned with them a scheme to seize and imprison Francis and Mary, who were both Catholics, and to kill all Mary's relatives. But this was found out, and the Huguenot plotters were put to death.

Then she plotted the death of a powerful Catholic duke, and tried to get Francis to give his consent; but he would not listen to her proposal. Soon after this Frances died, and it was believed by many that his mother had caused him to be poisoned.

Then the wicked woman had a chance to rule as she chose. Her son Charles, who was now made king, was young and weak, and let her have her way in everything. She soon took sides with the Catholics, and plotted the death of the leading Huguenot leader, but the assassin appointed to do the work only succeeded in wounding his victim. Afraid of what might follow, she then planned the death of all the Huguenots in one great massacre.

The king very unwillingly signed the paper for this deed. He was told that the Huguenots were preparing to kill all the Catholics, and this was the only way to prevent it. Still he hesitated, and after the paper had been signed, sent to countermand the order. But it was too late.

At four o'clock the next morning the terrible butchery began, and for three days it was continued through the streets of Paris, until ten thousand Huguenots had been killed. Orders had been sent to other cities and there like massacres took place. Some say thirty thousand, some say sixty thousand were butchered in France at this horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Poor Charles was never able to forget these terrible scenes. It is said that in his dying bed his mind was so tortured with the remembrance that he sweat drops of blood. His last words were, "O, how much blood! how many assassinations! O, what evil counsels have I followed."

He died in the belief that he had been poisoned by his mother and his brother who succeeded to his crown.

From this time until her death Catherine was engaged in making trouble between the different parties of the court, and died,—"unheeded in the fierce strife of wars that she had stirred up."

CATHERINE DI MEDICI.

The Man in the Iron Mask.—For four hundred years there stood at the gate of St. Antoine in Paris, a building whose very name brought up thoughts of horror. It was used by the kings of France, from the time of Charles V., who built it, until the First French Revolution, as a prison in which they put such persons as had offended them, aroused their jealousy or stood in their way.

There were eight round towers in the building each full of cells, and beneath it dark dungeons nineteen feet below the courtyard.

Here prisoners were kept for years. They were not allowed to receive or send messages to their friends, were in fact buried alive and no one ever knew their fate.

When the enraged people of Paris in 1789 tore down this building, they found in it seven persons, one of whom had been there since he was eleven years old; another had been shut up for forty years. When set free he was bewildered, like a man awaking out of his sleep. His reason was entirely gone.

But of all the prisoners known to have been in the Bastile none have

awakened so much sympathy and curiosity as a man who was imprisoned there during the reign of Louis XIV. He was known as the Man in the Iron Mask. His real name has never been found out. His face was always covered with a black velvet mask, fastened with steel springs, which he was forbidden, on pain of instant death, ever to remove. When the other prisoners heard mass, he was forbidden to speak or show himself, and armed soldiers who stood by with loaded muskets had orders to shoot him if he made the attempt.

The great fear of whoever had put this man there seemed to be that he would let some one know who he was. To prevent this he was constantly watched by the governor, who alone seems to have been entrusted with the secret. He alone brought the prisoner his meals, attended to his toilet, and carefully examined or destroyed the linen he had worn, lest he should have left some mark upon it telling who he was. When he died everything he had worn or used was burned.

How long the man in the Iron Mask was held a prisoner is as great a secret as his name. He was at the Bastile five years before he died; was brought there in a closed litter, accompanied by a mounted guard and this governor, who had come from another prison to take charge of the Bastile. Twenty-two years before the same governor took two prisoners carefully guarded from one prison to another, where one of them died. It is believed that the man in the Iron Mask was the survivor. That would make twenty-seven years he was held a prisoner, and how much longer will probably never be known.

French Revolutions.—All the wrongs and oppressions that the French people suffered through a long line of kings, began during the reign of Louis XIV. to gather a storm of wrath. While Louis XV. reigned the storm kept gathering. When Louis XVI. came it burst out in terrible fury. Enraged at the thought of their past wrongs, their half starved condition, their burden of taxes, hearing of the success of the American Declaration of Independence, and having lost all respect for their kings, they seized and placed under the guillotine the unfortunate Louis, who had been more indulgent than all the rest. His queen, Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, shared the same fate a few months later, and then the storm began to rage. With monarchy swept away, the maddened people destroyed everything connected with it. All rank, all grades of society, and even the Christian religion was declared abolished. The worship of Reason was publicly set up; but reason had nothing to do with the scenes that fol-

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

lowed. Blind rage, envy, jealousy, hatred, every evil passion seemed let loose upon the unfortunate French of Paris in 1793.

An assembly declaring themselves the ruling power ordered every day the death of from sixty to seventy persons. For seven weeks a reign of terror followed in which no one knew who would be the next victim. Fully fifteen hundred persons were sent to the guillotine during this period.

Then the tide turned against those who had caused these murders and they met the same fate they had lavished upon others. This was the first French Revolution. When the storm was spent a young Republic began to bring order out of the chaos.

But this new government was surrounded by foes from without. All the other sovereigns of Europe felt that the growth of a republican government on their borders was a menace to their own thrones. A reign of terror might be begun in their own capitals. So they came to compel the French to restore their fallen monarchy.

Then Napoleon Bonaparte appeared as the defender of the young Republic. At first a plain unassuming man, his success in destroying the enemies of France filled him with ambition and the people with admiration. They made him Consul for ten years. And then he made himself Emperor. Monarchy was again established.

Napoleon's Empire ended at Waterloo. But monarchy was continued, for then the foreign powers went to Paris and put a crown on Louis XVIII.

All went well for fifteen years; then came the Revolution of 1830. Charles, the successor of Louis had tried to take back a little of the liberty that the people had gained, and they set him aside, putting in his place Louis Philippe. This was simply a revolution from one king to another and there was no serious outbreak.

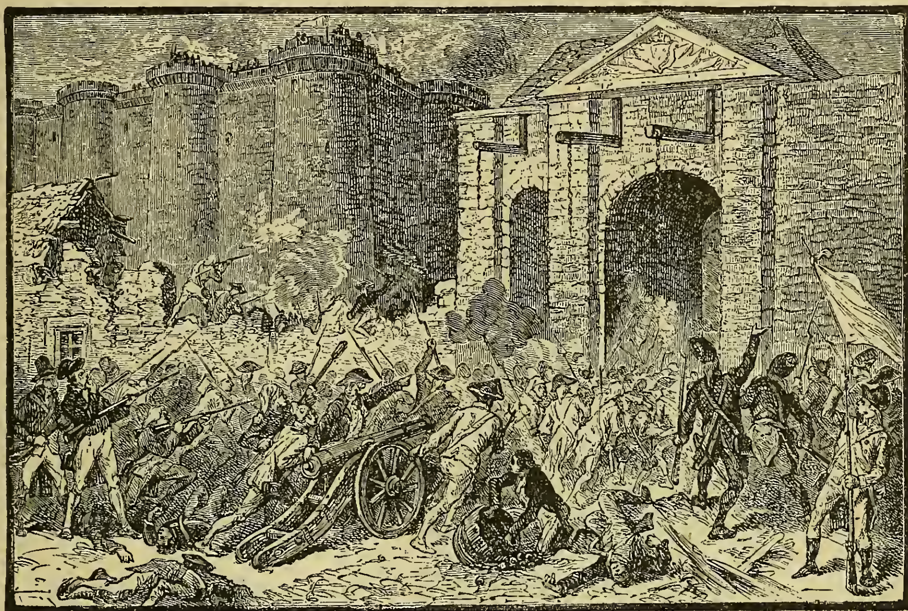
Eighteen years passed and then came the Revolution of 1848. Louis Philippe saved his life by flight. His throne was burned, and another republic was declared, with Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the great Napoleon, as president for four years.

When his term of office expired, another revolution broke out during which he quietly gathered the reins in his own hands as his uncle had done, and was declared Emperor Napoleon III.

This last monarchy lasted until the war with Prussia in 1870, brought on by Napoleon III. without cause, and ending disastrously for the French. The assembly declared that he was the cause of the calamities of the war and that none of his family should ever occupy the throne of France.

Then the present republic was set up, which has, so far, successfully resisted the pretensions of two lines of monarchs, and the easily excited passions of the people.

The Bread Crust Dealer.—The people of France have the virtues of industry and economy in a marked degree. By careful management they live comfortably, and even elegantly, on wages that others find hardly



TAKING THE BASTILE.

enough to keep them alive. They are very ingenious, too, in finding ways of making money.

A remarkable example of both these virtues was an old French soldier who made a fortune out of what many people throw away.

Returning to Paris after the battle of Waterloo, he found his services no longer needed in the army, and he had no other means of support, his military training having unfitted him for a trade, and he had no capital. The only thing he found to do to keep him from starving, was rag picking which he tried for a time, but it led to meetings with his old comrades and he could not bear their scoffs. He changed his occupation to rag sorting

where he could remain indoors, but this made him sick and he was taken to the hospital. While there he fell in with a poultry fattener, with whom, after he came out, he worked until he had saved quite a little sum of money. With this he proposed to start in business for himself, and was looking about for a good location for a wine-shop or eating-house, when he happened to pass the place where he had worked as a rag-sorter, and here a bright idea struck him. He remembered that the pickers always found quantities of bread crusts among the refuse in the streets, which he believed could be put to good use. So he went around to the restaurants and eating-houses, and offered to buy the crusts they had been in the habit of throwing away. The restaurant keepers thought he must be crazy, but of course were very willing to sell their waste bread.

In a few days he appeared in the market place with several baskets full of neat looking, crisp and tempting bread-crusts. In a short time his stock was exhausted, and he had no trouble afterward in disposing of all he could prepare. In a short time he began to supply several eating-houses with his prepared crusts for rabbit stews, and grated bread crumbs for the cooks to use in powdering their cutlets. His business rapidly increased, until he had a factory, employing fifty men and women in sorting and cleaning his crusts, and six carts and horses to collect and bring his scraps to the factory. He also employed a large number of young girls in packing the little baskets of crisped squares, and children in grinding to powder the scraps, which, too far gone for any other use, were burned to cinder and sold for tooth powder.

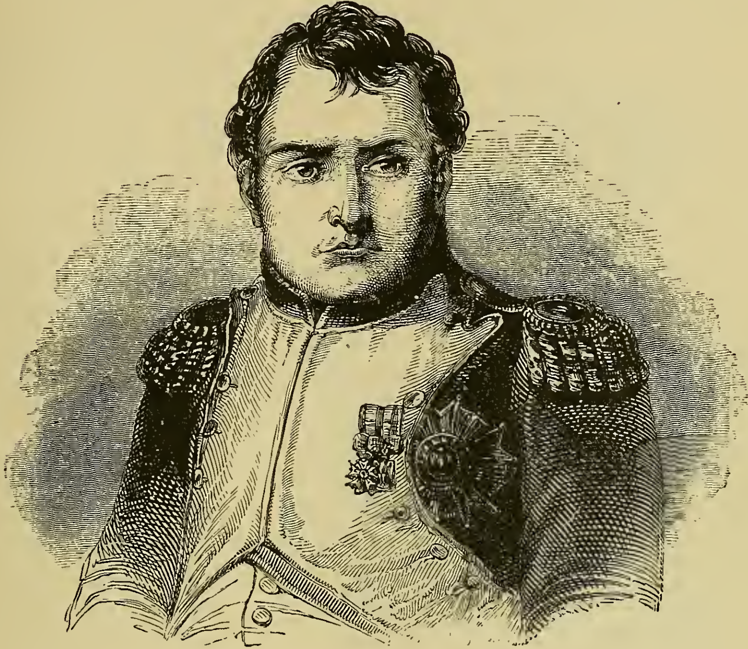
The old soldier always superintended all the operations of his large establishment, and impressed upon everybody that not a crumb should be wasted. When, at last, he retired from business, it was on an income of thirty thousand francs a year.

The Vineyards of Champagne.—One of the most profitable industries of France is wine-making, and among all of its noted vineyards, that of Champagne is the most famous. A strip of country, about thirty miles long and two broad, in this province, is almost entirely devoted to vines, but the southern slopes of the hills are the most valuable for grape raising.

The planting and dressing of these sunny slopes is carried on very systematically. Every third year new vines are set out, at the bottom, and from there trained until they reach the top. After each harvest all the vines are cut off close to the ground and the stump buried; next spring the shoots come out three or four inches higher up the hill, and so keep

growing until they reach the top. In this way the whole surface is kept covered, but the best crops are gathered about midway up, where the frosts are less likely to trouble the fruit.

The gathering begins in the latter part of September, and then there is a great rush and hurry to get all the grapes in before they are touched by the



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

frost. Not only all the people of the neighborhood, but many who come from a distance, are employed in the picking, sorting and packing.

Sometimes the owner of the vineyard has his own press; then the grapes are laid on the platform, as they are gathered, and the juice drops into the vats below. This "first dropping," without the application of pressure, is set aside by itself, and made into a very choice wine. The screws are then applied to the press, and another and larger flood of juice runs into the vats. This makes wine of the first quality. Another turn of the screws brings out a second quality of juice. Thus several different brands

are secured from each pressing, the last obtained by putting the screws to their utmost tension, brings out a red wine of poor quality, for the use of the workmen about the establishment.

The various pressings are put into casks, all properly marked, and stowed away until the first fermentation is over; then an interesting operation takes place. To give the required flavor, the product of the vines of one locality must be mixed with those of another, in just the right proportions. A "taster" is employed in every establishment to mix these, until he knows by the taste that the right degree is obtained. He notes carefully the proportions he has used, and then the large vats are filled with the different juices in just the same proportion. When these have become thoroughly mixed the liquor is drawn off into hogsheads and put into bottles; but it is not ready yet for market. It must remain all winter in deep, cold cellars, built for the purpose with great care. Early in the spring it goes through a second fermentation, which gives it its sparkling qualities, then for another long period of eighteen months the bottles remain on their sides, watched and shaken a little every day, until the sediment gathers about the cork. Then a workman very skillfully draws out the cork in such a way as to bring out with it all the sediment, but scarcely a drop of the clear liquid.

Up to this time the liquor has been simply and purely the juice of the grape, with no addition, except in rare cases where a little sugar is found necessary, on account of a wet or cold season. But now each bottle recives a quantity of sugar, dissolved in a mixture of old wine and brandy, more or less, according to the country to which it is to be sent. If for America, not over one per cent. of brandy is used; if for England, three or four per cent. After this mixing the bottles are corked, tinfoiled or leaded, and packed away ready for shipping.

Flower-Farming.—Many of the people in southeastern France make their living by raising flowers,—a business that results in crops of greater beauty than even the rich clusters of the grapes, and a final product far less harmful. The flowers are made into delicate perfumes to please people's noses, not to scorch their stomachs and set their brains on fire.

Flower-farming is carried on in other parts of Europe, but nowhere so extensively as in southern France. Here almost every field is a garden, every proprietor a flower-grower, and every breath of summer wind ladened with fragrance.

Who would not be a harvester there, where the crop is snowy mounds of

white orange blossoms, or purple violets, clustering jasmines, honeyed tube-roses, or oceans of crimson, pink, white and yellow roses, of every size and variety!

As is most proper and fitting, the origin of this beautiful business was a pair of lovers. Pierre was a poor but honest young Frenchman, who was very anxious to marry pretty Marie, the maid of his choice. But Marie's father said she should never marry a beggar. If Pierre could show twenty thousand crowns, very well, the wedding day might be fixed; if not, Marie should die an old maid rather than marry Pierre.

JOSEPHINE.

They were standing in Pierre's little flower garden when Marie told him her father's decision. "Twenty thousand crowns;" he cried in despair. "Why all I have, these few poor acres, that little vineyard, and these olive trees would not bring a fifth of that sum," and his eyes rested on the flowers around them. "How I wish" he said, sadly, "I could coin these flowers into gold!"

These words came back to him, afterward, bringing a new idea. He visited the village druggist early the next morning, and together they went through the little flower garden, the druggist sniffing, ogling, and even tasting the pretty petals and fragrant stamens.

Soon after this visit, Pierre was seen shifting his fences and enlarging his garden. Now he took in a slip of his vineyard, now a corner of his fields, then he went off to the forest with his men, to search for fine blacking mould. The next day he was busily sowing, cutting and trans-planting in his garden. The people thought he was getting crazy; they advised him to pull up his

useless flowers and grow leeks and garlic like a sensible man. But Pierre shook his head, and Marie encouraged him in his obstinacy. The old Italian druggist, too, was forever coming and whispering to Pierre in the garden, and chuckling over the flowers.

The summer passed, and in the spring what a glorious garden Pierre's was; it made the old Italian chuckle more than ever. Then they began to gather the flowers and Marie came over and helped. A fire was built in the furnace and a strange brewing and simmering was begun, with the lean Italian rubbing his hands over it as though he were some horrible wizard.

That summer, Josephine, the wife of the then Consul Napoleon, was asked by a friend of the Italian druggist to accept the dedication of a delightful new essence, quite a new discovery. She graciously did so, and the products of Pierre's little garden went off with lightning-like rapidity. All Paris began to demand this new and fashionable essence, and poor Pierre's garden could not begin to supply it. He turned all of his land into flower-gardens, bought more, and raised more and more flowers, which now indeed were turning to gold in his hands.

Marie's father consented to have the wedding day fixed, for though the twenty thousand crowns were not ready yet, he saw that it would not take long for Pierre to win them, and many more besides.

And the people who had laughed, advised and scolded, now blessed Pierre Lescaut, for he had put them in a way of making far more money out of their lands than they could by raising leeks and garlics, and thus it came about that every year during the months of May and June nearly the whole of Provence is a bower of beauty and fragrance, and the people well-to-do and happy.

CHAPTER XIV.

SPAIN.

A BIRD'S-EYE view of Spain would show a curious wave-like appearance in the surface, as though it had once been a mass of huge heaving billows, suddenly caught and held fast as they stood with their crests tossed high in the air, and deep valleys between. First, along the Mediterranean coast rises the tops of the Sierra Nevada, with the snow-covered peaks, Veleta and Mulahacen, towering higher even than any of the Pyrenees; this billow sinks into the valley of the Guadalquiver, beyond which rises the Sierra Toledo, giving place to the Tagus valley; then comes the Sierra Guadarama which sinks down into the broad valley of the Douro, on the west, and the Ebro on the east. Then, as if to make up for the wide interval, comes in regular ocean fashion, the fifth billow,—the towering range of the Pyrenees extending onward in the west as the Cantabrian.

But there is this difference in the shape of these frozen earth-waves and the ocean billows; their descent on the south side is in broad, flat terraces ending in abrupt steeps. The northern slopes are more gentle.

THE PYRENEES.—The largest of these billows, the one which separates France from Spain, has a curious wavy make-up, now a peak, now a pass, but its formation resembles a huge backbone more than ocean waves. From the central range, which runs nearly east and west, branches extend outward on each side, like ribs from a backbone. Where the "ribs" join the spine,

there is a high spur, corresponding to the hummocks on a backbone and between are the hollows or passes.

There is the same difference between the northern and southern slopes of the Pyrenees that there is in the other ranges. On the French side are beautiful valleys, carpeted with rich meadows, and wooded hills, brilliant with beeches and maples, oaks and firs. Cottages and villages are set thickly about the slope, and hundreds of streams hurry on their way to the Garonne and the Adour.

But on the Spanish side are broad terraces scantily clothed, ending abruptly in bare rugged steeps.

"BANO DEL RIO."—In summer the sun shine on the wide basins and flat shelves of the central plains of Spain, makes the sands almost like burning coals, and the hot air rising from them carries the moisture of the sea-breezes far up into the mountains before it collects into drops. Falling there, it reaches the rivers, and is quickly carried back to the sea, leaving the land dry.

Again in winter the table lands grow so cold that all the winds blow toward the sea, and so they receive little moisture. The earth becomes parched and covered with a thick coat of fine dust, and the air grows hazy as in a fog with these fine flying particles. During the hot days in summer, when the heat is almost unbearable, and the air dim with dust, the people go for relief to the nearest river for a "*bano del rio*," a river-bath.

Early in the morning the whole household sets out, the "senoritas" in a covered cart, with "senors" on horse-back, for the river side. They cross the "campo," the treeless plain, knee-deep in dust and thistles, with perhaps here and there a threshing-floor, where every day the oxen are driven round and round treading out corn, peas and oats. Presently they come in sight of the river, just as the morning haze of gray and purple begins to break away from the Sierras. Where seemed to rest a heavier cloud looms up the jagged edge of dark-brown, rugged hills. The whole river and landscape become one hot mass of crimson light.

The path of the party now becomes more difficult, running between high bowlders on one side, which half shut out the sky, and a deep, rocky chasm on the other extending downward a hundred feet or more—the bed of a mountain's torrent, now dry.

At the river they unsaddle the horses, and the creatures quickly plunge into the water, while their masters prepare for bathing. On the sides of the river the rocks form huge chairs, into which the bathers then take

their seats, with the water up to their shoulders, and lazily allow the cool water to soothe their skins and nerves. The ladies clothed to the neck in brilliant bathing gowns, red, yellow and blue, hold in one hand an umbrella to keep off the sun, in the other, the ever-present fan. They make a very pretty picture, sitting there, with the green bed of the river extending on each side, behind them the steep banks overhung with rose pink, oleanders and pomegranites, and in the distance the saw-like edges of the Sierra Morena. And the delicious coolness of the water makes them forget the hot air into which they must again return.

THE PARADISE OF SPAIN.—Some of the most fertile and well watered regions of Spain lie in the south, where the beautiful valleys of the Sierra Nevada abounds in almost every kind of plant, fruit and flower. In the valley of Granada, the apple, pear and strawberry blossom by the side of the orange, cactus, and sloe. On the other side of the range in the La Alpujarra region, the trees and shrubs of northern climates grow just above the olive and the vine, and below these, in the valleys, are the banana, cotton and sugar cane.

In one of these beautiful vallies is the village of Lanjalon, which bears the name of the "Paradise of Spain." It is perched on the southern end of a spur of the Sierra Nevada, below it is a deep gorge, containing a noisy little stream on its way to the Mediterranean, above a giant wall of rock and all around a girdle of noble mountains.

The village itself is a long street of white, flat-roofed houses, with a tiny park in the center. The shelving platform on which it stands, throughout its length and breadth, is a tangled wilderness of pomegranate, fig, apricot, and orange trees. For oranges Lanjalon is especially famous, while it abounds in all the other fruits of this most fruitful region. On every side they gleam through the glossy foliage "like golden lamps in a green night," some one says. They hang temptingly over every path, and perfume every mountain breeze that sweeps down this happy valley.

GIBRALTAR.—Like a last angry spurt, tossed up by an offended wave when it meets with a resistance it can not overcome, the rock of Gibraltar appears to have been thrown up by a heaving wave of earth that could not succeed in reaching the surface. Only this jagged crest appears and over the strait is its twin brother, the "Apes Hill."

The rock of Gibraltar is a steep, broken mass towering up above the sea on three sides with the low, sandy strip that connects it with the mainland on the other. The surface at a distance looks bare, but closer, acacia,

fig, and orange trees appear, growing in sheltered places, and among the animals that still run about wild are the Barbary apes, the only wild monkeys in Europe.

The general appearance of Gibralter is a queer mixture of threatening fierceness and beauty, peace and industry. Every nook and cranny, clear to the top, bristles with artillery. Barracks rise tier above tier upon the ledges. The black muzzles of cannon peep menacingly out of small round port-holes of which the rock seems to be full. Sentries are pacing to and fro. The tattoo of drums and roar of cannon announces the opening and closing of the great gates twice each day.

Farther down are more white barracks, amid gay villas surrounded with gardens, rich green lawns, winding walks with white marble seats here and there, beautiful shrubbery, geraniums in great abundance and groves of oranges, lemons and figs.

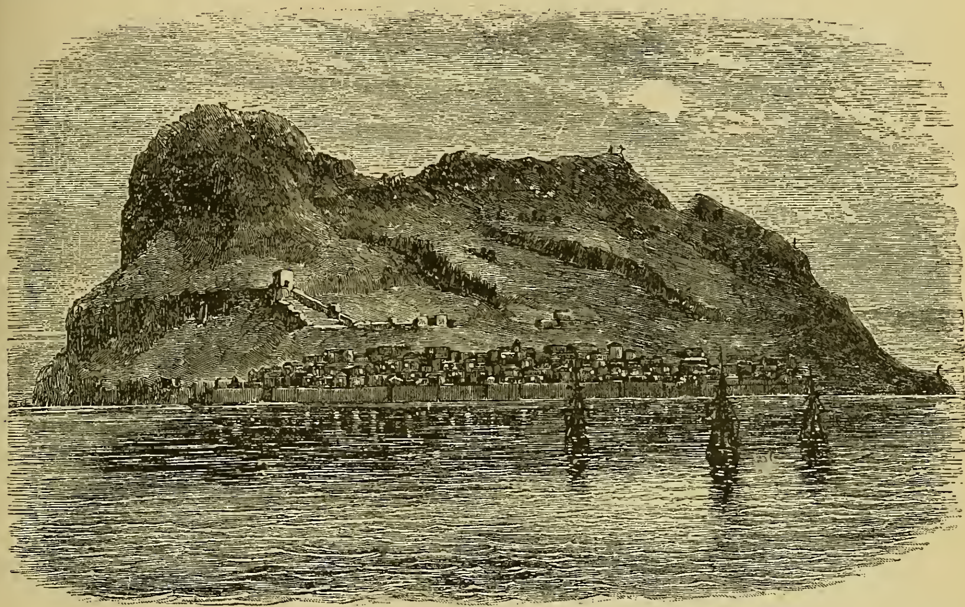
On a shelving ledge on the west side of the rock near its northern extremity is the town, full of all manner of varied life. There are busy Moors from the opposite shores of Barbary with snow white turbans, flowing robes, bare, dark legs and loose slippers; Jews in gaudy embroidered costumes, with broad, many colored sashes around their waists and baggy white trousers; elegant Spanish *caballeros* with tight fitting coats, and breeches fastened down at the sides with silver buttons; pretty, dark eyed Genoese women in scarlet cloaks and hoods, trimmed with black velvet; and dazzling Spanish "senoritas" with sweeping black lace veils and graceful mantillas. Mingling with these are the soldiers and officers off duty, dressed in the sober English "coat and pants."

The rock of Gibraltar on the inside is full of hollow caverns extending down to unknown depths, and all opening where their mouths can scarcely be reached. The greatest of these is the cave of St. Michael's, about three hundred feet below the summit. In it is a hall hung with stalactites from floor to roof, and abounding in fearful chasms of which no one has ever found the bottom, and numerous galleries leading off into regions that have never been explored.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.—There is no place in the world that can be so easily held from an enemy as the rock of Gibraltar. When strongly fortified, as it is at present, it can resist the fiercest and most prolonged attacks, both from land and sea. On all sides the guns and gunners are protected by solid walls of rock, behind which their stations have been chiseled. No amount of "cannon or grape" can make any impression on

these defenses, while the attacking side is constantly exposed to the fire of some of the many loop-holes.

The first persons known to have used this rock as a fortress, were the Moors when they came in under the leadership of Tarik to war against the Goths. Their leader built a fort upon the top, and this gave it the name of "Hill of Tarik." A few hundred years afterward a Moorish engineer built a number of strongholds about it, but these were not sufficient for its defense. It was captured by the Christians, and several times passed from



GIBRALTAR.

one party to the other, during fierce struggles for the possession of Spain. Finally, the Spaniards gained it and made it stronger, and then it was thought to be untakable.

But in the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the "War of the Spanish Succession," the English fleets with the assistance of the Dutch succeeded in taking the rock of Gibraltar. Then began a series of attacks and sieges by the Spaniards to get it back again, the last and most terrible of these lasted from 1779-1783. The Spaniards threw up a line of works across the narrow isthmus completely shutting off the garrison from sup-

plies by land, while a powerful fleet anchored in the bay to prevent their receiving help by sea. For three weeks a constant fire was poured upon the rock from 80 mortars and 200 pieces of battering cannon, but with no effect.

One night the English sailed out and destroyed the line of earth-works between them and the town, but the Spaniards immediately rebuilt them. A thousand more pieces were added to the besieging artillery, and a host of vessels surrounded the rock by sea. Still the English appeared as strong as ever, and one of their admirals broke through the line of ships with supplies.

When three years had passed away and still the garrison showed no signs of surrender, ten enormous floating batteries, thought to be capable of resisting all attacks, were fitted out by the Spanish, and then began one of the most dreadful cannonades upon the rock that was ever known. It lasted for hours, and the red hot shot used by the English began to tell upon the batteries. At midnight nine of them were on fire. About four hundred of the crew were humanely rescued from the water by the British; the rest perished in the flames, by explosions or drowning. Only sixteen of the English were killed.

A number of attempts were afterward made to storm the rock facing the land side but they only resulted in great loss to the Spaniards.

Meanwhile the English received fresh supplies and the siege was raised nearly four years after it had begun. A peace was made by which it was agreed that the English should keep the fortress and they have been the undisputed possessors ever since.

Spain's Invaders.—When Spain first appears upon the page of history it is a land of great natural riches, abounding in every kind of cattle, fruit, and minerals. Gold, silver, quicksilver, precious stones, marble and other valuable building material were obtained in great quantities. The Phœnicians came here to trade, and planted colonies along the borders of the Mediterranean.

Then from Carthage, on the African Coast, came the great warrior Hannibal and conquered the "Iberians," as the inhabitants were called. Then came the Romans who both conquered and civilized the people until "Espania," as they named the country, became one of the principal seats of Roman learning and literature.

Into this state of peace and plenty broke the barbarian deluge. First the Alani tribes, who came only a little way and mixed with others who came afterward. Then the Suevi who passed over to the northwest and

inally down into Portugal, where their descendants now live. The third tribe was the fierce Vandals whose terrible doings has given the term "vandalism" to such crimes as they committed.

The Romans unable in their now weakened state to drive back these savage foes called to their aid the Goths, or *Visi* Goths as the western branch of these people were called, to distinguish them from those who had settled in the east. These Goths, who had already a large empire on the borders of the Pyrenees, had shown themselves to be less savage than the other barbarian tribes, and the Romans made treaties of friendship with them. But after driving out the Vandals the Goths decided to take the government in their own hands. So the Roman rule in Spain ended in the year 471, about twenty-five years after they left England and fifteen before Clovis drove them from France at the battle of Soissons.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.—The reign of the Moors in Spain was one of great splendor. Arts and learning flourished, and the schools of the Spanish Mohammedans became so celebrated that they were visited by students from all over Europe. Magnificent palaces and gardens arose filled with all the rich luxury that the eastern nations so much enjoy. But their religion was that of the false prophet, and in the north where the Moors had never fully conquered the Gothic and Spanish natives, grew up a zealous race of Christians, who in time became strong enough to make war on the Moors. Gradually the provinces of the north extended, and small kingdoms grew up, among them Leon and Castile. Gallant knights, who had been to Palestine in the crusades, came down from France to assist the Spaniards against the Mohammedans, Moors or Saracens, as they were also called.

During this time lived the famous knight, *Bernardo del Carpio*, who gained great renown by fighting against the Moors. But there was one trouble that gnawed at his heart. During his whole life his father had been held for a small offense by his uncle, the king. Bernardo had often plead in vain with the king for his father's release, and at last left the court in anger, joined the Moors, took up his headquarters at the castle of Carpio at Valencia. Some say that while there he fought with the Moors against Charlemagne in the pass of the Pyrenees, and that it was his sword that laid low the hero Roland.

After a while the king told him that if he would surrender the castle of Carpio his father should be released. The hero consented to do so, and mounting his horse rode out to meet the king's train in which it was said

his father was coming—"a ransomed man." But when he reached the stately horseman that they said was his "long imprisoned sire," he found it was his father's corpse.

After this he left Spain to return no more and went to France, where the tradition says he became a noted knight-errant.

THE CID.—Another Spanish hero who became still more famous in Spain for his exploits against the Moors was the famous Cid whom the Spaniards called *el Campeador*—the champion. His real name was Rodrigo Diaz.

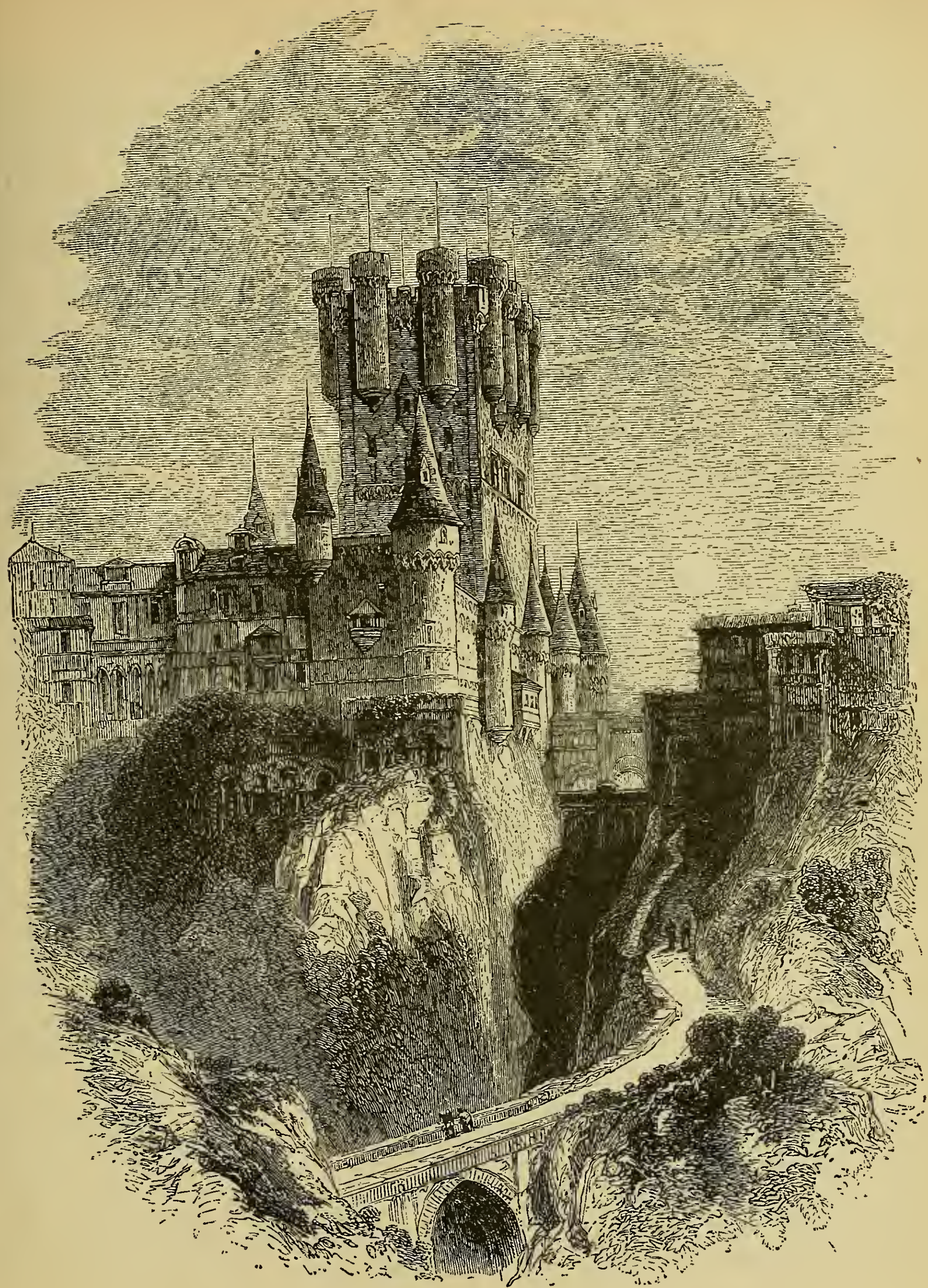
As nearly as can be learned he was born in the time of Ferdinand the Great, who had united the kingdoms of Leon and Castile into one powerful Monarchy and was fast driving the Moors toward the south. When Ferdinand died the Cid displeased the son who became king and was obliged to leave court and give up his estates. Collecting a band of followers he then began his famous wars on the Moors.

A book called "The Chronicles of the Cid," giving a full account of the life of this hero was for many years the favorite story book of Spain. It tells in a quaint way how "My Cid" took the town of Alcocer. "He pitched his tent securely, having the Sierra on one side and the river on the other. And he made all his people dig a trench that they might not be alarmed neither by day nor night.

"And my Cid lay before Alcocer fifteen weeks; and when he saw that the town did not surrender, he ordered his people to break up their camp as if they were flying and they left one of their tents behind them and took their way along the Salon, with their banners spread. And when the Moors saw this they rejoiced greatly and there was a great stir among them, and they praised themselves for what they had done in withstanding him, and said that the Cid's barley had failed him and he fled away. And they said among themselves, let us pursue them and spoil them, for if they of Terul should be before us the honor and the profit will be theirs and we shall have nothing. And they went out after him, great and little, leaving the gates open and shouting as they went; and there was not left in the town a man who could bear arms.

"And when my Cid saw them coming he gave orders to quicken their speed, as if he was in fear, and would not let his people turn till the Moors were far enough from the town. But when he saw that there was a good distance between them and the gates, then he bade his banner turn and spurred towards them crying, 'Lay on knights; by God's mercy the spoil is our own.'

"In one hour three hundred Moors were slain, and the Cid got between them and the Castle and stood in the gateway, sword in hand, and there was great mortality among the Moors. And my Cid won the place and planted his banner upon the highest point of the Castle.



THE ALCAZAR AT SEGOVIA.

"But when the Moorish kings heard of this they came up with a great force against the Cid and beseiged him, as he had the natives of the Castle, until he had no bread or water for his men. Then he called his followers and said to them, 'Ye see that the Moors have cut off our water, and we have but little bread; they gather numbers day by day, and we become weak. Now, if it please you, let us go out and fight with them, though they be many in number, and either defeat them or die an honorable death?'

"So they went out, with their shields over their hearts, and their lances lowered. 'Many a shield was pierced that day, many a false corselet broken, many a white streamer dyed with blood, and many a horse left without a rider,' but mostly among the Moors. Few of the Cid's men fell. At last the Moors, disheartened, began to give away. Then they fled, pursued by the Christians.

"When the victors returned and began to divide the spoil they found enough to make them all rich men. The Cid from his portion, prepared a fine present for king Alfonso—thirty horses all saddled and bridled, each with a sword hanging from the saddle bow, and told the messenger to say that they knew how to gain their way against the Moors."

The Alhambra.—The last stronghold of the Moors in Spain was Granada, where stood their grand palace,—the Alhambra. This beautiful place, about which whole books have been written, was built by the early Moorish kings, both for a palace and a fortress. They filled it with every possible luxury and surrounded it with a lofty wall, within which was room for fifty thousand defenders. Every one of its numerous buildings was decorated with marvelous frescoes, and surrounded by beautiful gardens, groves, parks and fountains. It would seem as if nothing were wanting in this "castle of pearls" to furnish all the pleasure the Moorish heart could desire.

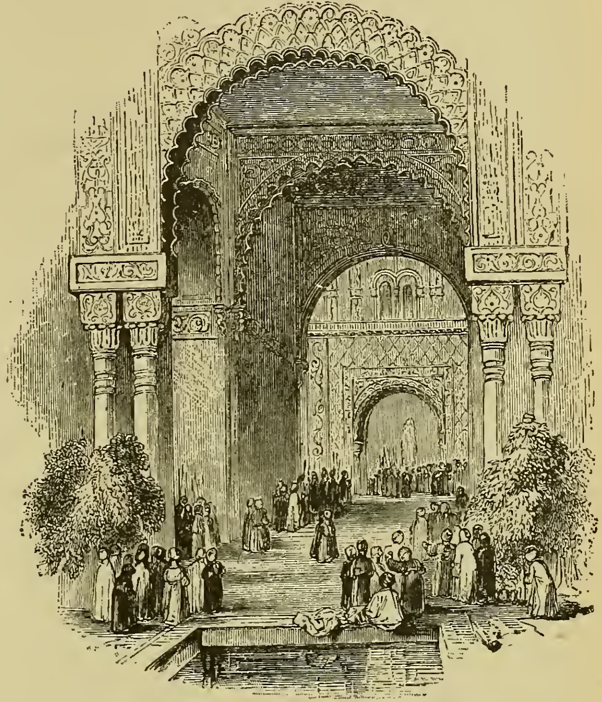
The grand apartment of the Alhambra is the "Hall of Lions," made entirely of marble and alabaster, surrounded by a hundred marble columns and ornamented with the most delicate fretwork. In the centre is a splendid fountain supported by thirteen lions, which has given the name to the hall. Upon the alabaster bowl of the fountain, which rests upon the lions' backs are several curious inscriptions, such as the Mohammedans were fond of putting upon their most pleasing works. One of these says:

"Beautiful is the stream which flows from my bosom, thrown high into the air by the profuse hand of Mohammed. His generosity excels the strength of lions."

The Hall of Abencerrages is still more beautifully decorated. The ceiling is of cedar wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory and silver. The walls are ornamented with sculptures of the most elegant and intricate

designs. The colors of these are still brilliant, and the tracery in perfect order, though put there more than five hundred years ago.

Passages from the court of lions lead into various halls. One is the hall of the ambassadors, another the sleeping apartment of the king. This has also a marble fountain in the centre, and two bath-rooms adjoining. Above, in a circular tour, is the Queen's boudoir, the windows of which, overlook "the Queen's gardens."



Here, everything was once loveliness. An inscription says, "Where is there a garden like unto this? Its verdure and its fragrance exceed all others, and its freshness is scattered all around. The beauty and excellence that are in me proceed from Mohammed! His goodness surpassed all things past, and all that are to come. Among five stars, three turn pale beside his superior brightness. The marble softens at his voice, and the light of his eyes scatters darkness."

The palace of Generalife is one of the most magnificent on the grounds of the Alhambra. It is a palace of waters. The Darro, on its way from the summits of the Sierra Nevada, boils through the court under evergreen arches, murmurs and dances, and whirls around in marble basins at the foot of each staircase, is carried to the topmost rooms, where it throws out delicious coolness in the hot days of summer, and then passes down through hollow balusters on either hand from top to bottom.

In this palace is another curious inscription, on the arcades of the court, showing the thoughts that hovered in the minds of these luxury-loving Moors. "Charming palace! splendid art thou, and great as thou art splen-

did! Worthy art thou to be praised, for divinity is in all thy charms. Flowers adorn thy gardens. They nod upon their stalks and fill the air with their sweet perfume. A breeze plays with the blossoms of the orange trees, and their delightful fragrance is wafted all around. Hark! music mingles with the gentle rustling of the leaves. Sweet Harmony! Verdure and flowers encompass me."

THE ESCURIAL.—In one of the most desolate spots in Spain, on the barren slopes of the Gaudarama, northwest from Madrid, stands a palace which is the exact opposite of the light, airy and beautiful palace of the Moors. This is the dark, gloomy Escurial, built by the sullen Philip II., in memory of a saint who died a horrible death on a gridiron. He whose very name calls up "blood councils," the rack and the stake could scarcely have left a more appropriate monument. He who caused eighteen thousand persons to be beheaded, who never laughed so heartily as when he heard of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, was probably the only king to whose mind would have come the thought of building his palace in the shape of an instrument of torture on which a saint was roasted to death.

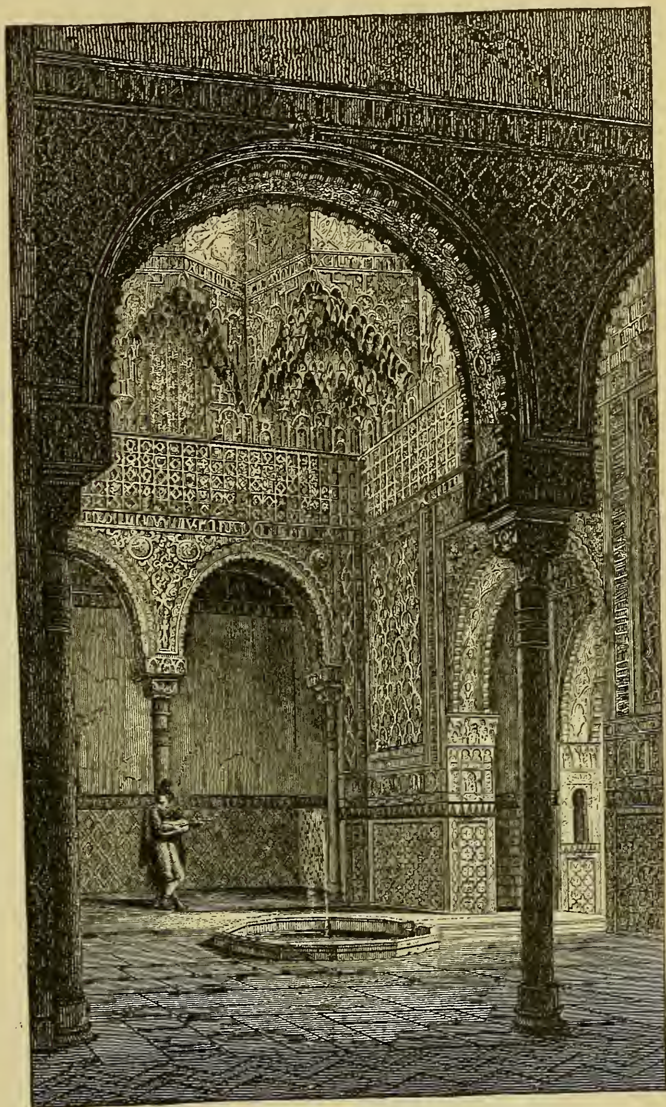
In the handle of this gridiron this strange architect placed his royal palace; the legs, supposing the gridiron to be inverted, he had marked by four great towers; the grate by seventeen granite buildings, crossing each other at right angles. In the center, to represent the body of the saint, was placed a church, the grandest building in the inclosure. It is built in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome; contains forty chapels, each with its altars and one grand altar of jasper and gilded bronze; porphyry and marbles of the richest description incrust the walls. No expense was saved in enriching this, the chief feature of the Escurial.

Directly beneath the grand altar, so that the host might be raised directly over the dead, was placed a mausoleum for the reception of the future kings of Spain. And here they have since been laid in solemn black marble niches, all the sovereigns of Spain from Charles V. down to the present time.

On each side of the church was an oratory used by the royal family when they attended mass. In the one on the left, which communicated directly with the palace, Philip II. breathed his last, Sept. 13, 1598, aged seventy-two. He desired to die there where his last glance might be directed toward the altar.

The last days of this poor fanatical monarch were sad indeed. His body was racked with dreadful pain and his mind was haunted with doubt as to

whether after all his wholesale slaughter of heretics were not crimes instead of virtues.



THE HALL OF THE ABENCERRAGES.

The different buildings of the Escurial, besides the church palace, consist of a monastery with two hundred cells, two colleges, three chapterhouses, three libraries, five great halls, six dormitories, three hospital halls, twenty-seven other halls, nine refectories, five infirmaries, a countless number of apartments for attendants, besides fourteen gates and eighty-six fountains. The whole edifice is built of white stone spotted with grey, and from its great size, presents a most imposing appearance.

For twenty-one years Philip watched the workmen raising and embelishing this great structure, — the largest palace in Europe. Cases filled with all that was rich and rare,—pictures, statuary and bronzes from Italy, tapestry from the Netherlands, plate from Nuremburg and Milan. But what Philip

considered most precious of all, saintly relics from many a distant shrine were constantly arriving. A *Relicario*, just off from the church was fitted up for these sacred relics, and when the collection was completed it contained eleven whole bodies of dead saints, three hundred heads, six hundred odd legs and arms, three hundred and forty-six veins and arteries, and fourteen other bits of humanity, such as teeth, toes, fingers, and hair, all supposed to be possessed of miraculous healing power. Greatest of all were the bones of San Lorenzo himself and a bar of the very gridiron on which he was roasted. But most wonderful of all was a quill from Gabriel's wing; " a most glorious specimen of celestial plumage, full three feet long of a blueish hue, more soft and delicate than the lovliest rose.'

All of these were kept in the most costly cases, and in shrines of silver ornamented with precious jewels, and there was a full length statue of San Lorenzo in solid silver.

Strange to relate the very enemy which Philip was fighting when he became terror-stricken and vowed to build this memorial building if he were spared, broke into the Escurial a few years ago and seized all the silver and gold and jewels in the *Relicario*. They dumped the bones from out the cases in a pile upon the floor and melted up the silver statue of the saint that the metal might be more easily carried.

But this was not the only misfortune that has visited the Escurial. Before it was finished it was struck by lightning in various places, and a crowd of workmen were organized into a fire brigade with the Duke of Alva at the head, to put out the flames. Four times afterwards it was struck by lightning, and three times great fires broke out which nearly consumed it. The great library was twice nearly destroyed by fire, and a large portion of its contents were lost by the depredations of the French.

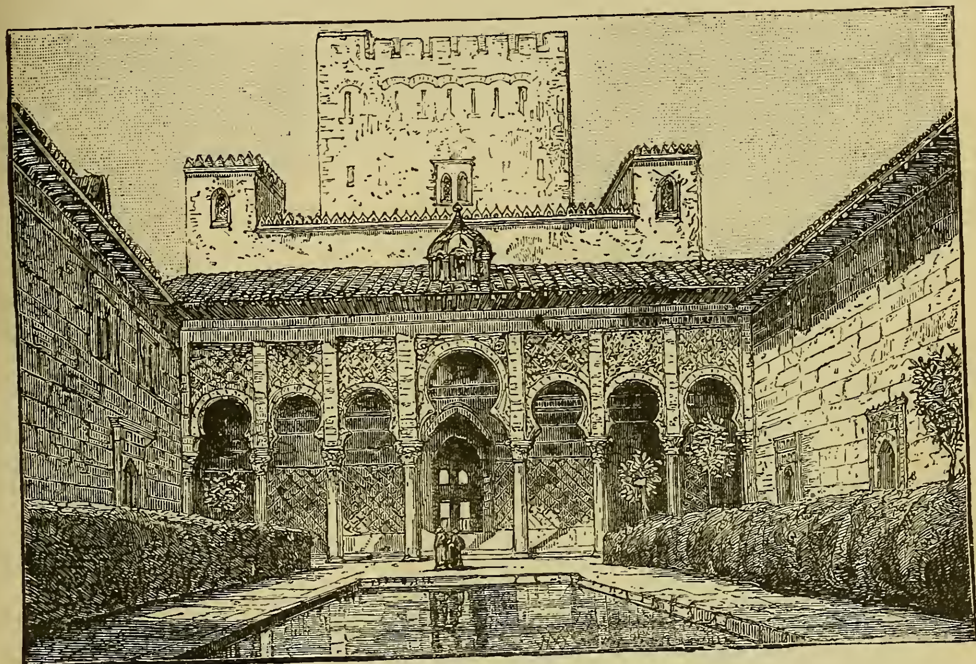
"THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA."—The whole life, reign, and character of Philip II. can be summed up in the word failure. He set his heart upon up-rooting heresy in the Netherlands, inflicting upon those unfortunate people all the cruelties that his sullen mind and his great power could bring to bear. But he failed utterly in accomplishing his desire.

His magnificent palace, which cost millions of dollars, and from which he boasted that with a piece of paper he could rule the world, is a failure. It is altogether too solemn and dreary, and too far away from the bright world to suit his royal successors, and to-day it stands empty and desolate.

The religion he sought to clinch by fire and sword upon his people, has

failed to hold their respect. Everywhere in Spain to-day *c* marriages and *civil* funerals take place. No religious ceremonies are allowed on such occasions by many of the people. The men say they have risen above such "superstition," but most of the women are devoted yet to the church. They bestow as much as their circumstances allow upon the poor priest, who has no longer a salary set apart by the government, nor a good congregation to sustain him.

One of Philip's most gigantic failures was that of the Invincible Armada,



COURT OF BLESSING, ALHAMBRA

the great fleet of ships that he fitted out and sent to England to humble the Protestant queen Elizabeth.

England was becoming the protector of the Protestants whom he drove out of Spain and the Netherlands, and Francis II. drove out of France. To conquer England would be to stab Protestanism to its very heart.

More than that Elizabeth had killed her Catholic cousin, Mary Queen of Scots. She was denounced as a murderous heretic whom it would be a virtue

to put to death. The Pope promised to contribute a large sum toward the expenses of a war against the Queen of England, and Philip began to prepare for it. He taxed the resources of his great empire to their utmost. In the seaports of the Mediterranean, and along almost the entire coast from Gibraltar to Jutland, busy ship-builders put together the vessels of a vast Armada for the war.

On the 19th of May, 1588, the "most fortunate and invincible Armada," as the Spaniards called it, was ready. One hundred and thirty ships, carrying over two thousand guns and thirty thousand soldiers, set sail from Tagus. In very stately grandure these great vessels sailed toward the English coast, looking "like castles with lofty turrets," spreading out over a space of seven miles as they slowly sailed along.

On the 20th of July, the great fleet came in sight of the English who were watching for them in the channel, every sailor anxious to do good service for his Queen and his country.

They let the whole fleet pass by and then began to give chase. In their small fast sailing vessels they could dart up to the great ones, give a blow and be away again before the Spanish ships would turn around.

Off Calais the Armada stopped and cast anchor with their guns turned menacingly in front thinking the English would not dare attack them while they waited for their leader, the Duke of Parma, to join them from the Netherlands.

On the second night of their stay the English admiral took eight of his poorest vessels, besmeared them with pitch rosin and wild fire, filled them with brimstone and other combustible matter, towed them down the channel, and then setting them on fire, sent them sailing down the wind toward the great fleet.

At once there was a great panic among the Spaniards; and, slipping their cables they stood pellmell out to sea. Then the little English vessels fairly swarmed among them, dealing broadsides into every great hulk. The Spaniards soon gave up all hope of overcoming their agile foes, and thought only of escape. But at the straits a south wind blew them back again in the midst of their tormenting foes.

Their only hope now, the commander thought, was to press up through the North Sea and round the coast of Scotland,—a movement that the English saw with much satisfaction, for well they knew the terrors of that stormy rock-bound coast. After chasing them for a little way the English left them in the hands of the stormy winds and the cruel mercy of the waves. These

BULL FIGHTING.

proved to be far worse enemies than the English. An unusually severe storm arose, followed by tremendous hurricanes that strewed the shore with Spanish wrecks.

For weeks they were imprisoned and tossed about in the winds, short of water, food, and clothing; unused to the cold, and ignorant of the coast. Off Ireland seventeen ships went down with five thousand three hundred men on board.

Fifty-four ships out of the one hundred and thirty, battered and cut to pieces, the crews worn with sickness, hunger and cold, returned to Spain. The English lost one small ship, and a hundred men.

The People.—There is no more interesting people than the Spaniards, and to see all their interesting traits, costumes, ways and manners, one must go through all parts of Spain, for in no two localities are the people quite alike. Each province is inhabited by a different race, each speaking a different dialect of the Spanish language. In character there is a great difference. One class is cold, proud and haughty; another warm-hearted, sunny and friendly; one industrious, another indolent.

In the north, on both sides of the Pyrenees are the Basques, a race that has never yet been subdued. They have stoutly resisted Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Franks and Saracens; have paid no taxes nor acknowledge any sovereign who did not agree to grant them their long used privileges. They will have no fortress within their territory; the king when he enters it must leave behind all his soldiers, except a small escort; and they elect their own governors to attend to their own affairs.

When allowed thus to live unmolested they are quiet and industrious, attend strictly to their work, never interfering with their neighbors, nor allowing anybody to interfere with them. Besides cultivating their land, they engage a great deal in whale-fishing, and they are brave and hardy sailors. They were the first to follow the whale to the Arctic Ocean and the first to bring cod from Newfoundland. They are very fond of sports and athletic games. Their national game is a kind of tennis generally played in an open space anwering to a village green, the church usually serving as a boundary for their balls.

In appearance they are well-formed, strong and handsome, with black hair and eyes and dark rosy complexions. The women are beautiful and graceful, though engaged much of the time in men's work. All the Basques are very proud of their race and language, which it is thought is

that of the ancient Iberian. From their proud and courteous bearing they have often been called a nation of nobles.

Very different are the Spanish gypsies or "Gitanos," who live mostly in the south, especially Seville; and from their wicked, thieving, degraded,

NATIONAL DANCE.

ways are considered worse than outcasts. They were thought once to be the very children of the Wicked One, and a law was passed for them to leave the country; but they are still there and carry on their trade in telling fortunes, singing and playing wild, melancholy airs on their guitars, and pilfering whenever they have a chance.

The Castilian has the name of being the proudest of all the Spanish races, and that too without so very much ground for pride. He is greatly opposed to work of any kind. His ease and his "honor," that is to have other people impressed with the idea of his importance, are the two things he cares most about. Sometimes, if compelled to do so, he will work, but only that he may gain means enough to be indolent for a long time afterward, and if he can obtain this means, in any other way, high-way robbery, or something worse, his "honor" does not hold him above such business. He is very grave and dignified, and very proud of the name of Castile.

The Andalusian is a more pleasing character. He has also a high opinion of himself, but he has rather more reason for this than the Castilian. He has a country to be proud of; the sky of Andalusia is always serene, the air neither too cold nor too warm for continual comfort. Refreshing breezes blow continually from the Sierra Morena, and the soil yields an abundance of food without much labor. There is nothing in his surroundings to complain of, and he finds no cause of complaint with himself. He is kindly and light-hearted. "He likes to array his handsome figure in fine garments; he is never overweening nor unmannerly, for he is always anxious to show himself in the most pleasing light. He is obliging, courteous, considerate, talks with ease and elegance on entertaining subjects and surpasses the Frenchman himself in gallantry towards the ladies."

But the most pleasing of all the Spaniards are the gentle, graceful, women. Kindly in manners; modest and plain, but also elegant and artistic in dress; and full of religious fervor, they have been models of grace and good-breeding ever since Queen Isabella won the world's admiration by these same virtues. They are not highly educated, but nature and custom has done so much for them that the want of education is scarcely felt. A young Spanish girl yet in her teens will receive guests and do all the honors of the house, if her elders happen to be absent, with the ease and dignity of a court lady.

There is only one thing to be said against the Spanish women. They share with the men a taste for the horrors of the bull-fight. They go in crowds to the *plays de toros* and wave their pretty fans with approval of the tortures inflicted upon the poor dumb brute. They have no pity for the noble horses ripped open by the horns of the infuriated bull, and rushing about the arena in terrible agony. They even express displeasure when the fight is not sufficiently furious and bloody, and shower

smiles and honors upon the heartless men who engage in the unmanly business.

THE DOUBLE PICTURE.—In the field of Art, the Spaniards have a great representative in Murillo, the painter of Seville. His pictures, which were mostly on religious subjects, have won world-wide admiration.

In the city of Madrid may be seen one of his works, called "the Double Picture," which has a touching history.

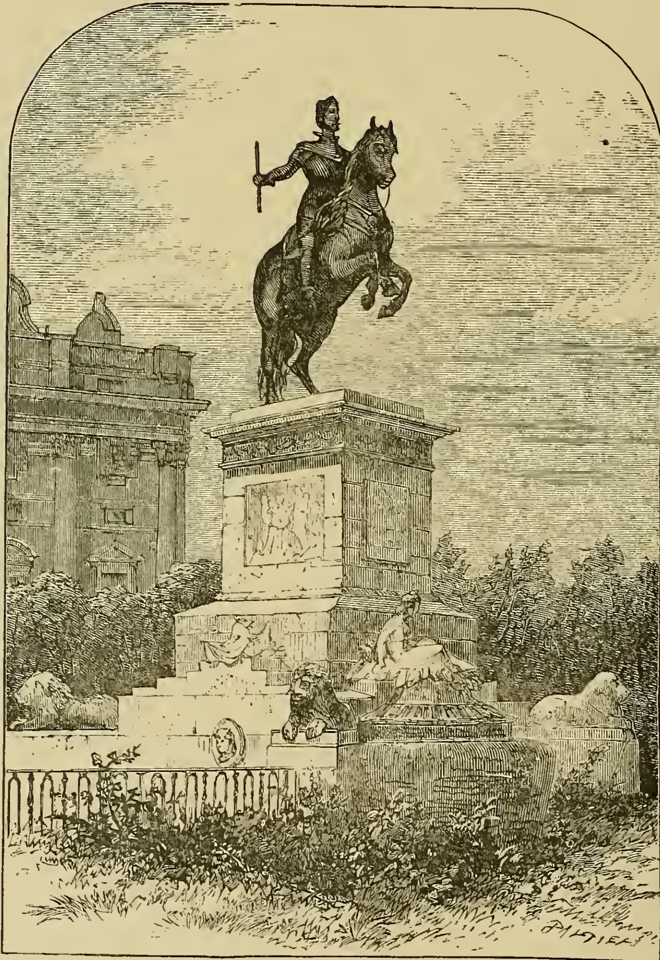
It bears on one side the portrait of a beautiful lady painted in life size. She is young, dressed in the rich style of the Spanish senorita of the 17th century, and looks to be a lady of wealth and high station, as well as of great beauty. She is holding out her hand as if to greet a visitor, and seems to be speaking words of kindness. The face expresses perfect happiness, as if care, disappointment or trouble were entirely unknown.

A notice in Spanish, tacked to the frame, tells the spectator to turn the picture, and having done so he sees upon the other side the same face but no longer glowing with life and beauty. It bears the hues of death, and is encased in a coffin. About it are the walls of the vault in which the coffin stands, dark and shining, but the horror is taken away from the picture by a brightness at the top. Clouds seem to be breaking away, and the shining light of a heavenly world appears. Here and there are angel faces full of love and joy, as if beckoning the dead one to their blessed company.

Both of these pictures represent a lovely Spanish lady to whom Murillo was to have been married. The living face he painted while she was apparently in the full bloom of health, but before it was finished, she told him of a fatal disease that had laid hold of her, and for which, there was no remedy. She asked him then, to promise that he would visit her tomb after she had been dead a month, and paint her as she then appeared, on the reverse of the living picture, and then to exhibit it in the most public place of Madrid, where all might see, and be impressed with the moral it would teach—one day possessed of all that makes life desirable, the next a poor, pale piece of clay.

Her wish was fulfilled. A month after her death the painter had the beautiful picture carried to her tomb and there he painted all one night. In the morning they found him fainting upon the cold floor, with the face of the dead reproduced upon the reverse of the picture. It was hung in a public place as she had requested and thousands who came to look at it went away with the warning in their hearts. But it had not then received the upper scene. Forty years afterward when the painter had gained great

renown he again visited the house where the painting was kept, and there put on the finishing touches which took away the horrors of death and pointed to a better life to come, while the solemn warning remained the same.



STATUE OF PHILIP IV., MADRID.

CHAPTER XV.

PORTUGAL.

The natural features of Portugal are like those of Spain. It has the same general formation. Its mountain chains and rivers are but a continuation of those of its larger neighbor. There are no natural boundaries; only a difference in race make two nations of this Iberian Peninsula, instead of one.

Portugal has been called an out-of-the-way corner of Europe, because it is not so much visited by travelers as the other countries; but it has many attractions. The scenery in some places is very fine, especially along the southern extremity of the Sierra Estrella, between the Tagus and the Atlantic. A favorite resort of the wealthy Portugese, is the hills and town of Cintra, the most beautiful spot in this vicinity, and many English residents have here handsome villas. Lord Byron laid the scene of the first part of "Childe Harold" in this place.

The Douro.—Two noble rivers escape from the mountain defiles of Spain and hurry across Portugal to the Atlantic. One of these is the Tagus, the longest river of the whole Iberian Peninsula, which broadens out as it approaches the ocean until it reaches a width of eight miles above Lisbon; here it contracts again and flows through a narrow channel into the sea. Nearly all of its course is through dry and barren plains, between rugged and precipitous banks. The other is the Douro, upon whose borders are the famous vineyards of Oporto. Every year it carries tons of Port wine down to the seaport in flat-bottomed boats. This river is navigable further than the Tagus, but the vessels that venture upon it are liable to be swamped with sudden freshets. Every rain-fall is sent down its steep banks in torrents, causing a rapid rise in the river.

In early spring, when the snows are melting rapidly from the mountains, the Douro becomes wild in its grandeur. In a few hours the clear current flowing sluggishly along, is changed to a mighty roaring torrent of turbid,

foaming waves, sweeping in its irresistible force, buildings and cattle, human beings and their frail barks to destruction. At such times the water rises from twenty to thirty feet between its lofty and confined banks, filling the houses in the lower part of the city, and tearing vessels from their moorings. The tumultuous yellow tides bear in their vast, whirling eddies, whole trunks of trees tossed up and down, and round and round like straws. One moment the leafless branches appear lifted high out of the water, the next, the huge roots. The giddy, rapid whirl of the waters, makes the brain reel, and the thunder of their loud, angry roar, stuns ones ears.

But the most terrific conflict goes on at the river's mouth. Here the fierce waters meet the stormy, incoming ocean billows, and both are tossed high in the air, looking like two enraged horses of the desert, with their flowing manes tossed wildly about. But the river triumphs, and its yellow tide is seen reaching far out into the sea, before it mixes with the clear waters of the wide ocean.

Ines de Castro.—Half-way between the Douro and the Tagus, is a small river which flows past the famous town of Coimbra, for a long time the capital of Portugal. A short distance from the town, on the opposite bank of the river, is the *Quinta de Lagrimas*, or "Garden of Tears," so named because of the sad fate that here befell the beautiful Ines de Castro.

Dom Pedro, son of Alfonso IV., knowing that his father would oppose taking this young Castilian into the royal family, contracted with her a secret marriage, and it was some time before his father found it out. When he did, he determined that Ines should die. Three assassins were sent to murder her one day when Prince Pedro was out hunting. When he returned and found the bleeding corpse of his wife, he was nearly frantic with grief and rage. The strongest pleas of his mother and the archbishop were hardly sufficient to keep him from taking revenge upon his father.

Two years afterward the king died, and Dom Pedro succeeded to the throne. Then his grief broke out afresh, and seizing two of the assassins, he had them put to death with terrible tortures. The other escaped into Aragon. He then ordered the corpse of his wife to be taken out of her grave, dressed in royal robes, and placed beside him on the throne, while all the officers and dignitaries of the court saluted her as queen, and kissed the hem of her robe. The poor skeleton was then carried with great pomp

to Alcobaca for burial; the king, the bishops and all the lords and officers of the court following the procession all of the sixty miles on foot.

A number of poems and plays have been founded on this story of Ines and the grief-stricken king. Camoens, the most noted of the Portugese writers, has told it in a very fascinating way, in his famous drama of "Lusiad."

THE BATTLE OF OURIQUE.—Portugal did not become a kingdom until about the middle of the twelfth century. Before that time the northern part was held by the kings of Castile, the southern part by the Moors. In the year 1139 Alfonso Henriquez, who then bore the title of Count of Portugal, collected a band of troops and began a march upon the Moors. From every farm and homestead as he passed, horse and foot soldiers joined his ranks, as in duty bound in those feudal times, until he had a large and valiant force.

Instead of passing through the wilderness of Estremadura, the usual route of the Christian princes when they went to make war on the Moors, he turned to the east, struck the Tagus in its upper waters, and passed through the rich plain of Almentezo, thus putting himself at once into the very heart of the Saracen's country.

Up to this time the warfare between the Christians and the Moors had been only a series of raids; now they were to meet in open battle. History has left no account of this struggle,—only that Alfonso won a great victory and went back laden with valuable spoils in slaves, in arms and armour, and in fine Arabian war-horses, and with the title of "King of Portugal."

Some say that on the field of battle he threw off his allegiance to the King of Castile and Leon and declared himself king; others that he wrote first to the Pope for permission to do so, and the Pope, in consideration of his great services against the Moors, granted his request. At any rate the Portugese date the commencement of their kingdom from the battle of Ourique.

THE CAPTURE OF LISBON.—While King Alfonso was carrying on his warfare against the Moors, the second Crusade was being fitted out for the holy land by the European princes. The English, Dutch and North German Crusaders were going this time by water instead of by the long overland route, and the foremost of the fleets, that from England, stopped at Oporto to wait for their German companions. Here a messenger from King Alfonso met them, asking them to join with him in taking Lisbon from the Moors. As this was the same kind of work upon which they were going to engage,—fighting against the Mohammedans—the Crusaders consented, and, proceed-

ing to Lisbon, they joined forces with Alfonso and began the seige of the city.

They built a great movable castle on wheels, capable of holding a hundred men. Fifty English and fifty Portugese soldiers mounted it, and were rolled up to the walls. In vain the Saracens hurled showers of stones and darts upon the great moving tower. Slowly and surely it came nearer and nearer to the walls of the city. When within a yard of the parapet a drawbridge was let down, and just as the English and Portugese were about to cross over into the town, the Saracens surrendered.

One pleasant feature of this conquest was that contrary to the usual course in those savage times, the Moors were neither put to the sword, enslaved, nor made to change their religion. They continued to live in the city under a charter granted by King Alfonso, elected their own judges and were not subject to severe taxation.

The Relief of Santarem.—The last time King Alfonso engaged with the Moors was in his old age. He had given up leading his men to war; had appointed his son Sancho to the command of his armies, and devoted himself to the affairs of his government. Meanwhile the Moors had made a grand effort to gain back their lost ground. They had gathered around the standard of a dashing young leader, and crossing the Tagus, a vast multitude had assembled on the rich plain around Santarem, where young Sancho was beseiged. This was the most threatening time Portugal had ever seen. It seemed impossible that the few Christian warriors could withstand this great horde of Saracens.

Sancho made a desperate resistance, but the Saracens used their arts of beseiging well, and it was plain to all within the garrison that they could hold out but a few hours longer. Suddenly, from the tower of Santarem, the hard pressed garrison saw to the north a troop of cavalry rapidly approaching. Presently they could distinguish the pennons and banners of Christian knights, and then as the troops galloped nearer they saw riding at their head the well-known form of their old King. With wild shouts of *Sanctiago*, the familiar battle cry of the old warrior and his knights, the garrison flew out of the gates and together they fell upon the host of Saracens. Panic stricken by the sudden appearance of the old King, and the triumphant shouts of the garrison the beseigers were soon put to flight. Their dashing leader was slain and his armies chased far beyond the Tagus.

Portugese Navigators.—Within two hundred years from the battle of Ourique the Portugese had become one of the most enlightened and enter-

prising nations of Europe. In geographical knowledge and navigation they exceeded all others. The son of King John I. has always been known as Prince Henry the Navigator, because of the start he gave to navigation and geographical discovery. He set up an observatory at Sagres, on Cape St. Vincent, and established there a school for the study of these sciences, and was the first European to use the sailor's compass. One of his most distinguished pupils was an Italian, whose daughter became the wife of Columbus, and the papers of his father-in-law, falling into the hands of the young Genoese, greatly aided in forming his opinion of the shape of the earth.

Until the time of Prince Henry the Navigator Europeans had supposed that Cape Nun, on the southern boundary of Morocco, was the furthest extent of the land in that direction, but he concluded from his studies that there was more beyond, and determined to brave the terrors of the dreaded hot regions for the sake of the valuable discoveries which he believed could there be made. He soon proved that there was land beyond Cape Nun, and then found Cape Bogador, which was thought to be surely the furthest southern point. But still Prince Henry's navigators went on until they had gone as far as Sierra Leone. By this time the people, who at first complained at the amount of money spent in fitting out exploring expeditions, began to see gold pouring in from the newly discovered lands. Then they grew enthusiastic over the triumphs of their great navigator and readily prepared for further search.

Three years after Columbus discovered the New World for the King and Queen of Spain, Emanual the Fortunate, or the Great, came to the throne of Portugal, and began to carry on with great vigor further explorations of the African coast. One of his navigators reached the Cape of Good Hope, and drifting around it in a storm, was surprised to find himself upon the eastern coast. Then the King sent Vasca de Gama to carry the search still further and try to find a way to India.

De Gama was gone a little more than two years, and many hours during that time King Emanual spent in watching for his return from the convent of Pera. It is said that he was rewarded by being the first to spy the returning ship. He gave De Gama a splendid reception at Lisbon, and bestowed on him the title of "lord of the conquest of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India."

Another Portugese voyager discovered Brazil, and all of that great country, larger than the whole of Europe, came into the possession of Portugal. A thriving trade now sprang up with India, carried on by the Portu-

gese sailors, and gold rolled into the little country from all these new regions.

It is interesting to know that the wife of this King, who devoted his resources so earnestly to geographical discoveries, was the daughter of Isabella of Spain, who had just sent Columbus out to the New World.

Dom Miguel.—As suddenly as Portugal arose to great prosperity so suddenly she fell into as great adversity. The results of her discoveries went to other nations, and even the throne had to be removed from Portugal to Brazil to keep it from falling into the hands of the French.

Emanuel himself started the train of misfortunes by using large sums of his vast wealth in erecting magnificent buildings, by driving out the Jews, the most prosperous of his subjects, and by setting up the Inquisition. After him came another king who wasted more money in carrying on useless wars against the Moors, and finally lost his life, and that of all the principal men of his court in Barbary. Then Philip II. of Spain claimed the throne, and only by a long war were the Portugese able to free themselves from Spanish rule. Then the English, who had befriended the Portugese, drew them into disastrous wars with the French which ended by the flight of the royal family to Brazil, while Napoleon's general raised the French flag over Lisbon and declared that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign. But the Duke of Wellington came and drove out the French and the king was recalled.

Soon after his return he died, leaving the throne to his son, who was then reigning in Brazil. Dom Pedro preferred to stay in the New World and gave the old country to his seven-year old daughter, "Dona Maria de Gloria," arranging for her a marriage with her uncle, his brother Miguel. This man went to Portugal to act as regent for his niece and future wife, until she should be of age, but as soon as he obtained the reigns of government he made himself king.

Then began the most cruel and tyrannical government that Portugal had ever known. Every one who had been known to favor the cause of Dona Maria, and every one belonging to the liberal party whose constitution he had sworn to observe, became the subjects of remorseless persecution. Thousands were thrown into jail and their property seized by the crown. Many more were sent into exile or obliged to fly to escape imprisonment. Thousands of Portugese who were shortly before in comfortable circumstances were thus wandering homeless in different parts of Europe; or, if they dared, in their own land sheltered by their friends, but every morn-

ing waking with the expectation of being imprisoned before night. About twenty thousand more having been published as suspected persons, were subjected to all manner of abuse or insult from the mob who cried for Miguel, that they might be left free to plunder. Three thousand more were sent as felons or soldiers to the unhealthful regions of Africa, where they were left to die. Besides these, a number of the chief leaders were led out every day to be hung, shot or strangled, their families and friends being obliged to go with them and witness their execution. One hundred thousand people, at the very least, were suddenly plunged into misery by this tyrant usurper. Then relief came. Dom Pedro left Brazil and gathering an army fought for his daughter's claim. The people gladly forsook the side of the tyrant and he was obliged to give up the throne.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.—One of the greatest calamities that befel Portugal was the terrible earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, that destroyed sixty thousand lives in about six minutes. The morning of the fatal day, Nov. 1, opened upon Lisbon fair and bright, as most autumn days in Portugal. The people had gathered in churches to celebrate the day of All Saints, when suddenly, about ten o'clock a slight tremor of the earth was noticed, but was supposed to be only the effect of a passing wagon. Then the tremulous motion came again, and increased until the whole surface of the earth seemed to shake like the sea. The steeples staggered so that the bells rung. Tiles came tumbling down from the roofs of the houses. Furniture was thrown down, walls began to split, and buildings to fall. All the while a loud rumbling noise, like distant thunder came from the depths of the quivering earth. Fissures opened in the earth, and from them terrible sulphurous vapors arose and mingled with the dust of the falling buildings, so darkening the bright day that it seemed suddenly turned into night. As soon as this was settled a little, it was noticed that the waters of the Tagus had suddenly sunken lower than they had ever been seen at lowest tides. Suddenly in a mountainous wave they returned and burst upon the city. Ships, boats and magnificent quays, just constructed at great expense, were swallowed up, and with them thousands of people who had sought safety on or near the water. Others were overwhelmed by the falling buildings. Monks and nuns were buried alive by hundreds in their convents.

The first shock lasted, with occasional intervals of less intensity, for about seven minutes, and in about twenty minutes the full measure of the calamity had fallen.

CHAPTER XVI.

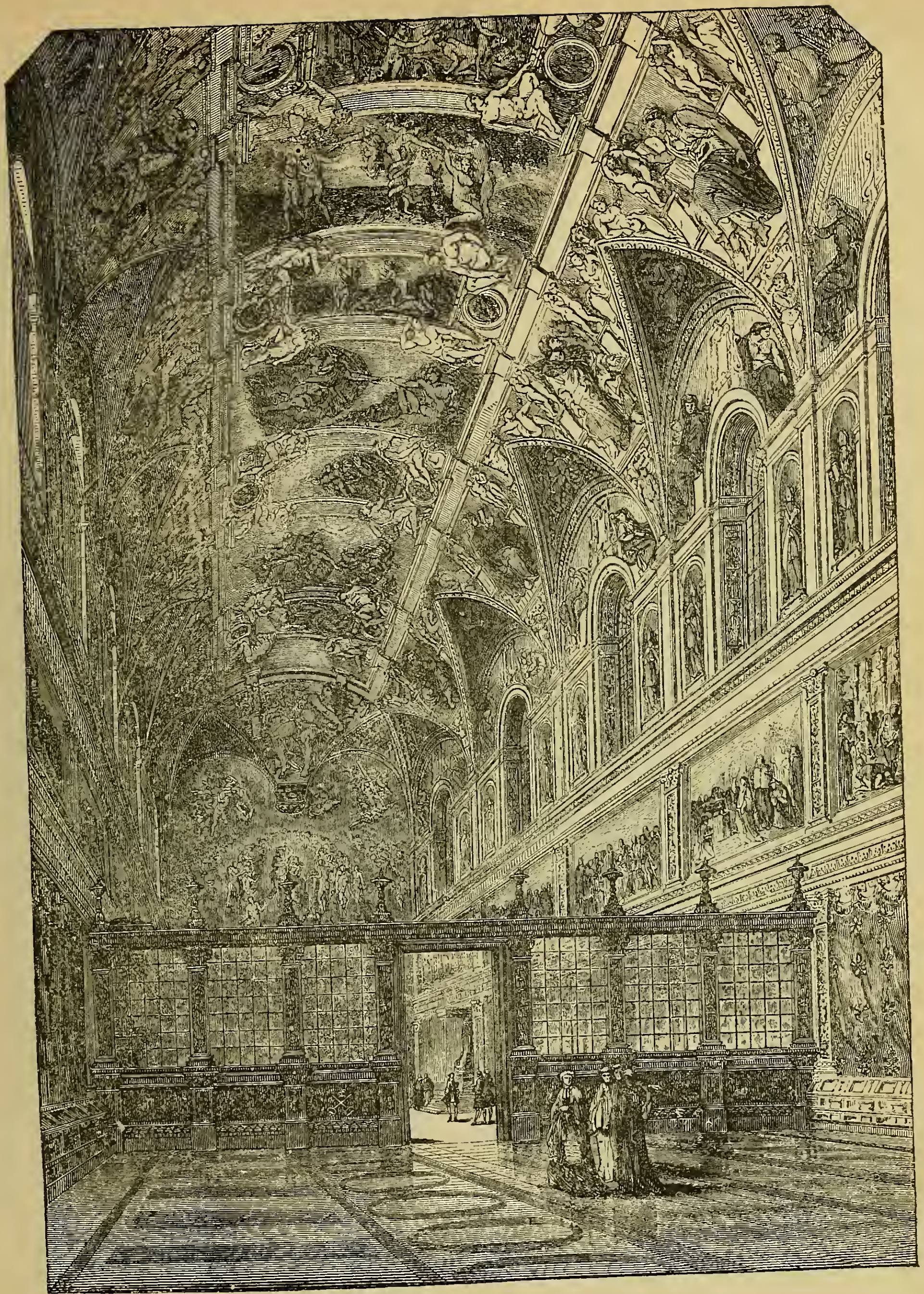
ITALY.

No country in the world has received so much praise as "Sunny Italy." It has been called the "Garden of the Continent" and the "Cradle of Art." Its skies are said to be the bluest, its sunsets the loveliest, its airs the softest of any known land. It was once the throne of the Mistress of the world; and it is yet the store-house of the most wonderful works of art.

PEASANT CHILDREN.

THE ALPS AND THE ALPENNINES.—Italy has a double portion of the beautiful Alpine regions, sharing with both Switzerland and France the higher border ranges; and, a few years ago, before Savoy fell to the French, Italy had sole possession of the starting point of all the ranges of Europe,—Mont Blanc.

As all roads are said to lead to Rome, so all the mountain ranges of Europe may be said to lead toward Mont Blanc. From Cape Finisterre, off the coast of Spain, comes the Pyrenees, cut off in their course by the Gulf of Genoa, but yet sending a spur off toward their king. From far away Roumania comes the zigzag, wilful Carpathians, on a long, reluctant course, but compelled at last to join the train of courtiers on the corner of Switzerland. From the Bosphorus, and from Cape Matapan, come two other subjects, the Balkan and the Pindus, uniting into the Dinaric train



SISTINE CHAPEL.

at Montenegro and joining with the Carpathians in the towering procession on the south of Switzerland. And from the toe of the Italian boot comes the Apennines in many graceful, waving curves, sweeping round the plain of Piedmont, and towering up into the majestic heights of the Maratime Alps, the palace of the mountain king.

Of all his subjects, Mont Blanc can boast of none more graceful in outline, more beautiful in detail, or more interesting as the scenes of noted events than this last in his train—the Apennines. Only a few bare rocks crop out above its rich coat of vegetation throughout its entire course. Forests of pine, oak and chestnut are ranged beneath each other from the summit down to the valleys, and there the fig and olive flourish. From east to west branches shoot off from the central range and hang in impending cliffs over the sea. Between them are valleys so deep and dark that the people live in little worlds of their own, in utter ignorance of what takes place beyond the heights that bound their home-regions.

From the western slopes of the Apennines, overlooking the gulf of Genoa, were quarried the beautiful pale blue marbles of Carrara, from which Michæl Angelo made his wonderful statues.

From the opposite side course down to the Adriatic the famous Rubicon, where Cæsar made his great decision.

The Arno and the Tiber.—From out the wildest passes of the northern Apennines pours the Arno, one of the three principal rivers of Italy, undecided among so many pleasant fields which to choose for its path to the sea. After a course of sixty miles it returns again to within eleven of its source, and then strikes out in a new direction toward the Gulf of Genoa through a new series of beautiful valleys.

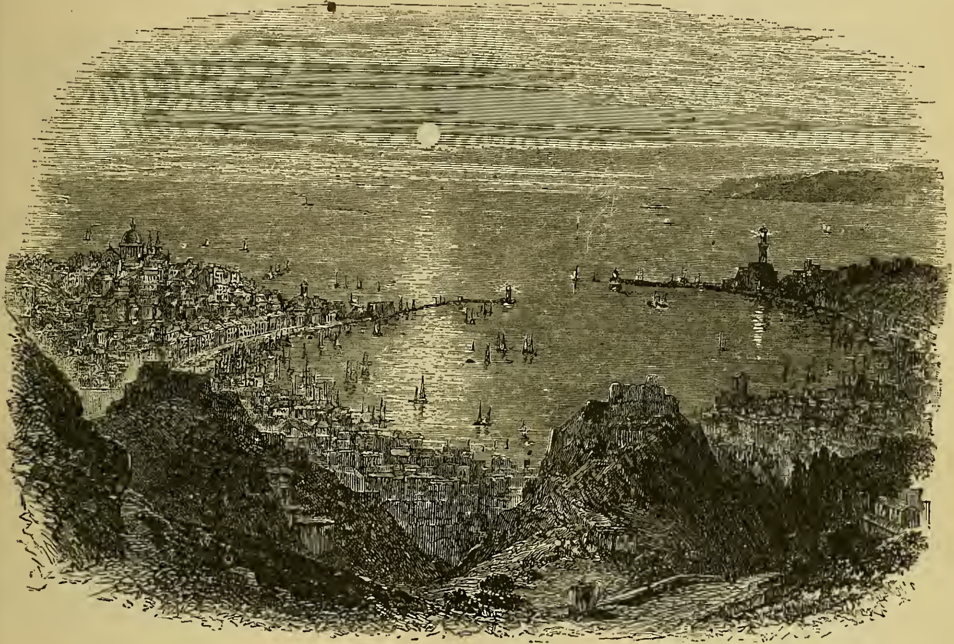
Twenty miles south of the Arno, and still among the same wild glens, the Tiber takes its rise, to flow, first, a mountain torrent along the base of the Apennines, and then, as it gathers strength, to wind its way to the sea through mountain passes and narrow valleys, receiving as it runs the waters of countless streams and torrents from east and west and north and south; while the meadows which draw their freshness from its rising waters are followed by the waving grain and tresselled vine. With towns and castles scattered along its banks it sweeps down, turning around the base of Soracte, and comes out upon the broad Campagna, the great plain that surrounds Rome.

There it flows along on the borders of ancient Etruria, whose people built flourishing cities, sailed powerful fleets, and made highly ornamented vases

and other wares before Rome was built. In after years these Etruscans were employed to furnish bronzes for the Roman temples.

Opposite Etruria the Tiber washes the borders of the ancient Sabines, whose maidens were seized by the wifeless Roman colonists soon after the city was founded. A little further down it reaches the boundary of old Latium, the fatherland of the Roman race and language.

Receiving here its last tributary, the headlong Anio, the Tiber rolls in a



GENOA.

great flood through the Eternal city that for six hundred years swayed the scepter of the world; then onward to the fork of the Sacred Island, where it pours out its yellow flood, colored now by beds of clay along its lower course, and stains for miles around the deep blue of the Mediterranean.

The Pontine Marshes.—Nowhere in all Italy does the grass wave more luxuriantly, or the trees put forth a lovelier green, than in the broad meadows of the *Campagna di Roma*. But as far as the eye can reach it detects nothing but pasture lands, or flocks of sheep and goats grazing on the gentle slopes with the solitary form of the shepherd in the midst.

Sometimes a rising ground is crowned with a little shady grove of Italian evergreen oak, but usually there is nothing but the treeless, sunlit Campagna. No houses, no thriving villages, such as once dotted the great plain; but plenty of decaying ruins on every hand. A great change has taken place in the air that blows over the Campagna since the days of the old Romans. The breezes, once so bracing and healthful, are now laden with the germs of malaria during the summer months. Thirteen hundred people die in Rome every year during July and August from this terrible scourge, caused by the great amount of marshy land.

Other parts of Italy suffer from malaria,—the rice grounds of Lombardy, the highlands near Padua, and, in southern Italy, Apulia, almost the entire coast of Calabria, and the south of Sicily. Only six out of Italy's sixty-nine provinces are free from the disease, and in twenty-one it exists in its worst form, producing fevers that end fatally in twenty-four hours. The Campagna is one of the worst districts, for in its southern part are the extensive Pontine Marshes, where stagnant water has been standing for ages. These marshes are caused by several small streams which flow down from the Volscian hills, and are kept from reaching the sea by the sand that has accumulated on the coast.

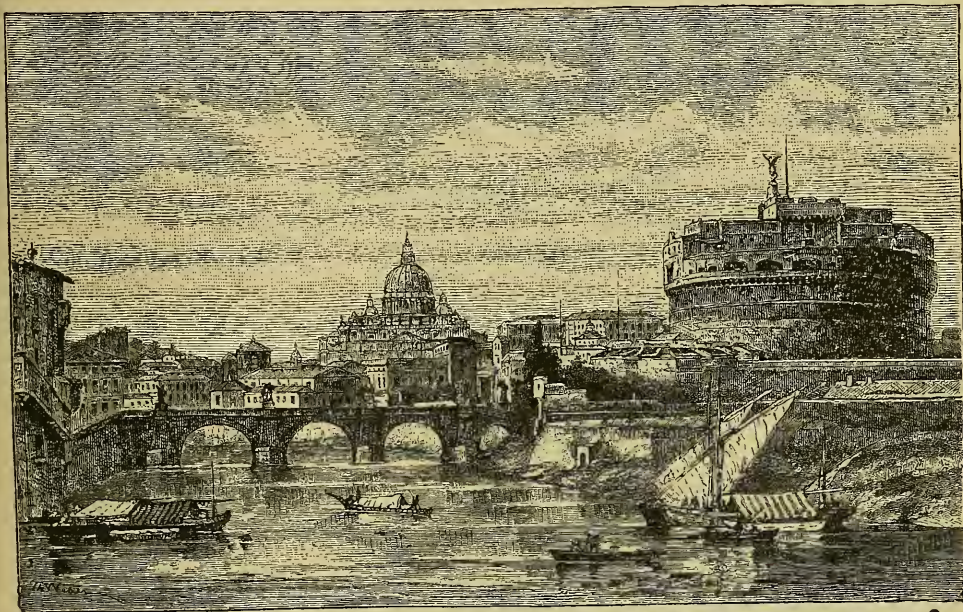
When Julius Cæsar became Dictator of Rome, one of the many improvements he intended to make was the draining of the Pontine Marshes, which had been partially accomplished a hundred years before; but he was assassinated before he could carry out his wise projects. Since his time many other attempts have been made. In 1777 Pope Pius VI. spent two millions of dollars upon the marshes; in a short time they had gone back to their old condition. During the last few years quite successful work has been accomplished by planting the Eucalyptus tree, which sucks up and thrives upon the stagnant water.

Mount Vesuvius.—South of the Campagna of Rome is another broad plain called "*Campagna de Felice*," because here the air is always soft and cool, tempered by the most healthful sea breezes; the scenery is rich and beautiful, with always a deep blue sky over head; and the richest products of the vegetable world abound on every side. The soil is so rich, and the climate so genial, that three crops can be raised in the same ground in a year. It is the garden of the garden land, Campania, the happy.

All over this plain are the yawning mouths of old volcanoes, that during the long, dark ages of the past, threw out their ashes, lava and miner-

als over the earth, preparing the soil for its fruitfulness. Pretty little lakes now nestle in some of these old craters; from others, sulphurous vapors are yet ascending. The ancients used to call a part of this region "the Burning Field," because it contained so many volcanoes, and they really thought that the way to Hades was through these yawning mouths.

The active member of this family of volcanoes is Mount Vesuvius, who has so startled the world with his ragings in recent years. During the last



BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO, AND THE BORGO.

century he has broken out about every three or four years, and frequently sends out smoke and flame between times. When the people see none of these signs of life for several weeks, they begin to look for a severe eruption.

There is no spectacle so terribly grand and fascinating as Mount Vesuvius when he is hurling out his internal fires. The people everywhere rush out of their houses to watch with breathless interest his tragical performances. He sends up great pillars of white smoke like heaps of clouds several times higher than his head. Into this he hurls stones and ashes with a force

that carries them up thousands of feet. Then columns of fire shoot up three times as high as the mountain itself.

At times he seems to pause a little as if for breath, then with increased fury sends roaring volleys of blood-red stones and dazzling meteors. Into the deep black of the sky, made yet more black by dark masses of smoke, the brilliant stones are hurled, and, like fiery balls from a rocket, make a graceful curve, high in the air, then fall in showers of splendor around the sides of the cone. Presently, from over the edge of the crater comes the great red torrents of lava, like a huge, hissing, fiery snake crawling out of his lair to descend upon his victims. Its motion is very slow and steady, even where the descent is abrupt, and when near enough to it one can hear a rustling sound like that made by fragments of ice jostling each other in a half-frozen river.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.—At the beginning of the Christian Era, when Rome was at the height of her glory, when Nero, Vespasian and Titus were ruling the world according to their wills; when Tacitus was delivering his polished orations, and the industrious Pliny was writing his books on History, Natural History, Rhetoric, Education and Military Tactics—rising at midnight to study and listening to his readers while he ate his meals and took notes,—in these days, there nestled at the base of Mount Vesuvius the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Both lay upon the edge of the beautiful bay of Naples, the former contained the elegant villas of the wealthy Romans, and the latter was a fashionable summer resort. No thought of danger disturbed the enjoyment of their luxuries and pleasures. Vesuvius up to this time had never been known to be in a state of eruption; though one observant Roman thought it had been active in the past. But no one thought of its breaking out again. It was overgrown with shrubs and vines; and once, a few years before, in 72 B. C., Spartacus, the Thracian gladiator, had taken refuge in it with his band of slaves.

In the year 63 A. D., two terrible earthquakes occurred, doing so much damage to both Pompeii and Herculaneum that Seneca, the philosopher, considered them unsafe. Other signs of disturbance followed, rumbling noises in the mountains, and vapors over the crater, but little attention was paid to them. On the 24th of August, 79 A. D., a cloud of such unusual size and shape appeared about the summit of Vesuvius that it attracted the attention of Pliny, who was stationed at Mïsenum, at the north entrance of the bay, in command of a fleet. Hurrying to a hill to get a better view, he saw that something unusual was about to occur, and ordered a light vessel to be made ready to take him nearer to the mountain.

With tablet in hand upon which to take down his observations, he sailed up close to the shore and dictated to his attendants a description of the scene as he observed it. He approached so near that showers of pomice stone, pieces of burning rock and hot cinders rained down upon the ship, and the sea began to sink away from the coast so rapidly that his seamen advised him to hurry away.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

He ordered his vessel to proceed to the little town of Stabiæ, on the southern shore of the bay, a short distance from Pompeii, but still within reach of the falling cinders. Here he found his friend Pomponianus in great alarm, about to hurry away in his vessel. Pliny quieted his friend's fears, and to show that he was not alarmed, ordered a bath, ate a hearty dinner and lay down to sleep.

But the court of the house was fast filling with cinders, and soon his friends aroused him, and with pillows on their heads to protect themselves from the shower of falling stones, all hurried to the sea-shore. It was now day, but so dark that they could only see by the light of torches. When they reached the sea they found it raging so furiously that they could not hope to escape in their vessels.

Terrible fumes of sulphur now began to suffocate the party. Pliny,

thinking probably to escape them, lay down upon the sand by the sea while his friends hastened away. His slaves came and raised him, but they had no sooner done so than he fell back dead from suffocation.

Meanwhile like terrible scenes were going on all around the bay. Torrents of hot mud were falling in continual streams covering everything. This continued for eight days, filling the cities to the roofs of the houses. Then storms of ashes and streams of lava finished the work of burying Herculaneum and Pompeii completely out of sight.

Years passed by and all traces of the cities were lost, no one knew exactly where they had stood and in time another town was built above their grave. An aqueduct was carried directly over a part of Pompeii, without discovering what lay beneath. But one day, in digging a well, several pieces of statuary were discovered. The king of Naples at once ordered excavations on a large scale and ever since the work of unearthing these old cities has been going on.

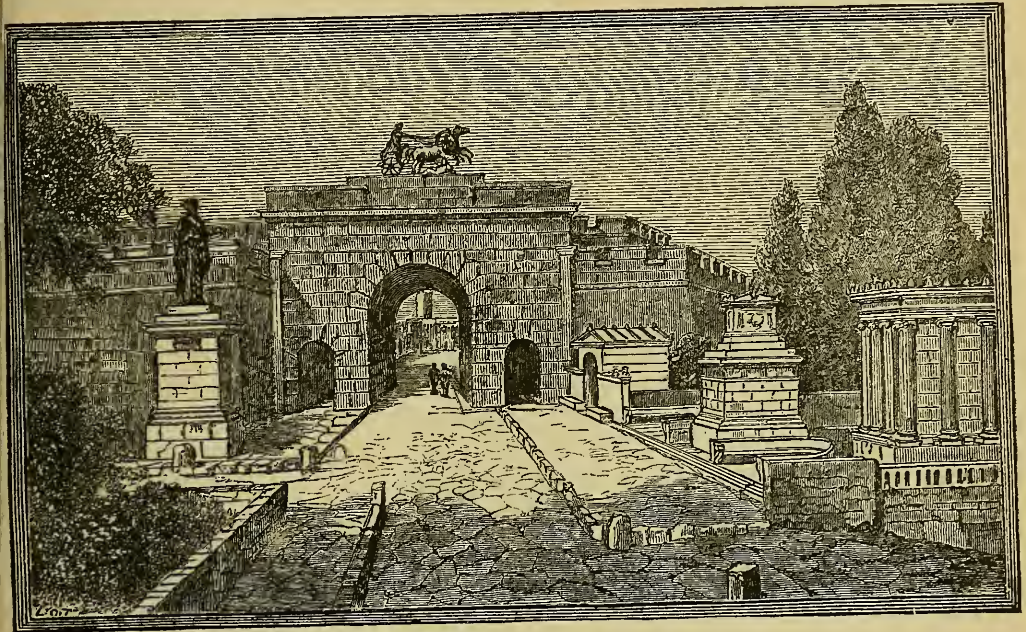
Very interesting are the discoveries made among these ruins. In some are the skeletons of the people who did not make their escape; but these are comparatively few. In one large building, apparently the barracks of troops, sixty four skeletons were found, supposed to be the soldiers on duty, who in true Roman fashion remained at their posts until death overtook them.

The houses are just as the people left them, and show most plainly the manner of life, tastes, and even thoughts of the old Roman occupants. Those of the wealthy are adorned with the richest ornaments and works of art,—pictures, bronzes, vases, mosaics, statuary and coins, all excellently preserved. One of the statues that has excited the admiration of many artists, is that of a youth wearing a Phrygian cap, sitting in the most easy and lifelike position, with his head leaning on one hand, and his arm resting on his knee.

The Bay of Naples.—In front of Mount Vesuvius, sweeping around in almost a semi-circle is the beautiful Bay of Naples. Behind it in the distance appear the purple crests of the Apennines, at their feet the broad plain of *Campagna Felice*, from which, near the foreground, stands the tall cone of Vesuvius. Around it, like a vast amphitheater, rise the shores of the bay with the city of Naples upon its northern side, the buried ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii on the east and Stabiæ, where Pliny made his fatal visit upon the south, opposite Naples. The fate of its buried sisters seems to have no effect upon the prosperity of Naples, neither do the calamities that it has suffered from its nearness to the burning monster.

In 1872, during an unusually severe eruption the city was covered with a shower of ashes and two hundred lives or more were lost. It is often shaken with violent earthquakes. But none of these can drive the people from their beautiful Naples.

The city itself is not very lovely, the houses are shabby and the streets anything but clean. But the hills around it are covered and draped with the richest of verdure. The cactus stands blooming among groves of palm,



THE GATE OF HERCULANEUM, AND PLACE OF TOMBS.

orange, lemon and stone; fine villas, monasteries and houses on numberless little eminences are linked together by chains of vineyards, orchards and gardens. And here "the Italian sun shines its brightest, the zephyrs blow their softest, the sea puts on its deepest blue and the mountains their most glorious purple."

ISCHIA.—Like two ornamental knobs upon the horns of the bay, are the islands of Ischia and Capri. The former upon the northern entrance of the bay, once contained the most lively volcano of the whole "Burning Field," which extended in a chain of craters from here to Vesuvius. Since the latter

has broken out, Mount Eperneo on Ischia has been mostly silent, but hot springs and jets of gas and steam show that all is not quiet beneath. In 1883 a terrible earthquake occurred here, just as the season for visitors was at its height, for Ischia is a very popular resort in summer for pleasure seekers and invalids.

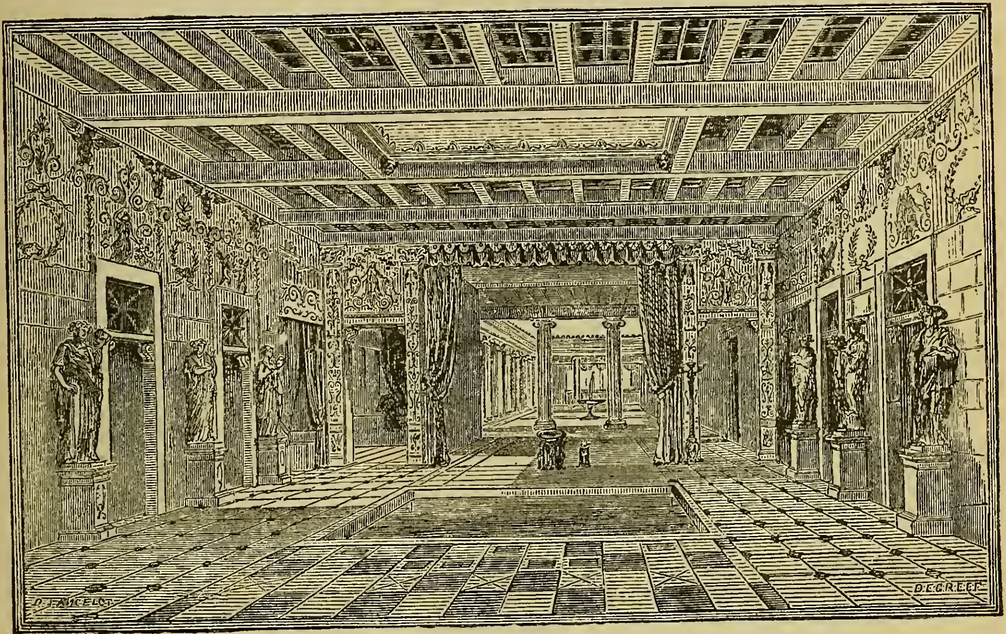
Many of the visitors were at the theatre when the shock occurred ; others in the music and reading rooms of the large hotels. In fifteen seconds the whole village of Casamicciola, the principal resort, was a heap of ruins. Those who were not crushed under the falling houses, or struck down by flying fragments after gaining the streets, rushed in terror to the beach and seizing every boat and floating thing sought safety on the water.

In the theatre and hotels every light was put out; blinding clouds of dust enveloped the whole village, and a most terrible deafening roar came from the bowels of the earth. Between two and three thousand people were killed, six hundred injured, and many thousands made homeless. But this is only one case out of hundreds that have occurred in volcanic Italy.

Capri.—On the southern horn of the bay stands the little island of Capri, walled in by high cliffs crowned with vineyards and orange groves. This beautiful little island has long been a favorite resort for invalids. The Emperor Augustus spent some time here during his illness, not far from the year of 1 A. D. And Tiberius, his less worthy son-in-law, who succeeded him, came here to live, not for health but for pleasure, about the year 26, after issuing an order that the people should not disturb his retirement. Here he built elegant villas, the ruins of which may still be seen, and lived a life of debauchery for ten years. The control of the government he left in the hands of his wicked favorite Sejanus, and gave himself up to his pleasures; but they do not seem to have brought him so very much happiness after all. Pliny spoke of him as "the most wretched of men"; and in one of his own letters to the senate he says, "What to write to you or how to write I know not; and what not to write may all the gods and goddesses torment me, more than I daily feel, if I do know." In his younger days he had been remarked for his fine form and handsome features, but now dissipation had covered his face with ugly blotches and his body was bent nearly double. No wonder that when he died (27 A. D.) the people shouted with delight and cried, "Tiberius to the Tiber." Capri became once more the resort of respectable people, who had been kept away by the royal guard lest they should disturb their emperor's revelry.

One of the greatest curiosities about Capri is the famous "Blue Grotto"

in a steep cliff by the sea. Everything within this cave is intensely blue. The walls look like the deepest sky in summer. Blue clouds seem to be floating about overhead. The water at the bottom, and even one's clothing is all of the same indigo hue. A flight of steps, cut out of the rock, seem to be real sapphire stones. The water, besides being blue, has a silvery look that gives everything in it a very curious appearance. A man in a bathing suit plunges into it and straightway he looks like a moving statue. The whole place is strange, weird and unearthly. No one has ever been able to solve the mystery of its wonderful blueness.



HOUSE OF GLAUCUS IN POMPEII.

MOUNT ETNA.—One interesting side of a volcano can not be seen at Mount Vesuvius. This is the inside of the terrible cauldron from which the fiery storms issue. The opening is so squarely in the middle of his sharp cone and the sides so abrupt that the only way to look down into his throat would be by going over it in a balloon. But at Mount Etna one can get a fine view of a volcanic crater. The opening is slanting so that from a certain point on the margin, one can see the whole great basin two miles

around like a lake of pure white smoke on the top of the cone. It is ever boiling over its shores, and tumbling cascades of vapor down the dismal steeps. Then when for a moment the wind blows a rift in this cloud of vapor the observer can see clear down into the deep black pit in the heart of the mountain. This is one of the most awful mountain views in the world, and it is made yet more startling by the contrast between the interior and surroundings. A bright summer sky above, a blue island-studded sea around, the white veil of vapor sailing gracefully above the crater, and the terrible yawning black abyss beneath.

The view of the surrounding country from the top of Etna is one of the finest in the world. Three cornered Sicily is spread out like a map on an azure sea that fringes it with a beautiful girdle of white foam. On the northern corner is the rock from which the monster Charybdis was supposed to appear three times every day to gulp down his mouthful of water, and opposite sat the still more dreadful Scylla waiting to seize her six victims from each passing ship. Away to the north upon the Lipari Islands is a real monster of the present day—Stromboli, continually sending up tokens of his long unrest. In the opposite direction is little Malta, a hundred miles away looking like a mere speck on the blue Mediterranean.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE PO.—The surface of the earth in northern Italy has been less disturbed by volcanoes than the south, but here the work of other great forces can be traced. The history of the mighty movements that occurred here long before man began to write books, is all written in the great book of geology.

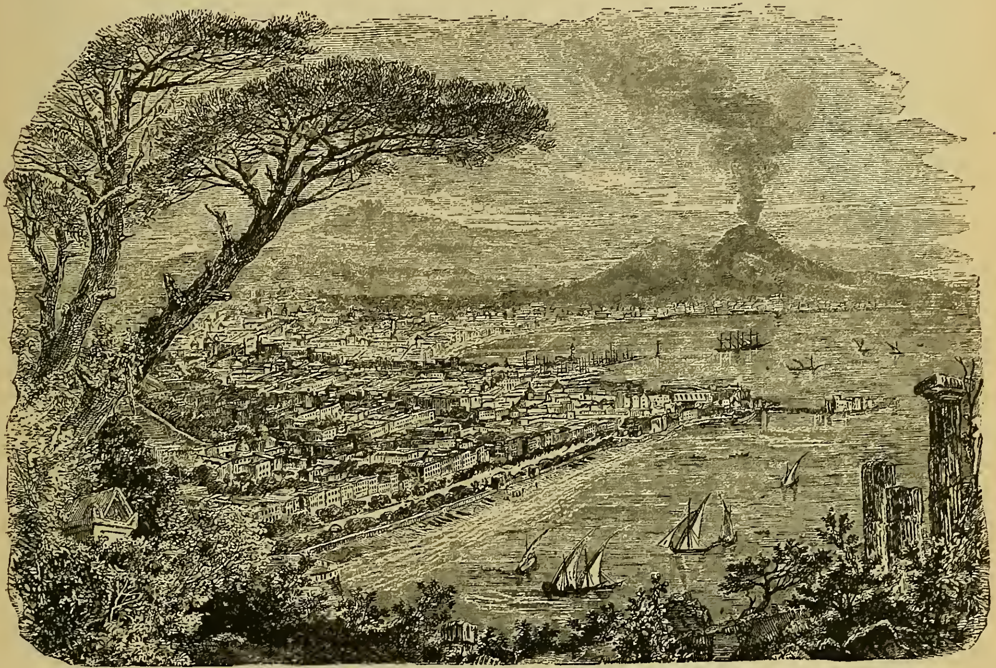
"Once," says a man who has studied this book, "ages and ages ago there arose from out the waters on the earth's surface a lofty wall, running from east to west; then another running from north to south, and these two joined, the northern end of the one to the western-end of the other, and formed a right angled corner. These two broad solid walls are the Alps. From the southern end of the second wall there started a third and smaller one running east and west for a time then starting off south-eastwards. This was the Apennines, which forms the back bone of Italy. Then came earthquakes and steam explosions and cataracts of rain, splintering the tops of the walls, and rolling their fragments into the valleys."

As yet the frost had not come. When he came he made the glaciers, which brought down hosts of bowlders, great and small, from the crags and pinnacles, and the chips, fragments, and dust from his winter's work helped to fill up the bed of the sea that was inclosed within the walls until the lands

of Piedmont, and the plains of Lombardy were raised from out the water.

The lakes of Como, Maggiore and La Garda were then mere fords opening into the sea like those of Norway. All the Alpine valleys were full to the brim of huge old glaciers.

In those early times the Po flowed forth from the ice caverns of the giant glaciers, just as at the present day it does from their small descendants high



BAY OF NAPLES.

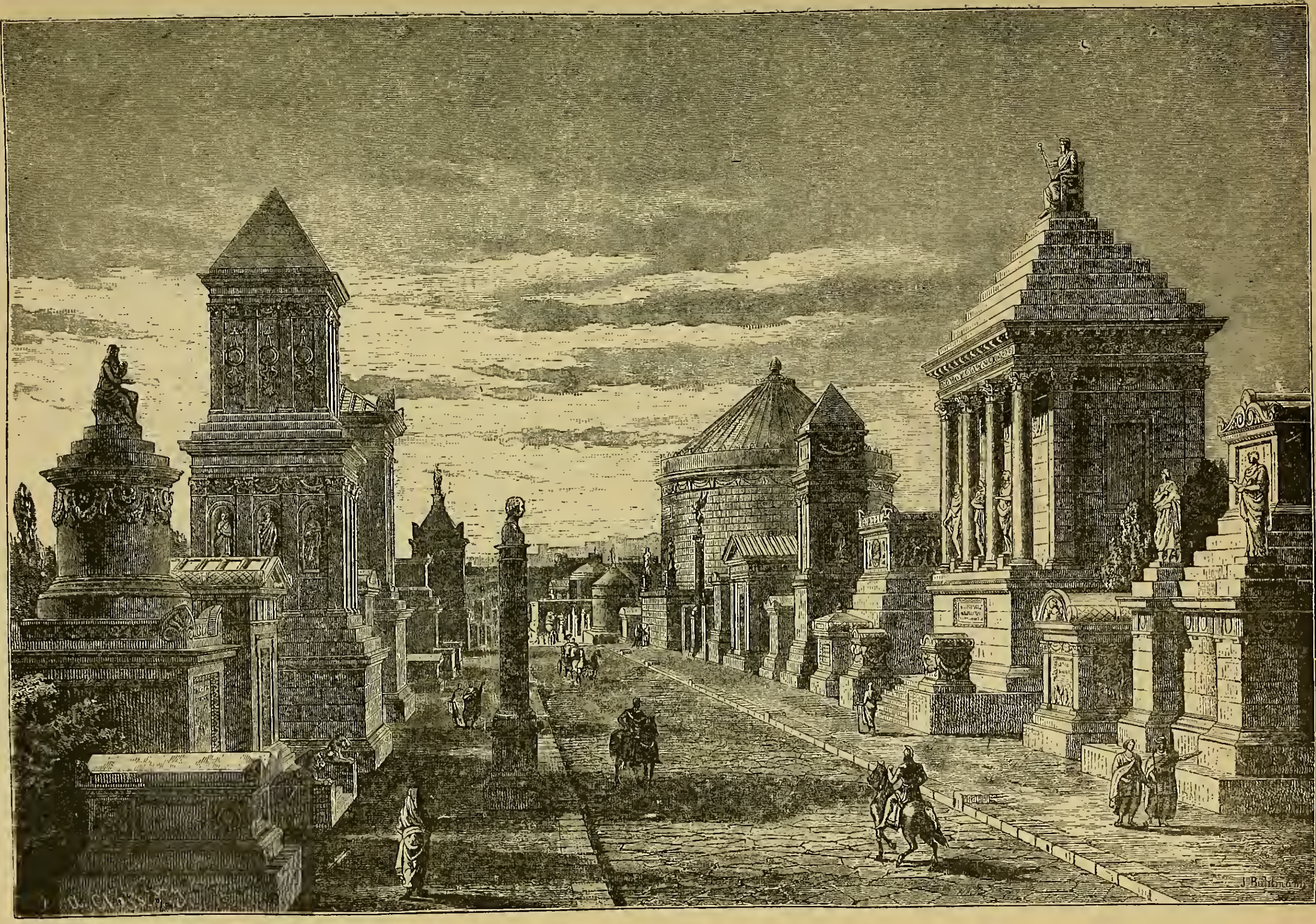
up among the inner Alps. No forests then clothed the rocky heights, all was white and barren, a waste of snow most dreary to look upon, had eyes been there to look. But not useless were these great glaciers, they were performing their appointed work,—scouping out lake basins, great and small, and grinding to powder the rocks in their path which carried into the great river were spread out in the valley to form the soil on which man, when all was ready, was to come and sow his crop.

What a mighty river the Po must then have been, and what a crashing of ice and bowlders there was during his spring floods. Stones, sand and mud rolled along the bottom or were scattered out across the plain as he overran his banks, or changed his course from one channel to another.

But still the Po is a magnificent river. Its lakes and streams extend from the Maritime Alps to the gulf of Venice. It gathers in as it flows the tribute of every glacier, torrent and river within the great basin of upper Italy, and rolls the full tide of these congregated waters, charged thick with sediment, out into the distant Adriatic. And all along its course, where once the mighty glaciers stood, are now hundreds of beautiful valleys, beginning in the wilderness of mountain solitude and gradually softening as they expand, till their sunny slopes sink down into the plain amid vineyards and cornfields and meadows of loveliest green.

And in the midst of their green slopes is another chapter of the Po's history, which tells of the early animals that lived and died upon his banks. Here are vast cemeteries of rhinoceros, elephants, hippopotamus, mastodons and other huge animals. In one of the valleys they are so plentiful that the peasants enclosed their gardens with the leg and thigh bones of elephants. Within recent times great changes have taken place in the shape and size of the channel of the Po. The people have thoughtlessly stripped the Alps and Apennines of their timber, and the rain and melted snows having nothing to hold them back, sweep down the slopes tearing lose more and more of the soil each year, and carrying it down into the plain Here it keeps narrowing and filling up the channel, and each following flood the river is less able to carry away. The consequence is, it often overflows its banks, doing great damage.

The Battle Ground.—It is a sad fact, says a historian, that the richest and fairest spots on the earth's surface are often those where the darkest deeds are committed; where human blood is most freely spilled, and human rights most ruthlessly ignored. Few countries have been more blessed by the gifts of Nature, or more cursed by the strife of man, than the wide plain of Lombardy. It is a very garden of fertility, hedged in by the Alps and Apennines, watered by innumerable tributaries of the Po, and glittering with a thousand towns and villages, "like white sails upon a sea of verdure." But it has been for ages the battle-field of the nations, from the time when Bellovesus, nearly six centuries before Christ, led his Celtic legions across the Alps, until the French and Aus-



THE APPIAN WAY, NEAR ROME.

trians fought their last battle, and Victor Emmanuel drove out the last foes of Italy.

Romans and Cimbri; Goths and Romans; Lombards and Franks; Germans and Italians; French, Spaniards and Swiss; Austrians and French, have again and again faced each other in deadly strife upon these plains.

On the 30th of July, 101 B. C., a desperate and bloody combat was fought at the western extremity of the Lombard plain, near Turin, between the Roman legions and hordes of Cimbrians. On one side were Marius and Catullus, the defenders of civilization, on the other, the champions of barbarism. The Romans numbered only fifty thousand men, while the Cimbric multitude extended in a vast square over many square miles. The front ranks of the Cambrians were covered with immense shields and joined together by cords passing through the belts of the warriors to prevent their line from being broken. Besides this enormous mass of infantry, there were fifteen thousand cavalry, whose steel breast-plates white and glittering shields, and plumed helmets, made a striking spectacle as they rode forth into the plain. The heat of the weather and the clouds of dust raised by the shock of battle, fought for the Romans, who were trained to endurance, while their antagonists, bred in shady and frozen countries, proof against the severest cold, could not bear the heat of the Italian sun. In spite of this, however, they made a gallant resistance, and the strife was long and doubtful. But Rome triumphed. Bogorine, one of the bravest of the Cimbri, died sword in hand, and around him fell ninety thousand of his followers. Sixty thousand were taken prisoners, and many killed themselves in despair.

Even the women made a desperate resistance. They stood behind the wagons, which formed the Cimbric camp, slaying those who fled, and at last, when they saw that all was lost, killed their children and themselves. This victory saved Italy from the barbarians, and gave Marius the title of "The Third Founder of Rome."

In this same vicinity has lived a heroic band of people, who for six hundred years have been persecuted for their religious faith. These people—the Waldenses of Piedmont, like the Huguenots and Albigenese of France and the Moravians of Austria, have endured the bitter hatred of bigoted rulers and all the persecutions that misguided zeal could invent. As early as 1242 many of them were put to death; in the fifteenth century the pope preached a crusade against them; all through the sixteenth cen-

tury there was scarcely a stop in the persecutions. In 1655 a decree was published ordering them to leave Piedmont in three days, and as they went they were set upon by the soldiers, every one of whom seemed to invent a new form of torture for the fleeing fugitives. Men were hewn in pieces and women treated with all manner of cruelties.

One commander more merciful than the others, gave up his command in disgust because he could not check the bloody deeds of his men. All Europe was filled with horror. Cromwell and Milton, in England, used, one his pen the other his sword in behalf of the victims, and a treaty of peace was made, which lasted for a season. But in 1686, Louis XIV. sent an army against the Waldenses. Ten thousand were imprisoned, and the valleys were desolated by murders and battles. In October, about three thousand of the prisoners were released on condition that they would go at once into exile. No time was allowed for preparation; they must leave before night. Eighty-six of one company perished in the snow while going over the mountains in a storm,—they were not allowed to wait until it was over. One hundred and fifty of another died in a single night.

In 1848 Charles Albert, the father of Victor Emmanuel, granted them full religious liberty, the first they had enjoyed in six hundred years.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.—It was when Rome had reached her widest extent, when there was no more of the civilized world to be conquered, and while the temple of the god of war was closed for the first time in seven hundred years, that the central figure of history appeared. He who "ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will," had prepared the way for the coming of His Son. After the resurrection, the belief in the heavenly mission of Jesus of Nazareth spread with great rapidity. The peaceful state of the world aided the zeal of the disciples, which, together with the force of the truths they taught, gained converts by thousands. In less than two hundred years after the first church was founded, Tertullian, the son of a Roman centurion, declared that if the Christians were forced to emigrate, the empire would become a desert.

And this growth was in the face of the fiercest opposition and persecution. By their stern words against the favorite gods of the Romans and their refusal to worship the emperors, they became the objects of general hatred, not only of the people but of the most powerful of the Cæsars. Nero ordered them to be crucified, covered with the skins of wild beasts and worried to death by dogs, thrown to lions and tigers in the amphitheatres, and gray-haired men to be forced to fight with trained gladiators. One

night he lighted his garden with burning Christians, whose clothes had been smeared with pitch and set on fire.

Yet the Christians only multiplied more rapidly. Their heroic behavior under the tortures put upon them won the admiration even of their enemies. One of the martyrs when brought before the tribunal and told to curse God, replied "Eighty-six years have I served him and he has done me nothing but good; how could I curse him?" Amid the flames in which he was cast he thanked God that he was counted worthy to bear witness to the truth by his death.

Such preaching make a deep impression upon the old idolators. For every martyr there sprang up scores of new converts, and in less than three hundred years the emperor of Rome himself became a Christian. From that time the cross appeared upon the banners and shields of the Roman army; and fifteen years afterward (325 A. D.), Constantine declared Christianity to be the religion of the Roman Empire.

THE FALL OF ROME.—For six hundred years Rome ruled the world (133 B. C.—476 A. D.). Then her prosperity became so great that her rulers neglected to prepare for adversity. To the north and northeast was a great dark world of savages ready to spread out over all Europe; and in Ravena, a little city in the north of Italy, was the Emperor of Rome amusing himself with his pet chickens.

Presently, Alaric the Goth led his men through the pass of Thermopylae, ravaged Greece and moved upon Italy. Stilicho, a watchful Roman general, —for Rome had yet a good general, drove back the savages. But the weak emperor, growing jealous of this brave defender, had him put to death. When Alaric came again, not long after, he found no one to oppose him. The "Eternal City" with its palaces filled with gold and silver ornaments lay at his feet.

At midnight the people of Rome were awakened by the Goth's trumpets, and told to open their gates. No Horatio was there then to defend them. They were thrown open, and for six days the barbarians held high revel. Then with their clumsy wagons heaped high with plunder they went out over the Appian way toward the south.

When some one told the emperor, Honorius, that Rome was lost, he replied, "That cannot be, for I just fed her a moment ago out of my hand." "Rome" was the name of one of his hens.

About forty years after Alaric took his departure, Attila, the Hun, after his defeat at *Chalons*, appeared with his hordes in Lombardy. To Valen-

tinian III., who was then Emperor of Rome, he sent his ministers saying: "Attila, my lord and thy lord, commands thee to provide a palace for his immediate reception," and the Emperor of Rome dared not disobey.

Attila helped himself to whatever he wished in Lombardy, stormed and sacked the principal cities, and made the others pay him tribute.

When he took possession of the palace at Milan he was displeased to see there a picture which represented the Cæsars seated on their thrones and the Princes of Scythia prostrate at their feet. So he commanded a painter to change the position of the figures making the emperors appear as humble supplicants, emptying their bags of gold at the feet of the Scythian king.

Three years more, and then Gensaric, with his terrible Vandals, those that had laid waste Spain and passed over into Africa, sailed up the Mediterranean and cast anchor in the Tiber. For fourteen days these pillagers ravaged the City of Rome. Not only its gold and silver were taken now, but its precious marbles, bronzes, and other works of art were ruthlessly destroyed.

Twenty-five years afterwards the tiara and purple robe of the Cæsars were sent to Constantinople, where an eastern branch of the Empire had been set up and Rome was no more.

Foreign Rulers.—During the years of confusion that followed the fall of Rome, Italy became broken up into a number of separate provinces, inhabited by different races. In the north the Longobards (long-beards) founded Lombardy; in the center, Theodore the Great set up a Gothic dominion; in the south the Arabs obtained a foothold. Afterwards came the Normans, and their leader Robert Guiscard began to rule in Rome; the Franks conquered Lombardy, and then for a time Charlemagne ruled over the western empire which he had reunited.

By this time the barbarians had become quite civilized, but just as the country was ready for prosperity, a most unfortunate quarrel broke out between two parties, one called Guelphs and the other Ghibellines. These kept the land stirred up in civil strife for many years, and then, as always happens, neighboring kings came in and set up claims to the territory. The French, Spaniards and Austrians conquered and ruled over the most of Italy, from that time till 1870. And when they were not fighting the Italians, they were fighting each other, so the country was constantly overrun with foreign troops.

Finally, when the French had set up their first republic, Napoleon came

into Italy to fight against the Austrians, who then held large portions of the country, and he promised to make the country free from one end to the other, but he ended by dividing it up and giving it to his friends and relatives.

Then Archduke John of Austria came, and knowing how well pleased the Italians had been with Napoleon's promise, he said, "Milanese, Tuscans, Venetians, Piedmontese, and all inhabitants of the Peninsula,—Do you wish to be *Italians?* Do you wish for a constitution that will make the Italian lands prosper and keep aloof from you every foreign enemy? If so, arm yourselves and fight against Napoleon." But when the war was over the Austrians drew the fetters about them tighter than ever.

Then began to grow up a hatred of foreign rule, and a struggle for independence.

THE CARBONARI.—About the year 1810, a number of those who were most anxious to see the foreign rulers overthrown gathered among the wildest recesses of the Apennines, and formed a society which they called *Carbonari*—the "Charcoal Burners." The name was chosen because charcoal was an emblem of purification, and Italy needed to be purified of her bad rulers.

The place where they met was called the "baraca," the name given to a charcoal burner's hut; the interior was called the "venditti," because here the collier always carried on the sale of his coals, and the surrounding country was called a forest.

They used corresponding terms for all their operations and ceremonies, and everything connected with them. A person who was to be received into the society was called a "pagan," and the most elaborate ceremonies attended his entrance. He was led blind-folded from the "closet of reflection" to the door of the "baraca" by the "preparator," who there gave a mysterious rap. Inside a "courrier," hearing the knock, said to his assistant, "A pagan knocks for admission." The assistant repeated this to the chief door-keeper, and he in turn to the grand-master.

"See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labors," said the grand-master.

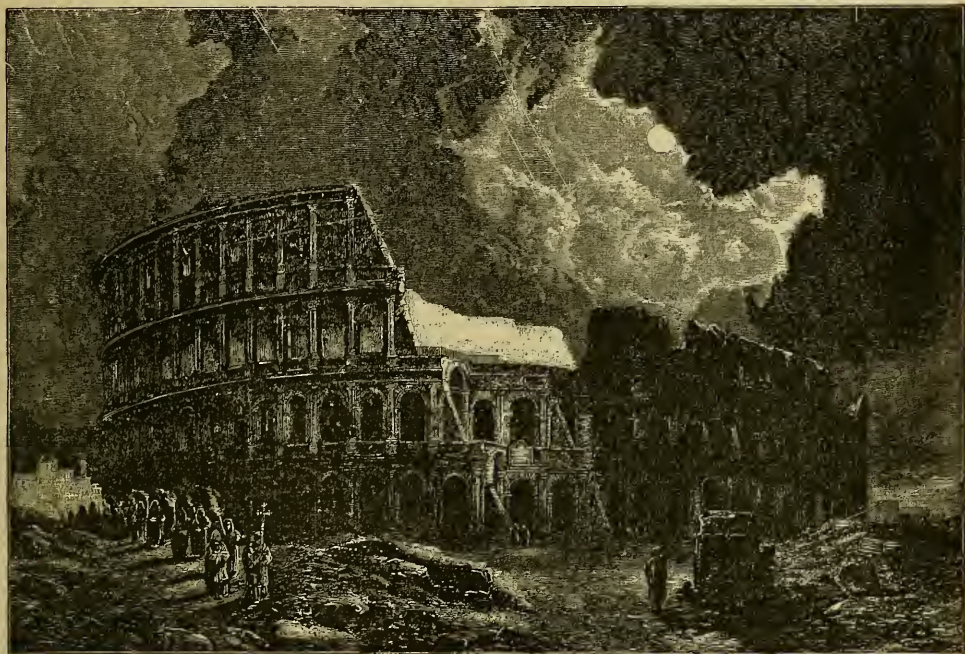
This was repeated back again from one to another, till it reached the first man inside the door. He asked the preparer outside, and the answer was "It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest."

"Ask his name, country and profession," commanded the grand-master when he had received the answer. This, like the others was passed

along, the replies returned and written down by the secretary. "Ask him his habitation," was the next command. Then, "Ask him what it is he seeks among us?"

"Light, and to become a member of the society," was the reply.

"Let him enter," said the grand-master, and each official repeated it solemnly to the next, until it reached the door-keeper. The "pagan" was then led into the middle of the assembly, where he was again questioned.



COLISEUM.

"Mortal, the first virtues we require are frankness and courage," said the grand-master. "Do you feel that you are capable of practising both to the utmost?"

If the answer to this and other questions was satisfactory, the master said "It is well. We will expose you to trials, in which you will find a meaning. Let him first make the journey."

The candidate who was still blind-folded, was then led out of the baraca, and caused to journey through the forest. His attendant, following

silently at a distance. But the candidate thought himself lost in a tangle of trees and brushwood, where he heard torrents rushing close beside his path, and every kind of danger seemed to menace him. If he met all these bravely his keeper came to him at last and took him back to the baraca. The same preamble was gone through at the door, except that when he was again in the presence of the grand-master that person explained the meaning of the journey he had just taken. It was to show him that in the life before him he would meet with many dangers and difficulties, but he must overcome them if he would reach the goal.

He then was told to take another journey, during which his bandage was suddenly removed for a minute and he saw before him what seemed to be a human head just severed from the body. This was to show him what the society of the Carbonari did with traitors.

He was then taken back, still blind-folded, and made to kneel on a white cloth and swear the most solemn oath to uphold the objects of the society, and willingly meet his death if he revealed its secrets. The members then formed a circle around him and the grand-master asked, "What do you desire, pagan?" "Light," he replied. "It shall be granted you by the blows of my axe."

The bandage was then removed and he saw himself surrounded by a circle of gleaming axes, which the grand-master assured him would surely put him to death if he violated his oath, but would just as surely be raised in his behalf should he continue faithful and ever stand in need of protection or assistance. This was the society that sought to be rid of their enemies by secret assassinations, which the members were charged with accomplishing. But they did not succeed, though by thus banding together they showed the strength there was in union, for the Carbonari grew to be a very large society. The whole population of many towns enrolled themselves, and entire regiments most willingly joined. Magistrates were compelled to enter in order to obtain anything like obedience to their decrees, and all who were unprotected were glad to become members, in hope of support or assistance. But the Carbonari did not drive out the Austrians.

Victor Emmanuel.—Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, which included besides the island of that name, Piedmont, Genoa, Savoy, and Nice, was the first Italian to come out boldly and propose to fight for freedom from foreign rules—"I am ready," he said, "to give my life, and that of my sons, my arms, my treasure, everything I have, for the cause of Italy."

Such noble words brought out other patriots, and in 1848 he was ready to declare war on Austria. As his minister returned home from the ses-

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

sion at which this declaration had been passed, he was stopped by a young man, wrapped in a mantle, whom he did not at first recognize.

"I came to beg you not to forget me when the companies are formed,"

said the young prince. "Will I have a command? I beg you to speak of it to my father immediately."

"His majesty intends giving a command to your Highness," replied the minister, as soon as the young man had thrown open his mantle and revealed his face. "Be sure the Duke of Savoy could not be forgotten." Victor Emmanuel, for this was he, shook the minister's hand heartily, wrapped himself again in his cloak and returned to the palace quite happy. This young prince had inherited his father's desire for the unity and independence of Italy, and with it a love for warfare that had led him to leave the society of the court and devote his time to military studies. He was placed, therefore, at the head of a corps and took an important part in the battle that followed, but King Charles was defeated, the Italian cause lost,—at least for a time.

That evening Charles Albert called his sons and his generals around him and said. "It is now eighteen years that I have done the utmost in my power for the good of my people. It is most painful to me to see my hopes crushed, not so much for myself as for my country. I have not as I would have wished, found death on the field of battle: perhaps my person is the sole obstacle to our obtaining fair terms with the enemy. As no further means remain to us of carrying on hostilities, I at this very moment give up my crown in favor of my son, Victor Emmanuel, in the hope that he may be able to come to a better agreement and procure the country an advantageous peace. Here is your king."

The first words of the young king to his subjects were no less noble and inspiring than those of his patriotic father.

"I will keep intact," said he "the institutions given by my father. I will hold high and firm the tri-colored flag, the symbol of Italian nationality which has been beaten now, but which will triumph one day."

For ten years Victor Emmanuel devoted himself to the government of his kingdom and to preparing the way for the union of the whole country.

Then he was ready to fight the war of Italian independence. It began in January 1859, and lasted five months. At Solferino on the 24th of June, the Italians, assisted by the French under Napoleon III., defeated the Austrians, and in the following February the liberator of his country was crowned King of Italy.

THE PLAGUE IN MILAN.—Italy's misfortunes rank next to Ireland's wrongs. Overrun by barbarians and foreign troops, torn by civil strife, and held down by foreign powers, the victim of terrible volcanic eruptions,

of earthquakes, floods and malaria, she has still one other enemy in the shape of epidemic diseases. In the year 1347, the most terrible plague ever known in the history of the world, carried off two-thirds of her entire population, and many times since the cholera and other contagious diseases have raged with great violence. The cause of these is usually the filthy condition of the cities, and their ignorance and superstition. But when good government has had a chance to raise the people above these, better things may be expected for Italy.

The most terrible results of superstition, degredation and blind, ignorant rage was felt by the city of Milan during a terrible plague in 1628. A scant harvest, and the entrance of a plundering body of foreign troops brought on a famine. The soldiers destroyed much, and the price of wheat shortly rose so that only the rich could buy. The city undertook to care for the poor, and put them all in *lazzarettos* where they could be fed and sheltered. But those who had the care of these places were wicked, and adulterated the food for their own profit. The place was also allowed to become filthy, and a contagion broke out; then in terror the whole mass of inmates were sent out, and they carried the disease all over the city.

While in this condition of sickness and starvation a soldier entered the city, was taken sick and died,—with a terrible malignant plague. Every person in the house where he lodged sickened and died within a few days. For a time it was hoped that the disease had spread no further; but the hope was vain. There were fresh out-breaks and more deaths.

The people in their terror refused to believe that it was the plague, and even attacked the doctors who had said it was, but they were soon obliged to believe the truth by the rapid spread of the disease.

Then they turned with frenzy to seek for a cure. They paid no attention to the doctors but sought relief in superstitious ceremonies. A former governor of the city in time of a pestilence had died, and for his wise measures had been cannonized. So it was decided to take Saint Charles up from his grave and carry him through the city in a solemn procession. The body of the saint they said would surely stay the plague.

The doctors saw what would be the consequences of such a procession, and vainly sought to prevent it. Within three days everything was ready. Triumphal arches were raised, the streets were lined with tapestry and silk, emblems, and verses in gilt letters a foot high were to be seen on all sides. Altars were raised at every corner, and balconies were erected in front of the houses in which bands of music and singers were placed.

Houses were gaily decorated which were filled within with the dead and dying.

When the day for the procession came, everybody that could crawl out of his bed joined the throng in the closely packed streets. For twelve hours the show lasted, and the result was just what the doctors had foretold. Every person who joined the crowd was surrounded by the contagion on all sides and, of course, there was a terrible out-burst of fresh cases. Consternation seized the people to see that even the body of Saint Charles, which they kept exposed in the cathedral eight days longer, was not enough to turn aside the calamity.

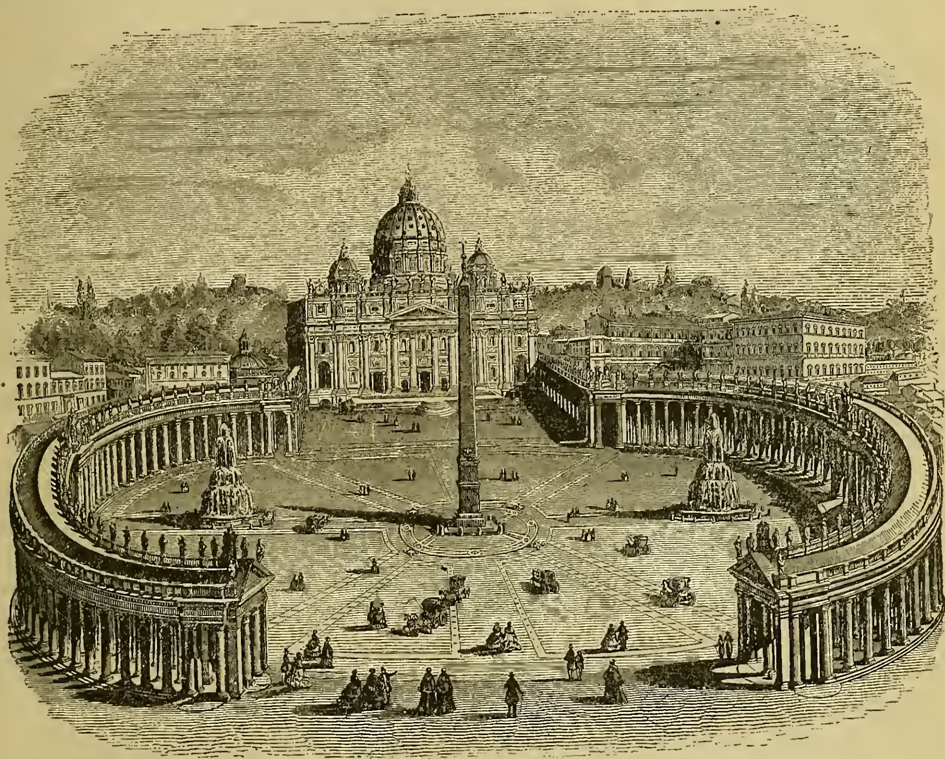
To make matters still worse, disorder and license broke out, and added greatly to the distress. A class of men called "monatti" were appointed by the authorities to go into the houses and take the sick to the lazzaretto and the dead to the pits outside the city. For this purpose they were given the right to enter any house, and being men of the lowest class, hardened by the scenes they passed through, if they were not before, they committed the grossest deeds. They compelled the people who were well to give them their money and valuables by threatening to take them to the fearful lazzaretto. Seeing the advantages these robbers were having, others put on the dress of the "monatti" and joined in plundering.

To crown the horrors of the stricken city the mad idea broke out that the plague was caused by a poisonous ointment which evil-minded people put upon the walls of houses. It did not take long to find those who could be accused of the crime, and they were taken before magistrates to be tortured and put to death. Every name that could be extorted from the suffering, crazy victims on the rack furnished a fresh accusation, and so the persecution went on, until a disease that might have been stopped in the beginning by proper measures, through ignorance and superstition nearly depopulated the whole city.

The Medici.—Through all Italy's darkest hours there was one city where prosperity, commerce, pleasure, luxury, learning and the arts continued uninterrupted. This was the city of Florence, which was ruled by the famous family of Medici. The first great head of this family, that came to have such a wide influence throughout Italy and Europe, was Giovanni de Medici, a successful merchant. He discovered a great secret of success in acquiring wealth and worldly influence, and when he was about to die he called his two sons to his bed-side and imparted it to them. He told them always to side with the multitude, this would bring them patron-

age; to avoid taking part in quarrels; but to seek popularity with all parties.

His son Cosmo, who became head of the family after his death, learned the lesson to perfection, and even improved upon his father's system. He lived frugally, and used his increasing wealth wholly in building up his influence with the people. He lent money to the state for war expenses; lent



ST. PETERS AND THE VATICAN.

money to needy citizens; put good things in the way of struggling traders; paid off the debts of those whose privilege of voting was taken away because of them; built up by his influence those who were on his side in politics; but ruined those opposed to him by turning the markets to their disadvantage. He began a new kind of persecution. If a man voted against the Medici party, he found that while money was plenty for others, it was not

for him; his rivals in trade underbid him; taxes increased as his wealth diminished, until he had to sell his property to pay his debts.

In politics Cosmo was equally artful. He knew it would not be wise to put himself at the head of affairs; that would excite jealousy and opposition. He kept carefully out of sight, but he put in power men whom he could manage to suit himself,—those who owed him money or other obligations, or who had done something bad that only he knew about, but whom he would not bring to justice as long as they did his bidding.

But worse still was another method by which he sought to keep the people under his control. He made the city merry with carnivals and festivals and other pleasures, that the citizens might become gay and careless of public affairs, and leave them more and more into his hands.

In this way Cosmo made himself and his family the first in Florence; a place which they held for many years. Though they had never belonged to the nobility, yet when foreign princes, kings, and their ministers came to Florence, it was the Medici who entertained them at their princely mansion. Here were gathered the men of culture and learning, musicians, painters and sculptors, for the Medici were great patrons of all the fine arts and sciences. But in time this family was made noble; they became princes and dukes, and two of their number were placed in the chair of St. Peter at Rome, the place of greatest power then in the world.

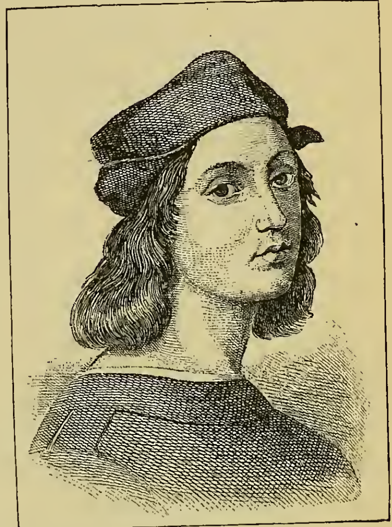
The Snow Statue.—Lorenzo de Medici, one of the most gifted of the whole Medici family, and the greatest promoter of art, opened in Florence a garden filled with antique statues and busts, for the use of artists. Among the students who hastened there to take advantantage of these was Michael Angelo, then a mere boy. His first attempt at sculpture so pleased Lorenzo that he invited the young artist to come and occupy rooms in his house, and become one of his family. When Lorenzo died his son Pietro continued the invitation to Angelo.

One evening as Pietro was entertaining some friends in the great mansion, a heavy storm of snow fell, and when the guests went out to go home every object in the yard was covered thick with snow. "Look at that Odyssean ghost!" cried one of the guests to Pietro, who stood bowing and smiling farewells to his friends. "Pietro mio, thou hast a noble quarry," said another. "Send for the students of San Marco and order a new Colossus."

"Well thought of Francesco," returned Pietro; "We will have a statue before our door to foretell the greatness of our Florence." "Luego," he said, beckoning to a page, "Where is the sculptor Angelo? Let him be called.

Come to-morrow friends and see the prophetic statue. Come as the bell strikes high noon and we shall have some grand sport."

Michael Angelo was summoned from his studio to make a snow statue for his young patron,—a task that his proud spirit did not exactly relish. His talents had already excited much admiration, and he resented the idea of using them to furnish sport for Pietro and his friends. But he went to work vigorously. All night in the cold he piled, beat and patted the snow, his anger cooling as the image grew under his hands, and he saw it expressing obediently the thought he wished to put into it.



RAPHAEL.

When the morning sun lighted up the Val d'Arno, there sat a colossal figure of Jupiter fronting the window of the Plazzo, with the most severe and threatening look upon his stern white face.

The early walkers in Florence that morning looked with wonder at the great white statue, and soon its fame spread all over the city. All Florence poured out to see it.

Long before the great bell had tolled the hour of noon, the gay young friends of Pietro had come in response to his invitation and been warmly welcomed. They gathered at the window and looked out at the statue which was to prophesy the fortunes of Florence. In the centre of the circle stood the handsome Pietro, wrapped in his costly fur mantle, and by his side, at his express command, stood Michael Angelo.

But the sport they expected was wanting. Before the outstretched arm, warning hand and stern face of that white majestic figure, their jests died away. It was a moment of triumph for the artist. He saw that Pietro was awed as he looked upon the statue he had ordered to furnish sport; the stern menace it expressed was not the pleasing prophecy he expected. Michael Angelo felt gratified too, that his talent which was to have furnished sport, had compelled admiration from all Florence, as the surging crowd around the statue testified.

In December of that year, Charles VIII. of France, ruled in the Palazzo de Medici, and Pietro was a fugitive. Ten years afterward and the waters of

Garigliano had closed over him, as he was fighting with the French against the Spaniards. But the prophecy of the snow statue was not yet entirely fulfilled. There was another side to it,—the future of the great artist who had made it. In 1854, all the citizens of Florence were again assembled to do honor to a work of Michael Angelo, chiseled from the snowy marbles of Carara. Slowly the colossal statue of David was lifted to its place in the *piazza del Gran Duca*, and there it has stood ever since; the admiration and wonder of all beholders, as the great artist himself, sculptor, painter, architect and poet, has been the wonder of the world.

Raphael's Saint Cecilia.—Next to the name of Michael Angelo among Italian painters is that of Raphael, who was only a few years younger, and was particularly celebrated for his numerous Madonnas. In those days the best artists were employed in decorating the chapels and cathedrals, and when the chapel at Bologna was finished, Raphael was invited to adorn it with religious paintings.

The building had been dedicated to St. Cecilia, one of the early martyrs, who had been a great musician; so one of the chief features of the decorations had to be a picture of Saint Cecilia, and Raphael made it one of his best.

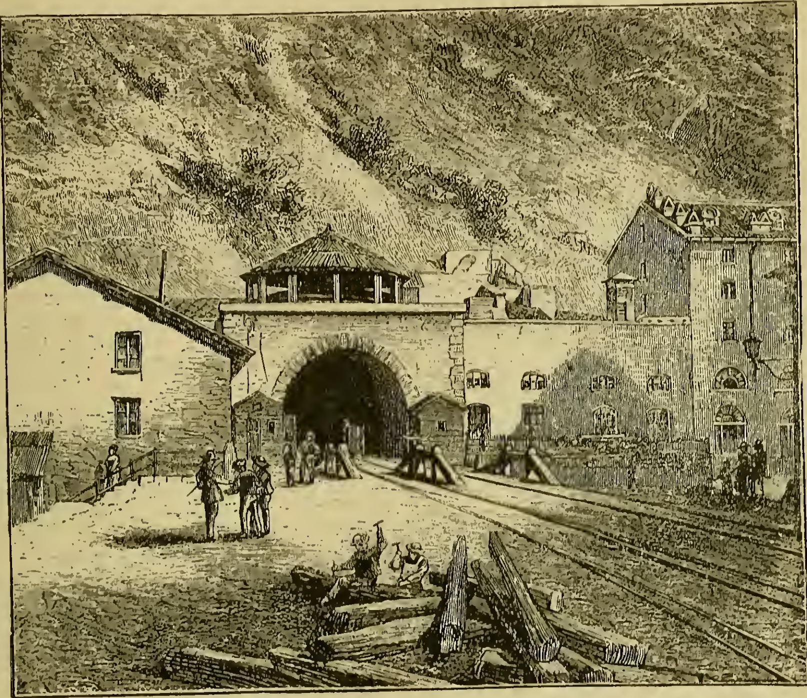
The picture represents Saint Paul, Saint John, Saint Augustine and Mary Magdalene grouped around Saint Cecilia, the central figure. The idea of the picture is the effect that music has upon each of these different persons which is shown by musical instruments scattered around. Saint Paul stands quietly listening, but his face shows that his mind is filled, not so much with the music he hears, as with the thoughts it suggests. He represents the influence of music on a reasoning man. Saint John on the other hand is wholly taken up with the sweet sounds. While it lasts he does not stop to think, he only listens. That is the effect of music upon an emotional man. The same contrast is repeated in the other two figures, only that Saint Augustine both listens and thinks so that when the music shall have ceased, he will be able to describe it, and its effect upon him. Mary Magdalene appears less eager than Saint John; she hears without listening. She feels its soothing effect, and is satisfied. She is at peace with herself and the world.

But with Saint Cecilia the effect is different from all these. She listens, thrilled and motionless, but she also sees as she lifts her eyes the source of the heavenly music. She feels the harmony and sees from whence it comes.

Such are the fine distinctions and the beautiful ideas that those old painters sought to express in their pictures. They are called the "idealists,"

in distinction from the "realists;" such as Rembrant and others, who painted things just as they appeared, no matter how ugly. The Dutch painters tried simply to represent nature; the old Italians elevated thoughts.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.—One of the greatest, if not *the* greatest work ever accomplished by engineers, is the Mont Cenis tunnel through the Alps, between France and Italy. This was planned and executed solely



MOUNT CENIS TUNNEL.

by the Italians. The St. Gothard, completed eleven years later, is somewhat longer, but the Mont Cenis one was the pioneer.

When it was first proposed to tunnel the Alps, everybody, of course, laughed at the idea. They said it would be utterly impossible, that there were beds of rock in the Alps so hard that no instrument could penetrate them; that great caverns would be run into, leading down nobody knew where; that the bottom might be knocked out of some underground lake,

and not only the mine but the whole country be flooded. But none of these imaginary difficulties troubled the engineers; they were studying the real ones.

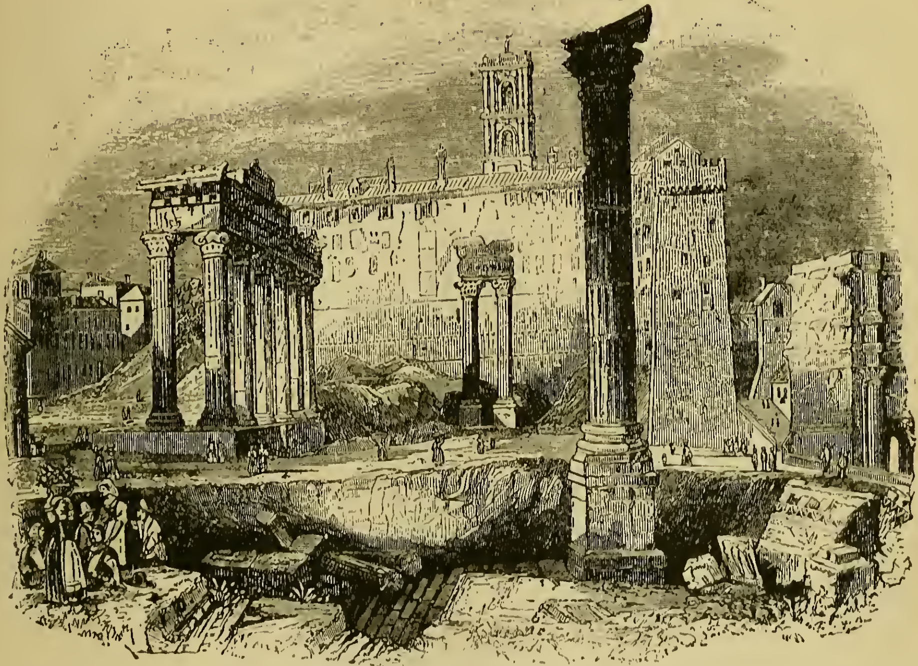
The great difficulty was that the work could not be carried on in the ordinary manner, by sinking shafts every little way from which to work, for the distance from the top of the mountain down to the proposed route was nearly as great as the whole length of the tunnel. They must work from the ends until they met in the middle. To do this, they must find a way of forcing air into the mine to carry out the poisonous vapors of the explosions and supply the men; and they must find some kind of machinery to work the drills when they were far in the mine, away from air and water supplies. Some one finally hit upon a way of forcing in compressed air, but then the machinery was lacking. Steam drills had been invented, but steam engines to run them would consume more air than they could provide. Then some one thought of using the compressed air to drive the drills instead of steam. In a little while a machine of this kind was ready, and the plans laid before Victor Emmanuel and his ministers, who were then busily planning the union of Italy. They both thought very favorably of the project, the experiments which were tried were satisfactory; and in 1857 Victor; Emmanuel fired the first mine.

Then very careful surveys had to be made over the line proposed, and signal staffs set up so that when the two mines met in the centre they should exactly come together, and not pass by each other with several feet of rock between. In making these surveys, the engineers had to scale the steep sides of the Alps, carrying their instruments, make paths over untrodden regions, and take their measurements in places where a sudden storm would shut out their signal posts and keep them waiting for hours on a giddy height.

While this was going on huge water-wheels were set up in the streams at each extremity of the proposed tunnel, and machinery prepared for furnishing the condensed air. A large tank, something like a gas-holder, was put on the bank above the streams. Running up into this from the water were a number of hollow tubes, each opening into the tank or receiver, by a valve. The current of the stream then would turn the wheel; the wheel force water up into the tubes, which would condense the air already there. From there it would go into the receiver, and from there the compressed be carried by pipes into the mine.

While the machinery was being prepared the drilling was carried on by

hand for two or three years. Then the drilling machines were put in and kept going night and day for nearly ten years. Once a fortnight the work was stopped while the engineers took observations to see that the mine was being kept in a line with the signal posts over the mountain. They also had to compute very carefully the grade of the excavations, so that one should not pass over the top of the other when they met. But whether their meas-



IN THE FORUM, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL.

urements would bring the two mines together true or not, continued to be an anxious question through all the years of the work. When at last, on Christmas day, 1870, the portion between them was pierced, they fitted by only a few inches. Ten months later the tunnel was opened for railroad travel, and now only seven minutes are required to pass through the mountain over which the route had always been so tedious and dangerous.

CHAPTER XVII.

TURKEY—IN EUROPE.

European Turkey is a bit of Asia that drifted across the Hellespont in the fourteenth century, and has not yet gone back; but the tide of its progress is rapidly ebbing that way. During the last century slice after slice of the Turk's European territory has been cut away, and his hold upon the remainder is very weak. It is only England's careful nursing that has kept this "Sick Man" alive so long. She is afraid that Russia and Austria would, in case of his death, fall heir to too large a portion of his dominions, and this would threaten British possessions in the east.

THE HAREM WINDOW.

At the opening of the present century Turkey held possession of Greece, Servia and Roumania, all of which have now become independent; of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which have been transferred to Austria; and Bulgaria, which is now nearly independent. Only the old provinces of Macedonia and Thrace, and Albania, with a portion of Epirus and Thessaly are left entirely under the Sultan's control.

All of these provinces, excepting the eastern part of Thrace, are very mountainous, but the slopes are richly covered with forests of pine, beech and oak at their tops, ranging down through all manner of nut and fruit trees to palms and almonds in the valleys.

The Grave of Orpheus.—The highest land in Turkey is the lofty

Olympian group in the southern part of Macedonia,—the sacred ground of the ancient Greeks. The throne of Jupiter, they said, was on its summit, but veiled from mortal eyes by the clouds that ever hovered about it, concealing the entrance to the vault of heaven.

One of the most beautiful myths of the ancient Greeks was that of the sweet singer Orpheus, whose grave, according to their tradition, was at the foot of these very mountains that had often been moved out of their place by his wonderful music. The madly rushing torrents used to stop in their course to listen to him, and the wild beasts of the forest, at the sound of his entrancing melodies, became as tame and gentle as lambs.

But poor Orpheus ! his beautiful young wife, Eurydice, was taken from him, and then all the valleys and groves were filled with his piteous lamentations. At last he could bear his grief no longer, and he determined to brave the horrors of the lower world in order to entreat the king of that region to restore to him his beloved wife.

Taking only his golden lyre he descended into the gloomy depths, and there, as he journeyed along, his wonderful music arrested for a time the torments of the unhappy. Tantalus forgot his perpetual thirst; and even the Furies forgot to be cruel, and shed tears at the sound of his lyre.

When he came to the king's palace he began to tell his woes, accompanying his mournful tale with his sweet sounding lyre. And the king and queen were both so moved that they promised to let Eurydice go back again with her husband, on condition that he would not look upon her until he had reached the upper world.

Orpheus very gladly promised to do as they said, and started back again to the regions of light, followed by Eurydice. When he had almost reached the extreme limits of Hades, forgetting for a moment his promise, he turned to see if his wife were really behind him, but that glance was fatal to his hope. She was there when he looked, but instantly she was snatched away, and vanished forever from his sight.

His grief now was ten times greater than before, and his music was his sole consolation. He wandered all day alone through the wildest and most secluded parts of the forest, filling the hills and dales with his sad melodies.

Happening to come one day upon some Thracian women who were holding a wild carnival, they fell upon him with great fury and tore him to pieces. Then the Muses collected his remains and buried them at the foot of Mount Olympus, and the nightingales warbled a funeral dirge over his grave.

Macedonia.—All the land about the Archipelago, the ancient Ægian sea, is full of places made famous by stirring events of the past. The largest part of this region was included within ancient Macedonia,—the birth-place of him who first gave the country its great name, and of his son who made himself master of the whole world. On a little plain northwest of the Gulf of Salonica, between the Vardar and Kara rivers, stood the ancient town of Pella, where Philip I. of Macedon established his court, and here in the year 356 B. C. was born the great conqueror. Here he spent his boyhood, taming his fiery steed, Bucephalous, and studying under his great teacher Aristotle. It is said that as soon as Philip received the news of Alexander's birth he wrote to Aristotle, "I know not which makes me the happier,—that I have a son, or that I can have Aristotle for his teacher."

Philip's confidence was rightly placed. The philosopher succeeded in making a very good student of the war-like young prince. In the midst of his conquests in Asia and Africa, in after years, he used to collect specimens of plants and animals to send home to his old teacher, and sometimes Aristotle went with him and made valuable conquests in science, while Alexander made conquests in war.

Aristotle's birth-place was also in Macedonia, in the town of Stagira, that stood on the borders of the little gulf of Orfani.

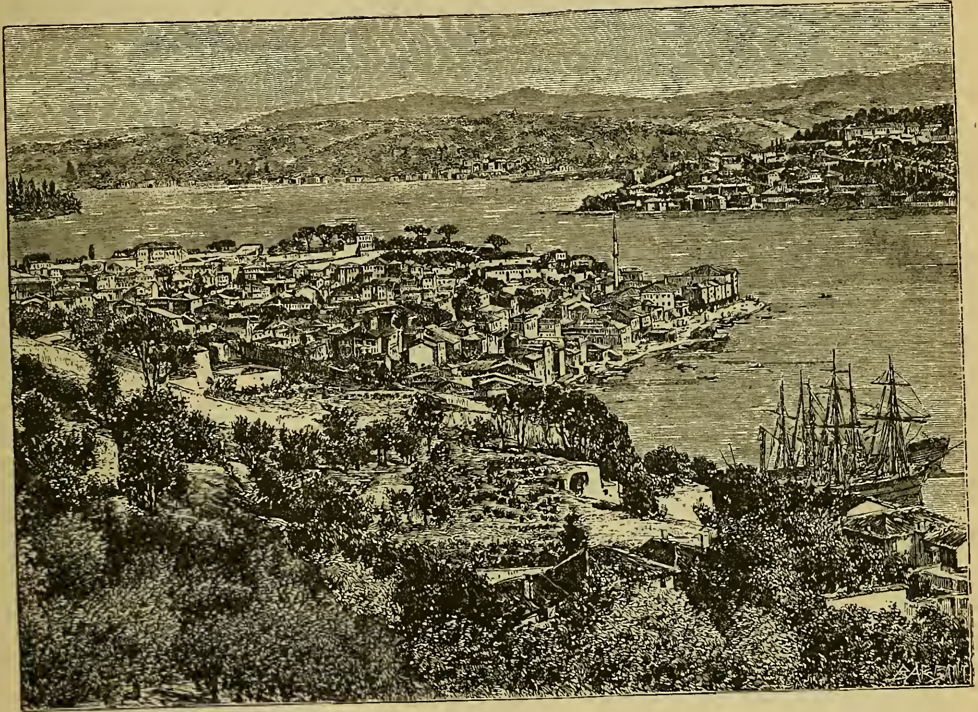
Further to the east, on the northern shore of the Archipelago, stood the old city of Philippi, where a number of important events occurred. Philip enlarged the place and named it after himself. Near it was a very important gold mine, from which he used to obtain a thousand talents of gold every year. It was at Philippi that Brutus and Cassius, after the death of Julius Cæsar, fought with Antony and Octavius, and were defeated (42 B. C.). With them fell the old Roman republic, and the empire soon rose in its place under Octavius, who took upon himself the title of Augustus Cæsar.

Philippi was twice visited by the apostle Paul, and was the first place in Europe where he preached the gospel. Nothing but ruins are now found there, among them the remains of a great amphitheatre and a huge relic of the temple of Claudius.

The Golden Horn.—The most important of the Turkish provinces is ancient Thrace, extending from the borders of Macedonia to the Bosphorus. It contains the rich plain of Adrianople, where roses are raised by the acre to be converted into the precious Attar of Roses, that sells for one

hundred dollars an ounce. But this is not such an extravagant price, when it takes four hundred thousand full grown flowers to make an ounce of the oil.

Where the Bosphorus begins to cut the eastern extremity of Thrace, near the sea of Marmora, is a little inlet jutting out from the strait into the peninsula, shaped like an ox's horn. Upon this, many years ago, a city was built by Greek colonists from Sparta and Athens, and was called By-



THE BOSPHORUS.

zantium. Having an excellent harbor, and being right on the line of travel from Europe to Asia, it grew to be a very flourishing city. It became the depot of the corn trade between the shores of the Euxine (Black) Sea and Greece and Egypt, and was the centre of very extensive fisheries.

Because of the wealth and prosperity thus flowing into it, the little inlet upon which the city stood received the name of "the Golden Horn," which has clung to it ever since. Upon this "Golden Horn" the ships of

all nations are riding to-day, loading and unloading their treasures, just as they have been doing for ages. But nations have come and gone since then. The city has been taken and retaken, and each new master has given it a new name and a new appearance.

Philip of Macedon attempted to take the city of Byzantium from the Greeks, but by the help of the Athenians, whom Demosthenes had at last stirred up, it was able to hold out against him. It is said, however, to the disgrace of these old Byzantians, that their patriotism was not sufficient to keep them at their posts of duty on the walls until their general had planted there a range of cook shops.

The citizens were wise enough not to resist Alexander, and so were not disturbed by him. All he asked of them was that they acknowledge him as their master. It also became an ally of Rome when that rising power was at war with Alexander's failing successors, and continued for a long time on good terms with the Roman emperors. But when Vespasian took away its liberties, and put over it a Roman governor, there began to be trouble. It stood out against the Emperor Severius during a three years' siege, and then when at last compelled by famine to surrender, the chief citizens were put to death and the massive walls torn down. Again it was rebuilt and again sacked and pillaged. At last Constantine captured it, and determined to make it the capital of the Roman empire. He began to build here a new city, which he intended to call New Rome, but which was finally called "the city of Constantine,"—Constantinople.

THE CHURCH OF SAINT SOPHIA.—When the Roman Empire was divided between the two sons of Theodosius the Great, one of whom was the weak Honorius, Constantinople became the capital of the Eastern Empire; which extended over Asia Minor to the Euphrates, over Syria, Egypt and the northern coast of Africa, as far as Tunis, and in Europe over nearly all of the peninsula between the Adriatic and Black Seas, as far north as the Danube.

For a thousand years after the Western Empire had fallen (395—1453), this Eastern, Byzantine, or Greek Empire, continued to hold together, protecting from the savage hordes that raged around it the remains of ancient Greek and Roman civilization.

Justinian, who came to the throne about one hundred and thirty years after it was established, raised the Empire to the summit of its glory. His victorious general, Belisarius, drove the Vandals from Africa and the Goths from Rome; his lawyers collected from all the old Roman laws material for a book that has ever since been of great value to the law-makers of every

CONSTANTINOPLE.

civilized nation; and the city of Constantinople was adorned and beautified by this successful, but vain and selfish ruler, until he thought it "worthy of himself." A throng of stately churches, a palace of unequalled splendor, groves, gardens, and public edifices, rich with varied marbles, mosaics and gold rose over the city, but the crowning glory of them all was the church of Saint Sophia.

To perfect this grand cathedral Justinian labored with a zeal that never tired. Often he went about under the glare of the noonday sun while all others slept, clothed in a course linen tunis, a staff in his hand, his head bound with a linen cloth, directing his workmen, urging the indolent and stimulating the industrious.

The church was built of brick and coated with marble. A hundred columns of jasper, porphyry and other costly stones torn from ancient temples, unlike in form and carving, sustained the lofty roof. Four high columns, very tall and graceful, held up the swelling dome. Twenty-two rounded windows threw streams of light through the groined ribs of equal number. Four colossal figures of winged seraphins adorned its four angles, and from its summit looked down the majestic face of Christ.

At the eastern end of the pillared nave, arose the silver screen of the altar, composed of twelve pillars wrought in arabesque devices, twined into pairs and graced with holy faces. Above was a massive cross of gold. The table of the altar was formed of molten gold, and behind it were seats of silver, separated by golden pillars, arranged for the bishops and the clergy. Tall candelabra of gold of the richest workmanship threw a soft light over the glittering scene. The altar cloths were stiff with gold and gems.

On Christmas day, in the year 538, the great church was dedicated, with ceremonies the most pompous and magnificent that Justinian could devise.

When the great bronze doors rolled open, the Emperor, clothed in purple, the patriarch radiant in cloth of gold, a host of clergy arrayed in rich vesture, filled the silver seats around the altar. The golden candlesticks poured down their sparkling lights. The graceful galleries were thronged with the fairest and noblest women of Constantinople; throngs of people covered the floor and isles, and Justinian in grateful exultation, with arms outstretched and lifted in the attitude of prayer exclaimed, "Glory to God who has deemed me worthy of such a work! I have conquered thee, O Solomon!" The chant of countless choristers swelled through the pillared isles. Immense sums were expended in lavish gifts to the poor.

For nine centuries the Emperors of Byzantium were crowned in the church

of Saint Sophia; patriarchs were there installed, and Christian festivals celebrated with all the pomp of the east. All the imperial marriages and baptisms were celebrated at its altars. Its magnificent ceremonies so impressed the ambassadors of Vladimir in the year 987, that the Greek form of the Christian religion was chosen for the rising Russian empire.

From the pulpit of Saint Sophia in 867, Photius, the patriarch of Constantinople, pronounced the sentence of excommunication against the pope of Rome, and thus started the breach between the Greek and Latin churches, which has never yet been healed.

And here, in the church of Saint Sophia, in 1453, amidst the groans and cries of a host of dying Greeks, Mohammed II. strode up the blood-stained aisle and proclaimed from the high altar the religion of God and the Prophet. The rich ornaments were torn out, the pictures destroyed, and the Mohammedan crescent was raised above the high dome in place of the Christian cross.

The Knights at Constantinople.—A little more than three hundred and fifty years before the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the Emperor Alexis had joined Peter the Hermit and the Pope in urging Christian princes of Europe to make war on the Turks in the Holy Land. For seeing his eastern possessions over-run by these terrible foes, and being unable to drive them out himself, he naturally turned to the strong Christian warriors of Europe, of whose valor he had heard much, for assistance. With joy he heard of their preparation for the war. But his joy was turned into surprise, and then into fear and suspicion, when the vast host of crusaders began to cross his territory on their way to the Holy Land. He had expected a few troops of well disciplined soldiers, but instead came the countless legions of rude warriors and people that no man could number, pouring with frantic eagerness towards the Bosphorus. He did not at all like the appearance of the steel-clad knights, the men of iron, beside whom his own subjects looked very small and weak. He feared that they would not leave him as well off as they had found him, and required them to take an oath of allegiance before he would give them permission to cross over into Asia. The knights were greatly displeased at this, and at first refused to comply. But their leader, Godfrey of Bouillon, finally persuaded them to yield their pride for the sake of the cause upon which they were engaged. All but one consented. But they showed very little respect to this magnificent eastern emperor. One knight, when he had taken the oath, coolly seated himself beside the monarch on his throne saying, "What

churl is this that sits when so many brave knights are standing in his presence."

None of the emperors officers, though greatly shocked at this rudeness to their sovereign, dared offer to molest him, and the emperor himself felt it was best to conceal his indignation by asking the name and rank of the warrior who had taken so great a liberty. One of the other Crusaders took the rude knight by the hand, rebuked him for his rudeness and compelled him to rise; but still he answered the king's question by saying proudly, "I can tell you this. In my country there is an ancient church to which those desirous of proving their valor repair, fully armed for battle, and having gone through their devotions, there remain to abide the attack of any adventurous knight that may appear to encounter them. At that church, where three ways met, have I abode for a long space. But there lives not a man in France who dared answer my challenge."

The Emperor replied by saying that if the knight wished to fight his desire would probably be fully gratified when he met the Turks, and he kindly gave him some information about their mode of warfare.

It is not strange that Alexis breathed easier when these rude warriors were safely over the Bosphorus, but he misjudged them and did not assist them as much as he promised to in their battles with his foes. He is accused of having betrayed them into the hands of the Turks, and of thwarting their best efforts more than once. If this is true his successors paid the penalty in after years when these Turks, having stripped Byzantium of her possessions in Asia, crossed the Helespont and conquered all the rest.

Constantinople was the last Greek stronghold to fall, and with it fell the last of the Eastern Emperors, Constantine XIII. He stood at the walls bravely fighting and urging his allies not to fly until after the Turks had begun to pour over the walls. His body was found among heaps of the slain and could only be recognized by the golden eagles embroidered on his shoes.

The Janizaries.—Not even the old barbarians were more inhuman in their treatment of the vanquished than were the Turks in their treatment of the Christians. For these people, besides being savage and brutal, were religious fanatics. Death or the Koran were the only terms they granted to those they conquered. Their rule was one of continual insult, oppression and outrage. They showed less mercy to the "Christian dog" than to the brute dog, who was allowed to live as best he could unmolested.

One of the greatest afflictions the Christians had to suffer was to yield one-fifth of all their bravest boys to be educated in the Mohammedan faith and

trained to become soldiers. Every fifth year the Turkish officers came and collected this priceless tribute from the Christian fathers and mothers, and the boys thus taken never come back. They often become the most zealous of Mohammedans, and the troops they formed, the "Janizaries," were the most hardy and valuable of the Sultan's army.

When Solyman the Magnificent won his great victory at Mohaci (1526), the flower of his troops were these "Janizaries" that had been taken in their youth from the conquered people. They were the best disciplined troops on the Continent. But after the death of Solyman the Sultans of Turkey began to give themselves up to pleasure, leaving the care of their government and their armies to officers. Then the Janizaries were not well trained; they became undisciplined and immoral. They were not now always taken from the Christians, but from any source whatever. Whoever wished could join the Janizaries, whether he knew anything about fighting or not, whether he was a respectable citizen or villain. But nearly all were from the very lowest classes, little better than vagabonds.

Then Janizaries began to rebel against the Sultan. When set to guard a city or province, they seized whatever they wished from the people, put to death whom they chose, and when the Sultan sent orders that did not please them, appeared "with their kettles reversed,"—a sign that they were going to do as they pleased. The spoon and kettle was the chief badge of the Janizaries, and when they were in revolt they always announced it by turning their kettles upside down.

For a long time the turbulent Janizaries made great trouble for the Sultan, as well as for the people over whom they tyrannized. Some of the Sultans were put to death for trying to reduce them to order; others sought to keep on good terms by yielding to them.

It was not until 1826 that these troublesome troops were disposed of. Sultan Mahmoud had been obliged on first ascending the throne to pardon a number of the Janizaries, but he began at once planning to overcome them. After gaining over on his side some of the chief officers, with the Mohammedan priests, he issued an order that a certain number of Janizaries out of every regiment should join the regular disciplined militia. This, as he expected, lead to a great revolt. The kettles were all turned upside down, but the Sultan was ready for them. A large number of citizens, private guards and sailors, seized the artillery and turned it upon the rebellious troops.

Terrible scenes now followed. The Janizaries fought with great fury, but

they were overcome. They were burned in their barracks, cannonaded, massacred in the streets, and driven into exile. Within three months twenty-five thousand were killed, and the order was never reorganized.

THE TURK AT HOME.—The Turk is a man who loves his ease; yet he lives in a most uncomfortable manner. He smokes his "chibouque" on sofas without backs; he uses his knees for a writing desk, and the floor for a dinner table. He is fond of riding, and has no roads. He is fond of visiting his friends in state, but has no carriage.

The Turk's wives are so muffled up that they cannot see where they are walking; they roll about like barrels from the length of their dresses and the largeness of their shoes. He veils and imprisons them, yet allows them to go where they please unaccompanied. He is never seen in public with his wife, never suffers her name to pass his lips, and would consider it an insult to be asked after her health.

The Turk is both extravagant and penurious; he keeps a multitude of servants, horses, pipe-sticks and houses, but his servants are poorly dressed, his horses are worthless, and his houses are often in such bad repair that the rain comes down into the drawing-room.

In Turkey great men salute those beneath them. Other Europeans take off their hats to show respect, the Turk takes off his shoes.

The Turkish gentlemen of means has his house and everything about it in the most exquisite taste. The walls are of white marble, and surround an open court, in the midst of which is a fountain flashing its bright water from a thousand jets; and its marble basin alive with gold-fish

The buildings are surrounded with orange trees, palms, limes, and terraces of flowers. The morning room is lighted by windows that open upon a beautiful garden threaded with marble walks. In the center perhaps is an artificial ledge of rocks, with a stream breaking over them into a number of waterfalls.

The covering of his furniture and drapery of his rooms is of rich satin damask; the hangings are of velvet worked and fringed with gold; the tables are covered with cloth of gold and silver; the floors are covered with matting and rich rugs. There are curious little stands here and there inlaid with mother-of-pearl; there are carved wooden boxes, and clocks that produce singing birds to announce the hours. His dinner is placed on silver trays, resting on low stools, around which are drawn cushions of pink and sky-blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver and colored silks. Beside every cushion are napkins of the finest muslin exquisitely

wrought with golden birds and silken flowers. A row of slaves reaching from the furthest tray to the door, pass the dishes from hand to hand until they reach the master, to whom the slave kneels as he presents them. Slaves lead the guests to their cushions, spread a napkin over their knees and pour rose water from a golden ewer over their hands. Then each guest helps himself from the dish in the center of the table, taking from any part of it whatever he wishes.

The Turk is fond of a variety of food; and has usually about fifteen courses at his private dinner, yet the meal does not last so long as in other countries, where there are fewer courses. The slaves remove each dish as soon as it is used, and the next course is passed in.

After an evening spent in listening to music, to his jesters, watching his dancers and talking with his guests, the Turk retires to his bed, which is a silk cushion, orange colored perhaps, embroidered with gold and filled with swan's down. And he draws over him when he lies down to his night's rest, a sheet of blue silk gauze brilliantly marked with crimson stripes, and a coverlid of pale violet silk worked with azure and golden flowers.

The Harem.—In the Turk's house are two departments, the "place of greeting," where the master receives his guests and transacts all his business, and the "harem," or "Sacred Enclosure," where his family lives. In the first the doors are always open, the windows unlatched, the rooms comparatively bare. But the other, the abode of his mother, wife or wives, daughters and female slaves, is carefully guarded from all outsiders, except female friends, and is embellished with every ornament and luxury that he can afford.

The harem is the Turk's chief solace. There he is his own master. No man may enter without his permission. Even officers sent to arrest him dare not enter the harem, neither will the servants call him out to attend to any business however important. The Turks lost an important battle in the late war with Russia because the commander-in-chief was in his harem when the officer in charge telegraphed him that the Russians were advancing, and asked for orders. The servants would not take the message to their master. The general on the field waited in vain for an answer, and then ordered a retreat on his own responsibility. After the defeat the authorities inquired into the case, and punished—not the commander-in-chief—it was not once supposed that the message could have been taken to him, but the general who lost the battle. He was condemned to exile.

The law of Mohammed allows four wives to all faithful followers of the prophet, but most Moslems find such a large household too expensive, and too uncomfortable because of the many family quarrels that are likely to arise. In most houses there is but one mistress, and her rule is undisputed. She looks after the welfare of the children and the slaves with true housewifely care, is very dutiful and respectful to the aged grand-parents, and hospitable to strangers.

The Turkish woman is very generous, always ready to give alms. Whenever the family has some special cause for rejoicing, or for mourning, she remembers the poor. She goes out very seldom, but when she does she takes with her a well-filled alms-bag, and gives something to every beggar she passes.

The Turkish women are not educated to support themselves, and when widowed, or left without support, they have no resources but the friendly harems, which are open to all such. A poor woman comes to the door with all her worldly goods done up in a little bundle, and presents a letter from some friend of the family. She is admitted at once. Her place is set at the table, or among the slaves, according to her former rank. Mattresses and padded quilts are spread for her at night, and she remains for several days a guest of the house.

When she is ready to go, she receives a letter to another harem and a garment or two, perhaps an entire new outfit. It would be considered a disgrace to send her away without at least one new garment.

There seems to be a kind of freemasonry among these women. They are ever ready to do all they can for each other. This is well known among the Turkish officials, or politicians, and when one man wants to obtain a favor from another, he often sends his wife to the other's harem. Here she flatters and coaxes and bribes the women until they promise to help her and goes home. When the favorable time comes the new advocates broach the subject to their master, and the point is usually gained. The solemn and dignified Turk is "like wax in the hands of his harem." The mothers especially have great influence over their sons. It is a doctrine of the Koran that parents should be reverenced and obeyed.

The Turkish women are generally well satisfied with their positions and finatically attached to their religion. They are more bigoted and intolerant of foreigners than the men. They may frequently be heard praying down curses upon those who pass them in the streets. They believe that the Americans have learned all their great arts from Satan himself.

THE SULTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.—The Sultan of Turkey is allowed a larger number of wives than his subjects, and having more money and more time to attend to family jars, usually indulges in a good many. But he often finds his household expenses heavier than he can afford, and his ministers are sadly perplexed to raise the necessary funds. Each wife has to have her slaves, carriages, coachmen, and full suite of servants, and the maids of honor all have their separate residences, carriages and horses. All of these royal ladies have besides a very great weakness for costly jewelry, pearls and diamonds, and when their royal master undertakes to cut short their costly purchases, then there is a general conspiracy among all the women of the harem. They pout, and scold, and make the Sultan's life so miserable, that for peace sake he grants them whatever they desire.

One time when the ladies had been more than usually extravagant, and the royal treasury was running very low in consequence, the European diplomats waited upon the Sultan in a body and begged him to show himself master in his own house and stop these needless expenses. The poor man heaved a deep sigh and expressed his regret that he was not in a position to meet them.

One great drain upon the Sultan's purse is the cost of marrying and maintaining the princesses. These royal ladies choose their husbands from among the men at their father's court. The chosen man has to be immediately made lieutenant-general of the army, and given a magnificent, fully furnished mansion, with a liberal allowance of pocket money, besides the amount necessary for his household expenses.

A great array of costly wedding presents are made the pair,—diamonds, rubies, pearls, diadems, bracelets, girdles, cups, furs, gold embroidered dresses and a thousand smaller articles, all enclosed in gold or silver baskets. The wedding dress is of pearls and embroidery and costs an enormous sum.

The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at being chosen, for he must divorce his wife if he have one, and live henceforth almost as secluded a life as that of the ordinary Turkish woman. In fact, the tables are completely turned against him. He becomes the imprisoned member of the household, and his wife goes when and where she pleases.

Whether his bride be handsome or not, he does not know until the ceremony has been performed and she has made a visit to her future home in state with her maids, examined all the furnishings and then if pleased comes to take up her abode. A kind of palace state-room having been pre-

pared for her she enters with her maids, seats herself on a throne and the young husband is allowed to look for the first time on her face, as the maids raise her veil.

Whether she be pretty or homely she lets him understand that she is master of the house. He must never leave his room without her permission, he must come to her the instant she sends for him no matter what he is doing. In her presence he stands until she asks him to be seated. If he wishes to go out he must ask her permission, and one of her eunuchs is sent with him to see that he does nothing contrary to her orders. He must never look at another woman, while she, if she wishes to see gentlemen, orders him to invite whoever she wishes to the house. The invited guests assemble in a room separated from hers with a gilt grating. On one side is the princess with her ladies, hearing and seeing without being seen; on the other side the gentlemen who talk of such subjects as they think will please their unseen royal audience.

There is no escape for such a husband, if he is dissatisfied, while the princess may obtain a divorce any day she pleases.

THE TURKISH BATH.—One of the Turk's greatest luxuries is his bath. Every well-to-do person has in his house his marble bath-room, with great furnaces underneath to heat the whole floor. If he is not able to have this he goes to the public bath-house. But even here, in the perfectly arranged apartments, administered by well trained attendants, the Turkish bath is a luxury.

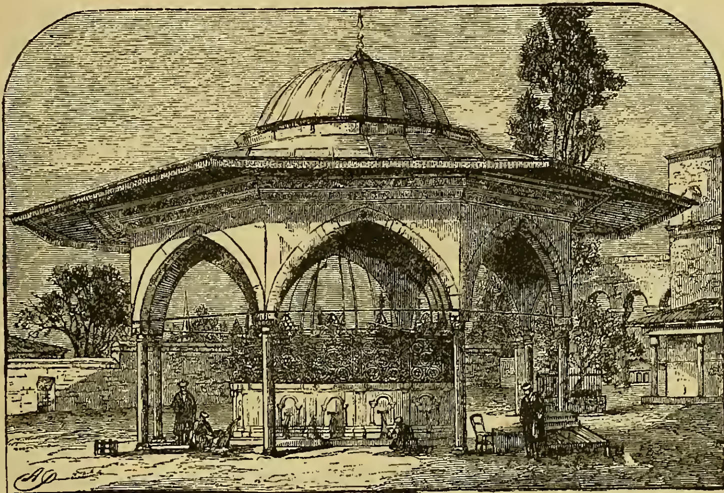
The first apartment of the real Turkish bathing establishment is a spacious hall open at the summit, to admit a gentle but free circulation of air. Running around it, by the wall, is a raised dais or platform covered with a carpet and divided into compartments, one for each visitor. In the center of the building is a fountain playing into a marble basin.

In the little room on the platform the visitor undresses and puts on three scarfs of toweling, warm and rough, but soft and gaily bordered with blue or red silk. One of these he ties around his waist, one is thrown across the shoulders, and the third is twisted up in a turban for his head. With wooden pattens on his feet he then walks to the heated chamber, followed by two attendants.

This room has a marble platform on each side, raised about a foot and a half above the central part, upon which the attendants place a mattress and cushion. Coffee and pipes are brought, and while taking his ease in this comfortable way, the perspiration starts gently from all the pores of

his body. A little "shampooing" is done here, the attendant rubbing the feet and lightly tapping the neck and limbs to increase the perspiration. When this has fully broken out the bather enters the hot chamber.

In this, the attendant begins the shampooing, first pouring on a bowlful or two of water. Then, with his glove of camel's or goat's hair, he rubs the whole surface of the body, delicately and briskly. After this operation a bowl of water is brought, frothed with perfumed Cretan soap, and applied with the soft, fibrous *liffe* of the palm tree. Hot clothes are then



FOUNTAIN ST. SOPHIA.

wrapped about the bather's body, a bowl of cold water is dashed over his feet and he is ready for the cooling room, the *frigidarium.*

Many glowing descriptions have been given of the pleasurable feeling that now follows, while the bather reclines upon a couch in the cool, refreshing air of this final chamber. His blood fairly sparkles through his veins; there is a sense of boundless energy and yet of absolute rest. The air feels electrical and breathing a delight. This feeling soon gives place to an eager desire for exercise, and then the whole man is ready for a whole day's work.

Fountains.—Far more numerous than the baths even, and every town and village has its bath as surely as its mosque, are the fountains. In all the principal cities there is scarcely a street in which they may not be

found. Large legacies are often left by dying Turks to be used in building fountains. Some are very old and no longer active; their marble tanks full of dust and melon rinds; their gildings worn off, and the name of the Turk who built them forgotten.

Fountains are found in all places about the city,—"by the water's edge, in the open places where boatmen and horse boys congregate, by the bazar's dark entrance, by the khans where laden pack horses go in and out all day, beyond the city walls where the country opens into gardens and broad dusty tracts."

They are of all sizes, from that at the Seraglio gate, with its square bulk and circular towers to the mere boarded over arch top and tank. They are of many varying patterns, but generally with a wide over-lapping roof, so as to make a large shade; around their base a terrace and tall gratings with drinking-vessels attached by chains. These gratings are always specially beautiful, fine as jeweler's work and full of flowing lines, trefoil and heart shaped, and blossoming into a thousand fairy like shapes. The marble shafts between the gratings are ornamented with honeysuckle wreaths, trails of wild vines, rose branches, and tendrils of jasmine and pomegranate.

Human figures, the Koran forbids, so the Turks have no painters or sculptors, but they are very skillful in the portraying pots of roses, lilies, bunches of grapes, dishes of pears and numerous fan-like ornaments.

Two things are always to be seen about a Turkish fountain: the first, pigeons, the second, street boys. Always pigeons on the lead roof, cooing, spreading their purple necks to the light, fondling, pecking or fluttering; always the street boys, watchful and mischievous, who sit in the niches, with their dirty backs against the gilding and carving, idle and happy. Over them lies the broad shadow, and they lie under it as in a shady wood, defying the heat which makes the paving-stones just beyond the shadow, all but red-hot.

Often a boatman's oars rest up against the carved brackets, while the owner snatches a nap under the greatful shadow, having first drank of the fountain. Hundreds of times in a day these brass cups, all in a row under the stanchioned grating, are filled and emptied.

Fires in Constantinople.—The capital city of Turkey has probably more fountains than any other city in the world, and it has also more destructive fires. "As a storm is said to be always going on in some part of the sea," says one, "so a fire, larger or smaller is always raging in some part of the narrow wooden streets of Constantinople." Instead of creating

a panic, a fire here is always the signal for a good time. The people attend it much as they do a theatre in other countries. A crowd quickly gathers and struggle for a place in the balconies of the opposite houses or upon the piles of carpets, cushions and pillows that have been hurried out of the burning houses. Having found a place, the women in one place and the men in another, they settle down comfortably, with a look of calm enjoyment to watch the fire that is destroying their neighbors property, or perhaps their own. If so they resign themselves to their loss without a murmur, for whatever comes is sent by Allah and must therefore be right.

In a few moments refreshments begin to come from all quarters, sweetmeats, confectionery and sherbet, carried around by peddlers, who act as if the fire were gotten up expressly for their benefit. They rush around amid the falling smoke, elbowing to one side the police, who are hurrying to the fire with pails of water on their heads.

It is small wonder, therefore, that with no fire department, no engines, and houses built mostly of wood, there should be many terrible fires in the great city of Stamboul. One night in 1852, seven fires broke out, destroying about thirty-five thousand houses; in 1865, a fire swept away eight thousand houses, twenty mosques, and a large number of baths, khans, and other public buildings. Others nearly as destructive occurred in 1870, and in 1873.

Homeless Dogs.—A very curious, and not altogether pleasant sight in the large cities of Turkey, are the hordes of dogs that run wild about the streets without home or master. "If you look down a hole under a doorstep," says a visitor, "blind puppies crawl up; if you go out at dusk and fall over something, and that something turns and bites you, it will prove to be a dog." Dogs lurk under the market stalls, prowl about mosque gates, roam (not without kicks and cuffs) through the dim vaulted drug bazaars; they lie in the open streets and sleep, unmindful of passing foot or wheel; they haunt the cemeteries and the cypress groves, are in fact everywhere.

A traveler passing through one of the burying grounds saw an opening in a grave, and while he was wondering what had caused it, up came a little puppy, toddling and winking at the light. And while he was wondering how this little fellow came to have a grave for his kennel, up toddled four others winking, yelping, and rolling over each other. Lastly the mother appeared at the opening, watchful and anxious for their safety.

As it is against the Mohammedan creed to kill animals unnecessarily, the

dogs are suffered to live ; but their own kind are less merciful. It is no uncommon sight to see a pack of dogs tearing along the street in full chase after some strange dog, who has ventured within their district. The poor victim, covered with mud and blood struggles on, while from every doorway, hole in the ground, or rubbish heap, dash out fresh persecutors to worry and tumble and bite him still more.

In the busy parts of the city, the dogs are seldom dangerous. They are so kicked and driven that they become altogether meek and sneaking. The shop-men are making constant charges upon them with sticks and stones. But they are more fierce and sullen in the suburbs, where they have only women and children to contend with.

Dancing Dervishes.—Among the Turks there is a class of people who are to the Mohammedan religion what the Monks are to the church of Rome, in that they own no property and spend their time in religious rites and ceremonies. They are commanded to support themselves by the labor of their hands, but many prefer to obtain their living by begging. Some lead a vagrant life, traveling about from one country to another, playing the part of jugglers, sorcerers, and montebanks, and finding a refuge in their numerous convents. Those who wish are allowed to live in villages with their families, but they are required to spend two nights each week with their associates.

There are several sects of these dervishes, and each has its own peculiar methods of worship. The most numerous of these are the dancing dervishes, founded by a Persian poet who is said to have turned around on his toes for four days without stopping, while his companion played the flute.

His followers try to imitate him and their zeal keeps them going, not for four days, but until they drop from exhaustion.

A large congregation usually gathers to witness the performances of the dancing dervishes, and occasionally an "infidel" gets in. The spectators occupy a gallery, with a corner reserved for the flute players ; the dancers assemble in solemn procession upon the smooth floor below. With arms crossed upon their breasts, eyes closed, and their white sandaled feet peeping out from beneath their long gray dresses, they begin their rounds, tiptoeing along to the accompaniment of the flutes. Then there is a kind of salute from one division of dancers to the other, and then the waltzing begins. Round and round they go, one after another, each one spinning on his toes. The wind gradually fills and spreads out the long grey dress, but so fast it goes round one can scarcely make out anything but the face.

When the flutes cease, then stop their whirling very suddenly, otherwise they keep on until they drop down.

Another sect called the howling dervishes perform their religious ceremonies in a more terrible manner.

They begin by prostrating themselves upon the earth, with their foreheads in the dust. The priest commences a long, low wail, which is echoed by the whole band, and then they begin to rock their bodies back and forth. Soon they grow excited. Their eyes shine, froth gathers upon their lips, their faces are fearfully contorted, while the perspiration rolls down in drops.

MUSSELMAN WOMAN.

Each moment their cry of "Al'lah-hon!" is repeated with greater fury, until their words give way to mere frantic roarings. As their excitement and fury increases some roll upon the floor in death-like convulsions. The others toss their arms in the air like maniacs. The priest regulates the chant by clapping his hands to increase its speed, or demanding by gestures that it go slower. And in this way the wailing and howling, and cry of "Al'lah-hon!" is kept up until the strongest fall into convulsions, or sob and cry from prostration.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GREECE.

Greece is sacred soil to all students of the past. Upon it rose the most wonderful civilization that the world ever saw. There has never lived a race of people gifted with such wonderful imagination, and such a love of beauty as the ancient Greeks. They have been the world's teacher in philosophy, in literature, and in nearly all branches of learning, in art and in architecture for hundreds of years.

The old Greeks grew up amid scenes of great natural beauty, and their literature shows that they appreciated it. They are ever speaking of the sighing of the trees in the wind; of the rush and splashing of the sea on the beach; of the trinkling of fountains; of the chirp of grasshoppers in the sun; of the cooing of doves, the hum of bees, the barking of dogs, the lowing of kine; of the neighing of the war-horse as he bounds and plunges over stream and chasm.

Mount Parnassus.—Though showing many signs of neglect and decay, Greece is still full of beautiful scenery. It bristles with mountains from the interior to the very tips of the jutting headlands. Mountains cluster together in groups, and cross and recross each other in every district and province. Her crowning glory, Mount Olympus, the palace of her ancient gods, has been taken away, with nearly all of the Pindus, but she has left the mountains of Parnassus, the home of her Muses, the site of her far-famed oracle of Delphi. In the midst of the bold, rugged rocks and wild glens of ancient Phocis, just north of the gulf of Corinth, rises this renowned old cluster of mountains. The highest summit overlooks all Greece,—the irregular coast with its singular deep bays, where the sea lies within the arms of the land; in the north the immortal pass of Thermopolæ, in the south the ocean of mountains that fill the land of the valiant old Spartans.

On every hand are the scenes of Greece's ancient glory mingled with

the evidences of her great decline. The valleys, every one of which once swarmed with cattle, blushed with orchards and glowed with harvests, are now, many of them, brown and dry, deserted or neglected. The culture that once brought such bountiful crops from the smiling land has for many years been wanting. Through the once proud cities where the young men came to listen to the wise old philosophers, the traveler now passes, revolver in hand, with sidelong glances into the bushes for fear of lurking brigands. The fair, wild region, "the haunt of nymphs in the days of Hesiod, had become the lair of pirates in the days of Byron."

Parnassus is being stripped of his glory also. Huge bowlders are being constantly loosened from his side by earthquakes and sent crashing down the slopes at his feet. Great scars cover all his sides, where these pieces have been torn off. A litttle town situated underneath some of the overhanging cliffs of Parnassus, presents the most crooked and uncertain appearance, owing to the fallen bowlders which have blocked up her streets and crushed her houses. Great damage was done to the town when these first began to fall, about 187 A. D., but now the bowlders that rattle down are not so large, though more frequent; almost every day one or more falls.

The Oracle of Delphi.—Within the most secluded valley of Mount Parnassus, surrounded by the loftiest heights, is the site of the ancient oracle of Delphi, to which thousands of the old Grecians used to come on long pilgrimages, to inquire of Apollo concerning the all-important affairs of their lives. From a narrow cleft in the rock issued a strange intoxicating vapor, which was said to be the breath of inspiration from Apollo himself. Over this sacred cleft, was placed a three legged stool or tripod, upon which a priestess seated herself, after she had fasted three days and bathed in the Castalian spring near by. As she inhaled the vapor she became strangely excited, uttering groans, confused sounds, and disconnected words, and sometimes became so violent that those who heard her fled in terror. The priestess frequently died from the effects.

The confused words she uttered were all carefully noted down by the artful priests, who made them mean whatever they thought would best fit the case of the person who had come to consult the oracle. As people were constantly coming to them from all parts of the country, they were able to keep informed of all that was going on, and could thus answer many questions with a wisdom that seemed to the simple people far more than human. Whenever they were in doubt about anything they shaped their answer so carefully that it could be fitted to any result. Thus when Crœsus, king of

Lydia, asked the oracle if he should be successful against Cyrus, king of Persia, the answer was, if he crossed a certain river he would destroy a great empire. He crossed the river, but was defeated, and his kingdom was taken by the Persians. This, said the interpreters of the oracle, was a direct fulfilment of the prophecy, for by crossing the river to fight the Persians he had destroyed his own empire.

But on one occasion the priests thought they could give a definite answer, and then the result turned out so directly opposite that there was no way of escaping the fact that they had blundered.

When the Persian host was marching upon Greece, the priests hearing of their great numbers, thought all opposition would be useless, and so declared; but the battles that followed proved their prophecy false, and they lost their reputation.

Adjoining the sacred cleft was the great temple of Apollo, made rich by the thousands of beautiful and costly presents brought to it every year. Its front was built entirely of beautiful Persian marble, and it was covered with the most beautiful and costly ornaments. Within the temple were two stones which were supposed to mark the very center of the earth. They were anointed with oil and decked with garlands every day. Beside them were two eagles to remind the worshippers that the spot had been ascertained by the meeting here of two eagles, sent out by Jupiter from the opposite ends of the earth for that purpose.

When the Roman conquerors came into Greece they plundered the rich temple of Delphi of its sacred treasures. Nero carried off five hundred bronze statues, and still three thousand were left. Constantine, afterward, took many of these to adorn his capital. Julian, who came after Constantine, tried to revive idolatry, and sent to consult the famous old oracle. But the reply was, "Tell the king, the fair wrought dwelling has sunk into the dust. Phœbus has no longer a shelter nor a prophetic laurel. Neither has he a speaking fountain; the fair water is dried up." A few years after this, Theodosius the Great took the oracle at its word, and closed it up forever. The splendid temple sank into decay and ruin. The gymnasia and porticos tumbled down the precipitous cliffs; the prophetic chasm was filled up by the Christians with fear and horror, for they thought it the very mouth of the pit. The only remaining trace of the old temple is the marks of the chisel on the rock against which it stood, and a slight difference in color between this portion and the rest.

THE CASTALIAN SPRING.—Near the site of the old Temple of Delphi are

INTERIOR OF THE PARTHENON.

two great rocks rising up so close together that they form a high, narrow chasm. From the bottom of this issues the famous Castalian spring, whose waters the ancient Greeks thought contained the gift of poetry and music. This place, where the mountains rose so grand and lofty, yet softened with all the beautiful forms and sounds of nature, they thought must surely be the favorite abode of the gods of poetry and music whom they called the Muses. What could be more beautiful than the musical little streams, that, fed by the melting snows on the mountain's top, came tumbling down his lofty sides, or the beautiful carpets of green spread over the face of the numerous cliffs, waving with wild anemone, or the valleys stretching out beyond in green and golden lemon groves. And up from the blue Mediterranean came the cool sea-breezes, heavily laden with sweets from the orange bowers on their way. Surely there could be no place more fit for the haunts of the gods of beautiful thoughts than this Mount Parnassus.

So they cut a square stone basin out of the rock, below the spring, to receive the water, and stone steps leading down into it; and upon the face of the rock around they cut niches for the reception of flowers and other offerings to the Muses.

This fountain was also considered sacred to Apollo, who himself was a god of song and stringed instruments, and in this water the priestess of Delphi used to bathe before she took her place over the vaporous cleft.

The reverence of the Greeks for this place was so great that in the year 564 they cast down from the top of the precipice a man whom they thought guilty of an act of sacrilege. And this man was no other than Æsop, the writer of the famous fables, who had been sent by Crœsus to consult the oracle.

The Corycian Cave.—Upon the highest summit of Mount Parnassus, called now Mount Lycorea, was a cave where dwelt the funny little Pan, the merriest and most curious of all the Grecian gods. He was supposed to sing and dance about and make sport for all the other gods and goddesses, and hence his name of *Pan*,—all, for he pleased all. He was a terrible homely creature with horns, a pug nose, a goat's beard, feet and tail, and yet all the nymphs and goddesses were constantly singing and dancing around him, pleased with his funny ways and the merry music of his wonderful pipe. This pipe which was one of his chief charms, came to him through a great misfortune caused by his ugliness. Being greatly pleased with one of the fair nymphs named Syrinx, he started in pursuit of her one day, and she fled in great terror from her ugly admirer. Finding that she

would be overtaken, she prayed to the gods for deliverance, and they changed her into a reed. While poor Pan was moaning over his loss, the winds gently swayed the reeds, and produced a sweet murmuring sound. Pan was greatly charmed with the soothing tones and began cutting the reeds and putting them together until he had formed a pipe which would give out the same sweet tones, and which he named the syrinx, after his lost nymph.

Among men Pan was supposed to be the especial protector of shepherds and hunters. He was supposed to be always wandering about his favorite grottos, woods and dells, cheerful and always noisy, but taking good care of the sheep and cattle committed to his keeping. The shepherds who had no folds nor pens for their sheep used to drive them into caves for shelter, at night, and before they went to sleep called upon Pan to protect them. The hunters, too, besought his favor when they went out for game, but if they had to come back empty handed they bestowed a good whipping upon the image of the naughty god, which was always kept in their houses. They evidently were not very much afraid of Pan's displeasure.

Traveler's had no love for Pan, for it was supposed that he made all the sudden and startling noises that came from the depths of the forests through which they passed. Besides all of his ugliness Pan had a most harsh and dreadful voice. He frightened the Titans once into flight during their struggles with the gods, and several times he was thought to have helped the Greeks in battle by frightening their enemies with his terrible voice. It is from the name of this god that we get our word "panic."

The Olympian Plain.—More sacred still than Mount Parnassus, in the estimation of the old Greeks, was the plain of Olympia, southwest of the gulf of Corinth, on the river Alpheus. On this plain Cromis, the father of all the gods, was worshipped, and here was raised a temple in honor of his great son, Zeus (Jupiter), that was only equaled by the Parthenon at Athens. One of the seven wonders of the world was the great statue of Zeus that adorned this temple, that was in fact its chief feature, and brought it its greatest renown. A person who never saw this statue was considered most unfortunate. Its maker was Phidias, the greatest of all the Grecian sculptors. It was sixty feet high, seated on a finely sculptured throne of cedar, inlaid with gold, ivory, ebony and precious stones. The face, feet and body were of ivory; the eyes were brilliant jewels, the hair and beard pure gold. The drapery was of beaten gold enameled with

flowers. One hand grasped a scepter composed of precious metals and surrounded by an eagle, the other held a golden statue of the wingless goddess of victory.

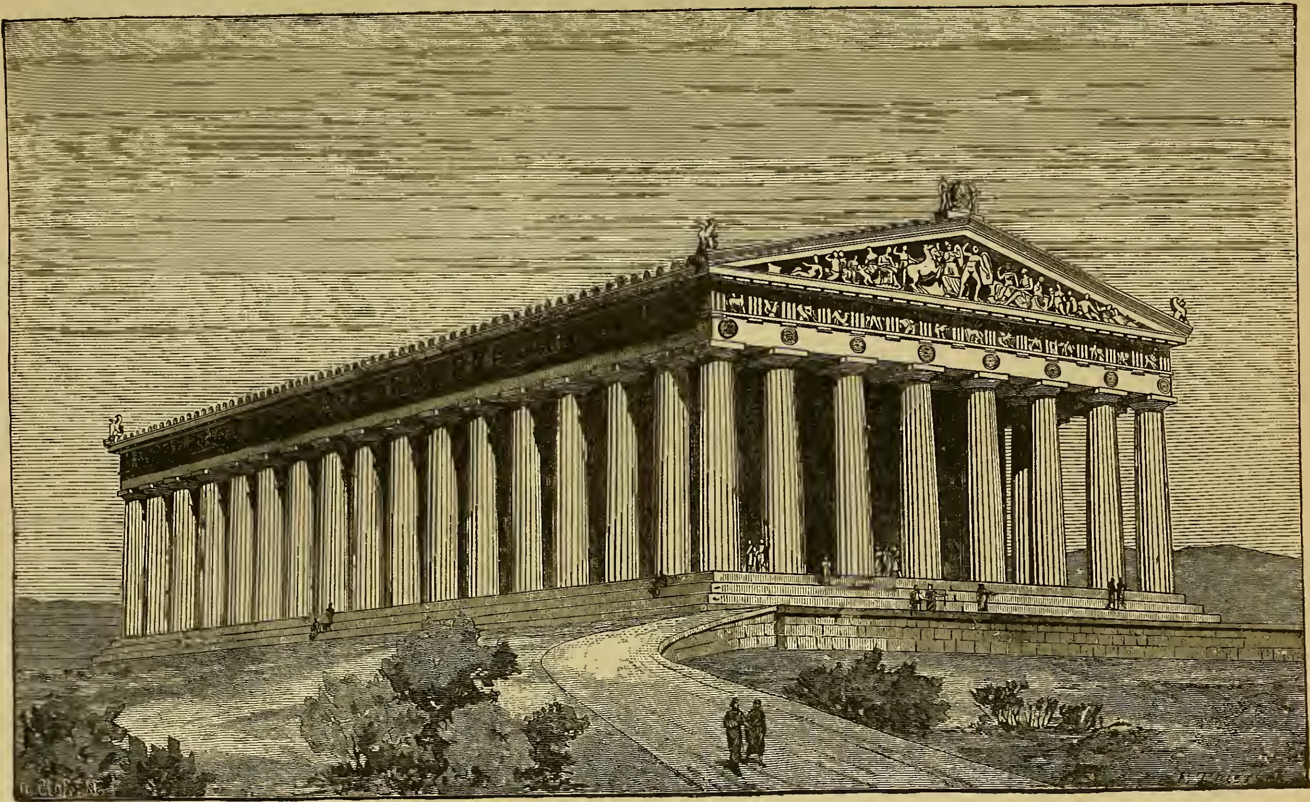
For over 800 years this wonderful statue stood in its place at Olympia, until the downfall of paganism in the fourth century after Christ. Then it was removed to Byzantium, and not long after perished in a fire. What would not the artists of later years have given to be able to see and study this master-piece of the first great sculptor.

The second attraction of Olympia was the festivals held there every four years. These came to be of such importance that all dates were reckoned from them. People came from all over Greece and from the Greek colonies in Asia, Africa and Europe to attend these festivals. Great emperors like Alexander used to here make their public announcements, the poets and historians read or repeated their productions, and artists exhibited their works. The great plain was covered with crowds of people, dancing, singing, lying at ease on the grass amid the shady groves and the white temples and statues, all crowned with flowers, eating sweetmeats and having a very merry time.

The chief feature was the games for the trial of strength and endurance. At first these were only races over the great "stadium," but after a time wrestling matches, boxing, leaping, throwing the quoit and the javelin were introduced. Besides these were foot races in which the runners wore heavy armor, several kinds of races on horseback, races between chariots drawn by two horses or by mules, wrestling and running matches between boys; but no combats with any kind of weapons. In all cases those who took part in the games must go through a careful training and take a solemn oath to contend fairly. Any attempt to bribe one person to give the victory to another was punished by a heavy fine.

The prize given to the victors was only a simple olive wreath plucked from a sacred tree near Olympia; but the person who won it was a very famous man all the rest of his life. His name was written in the record of the games, and when he reached home his neighbors and friends all made feasts in his honor, poets sang his praises, and sometimes his fellow citizens hired a great sculptor to make his statue to be placed on the plain of Olympia.

Discoveries at Olympia.—For a thousand years after the barbaric invasion that caused the fall of Rome, and the destruction of many works of art in both Italy and Greece, the statues and temples on the plain of Olympia were forgotten. They went both out of mind and out of sight. When



THE PARTHENON AT THE TIME OF PERICLES.

people became sufficiently civilized to look around for these famous old works they were nowhere to be seen. In the year 1829 a large fragment of a sculptured column was found in the center of the Olympian plain, having worked its way up through the ground. This led people to think that there were probably more where that came from, but it was not until 1875 that any one undertook to search for them. A company of German scientists then began, with the help of their own government and the consent of the king of Greece, to explore the plain of Olympia. Several hundred workmen were engaged, and for long months the digging went on and nothing but sand was found. But at last they came upon a confused mass of sculptured fragments, columns, capitals, architraves and blocks of stone, remains of statues, terra-cottas and tile. These were not in the positions in which they had at first fallen, or been thrown down, but as they had been piled up and made into rude huts. This was evidently the work of the barbarians who, without knowledge of the past or respect for its relics, had torn down one of the most richly ornamented spots in the world and built with the material their miserable dwellings.

Farther on was found the work of other hands. Under the network of huts was a second stratum of strong walls which had been built up out of the fallen columns into fortresses. This was plainly the work of the Byzantians, trying as best they could with the material at hand to fortify themselves against the barbarians. Thus the history of the past could be traced in the layers of sand that had been washed down from the hills, where some one had thoughtlessly cut away the trees. This process going on for centuries, spread a layer of sand seventeen feet deep over the soil once trod by the ancient Greeks.

Traces of the Byzantians were also found in copper coins, dated with the closing years of the sixth century and by emblems of the Christian religion. Their graves were solid tombs formed out of antique slabs of stone and tiles, marked with Christian symbols. Among the ruins was an ancient building which had been turned into a church. All of the interior showed traces of long use as a place of Christian worship

At the time when these Byzantine priests were holding their sevices in these churches, at least half of the temple of Zeus was still standing, the rest having been thrown down by an earthquake in 522. Among these prostrate columns and broken bodies of gods and heroes the Byzantine children often played and doubtless did much damage to objects which are now so highly valued as works of art.

The great temple of Zeus was found by the excavators at last, with nearly all of its material still on the spot. The broken colums lay often directly in front of their old positions in the structure, and but little labor was necessary to set them again in their places. Enough remained to show the entire size and shape of the temple, and in the broad center isle stood the pedestal which had upheld the great statue of Zeus.

Upon the front of the building was a group of twenty-one great figures representing a battle between the Pelops and the king of Troy, with Zeus deciding the contest between them. These were all recovered in more or less perfect states. Another group of twenty-one which adorned the other end represented a wedding scene, where drunken centaurs rushed in carrying off the women, and the Hellenes coming to their rescue. Besides these, were many other figures from different parts of the building, and a great number of small bronzes, weapons, beautiful terra cottas, and roof tiles exquisitely ornamented, the colors still quite fresh.

While this temple was still in its glory, Pausanius, an old Greek traveler and student, visited it and made a careful list of all the statues it contained, together with the sculptors who made them. By means of this list not only the identity of all the statues could be known but also the names of their creators, all of whom were either pupils or companions of the great Phidias. Besides these works of art many important documents were found, bearing on bronze or marble their ancient records. Among them were more than four hundred inscriptions, many having reference to visitors at the games, and all affording much valuable information.

THE ACROPOLIS.—It has been said that all the old world's culture centered in Greece, all Greece in Athens, all Athens in the Acropolis, and all the Acropolis in the Parthenon. This last was the chief gem of all the rare works of the ancient Greeks, while the Acropolis on which it stood, the high hill overlooking the city, was the casket that contained this and a number of other beautiful temples and statues.

The Parthenon was built for the worship of Pallas-Athene, the warrior goddess who was supposed to guard Athens from her foes, and teach the people all of their industries, arts, learning, and philosophy. No expense was spared to make it a fitting temple for so great-a goddess. Phidias, the great artist, who afterward made the statue of Zeus, planned all of its decorations. He made a beautiful statue of the goddess for the court of the temple, which struck everybody who saw it with admiration and awe. It was one of the three great works that made his name famous. Like the statue of Zeus

at Olympia, it was made of ivory and wood draped with gold It represented the goddess in all her grace and beauty, with her golden shield resting on the ground, and an image of Victory in her hand, as clothed in her long golden tunic she received the homage of gods and men. Outside of the temple was another statue of Athens, also the work of Phidias, that represented her in full armor, her shield and spear in her hands ready for battle. This statue towered above all the other objects on the Acropolis, and could be seen far off at sea.

A splendid marble fortress, a kind of gateway, called the Propylæas guarded the entrance to the Acropolis from the only side on which the sacred enclosure could be approached. Near it stood a greatly venerated temple called the Erechtheum, which contained many shrines and statues of numerous gods, and all the sacred treasures of the city, placed there under the protection of Athens. Another beautiful structure, highly ornamented, stood near the northern part of the Acropolis, and was called the Lantern of Demosthenes. It was hardly more than ten feet in diameter and was once ornamented with a tripod.

All of these once beautiful buildings, which with numerous statues and shrines covered the top and the sides of the Acropolis, are now in ruin, but from what still remains, and from the descriptions given in various old writings, a very fair idea of their old glories can be obtained. The same Pausanius, who gave such a careful description of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, also visited Athens in the days of its greatest splendor, and left a very valuable record of what he saw.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.—The rich carvings and sculptures of the Parthenon remained in good condition for over a thousand years after the goddess Minerva was no longer worshipped. It was used as a Christian church for a long time, and then when the Turks captured Athens, as a Mohammedan Mosque. But in 1687 the people of Venice came to make war on the Turks, and one of their shells lodged in the Parthenon, where the Turks had stored their power. The explosion blew out a large part of the interior and threw down many of the columns.

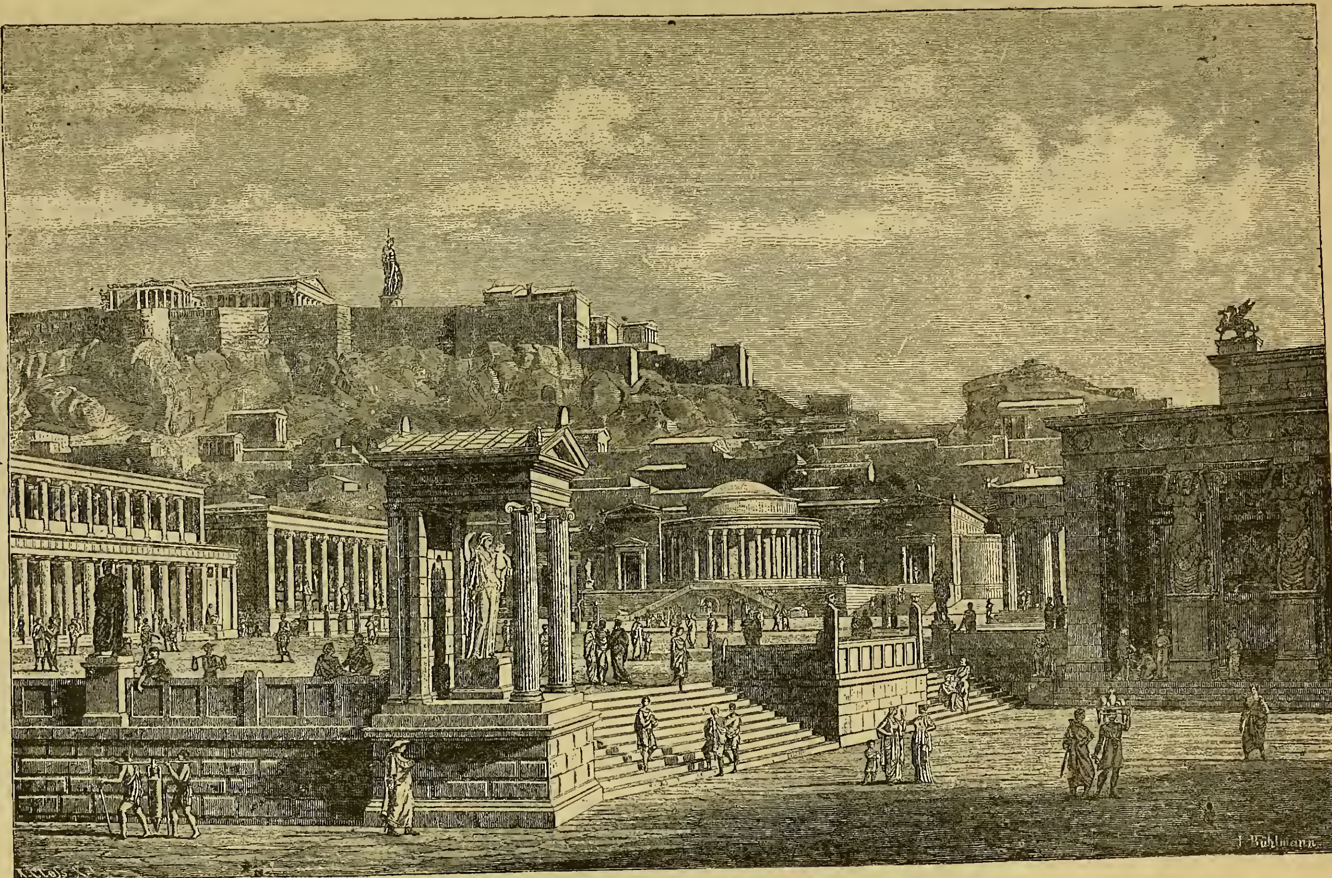
Having conquered the city, the Venetians took several of the finest pieces of sculpture from the Parthenon, ruining many more in getting them. More damage was done in the wars that followed, and neither the Greeks nor the Turks, who finally held possession, showed any regard for the decaying treasures of art.

In 1799 Lord Elgin, British ambassador to Turkey, seeing the damage

ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

that was being constantly done, thought it would be doing a service to the civilized world to rescue these rare old works before they were entirely destroyed, and place them where they would be taken care of. He obtained permission from the Porte to take from Athens "any stones that might appear interesting to him;" and at his own expense, aided by a company of Italian artists, he took from the Acropolis, chiefly the Parthenon, a large number of valuable statues and sculptures. These are now in the British Museum, where they are known as the Elgin Marbles. Many unkind things were said of Lord Elgin for taking down these pieces and carrying them so far away from the place where they rightly belonged, but later events have shown that, had he left them, they would probably have been destroyed in the wars between the Greeks and Turks, during which the temples were badly shattered, and much more of the rare old workmanship destroyed.

Life in Old Athens.—In the fifteen hundred years that have passed since the Acropolis was the glory and pride of Greece, the world has made wonderful improvements in many respects, but in others we could well afford to go back and take a few lessons of the ancient Greeks. If one of those old stalwart people could wake up to-day, Rip Van Winkle fashion, he would doubtless be greatly astonished at our steamships, our lightning-express trains, our telegraphs and telephones, and morning journals. But he would miss his public bath and his gymnasium, and he would wonder much that among a people so like the gods in wisdom there should be so many weak, dwarfed and misshapen. In his day his people spent much time in taking care of their bodies, but little over their toilets. Their mode of life has been very vividly described by an English student of the ancient Greeks. Of the Athenians he says: They were very early risers, and the first business of the man of the house, after performing a very simple toilet, was to go out to the market-place to hear the news, to transact business, and to make his purchases for the day. If he was expecting to entertain some friends in the evening there was no time to be lost. By seven in the morning the plumpest of the blackbirds, the whitest of the celery, and the firmest of the great eels from the Theban stewponds, would have been bought up; and he would be forced to content himself with a string of lean thrushes and a cuttle-fish whose freshness might be called in question. Perhaps, while he was counting out his purchase money, he might hear behind him a sudden rush of people, and, looking around, would see two Scythian policemen sweeping the square with a rope besmeared with red



MARKET OF ATHENS, OR THE AGORA.

chalk. Then he would know that a general assembly was to be held to attend to some business matters, and he would hurry off to secure a good place. And there he would sit, as an old Athenian describes himself, groaning, yawning, stretching, jotting down notes and waiting for the appearance of the president and the committee to open the meeting.

After a while the committee would come bustling in; treading on one anothers toes, and jostling for a good place. And then the crier would proclaim: "Who wishes to speak about the Spartan treaty?" and the call would be for Pericles; and Pericles would rise, with his right hand thrust in his bosom, and say something that is still worth reading.

When the public business was concluded, after a light-breakfast, the citizen would return to his ship or counting house until the first hour after noon, and then he would saunter down to his favorite gymnasium, and thence to his bath. The old Greek had a high regard for his body and would as soon have thought of going without his meal as his bath and physical exercise.

Some winter evening, perhaps, as this same citizen was hurrying out to a dinner party, curled and oiled, and in a clean tunic, he would see a crowd gathered in the market glace; and then he would turn to the slave who trotted behind him with his napkin and spoon, and send the boy off to see what was the matter. And the slave would return with a grin on his face to say that the Thebian foragers were abroad, and that the generals had put up a notice containing the names of the citizens who were to turn out and watch the passes, and that his master's name stood third on the list.

And then the poor man would send off an excuse to his host, and run home to fill his knapsack with black bread and onions and dried fish; and his wife would stuff wool under his cuirass to keep the cold from his bones; and out he would go ankle deep in the slush, straight into the bitter night.

Or it might be that some fine morning—or some morning when it was not fine—he would be pulling an oar in the middle of a sea-fight off some headland noted for shipwrecks. There he would sit on his leather cushion, sea sick, sore and terrified; the blade of his sweep hitting now against a shattered spar, and now against a floating corpse, as he vainly tried to give a strong pull; his mind distracted by seeing one of the enemy's galleys dashing through the surge with her beak directly opposite the bench on which he was seated.

The Groves of Philosophy.—On some days our ancient Athenian, while walking through one of the plane-tree avenues, or the gymnastic

colonade, attended by his slave,—no citizen ever went out without at least one slave—would see a crowd of people gathered about one of the old philosophers,—Plato perhaps, the uncouth, ungainly man with naked feet and thread-bare clothes. All would be listening attentively to the wonderful words that fell from his lips; laughing when he made homely jokes about the business of the tanners and drovers and smiths about him, but always finding a charm in his voice and a sweetness in his tone that made them forget to laugh after a while in their desire to listen.

Nothing so stirred the blood of the young Athenians as one of their eloquent speakers, and none possessed the power of so moving them more than Plato. They would stand transfixed and awe-struck before him, straining their ears to catch every word. He touched chords in their hearts that brought the tears to their eyes and made them feel as if they would like to sit down at his feet and grow old listening to his words. There were few books of learning in those days to satisfy the curiosity of the active minded youth, but this man had studied all there was and thought out much more that was worth listening to. He talked to them about the formation of the earth, of the stars, of the body and soul, of morality, wisdom, courage, temperance and justice, and pointed out the right way of living so as to make the most of their lives.

About two miles north of the city, upon the plain of Attica, was a grove or garden in which Plato opened a school where everybody who chose might come to hear him. Among his audience were often women, dressed in men's guise, that they might also hear the lectures. Some of those who listened to the teachings of Plato became teachers in after years, and opened gardens or schools of their own. One of these was Aristotle, who opened the "Lyceum" in the eastern part of the city, and who also became the private tutor of Alexander the Great.

Among the other philosophers who opened gardens in Athens was Epicurus, who taught that the true aim of living was for pleasure, but that the way to obtain the most pleasure was to live simply and temperately, and cultivate the mind by study and noble thoughts, for there was no pleasure to be compared with that of the intellect. Over the entrance to his garden was written: "The hospitable keeper of this mansion, where you will find pleasure the highest good, will present you liberally with barley cakes and fresh water from the spring. The gardens will not provoke your appetites with dainties, but satisfy you with natural supplies. Will you not be well entertained?"

The desire of the Greeks to hear the words of wise men continued in Athens to the time of Paul, the Apostle; hence he found many people there "spending their time in hearing and telling new things." And so when he stood up on Mar's Hill, and with great tact drew their attention first to their altar "to the unknown God," and then to the true God, he found many attentive listeners, who expressed a desire to hear him again. The hill upon which he stood,—the Areopagus—was nearly as high as the Acropolis; ascended by a flight of stone steps cut out of the rock and leveled off into an area capable of holding a very large congregation. From here both he and the people he addressed were in plain sight of the temples and the images "made of gold and stone, and graven by art and man's device," which he told them they should not think were not like unto the God-head,—the maker of heaven and earth.

An Ancient Flower-Garden.—With his keen love of beauty, the old Grecian saw nothing more appropriate to offer to his gods than flowers, and nothing more beautiful to use for his own adornment. At all their festivals they wore crowns and garlands of flowers; in the theatres, where an audience of twenty or thirty thousand often gathered, scarcely a person could be seen without a garland upon his head. At their private parties all the guests were decked with flowers, and the room in which they gathered was so thickly strewn with them that they served instead of sofas.

The lover crowned himself with flowers when he went to see his sweetheart, hung garlands upon her door, and adorned with wreaths the statues of the gods of love and matrimony that they might grant their aid in brightening his future. Scarcely a worshipper ever entered the temple uncrowned, and as each deity was supposed to have its favorite flowers, he changed his garland for every one he visited.

With such a demand, therefore, as there was in ancient Greece for flowers, their culture was an important branch of industry. Every garden had its flower-plot, and the whole was so arranged that every shrub and plant which was not ornamental as well as useful, was hidden behind copses of rhododendrons, myrtle, or oleander, which, at the proper time of year became a blaze of blossoms.

No ungainly fences separated a man's garden from that of his neighbors, but rows of olive or plain trees thirty or forth feet apart, or loose hedges of fragment phillyrea, broken into gaps here and there to admit banks of wild-flowers. They had no fear of being plundered; the wealthy used to invite the people to stroll at will through their gardens, and public footpaths

TYPES AND COSTUMES OF EARLY GRECIAN LIFE.

often traversed private orchards, vineyards and kitchen gardens. There is no record that the public ever abused the trust.

The windows of the ladies usually opened toward the garden, so that shaded by amber or purple curtains, they could lean out on the sills of marble, or carved cedar, and fill their eyes and nostrils with the early morning beauty and fragrance. Before their eyes were waves of peach, apple and pomegranite blossoms, and in the distance plane-tree avenues dotted with cupolas of white marble glittering like newly carved alabaster in the sun.

Leaving the house to stroll out in the garden, the first thing encountered was a row of rue plants, extending right and left to mark the boundary of the flower department. Passing this one came in the midst of gillyflowers, pinks, carnations, beds of matted violets, thickets of roses, hillocks of wild thyme encircling clusters of the sweetest flowers, overhung by the branches of the smilax or pomegranite tree.

Here the path descended perhaps into a fountain such as Grecian taste alone could produce, water splashed and fell into marble channels, shaded here and there by plants which love the moisture, such as hyacinth and warcessus. Fragrant shrubs overhung the tiny stream, where all day could be heard the hum of bees seeking after the sweets. Overhead in the boughs of the platane or the cedar the wood lark or the thrush sang in rivalry. When evening came on the nightingale here began her song; and one of these old Greeks, a poet, used to sit up all night to listen to her song.

A continuous line of such gardens bordered the road-sides from one city to another, backed by olive groves with vines trailing along their walls, and their entrances arched with golden or purple clusters hung in tempting profusion.

Further in the country were the ruder gardens of those who raised flowers to sell. These were enclosed with high strong walls, along the southern face of which, just where the busy inhabitants could find plenty of sweets, were rows of beehives.

When a Greek was shut up hopelessly in a city, where he could have no garden, he made one on his window ledge, in a silver basket, sculptured all over with rustic imagery, if he could afford it, if not, in one of wood or osier. In this some native of the distant mountains and valleys was cherished and coaxed to grow and bloom.

The Heroes of Marathon.—For many years there was strife in ancient Greece between the cities of Athens and Sparta. The Athenians were more cultured and elegant than their southern neighbors; the Spartans claimed

MODERN GREEKS.

the honor of being better soldiers. But when at last an opportunity came for the Athenians to show their valor, the Spartans could no more boast over them in this respect, in fact they had reason to hide their heads in shame. For when the great Persian host came before Athens, the Spartans excused themselves from coming to their aid and left the Athenians, a mere handful before the vast number of their enemies. But the men of Athens did not stop to count the foe. They knew that an awful crisis had come in the history of their country . They knew that defeat meant ruin and shame, the loss of their beautiful capital, the enslavement of their wives and children and so they prepared for a life or death struggle to meet the enemy. Shop-keepers and artisans, merchants and politicians, and farmers, took down their spears and shields, pocketed their biscuit and salt fish, kissed their wives and walked through their doors with no idea that they were going to take part in an affair that all coming generations would remember with gratitude and admiration.

And when they came to the sacred plain of Marathon they did not stop to count the foe; but went on a run straight into the midst of the twenty myriads of Medes and Persians. Out of breath, but not out of heart, with such line as they could keep, and with such martial science as a city militia might recall in the heat of contest, they fought, foot to foot, and beard to beard, until the conquerors of the world broke and fled. And that very night they marched home to supper—all save one hundred and ninety-two, who were lying with clenched brows and wounds, all in front, on the threshold of their country.

Civil Strife.—The glory of ancient Greece went out in the darkness of civil strife. With all their culture, their love of beauty and philosophy, the Greeks were not above envy, jealousy and treachery. Each one was more attached to his particular part of Greece than to the whole country, and rather than see a rival take the lead would go over to a foreign enemy.

Philip of Macedon knew just how to take advantage of their weakness. By stirring up their quarrels, and stepping in to settle them, he obtained a firm foothold in the country in spite of all the eloquence of Demosthenes, the great orator, who saw into Philip's schemes, and warned the people in the most burning speeches. His words for a time would have an effect, but before the states could be brought to forget their jealousy and unite for common defense, Philip was in. Then Alexander came, completing the conquests his father had begun, and carrying the arms of the Greeks victoriously over Asia and Africa.

Alexander's conquests had little effect upon Greece, for his great empire fell to pieces after his death as quickly as it had sprang up. But they were left under the Macedonian kings, against whom they began at once to struggle. But even then they could not forget their jealousies, and they were still quareling amongst themselves when the Romans came and made Greece a Roman province.

King George.—At midnight, on the 29th of October, 1863, the Greek steamer Hellas, attended by an English, a French, and a Russian ship-of-war, dropped anchor in the Saronic Gulf, near the city of Athens. The next morning a barge put off from it, bearing to the shore a bright faced youth in the uniform of a Greek admiral. And from the multitude on the shore, assembled from all parts of the land, went up a great shout of welcome. From the Peiræns along the road, where passed once the hero of so many brilliant conflicts, they went up in a vast procession, amid the waving of banners and the flashing of bayonets, up to their ancient city to crown young George of Bavaria, the second king of Greece. From every window fluttered banners and from every balcony that night lamps glittered amid garlands of flowers. And all around through the city could be heard nothing but one heavy ceaseless roar of excited human voices.

There were those present on this occasion who remembered a similar scene thirty years before, when the first king of their newly recovered country was welcomed to his throne. He was likewise a foreign prince, and high hopes had attended his arrival. But he had proved too much of an autocrat for the Greeks. He failed to give them the constitution he had promised, and was at last banished amid the tumult and terror of a revolution.

But fourteen years have gone by since King George, son of Christian IX. of Denmark, became king of Greece, and he has safely guided their frail ship of state through all its trying times. The Turks have been compelled to restore still more of their ancient lands, and the Greeks to-day are looking forward to the time when all of Thessaly and Epirus shall be brought back, and all of Greece be again united as in the days of old.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BALKAN STATES.

A FEW years ago the Czar of Russia requested the Sultan of Turkey to treat more humanely the Christians within his Dominions. Other nations of Europe joined the Czar in this request, but the Sublime Porte proudly replied that he could not grant to any of the powers, collectively or individually, the right to interfere in the relations of the Sultan of Turkey with his subjects, nor with the interior administration of his empire. Without waiting for further action of the other powers the Czar proceeded to compel the Sultan to accede to his terms, and this led to the war of the Crimea, in which England, France and Sardinia, came to the assistance of the Sultan, because they thought Russia was intending to seize upon his dominions, and this would seriously upset the "balance of power" in Europe. Russia was obliged to withdraw, but she waited only until France was engaged in war with Germany, and England alone could not oppose her. Then the Czar called upon his subjects to rise to the aid of their oppressed Christian brethren within the dominion of Turkey. In a few months the pride of the Sultan was completely humbled, and he who had sent such a defiant answer a few years before, now sent his ambassadors to the victorious Russian generals to agree to any terms which were required.

THE BERLIN TREATY.—The terms which Russia imposed upon the Sultan were thought rather too severe by the other powers of Europe, but this time they met to talk it all over peaceably. Representatives from Germany, England, Russia, Austria, France, Italy, and Turkey came together at Berlin June 13, 1878, and within a month arranged a treaty to which all parties concerned agreed.

The principal features of this treaty were that the Sultan should grant civil and religious liberty to all of his Christian subjects, but more than that,—

Montenegro, the brave little country that had so long resisted Turkish rule, should be acknowledged by all Europe to be free and independent.

Servia and Roumania were also acknowledged as independent countries,

A MONTENEGRIN SENATOR.

and additional territory was given to them, for which they were to pay a portion of Turkey's debt.

Bosnia and Herzegovina were given to Austria.

Bulgaria was formed into a partially independent country, having a

Christian government, a native militia, and a prince elected by the people, confirmed by Turkey and assented to by the Powers. This prince was to acknowledge the Sultan as his sovereign, and the principality was to pay to Turkey a yearly tribute.

South of Bulgaria a new province called Eastern Roumelia was formed. This was to be more directly under the control of the Sultan, but was to have a Christian governor-general appointed by the Porte with the assent of the Powers.

Montenegro.—No more heroic resistance has ever been made by a small struggling people against a strong oppressive power than the handful of Montenegrins carried on for over four hundred years against the Turks. In the very midst of their enemies, shut away from trading posts with other countries, with no means of sustaining life but such as they could wring from an unfriendly soil, with no refuge but their bleak barren mountains, a few thousand men withstood the resources of the whole Turkish empire.

When the Turks first conquered the Balkan lands, Montenegro was a principality of the Servian king, who was defeated at the great battle of Kossova (1389). But they decided to take poverty and independence among the wild regions of their Black Mountains rather than the slavery of Turkish rule. They gave up their little strip of sea-coast and went up among the barren hills, set up their little capital at Cettigne and went to work cultivating their small patches of ground with their rifles slung at their backs ready for the Turks.

The Sultan hemmed them in with a circle of forts, and every few years sent a body of troops to ravage as much of their territory as possible, but still they held out.

When their prince grew discouraged, near the end of the fifteenth century, at the constantly narrowing borders of his country and the seeming hopelessness of the situation, and left the people without a head, they gathered around their bishop, and he became their leader both in worship and warfare.

Two hundred years more passed, and the people were almost on the point of yielding, when a fresh insult roused them to fresh resistance. Their bishop was invited into Albania by the Pasha of Podgaritza to dedicate a church for Christian worship. He went, was treacherously seized, and commanded to become a Mohammedan. Upon his refusal, he was tortured and chained to a large piece of timber, which he was compelled to drag along the road from one village to another.

The Montenegrins ransomed their bishop at a heavy price, and then took a terrible vengeance upon the Turks by massacring every Mohammedan within their borders. Then a fierce war began. The Sultan was determined now to subdue these mountaineers. They were obliged for a time to acknowledge his sovereignty, but the treaty of Berlin released them completely from all further subjection.

SERVIA.—Northeast of Montenegro is the land of the Servians, or Serbs, to which race the Montenegrins also belong. In the fourteenth century, under Stephen Dushan, the Servian kingdom was extended from the Danube and Savi into Thessaly. The Emperor at Constantinople was so alarmed at their growing power that he called on the Turks for assistance, a fatal step for both himself and the Servians. A few years afterward, these allies had become his bitterest enemies, and taken the land from both Greeks and Servians. On the plain of Kossova, sixty-four years before the capture of Constantinople, the last king of the Servians was slain, and all except the few who fled to the rocky recesses of the Black Mountains became the subjects of the Mohammedan Sultan. Then began a "reign of terror" for the Servians. The fact that they were conquered and had to pay heavy taxes was galling enough to this proud-spirited people; but far worse was the scorn they had to receive from the Turks. They were despised "Rajas," who had no rights that "the faithful" were bound to respect. They were forbidden to carry arms, to enter any town on horseback, to repair or build their churches; they were obliged to dismount and stand aside for the meanest Osmanli they met on the road, and to do for him any personal service that he required. They were compelled to receive a kick as a favor, and to retaliate for the grossest injury was a crime. But more than this, the fairest of their girls and the bravest of their boys were seized and carried off to become the slaves and soldiers of their conqueror.

If a "Raja," unable longer to endure the wrongs put upon him, turned upon one of his oppressors he was published as a criminal and liable to be killed by any passing Turk. His only safety was in fleeing to the mountains, and becoming a "Heyduc," his hand against every Turk, every Turk against him.

When an Osmanli, laden with treasures for Constantinople, passed by the lurking places of these mountain "Heyducs," he was quite likely to be relieved of his burden, and if he escaped with his life he did well. Like the Robin Hood men of England, the Heyducs protected and assisted their countrymen as much as possible, and in winter came down and lived among

them, each one staying with some farmer and helping him about his winter's work. In the spring they returned to the forests again and joined their bands.

KAVA GEORGE.—In those days of their affliction the Servian peasants used to gather around the firesides on winter evenings, listening to the tales of the Heyducs, or of Stephen Bogislas, the first founder of the Servian principality, who escaped from Constantinople, returned to his native land, and after driving out the Greek governors, took up his position near the coast, where he seized the richly laden Byzantine vessels; or of John Hunyady, who, though vanquished on the plain of Kossova, gained many victories over the Turks and once compelled them to raise the siege of Belgrade. And among those who used to feel their pulses quicken at these tales of wrongs and of heroisms was one tall man with bright deep-sunken eyes, a scar across his face that bespoke at least one fight, and on his left hand one that told of another. His shoulders were broad, his whole frame spare, but strong and active. In his arms lay his ever ready rifle. He was a silent, thoughtful man,—would sit surrounded by his family a whole winter's evening without speaking; would not even answer sometimes if spoken to. And then suddenly his face would clear, and he would lead off in the Kolo dance.

This man was "Kava George," the founder of Servian Independence.

From his boyhood he had hated the Turks with all the strength of his strong nature. Once when told to stand aside or have his brains blown out, though only a boy, he replied by shooting the Turk on the spot. The first twenty years of his life had been spent in tending swine and cattle; a few following ones in the Austrian army. When he returned he found his country in a worse condition than ever. The Janizaries had revolted and become so troublesome that the Sultan threatened to send against them an army of another faith. (It would be contrary to the Koran for the Moslems to fight against their brethren.) "But who will he send?" said the Janizaries, "not the Russians, nor the Austrians; he would not bring a foreign foe into the country. By-Allah!" they said, "he means the Raja." They resolved to prevent this at once by putting to death all the chief men of Servia. They began their work without delay. Suddenly and unexpectedly the foremost men in each district were stricken down. Terror seized all the people; they knew not who would be the next. Even the poorest feared for his life. All the abled-bodied men fled to the mountains, and there they found their Spartacus. Kava George, who had es-

caped just as he was about to be seized by the Turks, united the flying fugitives into a resolute band, and marching down upon the Janizaries showed them that the Rajas could fight for their lives. In a little while the men who were to have been exterminated, stood before the Janizaries, ready to exterminate them.

The Sultan at first assisted the Servians, because as yet they were only fighting his rebellious Janizaries. But when these were conquered and the Pasha of Bosnia told them they could go home, the Servians were not ready to go. Men whose arms had been victorious over Turkish soldiers could not go back into slavery and perform menial services for those they had overcome. They were now determined to have their rights recognized. This the Sultan was not ready to grant. The Koran said that the "Raja" must not be allowed equal privileges with the faithful. They must be oppressed, and no Sultan could think of going contrary to the Koran.

So the Servians continued to fight. Kava George was made commander-in-chief of their armies, and everywhere he was successful. The Turks became panic stricken wherever he appeared, for it was believed that he was destined always to be victorious. When at last he captured Belgrade, the Sultan consented to recognize Kava George as chief of the Servians. The unlearned peasants—there were no nobles, no one man higher than another, all had been slaves of the Turks,—met and formed a government of their own with Kava George at the head. He ruled as wisely as a poor learned peasant could. He was upright, and maintained stern justice. He wore his old clothes, and went to work on his farm, his daughter carried water for the household from the fountain with the other girls. And he condemned his own brother to death for a crime.

Two years after the taking of Belgrade, George tried to drive the Turks out of Bosnia and Herzegovina and to form an alliance with Montenegro. It was a disastrous attempt. He was successful himself everywhere he went, but his generals were not. While he was making himself master of Herzegovina the Turks were overrunning Servia. He hastened back and with the help of the Russians repaired the mischief, but in a peace that the great powers of Europe made soon after this, Russia was obliged to withdraw her assistance, and Servia was left to the mercy of the Turks. Kava George was seized, sent to Constantinople and beheaded.

His work seemed completely undone and all the Servians had fought so desperately for seemed lost. But it was not. He had shown them what they could do; he had made them know the feeling of victory; and three

years afterward (1815), a man, who had been one of his most valiant officers headed a successful insurrection, and compelled the Sultan to grant a partial independence to the long suffering country. This was changed to entire independence by the treaty of Berlin.

Prince Alexander and the Bulgarians.—The little province which the Berlin Treaty created south of the Balkans, and named Eastern Roumelia, was a part of Bulgaria,—the people were mostly Bulgarians. They were much grieved at being separated and at being placed still more directly under the Sultan's control than upper Bulgaria, which had not suffered so much from Turkish atrocities as Roumelia. Their chief governor was a Turk, while Bulgaria was ruled by a German prince, Alexander of Battenburg, a grand-nephew of the German Emperor William, and a cousin of Czar Alexander III. The result was a very quiet, sudden and peaceable revolution in September, 1885. The Roumelians seized their governor and shut him up, took possession of the important military posts, blew up bridges, cut telegraph wires and declared themselves subjects of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria.

Prince Alexander sent circulars to the powers asking them to recognize the union, and telegraphed to his cousin, the Czar of Russia, begging his approval of what had been done. He offered to abdicate the throne if his person stood in the way of establishing union. He said he was much surprised himself at the sudden action of the people, but he felt obliged to sanction it. But the Czar was greatly displeased, although Russia had openly favored a union of all the Bulgarian people. But Alexander of Bulgaria had not ruled his little country exactly as Alexander of Russia wished, and they were not on the best of terms, so the Czar replied that "while he did not doubt the word of the Prince, he regretted the adventure upon which he had embarked, and should take steps to prevent any more such surprises."

King Milan of Servia was also greatly displeased and alarmed lest the people of Macedonia and Thrace, just south of Eastern Roumelia, should join them, and this would cut the Servians entirely off from the Archipelago, shutting them in on all sides from a seaport. King Milan, therefore, encouraged it is supposed by Austria, immediately made war upon the Bulgarians. But Prince Alexander in a little while compelled the king of Servia to withdraw.

He took care to keep the Macedonians from revolting from Turkey and joining his people, for he had no such wish as the Servians accused him of.

All the powers excepting Russia agreed to the union of Bulgarians under Prince Alexander; even Turkey consented as soon as the Prince assured the Sultan that he had no intention of throwing off his allegiance to him. But

Russia insisted that the agreement should last only five years at the longest. To this Alexander did not propose to consent, but finally did upon the advice of the Powers.

Still Russia was not satisfied, and on August 22d, 1886, a regiment of Russian cavalry surrounded the palace, forced their way into the Prince's sleeping-room, and took him on board his yacht a prisoner; first trying to make him sign an abdication, which he refused to do.

This action stirred up strong excitement all over Europe. England sent a very sharp letter to the Russian minister, and the Emperor William sent a telegram to the Czar, which was followed by the Prince's release.

The indignant Bulgarians who had instantly risen against the Russians, and demanded their Prince's return, now sent a delegation to bring him back, and received him at Bucharest with the wildest enthusiasm. A body of officers placed a crown on his head and carried him on their shoulders to the palace, followed by cheering crowds. But so great was their rage against the Czar that the Russian Consul at Sofia was obliged to ask for a guard to protect his house from the angry crowd who surrounded it, throwing stones and threatening to whip him if he appeared in the streets.

About a month later Prince Alexander announced to his people his intention to abdicate the throne. "I cannot remain in Bulgaria," he said, "for the Czar will not permit me. The independence of Bulgaria requires that I should leave the country. If I do not Russia will occupy it." Some of the officers wished to detain him by force, but they finally consented to his departure, but sent out a delegation to all the powers asking that he might be returned; or if that was impossible, that Prince Waldemar of Denmark might take the vacant throne. Meanwhile Russia is using every possible means to prepare their way for taking possession of the unfortunate principality.

Roumania and the Fanavoites.—Until 1859 the country, now called Roumania, formed two separate provinces, Moldavia and Wallachia, each claiming descent from the old Romans, hence their present name of Roumania. Finding themselves threatened by Hungarians on one side and Turks on the other, the Moldavians of their own accord submitted to the Sultan, and thus gained more privileges than some of the other countries that stood out against him.

Their own princes were allowed to rule, the Greek church remained the religion of the land, and no Turks were allowed to settle within their territory without special permission. But after a time some of the princes

sought to throw off their allegiance to Turkey and unite with other powers.

Then the Sultan appointed in both Moldavia and Wallachia Greek governors called "Fanavoites," because they lived in the "Fanav" district of Constantinople. These Greeks had been a favored class since the capture of the Crescent city by the Turks, and had long been employed by the Sultans as scribes and secretaries.

The career of the Fanavoite "Hospidar" usually began very splendidly and ended very ingloriously. As soon as he received his appointment he was taken in state to the Seraglio, where he tasted the soup of the Janizaries; since he was now a general in their ranks by virtue of his new office, and then was led into the presence of the Sultan and his chief minister, the Grand Vizier. Then the Grand Vizier said, for the Sultan, "This man's fidelity and sincere devotion to my person having come to the ears of My Highness I am graciously pleased to reward him by investing him with the principality of Moldavia. It is his duty never to depart from his fidelity to my service, but to protect and defend the province submitted to him and above all to do nothing against, or exceeding my orders."

The Hospidar having prostrated himself and kissed the hem of the Sultan's robe, then said: "I swear by my life and head to use all my efforts in the services of the most just and gracious Emperor as long as his Highness will not turn away the eye of his clemency from the nothingness of his slave." He then "salaamed" three times, bowed low to the Grand Vizier, and backed out of the august presences with his arms crossed over his breast and his head bent.

He returned to his palace and had thirty days in which to prepare for his departure. Then, escorted by a great train of attendants, he proceeded by slow stages to his future capital. On his arrival he received his "boyards," appointed court officers and then prepared for a good time. For, knowing that he might be called to Constantinople any moment to have his head taken off, perhaps, he tried to enjoy life while he had an opportunity. His severest labor was planning how he might get all the money that could be squeezed out of the people over whom he ruled. Nothing could give him more delight than a message from the Porte demanding a certain number of bushels of wheat and so many head of cattle. He at once sent out his officers and collected twice the amount called for, selling all the surplus for his own benefit. It is but justice to say that the

Sultan always punished the Fanavoites for such wickedness as soon as he found them out.

During his reign the Hospidar lived in the most extravagant splendor. He had a multitude of slaves around him who never approached him but on their knees. When he rose to pass through his apartments, two or three seized him by the arms and bore him along, his toes scarcely touching the floor, while others very reverently carried the train of his robe.

At the table everything was served to him in small pieces, so that he need make no exertion in preparing his food. Even the bread was broken into bits, and the chief cup-bearer always stood behind him, holding in his hand a half-filled glass, which at the slightest sign he put to his master's lips.

At one o'clock, when the mid-day meal was at an end, one of the attendants uttered a loud cry which was to summon the grand coffee attendant. He came, and half-prostrate, presented the beverage in a little cup studded with diamonds. Going to the window, the same attendant uttered another cry. This is to inform the town that His Highness was about to take his coffee, and the hour of his slumber having arrived, the town must be quiet.

Then the city seemed to hold its breath. All work in the palace ceased. Three hours were given to rest and idleness. There were also three hours of respite from the tyrant. At four o'clock the noise of innumerable bells announce that the Hospidar had awakened, and all were allowed to move again.

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