

NORTHERN EUROPE.

NORTHERN EUROPE,

(DENMARK, SWEDEN, RUSSIA,)

LOCAL, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL,

IN 1861.

WITH A SUCCINCT CONTINUATION DOWN TO MAY, 1862.

BY CAPTAIN W. F. B. LAURIE,

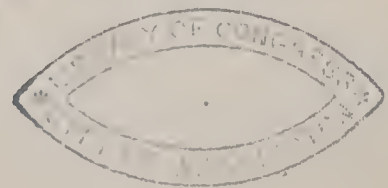
Her Majesty's Madras Artillery, (late) Commissary of Ordnance, Nagpore Force.

"Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"

GOLDSMITH'S Traveller.

* * * "Coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.



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TO
MY FATHER,
WHOM I ACCOMPANIED DURING THE BRIEF TOUR
RECORDED IN THIS VOLUME,
I DEDICATE THE SAME,
AS A MARK OF
AFFECTION AND RESPECT.

P R E F A C E .

I AM induced to publish the following Notes from a desire to furnish some popular information about Northern Europe. For this purpose, what novel matter I picked up in my visit is combined with what is old or already known. There are detailed works on Scandinavia and Russia ; but, I believe, none from which, in a short space of time, those whose daily occupations prevent much reading, may gain a general view of the social and political aspects of the North. The Marquis de Custine's ' Russia ' is a popular large work on that empire. It was written, however, before the strong autocratic spirit really began to pass away. Russia is gradually becoming enlightened and liberal. During the threatening war-storm which has just passed over us, an endeavour to aid the cause of Peace was manifested by the communication of all papers from the Russian Minister at Washington to the Great Powers. Russia had, before this, given the Americans counsel regarding the horrors of a civil war ; and, while Prussia was threatening Denmark, we had the French Emperor—that *mens æqua in arduis*—taking steps with Russia for the recognition of the Kingdom

of Italy by that power. Truly, “coming events cast their shadows before!” That long talked-of “mustering among the masses,” and general emancipation from physical and mental thralldom, may not be far distant. Regarding Denmark, all may not be of opinion—although I am sure there are many who are—that the best policy for Denmark to follow is that of *an intimate union with the two other Scandinavian kingdoms*. But few calm observers of the political barometer of Europe will deny that the union into one political body of the Scandinavian tribes in the North is “merely a question of time.” About this question there are many difficulties, but which may all disappear before kingly wisdom and bold statesmanship. The attitude of the Norwegian Government towards Sweden has not, since my visit, been quite satisfactory; but, doubtless, ere this, Charles XV. has done his utmost in that quarter to “allay passions,” and “satisfy wishes” which the general interest does not absolutely force him to resist. Touching home, I am anxious to see brought about a firm British and Scandinavian alliance. Historical remarks have been here and there introduced, which may give my little work, if it have any merit at all, more than only a passing value. I may remark that the whole is the work of a soldier, at home recruiting his health after superintending a large arsenal in the East during late years, including that (1857) of India’s “severest trial.”

The old question of Russian Invasion of British India has been revived in a chapter from my ‘Diary.’ Two Seetabuldee lectures, delivered by me in Central

India, have also been given for the sake of variety : they may likewise interest from the affinity which exists between the East and the North. With regard to the Mogul lecture, the return of a Proconsul to the greatest city in the world, from the scene of his Eastern triumphs, may form an excuse for here presenting a brief sketch of the decline and fall of that once mighty Mogul Empire, which, for centuries, kept many nations in terror ; and on the ruins of which we have founded a mighty Empire, and carried out the grandest mission ever achieved by the genius of Great Britain. As the publication of this work has been longer delayed than was anticipated, advantage has been taken of the delay to give a supplementary section, to which I beg the reader's attention, bringing events down to the opening of the Great International Exhibition.

W. F. B. L.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER,
2nd May, 1862.

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NORTHERN EUROPE.

ERRATA.

- Page 290, 8th line from bottom, *for* "12th December," *read* "14th December."
,, 294, 297, 308, Captain (now Colonel) *Ouchterlony*.
,, 381, 18th line from bottom, *for* "1784," *read* "1786."

... ago, in a contribution to our *Indian Quarterly*,* I remarked that Egypt and Syria had, of late years, found able advocates and describers in those accomplished ladies whose delight during a "Yacht Voyage" in the Mediterranean awakened their ambition to the performance of Diaries and Journals in the Holy Land. Italy and Germany had been nearly written dry; so had, perhaps, Egypt and Syria; but I considered Syria as a land to which, as time passed on, increased attention would be given, and therefore took a lively interest in what might be considered a new field of travel for the ladies. Syria, a land consecrated by so many deeds of imperishable renown. Civilisation in Syria! The Holy Land has been, and is yet to be, blessed. Little I thought, while writing about Syrian travellers, during intervals of duty

* 'Calcutta Review.'

in far-away mystical and pagan Orissa, that I should ever set foot in Scandinavia and Russia, regions which demand, and are receiving, increased attention at the present time, and about which there are many erroneous ideas. Little I thought, while wandering near the great temple of Jagannáth, hearing the “ remorseless dash ” of billows against the shores of Púrí, sometimes beholding the waves, as they approached the Swerga-dwara (the Hindus’ so-called gate of heaven), aiding the burning sun in whitening the bones of those who were said to have already entered into paradise ; little I thought, I say, that I should have one day returned from a visit, however brief, to the cold north ; to Denmark, so wrapped up with our early English history, the country of Shakspeare’s mightiest creation, ‘ Hamlet, the Dane,’ and possessing a brave people, little more than half-a-century ago opposed to us ; to Sweden, the land of Gustavus Adolphus, the scene of so many struggles for religious liberty, the land of Charles the Twelfth and Bernadotte ; to Russia, where Peter and Catherine reared the mighty fragments of civilisation, afterwards consolidated by Alexander and Nicholas, and where, it has long been said, with how little reason every one now knows, the power exists which is one day to wrest India from us !

But, after war in Europe with Russia ; after a deadly rebellion in India ; on the eve of the “ unity ” and independence of Italy ; during a disgraceful civil war in America ; while Hungary and Poland and Germany were musing o’er the prospects of better days, and Prussia seemed to aim at rivalling the days of Frede-

rick, and Sweden those of the great Gustavus, I found myself accompanying my father, in the middle of 1861, in a quiet visit to Northern Europe, in pursuit of health and pleasure as well as in pursuit of Nature.

I was literally bound from the East to the North.

Not long from the Commissary's desk in Central India, the heat of the scorching East still lodged in my weary frame ; so, to prevent the evils arising from any too sudden change, it was thought prudent to leave early in August, one of the most pleasant summer months in the countries we were about to visit. On board the screw-steamer, 'Snowdon,' of Leith, which seemed to be loading on the principle of packing a carpet-bag, *viz.* never being able to get sufficient into her, we steamed carefully out of the crowded dock, and were soon at sea, bound for Hamburg. The name of the deeply-laden vessel, in which a considerable number of passengers were to become once more acquainted with sea-life, was, doubtless, a cold one ; especially so to me who had made voyages in the 'Oriental' and the 'Bombay'—the former steam-ship being that in which Warburton sang "Hurrah ! for the Outward-bound !" as he set forth, light of heart, to gather materials for 'The Crescent and the Cross.' Wilkie, too, our Scottish Teniers, on return from his tour in the East, voyaged and died (June, 1841) in the 'Oriental ;' but all reflections on steamers with glowing names, word-painting, men-painting, clever grouping, and warm colouring, vanished by the third day after departure, or say as we beheld Heligoland. By that time we had done well

through the North Sea, thanks to our excellent captain, whose navigation was as good as his humour. German ladies, some of whom had parted at Leith with husbands or relatives, the terrible word, Farewell! flooding their eyes with tears, were now composed and busy, working away with their needle; for German ladies, strange mixtures of grief and joy, are never idle.

Truly, there is no medicine for keeping away the pain of parting, or any real grief, like employment!

The captain, it might truly be said, was one who "long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,"* and seemed to be of that admirable class of Scottish patriots who would prefer a look at the Trosachs to a ramble through all Germany. Their sentiments are that all there is Art; nothing of Nature on the Continent. And then, Invasion! so long as we possess stout hearts, and plenty of wooden walls to guard our sea-girt isles, who would fear that? Would one man go back to tell the tale were invasion attempted? The defiance of Austria by Hungary, the unity of Germany as essential to her political success, in addition to the above homely topics, and an occasional incident set forth about the late Indian mutiny, amused the mixed company of British and foreigners as we passed the rugged coast of Heligoland. This island (which used to be inhabited by two thousand Danish fishermen, who acted as pilots) appeared to me quite different from the picture I had formed in imagination. Instead of what seemed at first like a

* Byron.

piece of the Sussex coast cut off and set in the ocean, I expected to behold some dark, giant rock frowning down on the restless North Sea, as if beholding another "Death-boat" ploughing by its lee-shore with a "band of cadaverous smile"* for its crew. This ideal ploughing of the night-surge now gave way to a bright night by no means tempestuous. A rather contrary wind retarded our progress a little; but, passing by some thirty sail, chiefly colliers, nobly making way from the Elbe, we anchored by the first light in good time, there to remain until next morning. Heligoland, which the remorseless sea is gradually consuming away, is some twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Elbe, and about one hundred from Hamburg. In the morning we were all on the alert for the approach to this free, busy city.

Being so much accustomed to Oriental scenery, I cannot help continually thinking of the East with the North; so now, on steaming up the Elbe, I thought more than once it was very like the Indian dark-flowing Hooghly; at another time I thought I had a touch of the picturesque scenery on one of Burmah's noble rivers. It took some time to assure me that it was the matter-of-fact Elbe, at first not very inviting, and nothing more. Gazing on the right, or Hamburg side of the river (Hanover† being on the left), as we steamed past Blankenesse, we beheld the country hilly, sandy, and with a forest aspect, the landscape dotted

* Campbell—'The Death-boat of Heligoland.'

† The Stadt-dues formerly levied by the King of Hanover on vessels passing the town of Stade, are now removed by the payment of a large compensation.

with merchants' seats, hotels, pleasure-grounds, red-tiled houses with verandahs gracefully covered with green foliage; then came a handsome mansion with Ionic portico, the pillars also "in verdure clad;" at length we arrived opposite Nuhmüln (new mills), a pilot village.

The snug little cottages, with their green enclosures and tiny gardens, by the side of the river, in conjunction with the specimen we had on board, made me mutter inwardly, "The Elbe pilot loves comfort!" Again, "Why should he not?" thought I. "Does not Branch Pilot Stout of the Hooghly love comfort also? And who earns domestic pleasures and a warm dinner more worthily than the danger-facing, weather-beaten, hard-working pilot?" Looking at our hero's dress, which was very plain, gradually extending to command in shirt-sleeves, I was reminded of a scene on board the 'Tenasserim,' on return from Rangoon to Calcutta, after the Burmese war. What would the pilot's dress be when he stepped on board the steamer? Would his hat be a black or white beaver, or a pith hat, or a wide-awake? would he wear pumps, shoes, or boots? would he have the old-fashioned ribbon or chain with a bunch of seals to it hanging forth from under a satin or silk waistcoat?—or, would his jewellery be mosaic, his coat alpaca, and his dress altogether with a dash of the present day in it? A mad subaltern was just betting on the supposition that he would have a frill to his shirt, when the subject of our sport, solemn as the Sand-heads which he guarded, stepped on board. All eyes were upon him. He was

of the middle rather than of the old or new school of pilots; and his dress was so contrived as to render nearly all speculation regarding it erroneous. Tossing his head up from the gazers, he went to his work with a smile, quite unconscious of how great an object of interest he had been. I was now admiring the Danish territory of Holstein, on the right bank of the noble river through which we steadily made way. Passing windmills—old-fashioned pleasant things to see in these days of steam—varying shades of foliage, and the small red church of Ottenstone, where Klopstock lies buried, the houses gradually increase, busy life is near, and we are off Altona. Next to this Danish city is Hamburg, nearing which the wharfs and warehouses by the water-side reminded me of approaching Rangoon and London—the wooden houses especially (now forbidden on account of fire) making one think of the Burmese land. Looking at the great church of St. Michael's, which we had seen a considerable way off, and then to the forest of masts in which we were about to anchor, we anticipated pleasure from a visit to a city with at least one lofty steeple,* plenty of commerce, and forming a base on which to rest our next erratic operations.

It is a maxim among the Arabs, that the three most charming objects in nature are, a green meadow, a clear rivulet, and a beautiful woman. The pleasures of heaven are also described by Mahomet under the allegory of cool fountains, green bowers, and black-eyed girls. I had not been two days an inmate of the

* About 460 feet high.

Hôtel de l'Europe, on the Alster lake, before I discovered that the paradise of the Hamburg citizen or merchant was a good business, a good dinner, and a home on or near his much-loved Alster; for what the ocean was to Lord Byron, who repaid the pleasure it gave him with the finest passages of his poetry, is the Alster lake to many a citizen of Hamburg. Yes, it is on that beautiful lake, when the toils of the counting-house are over, that he is to be found steaming across, in a vessel not larger than an ordinary fishing-boat, to meet her whose welcome smile a thousand times repays the toils and vexations of the day; for here, as elsewhere, the darkest clouds of adversity can either be softened or dispelled by the light of home. On one occasion, a trip on the Alster lake disclosed to me a most pleasing family picture. It may be first mentioned that the lake opposite our hotel is styled the *binnen* Alster; beyond it is the *oussen* Alster; and to our left is the *Kleinen*, or 'small Alster, from which a canal to the Elbe forms only one of the many watery streets of Hamburg. From the *oussen*, or outer-lake, beyond, say twenty miles, the stream Alster rises, which feeds this *trio* of lakes. After dinner we proceeded to the lake, took steamer, and made a quick run to and across the *oussen* Alster. This run, of some four or five miles, cost us only three Hamburg *schillings* each (or less than threepence), and we were landed at a sweet spot where were merchants' villas, tea-gardens, and a splendid avenue of trees lining the road. Disembarking with a gentleman we had conversed with in the boat, who seemed to think the lofty

steeple of St. Michael's the finest thing in the world (which it certainly is not), and gave us to understand that he was an ardent lover of Nature, and who was most courteous in giving us every information required, he conducted us past his neat dwelling, by the road-side, where his good wife was waiting to receive him after his hard day's work ; and, on entering the garden gate, he flung his arm round her waist, when they joyously went along in true German fashion to the door of his villa, where the rest of the family had all assembled to receive him. This simple, homely incident reminded me of some of Byron's lines, and made me think rather well of the citizen of Hamburg. East or west, north or south, who with any heart can deny, that—

“'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come!”

The quaint old church of St. Michael's is an interesting pile. The Exchange is a noble building, where merchants congregate in surprising numbers. Pretty peasant girls, from the “ Vierlanden,” sell flowers in front of it ; and the costumes of the fair traders is extremely picturesque. It was in the reign of James the First of England that Hamburg was declared “ a free imperial city.” It was this same wise monarch who had such an aversion to men converting their “ inward parts” into “ sooty kitchens” that he wrote the famous ‘ Counterblast to Tobacco.’ The spirit of this strong Royal pamphlet, however, had not the desired effect ;

and it certainly did not reach Hamburg. In James's time, in England, the money spent in smoke was unknown; the new trade of tobacco carried everything before it; and thousands of tobacco-houses stupified the public. Now, at least, the smoking in London, comparatively, is nothing to that in Hamburg. Forty or fifty thousand cigars a day in a city with a population under 200,000!* Truly, if the British people, and especially our ministers, forget all political difficulties at the jovial feast, metaphysics and smoke (nothing more hostile to action or less social) may have hitherto prevented the unity of Germany! Give the German his pipe or cigar, and let him alone! You dare not abstract the "weed" from the Hamburg citizen's paradise. In few cities will the traveller meet with a more mixed population than in this Hanse † (*league*) city, the chief commercial seaport of Germany. And here will an excellent opportunity be afforded him of pondering over the transition states of European minds. Is German valour now the same as in Julius Cæsar's time, when the awe which it inspired kept back the legions of Rome from attacking "the fatherland?" Are the Germans now possessed of that love of freedom and honour, that regard for human rights, so justly noted with admiration by Tacitus?

And the Danes he will meet here, are they worthy

* I heard it set down at 170,000; in 'Murray,' we have it, with the adjacent territory, calculated at upwards of 188,000, "of which about 6000 are Jews."

† This *league* was formed in the 13th century, by the chief commercial cities in Germany, in order to defend their property against feudal lords, and to clear the seas from pirates.

to be descendants of those Scandinavian warriors, those matchless "sea-kings," who once swept the coasts of Europe? And, passing over numerous English and French, are the Jews he will meet here possessed of that "stern medallic countenance," better known to us than any face in the five varieties of mankind, that same unchangeableness of habit and opinion which, from the days in which the Messiah beheld "the city" and "wept over it," to the present time, have become more and more indelible? Warburton writes that "Hamburg contains so many of this people, that it has been called the lesser Jerusalem." It has a large and respectable Burger Guard, also a contingent of 1300 troops, for which this free town is liable to the Germanic Confederation. The French Government took possession of the Hanse Towns of Hamburg and Bremen in 1807, after the battle of Jena in 1806. About the same time, Heligoland was captured from the Danes, and occupied by a British force. Hamburg was evacuated by the French on the Russian advance into Germany in 1813, and restored to its independence in 1814.

On the day of our departure, while taking a farewell ramble in the beautiful gardens which look down on the Alster, I thought that men, rather than architectural beauties or wonders in other arts, were to be seen in the pleasant city of Hamburg, which we left, on a bright afternoon, for the Danish town of Altona, on the border, *en route* for Copenhagen. Altona, the principal town of the Duchy of Holstein (of which the King of Denmark is Grand Duke) has an imposing appear-

ance, being a sort of miniature edition of Hamburg. But it is the seat of the now quiet and industrious Danes, who have made it rank next to Copenhagen in population and commerce.

The population is upwards of 30,000. Being next door to Hamburg, you can hardly credit the fact of your being in Denmark. The railway station here is elegant and commodious. There is every comfort for the traveller ; and I could not help giving a sigh for the dividends of poor shareholders in our own country when I thought of so much money uselessly lavished on “handsome” stations, while here, at Altona, we had nearly as much magnificence and more comfort at probably half the expense.

“ The Danes seem to manage their railway well,” thought I, as, comfortably seated in a *second* class carriage (no respectable traveller ever thinks of going in a *first*), we rushed along towards the picturesque town of Kiel, on the shores of the Baltic.

Even on the rail the irresistible desire to know and communicate knowledge, as one of our national characteristics, frequently displays itself ; and very pleasant it is, in such a situation, to find one whose physiognomy you like, one with whom you think the ice may be safely broken, while fizzing along and hoping soon to arrive at your destination—that period of hope too often a weary blank in the traveller’s existence !

From Altona we were much charmed with the company of an old Norwegian gentleman, in truth an octogenarian, formerly Prussian Consul at Bergen.

He was bound for Copenhagen, or Kjöbenhavn (in Danish), where he resided, the friends of his youth having all departed, and his loved Norway being no longer to him what it was of yore. Friends gone, country given up to the Swede, I could not help surveying the old Consul with intense interest; while his good-humoured face and gentlemanly manner fanned a desire to show him more than ordinary respect. He put me in mind of "Croftangry," in one of Sir Walter's novels, the old man who, turning his thoughts homewards, finds on arrival, that—

"Many a lass he loved is dead,
And many a lad grown old."

Here the difference might be that, in Bergen, if any left, there was no friend so old as himself. Among other information the Consul gave us his recollections of the great age passed away.

Visiting London in his early manhood, he had heard the Gracchus-like Wellesley speak on Indian affairs; he had heard the patriotic Pitt declaim; he had listened to the eloquence of Fox, whose bust Catherine of Russia had placed between those of Cicero and Demosthenes; and he had heard the versatile Sheridan speak,—Sheridan of whom the poet said, Nature had only formed "one such man;"* and who has also been styled in immortal verse, "The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall"—

"The Orator, Dramatist, Minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was Master of all!" †

* Byron.

† Moore.

He had heard the voice of Canning in some of his grandest efforts, probably while pouring forth in strains of unsurpassed eloquence his eulogiums on Munro and Malcolm, two of the greatest characters in the history of our Indian Empire. The name of Canning, the orator and statesman, who was the personal friend of our present wonderful Premier, Lord Palmerston, led to some remarks about Lord Canning, the Viceroy of India. "Was he considered as great a man as his father?" I simply remarked, "That there was some prejudice and ignorance at home and abroad regarding his career in India. He is a great man, and has played his part well in very difficult times." During the rebellion, and after it, he displayed indomitable courage, which, now that he had completed his perilous navigation, led me to think of a song written by his father in 1802, when Pitt was at the helm of affairs, and Britain stood secure amidst the wreck of the world:—

"If hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No!—Here's to the pilot that weather'd the storm!"*

The Consul seemed to agree with me about Lord Canning, admitting the well-known fact concerning political as well as military matters, that to do is far more difficult than to know what 'twere good to do. Before parting, he said, "I have now eighty years; but I hope to be spared to visit your next Exhibition."

* The author quoted this, the first verse of the song, in a lecture on Periodical Literature, at Seetabuldee, in Central India.

From Kiel to Korsör (on the Great Belt) we were conveyed by a Government steamer ; and should you not desire to spend a few summer days at the capital of Holstein, you may dash into the latter harbour in less than twelve hours from Hamburg.

The navigation is intricate ; the course lies through many islands, and the scenery is beautiful. The harbour of Korsör is large and commodious. To us the town seemed a quaint-looking place, with its red houses, excellent horses, and old and new-fashioned Danes carrying on their business, early in the morning, decently and without noise. I was inclined to think that, in this latter particular, we more favoured sons of Britain might take a leaf out of the Scandinavian book. By the harbour, an office, on which were conspicuous the F and crown of Denmark's king, led me to think that I was now travelling to countries where everything that was done bore the stamp of royalty. Our old friend the Consul had informed us that the Danes, especially at Copenhagen, were very fond of titles. " You should always find out the title of a respectable Dane, and address him by it. It is treasured by him as the medal given by his Sovereign is by the true soldier !" Now, in Korsör, we evinced obedience by noting that Frederick the Seventh was King of Denmark ; reserving for a more convenient season of study the stern fact that he was also Duke of Schleswig, in addition to his being Duke of Holstein, both these Duchies being German, or of Lower Saxony, and thus commencing our lesson with the King of all the land. The exportation of corn, and

the scarcity of coal, were among the most remarkable features in trade at this seaport, which we left by rail for Copenhagen about seven in the morning, arriving at the convenient hour of ten. In the south of Europe, or in any bright clime of sunny skies, entering a capital on a rainy day is far from pleasant; in the north it is vexatious in the extreme. You feel that you are in a more phlegmatic region than that of the lively and frivolous southerner; you expect a clear sky and a bracing air, and you get nothing but rain. Such was our lot on entering the famed capital of Denmark. However, wishing to make the most of our time, on establishing ourselves at the *Hôtel Royal*, near the Palace, the rain did not prevent our immediately setting forth to visit the Museum and Library, for which the name of Copenhagen is famous throughout the world. It would be impossible to note in my limited space all that is to be seen in this interesting city. Suffice it to give our chief attention to three or four visits, the first being to the Museum just mentioned, or that of—

NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES.

Situated in a wing of the Christiansborg Palace, or Royal residence at Copenhagen, with Professor Thomsen, the director or presiding genius of this museum; a more convenient and pleasant visit we could not have selected for a rainy day. We found the great Danish antiquary busy explaining some archæological mysteries to a group of listeners eager for knowledge,

or, perhaps, as Sydney Smith has it, eager for “novelty,” “the foundation of the love of knowledge.” They had come here, like ourselves, to see “new grand things, new beautiful things, new excellence,” although, in a strict sense, everything that was to be seen was very old. The professor, dismissing his circle, took us in hand immediately; and looking from the cards which announced our names to the persons of the new arrivals from Britain, perhaps satisfying himself that we were not of the British branch of the Celtæ, or Celtic stock, to which Boadicea and Caractacus belonged, he led us forth with a smile to the chief room of curiosities, evidently considering us as mere babes in the cradle of antiquarian research. In person our director was very tall and erect, giving you the idea that he would have made an excellent grenadier, had he not rather chosen to wield other than modern military weapons, in those of ages long passed away; or knives, spears, axes, hammers, of stone, and flint, and iron, according to the different periods when civilisation was struggling to be born, and the day of the steam-engine, the rifle, and the Armstrong gun was yet very far distant!

I never saw a more enthusiastic antiquary. Entreating us to survey the wondrous collection which he had arranged and classified, he rapidly explained the origin and progress of rude Scandinavian science. Stone, flint, iron, copper and tin, and brass—all came alike to him; his facility of explanation seemed perfectly marvellous. He was like an emissary from the past sent to enlighten us regarding what things had

once been, so that we might compare them with the things that are. This tends to improvement; and thus is the enlightened and zealous antiquary useful to the world. The learned professor, in truth, as the saying is, "had it all to himself." Trying to get in a remark, perhaps about supposed early Celtic or Scythic vestiges in India, about ornaments, like those we saw, which were worn by the people of the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains (to which I was no stranger), was simply impossible. When he had shown us all his wonders, he answered questions put to him readily, and with a touch of humour which characterised all his sayings and doings. "I believe that Moses," said he to me in a whisper, "performed circumcision with a flint!" The ancient Egyptians clearly used stone knives in their sacrifices.

As a Commissary of stores, the general use of stone before iron, even in the manufacture of a pick-axe, interested me much. Here was a primitive one—a long, sharp stone, with a horn stuck through a hole in the centre of it! The most important part of a pick-axe, looking at it as an article "in store," is the eye, for which the above hole did service. If the eye be not broken, the damaged pick-axe is repairable in our day. It could not have been so in times of old; and it need not have been so when stones and horns abounded, and the art of cutting the former was so well known. Wondering at ancient ingenuity, I examined the stone chisels, arrow-heads, and hammers, which appeared to be of beautiful form and workmanship. Necklaces and other ornaments, of

gold and silver, all once worn by the women of Scandinavia—in these I could find a strong likeness to valuables at Vanity Fair among the Todor beauties of the far East.

Christianity was introduced into Denmark about 1000 A. D. It is generally put down earlier (in the eighth and ninth centuries); but the Pagan religion was not then eradicated. In 1536, after the Reformation, there were many changes in the kingdom. All these are admirably illustrated in the Museum. Leaving the kingdom of the antiquary—for, having reigned over antiquarian science in Copenhagen for forty years, he may well have his house called “kingdom”—I thought more and more of all I had read concerning the connection between things Scandinavian, or Northern, and the “gorgeous” East. Some assert that the Celtæ were known in lesser Asia by the names of Titans and Sacks, and as the Cymri in Wales, enough to throw light on the existence of *Cromlechs*—places of sepulture or altars—in the Carnatic of India. “For the Sacks were doubtless a branch of the Sacæ, or Scythians;* then it may follow that the Danes and Cymri, and Scythians had customs in common—the use of the cromlech being one of them. And that the Sacæ, or Scythians, penetrated through the length and breadth of India seems more than probable.” In Denmark, cromlechs would seem to have been monuments raised over the burial-places of kings. However this may be, it is interesting to trace the passage of Buddhism—the old patriarchal system

* Not descended from Gomer, the head of the family of Japhet, but closely related.

—into Northern Europe. This has been done by legends of *Thor*, *Woden* (Buddha), and Runic inscriptions,—the former, in Scandinavian mythology, being the Jupiter of the ancient Germans, from which our Thursday is derived; and Woden in Anglo-Saxon being like the Mercury of the Greeks and Romans, from which we derive our Wednesday; while Runic may be defined, for those unaware of the fact, as an epithet applied to the letters and language of the Teutonic nations, especially the Scandinavians (such as the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians), *runa*, or *run*, in the Gothic and Saxon, signifying a secret, mystery, or letter. I may here note a curious probability, not known to many, that, from the hero of an Eastern legend, which passed into Europe, came the nursery tales of ‘Tom Thumb,’ and ‘Jack the Giant Killer.’ This legend, in Siberia as well as in India, doubtless created a vast sensation; and it must either have come from the East to the North, or have wandered from the North to the East; but, of course, the former is infinitely more probable; and hence the dwarf Agastya (a Buddhist), or the hero of the story, being now with us, prepares the student to find the *Devergar*, “so well known in Hindu history, in the *Dwergars* of Scandinavia,” and in the dwarfs and fairies of Europe! On this subject it has been well remarked “that the reverse of the proverb, ‘Stories never lose by carrying,’ seems to have occurred, in the progress of mythology north and west, into the tales of the nursery. There are, however, additions in such tales, as to variety of incidents.”* In Anglesey the cromlechs

* ‘Madras Journal of Literature and Science,’ No. 33, page 95.

are by some supposed to have been “altars ; or even a sort of platform, from which the Druids addressed an audience.” I think that they were places of sepulture is the most probable, or altars beside such places ; and from the tombs and cairns, to be found in India as well as in Northern Europe, were dug the numerous instruments and weapons, like those above alluded to, and other interesting relics in the Copenhagen and other antiquarian museums. We know of the affinity of language between the East and the West, or say the North-west ; but, passing on to a curious Runic inscription, at Hoby, near Carlshamn, in Sweden, it will be more interesting to mark this, brought to public notice in India by the Rev. W. Taylor through the pages of the ‘Madras Journal,’ one of our excellent vehicles of literature and science. This inscription is said to be the oldest of the kind in the North. The antiquary concludes from certain data in the first verse, that Hildekin, who “received the kingdom,” may have ruled over the ancestors of the Danes, “who had something to do with India ;” and “Hildekin was otherwise Harold, a King of Denmark.” Then after the hewing out, the taking of the oath, and the consecration of the *runes*, or the signs and letters cut in the stones, the latter ceremony being performed by Odin, the principal deity of the ancient Scandinavians,* we read—

“ ODIN and FREY
And the *Aser* race
Destroy—destroy
Our enemies.”

* The same as the Saxon Woden.

The *Aser* race, it is thought, would seem pretty evidently to be the same with the *Asuras* of Hindu fable. I may state here that the Hindu deity, *Yama*, is said to hold his court in the polar circle, opposite to the celestial north pole of Indra, the Hindu god of the elements, or in the station of *Asuras*, who warred with the *Suras*, or gods of the firmament.* But Mr. Taylor thinks that the combats of the *Surs* and *Asurs*, as they are also called, did not take place in some super-terrestrial region, and that these warriors were simply mortals with flesh and blood like ourselves. In the land of the Veda, as India is sometimes called, the Veda is represented by the significations of the *Sura* (wine and true wealth) which were received by the *Suras*, while the *Asuras* did not receive them. The matter-of-fact way, then, of bringing the *Suras* down to earth is, whatever may come of it, worthy of consideration. I am quite sure that our distinguished British poet, Southey, would have shuddered at the thought, after that exquisite stanza in his ‘Curse of Kehama,’ commencing—

“ Swift through the sky the vessel of the *Suras*
Sails up the fields of ether like an angel.”

In this Museum I am informed there is a stone-instrument which was dug out of the barrow near Leire, “supposed to contain the tomb of Harold Hildeland, a Danish monarch of the eighth century.” But I may not here dwell much longer on such matters ; still now having come from the East back to

* Wilford—‘Asiatic Researches.’

the North, let me give a brief extract from a Report of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen:—"The Scandinavian antiquities, whether belonging to the ancient heathen period, or the earliest Christian times, bear so great a resemblance to those of Britain and Ireland, that, when accurately examined and described, they mutually explain and elucidate each other. This is the case especially with the Pagan stone circles, stone altars (cromlechs?), barrows (mounds of earth or cairns), &c. The most ancient of such British erections are generally ascribed to the Druids; but it is very possible that these sages of the olden time had more in common with the *Drutts* or *Drotts* of the North, than a mere similarity of name, or than the rearing of such monuments. The stone erections in the Scottish, Orkney, and Shetland Isles, show themselves to be purely Northern, or reared by people of decidedly Northern extraction." With regard to the opening of cairns on the Neilgherry Hills, and the discovery of antiquities like some of those in the Northern Museum, as well as to the dress of the Todar women even of the present day, and the ornaments they wear like some of those I observed with so much interest as they were pointed out to us by Professor Thomsen, Major Congreve, of the Madras Artillery, in perhaps one of the most erudite and remarkable papers on antiquities ever written,* informs us that the Thautawar women envelope themselves in cloths, and

* 'The Antiquities of the Neilgherry Hills, including an Inquiry into the Descent of the Thautawars, or Todars.'

decorate their persons with rings and bangles, and environ their waists with a brass chain. The women of the Scythians wore rings, bracelets, and chains. He opened a cairn, a few miles to the northward of the pleasant station of Coonoor, and found, among other antiquities, an urn-cover of pottery, with an armed figure of terrible and frightful aspect, like Woden of the Scythian warriors. In iron, he found iron knives, spears, or arrow-heads, and scissors,—the latter with a bent spring handle, like those on stones found recently at St. Andrew's. On all these the hand of time had laid very heavily. In brass, there were bells, probably among the earliest things made by workers in metals; and which, as in Burmah at the present day, in order to keep off the birds, tinkled at the summit of Solomon's temple. In gold, there was a broad gold ring ornamented with three rows of bosses.

I should like much to have heard Professor Thomsen, or some other of the learned sages of Copenhagen, on the question, which, with all our learning and research, has not yet been entirely decided, *viz.* What part of the earth gave origin to *the ARTS of CULTIVATED LIFE?*

When the ark of Noah, containing the sole fathers of the future race, comes to a station on the mountains of Ararat, we next find the historian depositing the patriarchal family in the neighbourhood, in Armenia. Did mankind, then, leaving their first establishment in the *West of Asia*, spread away to the *East of Asia*, neglecting the West and North, to grow up

into civilisation and importance before they or a part of them migrated to the North and West? These quarters (North and West) remained the patrimony of Japhet, the eldest born of Noah, and, in right of such primogeniture, "the heir of the world." Perhaps, then, civilisation and science, to go to the conclusion of the matter, were not born "in the East," after all! But, for my own part, being a sort of Oriental, I am inclined to date their birth and early progress from the laying of the foundation of Babel or Babylon's tower on the Euphrates, that progress extending to the *far East*, even to India and China; for who can deny that in these countries civilisation and science, after a fashion, flourished during a time long buried in the past, while Europe was enveloped in savage darkness, from the sunny south to the cold region of Odin, or Scandinavia, in the north?

THE ROYAL LIBRARY.

Carrying a letter of introduction from a distinguished librarian and antiquary of Edinburgh, to M. Büling, the mighty chief of books, relating to Scandinavian as well as general literature, at Copenhagen, added to the pleasure we anticipated from a visit to the Royal Library. We had also brought a few books for His Majesty of Denmark, which we longed to present; but Frederick the Seventh being in Holstein, and not expected at the capital before our departure, to whom could we better repair for every information than to the Royal librarian? He received

us most affably ; and, of course, commenced by showing us his vast treasures. It is impossible to get into the good graces of a librarian without first examining all he has to show you, and listening attentively to his remarks on the curiosities, rise, and progress of human knowledge. This done, he may hear what you have to say on common or trifling topics ; among such may even be reckoned the presentation of books to a king ; for what is anything to him in comparison with the beauty and arrangement of his Icelandic and Oriental manuscripts ; his “black letter” and illuminated volumes, on which the hand of time has pressed so lightly that it is hard to believe the story of their honoured age ? Here there are about 500,000 volumes ; and many thousand manuscripts. The classified catalogue alone is equal to a private library, by which the works of every author may be easily found, thus saving much valuable time. Some splendid editions of the ‘Koran,’ in beautifully written Arabic or Persian, led my thoughts back to India, with the bearded turbanned Moonshee, explaining to me the different forms of writing,—the *Nishki*, the *Talik*, and the *Shekesteh* ; the former the hand of the Arabians, who invented the characters, so easily imitated by our types, and who also gave the numeral characters for the arithmetic of Mammon-worshipping Europe. According to Sir William Jones, this hand is frequently used by the Persians, and the history of Nadir Shah was written in it. From the Persians comes that exquisite taste which adorns the manuscripts in public libraries. They still boast of

the silky paper with its powdered ground of gold or silver dust—the vivid illuminations of many colours—sometimes the perfume of essence of roses or sandal-wood coming from the page, such as would be written by some love-sick swain to his gazelle-eyed beauty in the Persian land !

Early printed bibles, one by Gottenberg in 1450, and nearly all the works of British authors, were here ; and the ‘Philosophical Transactions’ of the Royal Society of London occupied a conspicuous position in the library. While inspecting the works of every age* and of every nation, I came upon a remarkable illuminated manuscript-book, written in and illustrating the time of Charlemagne.

The vivid colouring of the pictures was perfectly marvellous. One represented a soldier slaughtering, in the most cruel manner, a woman with her two children, reminding me of murders perpetrated in India during the mutiny ; and thus forcing the thought, that what was really so terrible and heart-rending in our time had been fully equalled, if not surpassed, by numerous scenes in the dark pages of history.

Probably this library is the greatest wonder in Denmark. The chief room is low and narrow, but of great length—I should think about three hundred feet—and it is adorned with Corinthian pillars, gilt above and below. Even with its many rooms and divisions, the Royal Library is pressed for room in which to place copies of all the new works to which

* There are manuscripts of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch ; also some in the Icelandic,—the parent language of the North.

it is entitled, in addition to the literary gifts which are continually being placed under its honoured roof. "What a change from the date of publication of many thousands of these volumes," thought I, turning from the mighty tomes, "to the present time of thick shilling volumes and penny newspapers!" Truly, if knowledge *is* power, setting arms aside, *we* ought to be the most powerful nation in the world.

Let us now vary the sight-seeing, asking the reader's pardon for all verbosity in antiquities and books, and take a brief ramble in some of the gardens and about the streets of Copenhagen.

Copenhagen, with its 143,000 inhabitants, does not strike you as a busy city, and yet there is a vast deal of traffic here. The Danes are very fond of business and pleasure. Shortly after our arrival, all the city was alive on account of a grand fête in the Tivoli Gardens. These may be styled the Vauxhall or Cremorne of Denmark's capital. Before paying them a visit, however, we drove to the Rosenburg Palace, or rather Castle, though it is, externally, neither like the one nor the other. It is, in an architectural point of view, a very poor affair. We could hardly believe that Inigo Jones had aught to do with the construction of such a pile. The windows are in the worst taste; the steeples are better, but seeming as if they did not belong to the Castle at all. There is nothing of that beautiful proportion so often displayed by the architect of the first James.

The gardens are pleasant enough, but the statues therein are of a very inferior description, which I

could not understand in a city which gave birth to Thorwaldsen.

I turned from a contemplation of the red Gothic edifice* and its pleasure grounds to some troops at drill. They were steady, and went through the manual and platoon with considerable dexterity and precision. What a change was here from the "exercise" of the warlike tribes of the Gothic or Germanic race, who, in the first ages of the Christian era, established themselves in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The Danes became the dominant nation in Scandinavia, and were the first to found a monarchical state in the rude North,—a state from which sprung fortresses, disciplined troops, system, and all the accessories of civilisation.

We next drove to the Tivoli, and observed on the way that the fortifications of the city were of some extent and strength. It was expected that some ten or twelve thousand people would be present at the pleasure gardens in the evening; but, on account of the weather, the fête was put off. Commencing a stroll through the city our attention was more than ever arrested by the immense size of the Christiansborg Palace. It is truly imperial, and worthy of a larger kingdom. In front of the palace paced the Danish sentry, a soldier-like fellow, in blue uniform, well equipped, with the seal-skin knapsack, sword and bayonet. From admiring the broad streets and regularly built

* The Regalia are kept in the Castle of Rosenburg. For a description of all the curiosities and relics of antiquity here, the traveller is referred to the 'Handbook of Northern Europe.'

squares of Copenhagen, we turned to behold two buildings of singular appearance,—one (the Exchange) having a spiral steeple, formed out of the uplifted tails of four dragons or crocodiles; the other (a church), with a staircase outside leading to the summit of the sacred edifice. Halting in front of Thorwaldsen's (Thorvaldsen's) Museum, which was shut, we lingered awhile beside this mausoleum of true native genius. The intention of the building is impressed on its exterior, the architecture being chiefly borrowed from the ancient Greek and Etruscan sepulchral edifices. Here the mighty Danish sculptor, the friend and pupil of the great Canova, rests among his works, hardly inferior in execution, and in sublimity of conception quite equal, to the gems of sunny Italy.

Anticipating great pleasure from a strict survey of them before departure, we now examined the frescoes exposed to public view. On the exterior of one side of the building is represented Thorwaldsen's reception in Copenhagen, in September, 1838, after an absence of eighteen years in Rome, where he assiduously studied his art, in the face of "misfortunes and hindrances," and then returned in the ship that brought over a part of his works for the Museum. On the other side is depicted the conveyance of these works to their destination—the various images being "produced by the in-laying of different coloured cements in the wall." The façade, in fact most of the building, is decorated with allusion to Thorwaldsen's victorious genius; and in the Victoria erected on the roof, the goddess, splendidly cast in bronze, stops her

brazen quadriga* over the entrance, vying with all around in doing genius honour.

Leaving the Museum, and passing along a principal canal, we entered one of the busy streets of Copenhagen, to reach which you are forcibly reminded that walking is not so pleasant here as in the cities of our own country. The stones in the streets are pointed, and hard enough to make you believe you are walking on iron pegs; and the same being introduced beside narrow slabs, form an ingenious apology for a pavement. The shops are very inferior to those in London or Paris; still there is a well-to-do air about them, which atones for deficiency in beauty. The curious thing is, if you want anything really Scandinavian you cannot get it. French or German articles may be had with little difficulty. Jewellers, photographers, stationers, and provision merchants are plentiful. We found the Danish ladies passing in gay costumes to and fro, with the exception of a black silk or coloured handkerchief on the head instead of a bonnet, their dress in no way very remarkable, save that the much-abused crinoline of the south had found its way to the north of Europe. Expanding the skirt, it would appear, is common to many countries; and, from the Eurasian belle of Bombay to the fair-skinned daughter of Scandinavia, there is obedience to the dictates of that tyrant, Fashion!

We paid a visit to the Bourse, † little inferior to

* In *antiquity*, a car or chariot drawn by four horses, which were harnessed all abreast, and not in pairs.—*Imperial Dictionary*.

† Splendid room, A.D. 1640. Renovated in 1858.

the Börse (Exchange) at Hamburg; and ended a pleasant and interesting stroll by inspecting the admirable arrangements at a watch-tower for the detection and extinction of fire, from which Copenhagen had suffered so much in by-gone days.

TIVOLI.

Next day the sun shone brightly; the clear skies and bracing air of the North had a wonderful effect on our tempers; so we resolved, like the Danes, to be in "holiday humour," and visit "Tivoli" in the evening. Our friend, the Royal librarian, had kindly undertaken to deliver our books (one the 'Transactions' of that learned Society, the Antiquaries of Scotland), and letters accompanying them, to the King. He further determined to accompany us to the Tivoli Gardens, where he assured us would be seen everything that could be desired in the beautiful and amusing by the most fastidious critic. The Library and Tivoli were all in all to him; and it was pleasing to observe that he was one of those sensible literary men who like a little pleasure occasionally, and emerging from their musty tomes and dusty book-shelves, can laugh and be gay with a far greater zest than the dissipated and idle. I am sure that no hard-worked editor of a journal in Great Britain, be he daily or Saturday reviewer, ever looked forward to a day's fishing or shooting with more delightful anticipations than those possessed by our friend, who called for us punctually at the appointed time. A good cab and excellent horse (Denmark is

famous for a good breed of horses) soon appeared at the door, and we drove off rapidly to the scene of action. Fifteen thousand people, at least, were to enjoy Tivoli to-night. The Danish character was to prove itself more agreeable than is generally supposed; the Dane was to appear less "breeched," less "ponderous," and less "saturnine" than that master of wit and wisdom, Sydney Smith, makes him out to be. Girls of pure Scandinavian descent, like Brenda in the 'Pirate' of Sir Walter, and tall as Northern Rosalind,* were to smile and be gay without being frivolous and volatile. But, hark! the sound of music. And no sooner are we in the gardens than "The procession is coming!" falls on the ear as the common cry. The music is nearer and nearer. The "boy band" of Tivoli, from which proceed the welcome sounds, appear among the trees; they pass near the Chinese temples, the oriental-like stalls, and the anxious spectators, before whom the grotesque and beautiful train will now pass by. And first, behind the music, we behold men, girls, and children on horseback; then triumphal chariots, in which ride the representatives of ancient Scandinavian warriors; then clowns—jesters of the old time—appear; and the rear is brought up by more actors in grotesque costumes, and more people on horseback—all of whom move along in formal march amidst the applause and laughter of thousands of delighted spectators. That equestrian on the cream-coloured steed—that sweet little girl on the white horse—reminds us of Astley's. But I think of the clown as the leading

* Shakspeare's 'As You Like It.'

character in this triumphal procession. There is no mistake about the time-honoured representative of Folly; and when he passed by, what a troop of clowns and jesters rushed to my memory! Shade of Odin! Was it Denmark that gave us the clown? What a “be-all” in merriment he is! Who could do without him in the good old times? When Melancholy came, at “Call the fool!” he vanished, and Saxon Cedrics, with their Wambas, feasted and were glad. “Marian, I say!” shouts Sir Toby Belch—“a stoup of wine!”—[*Enter Clown.*] “Here comes the fool, i’ faith,” cries Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

From Tarleton of our ancient stage to Joe Grimaldi of the modern, or, later still, to Tom Matthews, what a force there is in the laughing philosopher’s “Here we are!” Shakspeare’s clown sings—

“A great while ago the world began.”

“A great while ago!” may lead us to the origin of clowns—to the clown who first set the table or the theatre in a roar; but I have no time to search. Enough—all alike have the same “end-all” here! “This same skull, sir,” says the Clown to Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, “was Yorick’s skull, the king’s jester!”

I could not get at the story of the procession, if there was one to tell. Indian mythology would not greatly help me. Of course there was a lover. One of many maidens recovering from a trance, perhaps, sought to be his bride. An altercation began, which ended by their being *all* given in marriage to the hero, who built “Tivoli” in Copenhagen, making gardens,

abounding in delights, which rivalled the bowers of Odin, and which frequently he visits, in his chariot, in triumphal procession, delighted to see and be seen ! This is an adaptation with a vengeance.

The illuminations, all done with economical varnished paper lamps, are very splendid ; and, as the night wears on, you may fancy yourself walking in a garden among millions of beautiful fireflies in the far East ! At Coorg, in India, these insects teem with such lustre that every leaf seems to have its own fairy lamp.* The people are very orderly, and there is every opportunity offered to those who love to study character and variety of costume. There are old ladies, of Dutch extraction, from an adjacent island (Amak), very quaintly dressed, who move about with an independent air ; there are other old ladies, with gold cloths at their backs, and wearing fine and costly shawls, who come from some strange quarter ; there are beautiful lively children, with bright eyes full of intelligence ; and then there are comely specimens of maidens from Sweden and Norway—daughters of whom Scandinavia may well be proud. All these add grace and beauty to Tivoli. Some of them enjoying the rather perilous trip over the “ Montagne de la Russe ; ” † others at the wheel of Fortune for a toy to please childhood left at home ; and others listening to eloquent music proceeding from an orchestra led by a most accomplished Dane. Some of the male visitors are strolling about the gardens, which abound

* Rev. H. Moegling.

† Russian Mountain, as it is called.

in beautiful trees and shrubs ; some are smoking, others are drinking, and some have joined the merry dance on a spacious platform. The light falling on these Northern sons, I could not help observing how very like the Scotch on the coast of Fife they were ! This led me once more into a reflective mood ; and I thought of the ninth century, and fugitives from Scandinavia, to escape the cruelties of Harold the Fair-haired,* settling on the coasts of Iceland and Scotland !

The Skager Rack, between Denmark and Norway, is exactly opposite the Fife coast. It is said that Nelson, our greatest naval hero, was an Anglo-Dane. I became convinced that Adam Smith (born at Kircaldy), our greatest political economist, was a Scotch one ! To go no further, the Danish “ barn ” was equivalent to our Scotch *bairn*, as our worthy friend the Librarian took care to explain to us. The “ restoration ”—not a bad name for the strengthening of the inner man—was common in the gardens ; but our party agreed to sup in the hotel. The equestrian circus, the concert, and a brilliant display of fireworks near a Chinese pagoda, with other amusements, kept the numerous assembly up to a very late hour, before which we returned home, and thus ended our visit to Tivoli !

* Of Norway.

THE GERMAN-DANISH QUESTION.

(Schleswig and Holstein.)

“It is good not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident.”—*Bacon's Essays.*

Had we sojourned in Kiel, — not 140 sea-miles from Copenhagen, with its beautiful scenery, and which was found to be so excellent and useful a naval station during the Russian war,* — we would have been witnesses to a great political demonstration.† Far less enthusiasm than might have been expected was said to have characterized the proceedings. There were no riots, and little shouting. Even what seemed tantamount to rebellion was done decently and in order. “We know nothing here,” said one who knew about the matter, “of that effervescent spirit which induces people, as they do elsewhere, to expose themselves to the risk of being killed for the sake of ‘Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.’”

Final emancipation, to go to the root of the matter, both in Holstein and Schleswig, from the Danish “yoke,” is the object sought by the people of these Duchies, which is styled the German-Danish Question; and for the proper understanding of which important political “touch-stone” of German “unity,” as it has been styled, I hope to collect a few notes from the best sources.

* Population, about 8000. University, anti-Danish in spirit.

† A very good account of this demonstration appeared in the ‘Caledonian Mercury’ of September 5th, under the head of “Germany and the Baltic. (From our own correspondent.)”

Denmark, the chief seat of the ancient *Cimbri*, or Scandinavians, plays a most important part in the history of the Middle Ages; in fact, during that period, so much of British and European consequence is wrapped up with it, that it may be considered one of the great bases of history. From Denmark came the tribes that peopled Norway and Sweden; and it was regarded “as the mother-country of these great colonies, and as the cradle of the religion, the poetry, and the traditions of the Scandinavians.” As the English language is now universally sought after—in the North no gentleman considering his education finished without some knowledge of it—so the heralds of European civilisation formerly acknowledged the superiority, and boasted in a knowledge, of the *Dinsk tunga*, or Danish tongue.

Ancient Germany, it must be kept in mind, contained the whole of modern Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Livonia, and the greater part of Poland; and it was peopled by the tribes of one great nation, “whose complexion, manners, and language denoted a common origin, and preserved a striking resemblance.”

It was under the well-known Canute the Great, in the beginning of the eleventh century, that Denmark appeared in the zenith of its glory. Its extent of dominion was great, and its power was everywhere to be feared. In the Middle Ages, Scandinavia, in fact, meant Denmark alone. The Isle of Man was then the rendezvous of the Scandinavian pirates, who descended on the neighbouring coasts of Great Britain

and Ireland, spreading terror all around. One of the most memorable defeats of the Danes, was that given by Alexander, King of Scotland, about 1266, when he compelled the King of Man to do homage, and made the island tributary to Scotland, which it remained till the reign of Edward the Third of England. Probably a good deal of the Danish blood on the coasts of Great Britain came from the Isle of Man; and it may be a caution to those who love long pedigrees not to push their ardent inquiries after ancestry too far, for fear of their finding themselves, by some curious process, allied to what Shylock styles "water-rats,"* or to the Danish pirates of the Middle Ages!

About this time, then, Denmark had attained the summit of her glory. "Holstein, Lauenburg, Mecklenburg, Rügen, Pomerania, Esthonia, Carelia, and part of Prussia were subjected to the Danish sway, and in Denmark laws were promulgated which still form the basis of the national legislation." Before the end of the fourteenth century, nearly all these conquests were lost, and Denmark appeared to be in a transition state. In 1387, Queen Margaret mounted the throne, formed by her hereditary right what is styled the union of Calmar,† and was acknowledged Sovereign of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. The latter kingdom, I may note, dates its being under Danish sway from the time of Canute. Queen Margaret has been styled "The Semiramis of the North."

In the middle of the fifteenth century (1448), the

* See 'Merchant of Venice.'

† In Sweden, formerly a fort of great strength.

crown of Denmark fell to Christian, Count of Oldenburg, who founded the present royal family of the kingdom. A German dynasty thus begun, the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein* being most convenient for Denmark, especially for maritime purposes, were deemed of peculiar value, and, in a political sense at least, were appropriated accordingly. Now that the "unity" of Germany has become one of the great political questions of the day, the question—Danish?—or German?—is a very important one. Historically speaking, the answer is simply, Danish, by all means! But King William of Prussia, who is evidently aiming at the title of Emperor of Germany (and why should he not obtain it?), seems to think otherwise. Now, to conclude the slight historical retrospect, while thinking of the value of the saying, *To understand history is to understand man*. Frederick Duke of Holstein having embraced the opinions of Luther, in 1536, the Protestant religion was established there by Christian the Third. The name of Holstein thus becomes inseparably allied with the establishment of Lutheranism in Denmark. It might be well, therefore, for this reason alone, not to try an experiment in the State, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident. Truly, what a whirlpool of politics exists in our day! Europe and Kossuth will have nothing to do with "faithless Austria." France, Prussia, Germany, and Italy—all have their parts to play; the former three, probably, to commence action in the north, while the latter is rapidly finishing her noble part in the south of Europe!

* Holstein is separated from Schleswig by the river *Eyder*.

It is curious to remark at the present time, how every proposed act of aggression is immediately attributed to the French Emperor, as if ambition only rested with one man, and he reigned the political Fiescho of the day. He was to get hold of Sardinia not long since; then he was to seize the Rhine provinces; in Egypt, the new canal is to lead to the overthrow of our power in the East; and now a plan of action in the North is talked of. The British Lion waits patiently, and simply growls, What is it to be? Lessening the power and resources of Denmark for the sake of aiding in the consolidation of Germany, would, in my humble opinion, neither benefit Great Britain nor Sweden. Early in the eighteenth century, it may be remarked, the Danes, through the madness of Christian the Second, lost the sovereignty of Sweden. In 1523, the Danes were expelled from that country by Gustavus Vasa, since which it has been independent, and promises to be in modern times what Denmark was in days of yore. Norway, after, for so many centuries, belonging to Denmark, was, at the peace of Paris, in 1814, united to Sweden. And so the glory of the once mighty Dane—the skilful, remorseless “sea-king”—of the country which aided our civilisation—whose Canute, for his reproof of flattery by the sea-side, is impressed on the memory of childhood—seemed to pass away! It has been well remarked by an English writer* of celebrity, that “there is much in our Scandinavian ancestry to be

* E. S. Creasy, M.A., Professor of History in University College, London.

proud of; and we owe to it probably much of that fondness for a seafaring life, of that propensity to adventurous voyages and distant colonization, and of that commercial activity, as well as of that pre-eminence in maritime warfare, which are such remarkable and such valuable characteristics of our English nation.”

The kingdom of Denmark, properly so called, consists only of the peninsula of North Jutland, the islands between Jutland and Sweden, and the island of Bornholm. Other lands and duchies—those of Schleswig and Holstein in particular—have from time to time been added; and now the King, having among his possessions* what formed part of the German empire, ranks as a member of the Germanic Confederation,† the origin of which is as follows:—In 1806, the title of Emperor of Germany was relinquished for that of Emperor of Austria. In 1815, the sovereign states of Germany were formed into a permanent and deliberative assembly, holding a federative diet “for maintaining the external and internal security, the independence and inviolability of the Confederate States,”—which are bound not to make war on each other, and to do nothing contrary to the interests of the Confederation. Of this great assembly, then, the Emperor of Austria became presi-

* Between 53° and 58° N.L.

† The Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg have three votes in the Germanic Confederation. The latter originally formed part of the Hanoverian dominions; it was then transferred to Prussia, and then given in exchange for Pomerania and Rügen, which had been ceded to Denmark in lieu of Norway and Lapland.

dent, he having the principal state. Prussia became the second, or next in importance; and now the King of that country is busy, with the assistance of a large portion of the people of Germany, in forming a navy, it is said, to aid in the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question. Bremen,* with an ambition worthy of the old *Hanse* days, submitted a plan for the formation of a German fleet, according to which "Prussia would undertake to construct a fleet sufficiently strong to guard the coast against any attacks by Denmark, and to protect the German flag in Eastern Asia."

Situated at the mouth of the Baltic, and possessing some splendid ports, with a population of upwards of 2,000,000 (in the monarchy, say 2,600,000), and possessing the *matériel* and talent for the formation of a great naval power, I, for one, should be sorry to see Denmark lose an inch of territory; and should this ever be endeavoured by force, I trust that Great Britain, and Sweden in particular, will do their utmost to prevent it. The all-powerful navy of Great Britain, with the fleets of Denmark and Sweden, should ever be prepared, from their very position in the north of Europe, to act in concert. As far as Denmark is concerned, let those who think of her only as a declining power recollect that even in her ashes may live her "wonted fires."

I asked a Danish gentleman in Copenhagen to

* Bremen, Lubeck, Frankfort, and Hamburg (the free cities) have each a vote in the Confederation, of which Lubeck was the capital. But the meetings are held at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the new capital of the Confederation.

explain the Schleswig-Holstein affair in as few words as possible. The object of the Germans was, he said, to gain their fine ports. Schleswig he considered *purely* Danish.* After this, a German gentleman remarked to me, on hearing what I repeated about the question, "What would be the use of their ports to us, and how could we take them, having no navy?" In Schleswig, I read, that the Danish element was more in the ascendant than in Holstein; and that the Danish clergy and police there do their utmost to keep the "might of Denmark's crown" before the people. Be this as it may, even supposing the German element to be equally strong in both duchies, Denmark's pretensions to them, some may think, should no more be disputed, than should British pretensions be disputed at Delhi or Poonah, because the Mahomedans wish another Mogul, and the Mahrattas another Peishwah!

As far back as twenty years ago the Danes first attempted to sever Schleswig from Holstein, and to incorporate it with the kingdom of Denmark. The German side of the question is that "the Danish people have no rights in reference to Schleswig, any more than have the Danish Government; *one* man alone in Denmark has rights in this respect, namely, King Frederick VII.; it is only as Sovereign Duke of Schleswig, but by no means as King of Denmark, that such a right belongs to him." In 1848, Lord

* In some geographies it is put down as in Denmark Proper. The population of Schleswig, in 1845, was 363,000; that of Holstein, 479,364.

Palmerston, the great arbiter of the world in all points of dispute, proposed to divide Schleswig "according to the *nationalities*, and to incorporate the north of that duchy with Denmark, and the south with Holstein, under the legitimate and hereditary succession of the House of Schleswig-Holstein." It was considered that by this means alone can the German element be withdrawn from the body politic of the Scandinavian kingdom.

It must be pleasing for Scotchmen to observe the intercourse which is now being carried on between the Firth of Forth and Denmark. Wheat and barley grow to great perfection in the two duchies; the latter commodity in particular, which is freely exported to Scotland. We had an opportunity, while passing through a portion of Holstein, of observing the luxuriance of the crops.

Notwithstanding all that has been talked about Danish oppression in Schleswig and Holstein, the Danish institutions and the state of education in the monarchy have met with high praise from all disinterested observers. The method followed has been styled "not only judicious but exemplary." Regarding education, I note a most pleasing fact, that "it is a very rare circumstance to find anyone, even among the poorest, who cannot both read and write; and among those who are liable to serve in the army, there is scarcely one who is not possessed of these acquirements."* It has been affirmed that, were Denmark connected with Sweden and Norway in a

* Correspondent of the 'Mercury,' September 23, 1861.

union from which the German element had been eliminated by the partition of Schleswig, she would see before her “a development and a future altogether different from what is possible in her present position in Europe;” but it may also be said, if, through Danish instrumentality, no German and Danish elements in the duchies *can* be well managed and well educated, would the King of Sweden accept of such a union when stripped of the power which Denmark claims over them, and the exercise of which had been denied to Charles XV. or any future king? I have heard that the latter supports the Danish pretensions to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Without these I do not think there could be a union. They are possessions of vast importance in Northern Europe. But with them, true enough, in the words of an admirable writer on the subject* (in favour of Germany and the partition of Schleswig) with whom we may agree,—“To effect the union of the Scandinavian tribes it needs but a resolution of the Danish King and Diet that, on the extinction of the male line of the present dynasty, the King of Sweden and Norway shall succeed to the crown of Denmark.” I may note, in conclusion, that it was the Angles, or Saxon people who dwelt in Holstein, who first came over to assist Vortigern against the Picts and Scots, A.D. 450. (For more information on the German-Danish Question, see Appendix.)

* ‘Germany, Denmark, and the Scandinavian Question.’ London, 1861.

THORWALDSEN.

A visit to the Royal stables in Copenhagen, which have accommodation for two hundred horses, must not be omitted by the traveller. We saw some splendid animals, "up to any weight," including pure-white Arab-Norwegian steeds, kept for state occasions. From the horse, perhaps the most graceful and dignified object which presents itself to the eyes of the sculptor, let us now proceed to the Museum of Sculpture, and gaze on some of the works of Thorwaldsen, whose name is associated with everything that is grand and noble. Famous as his horses are, he is best known by his lions,—the *lion couchant* and his *lion blessé*, which have made him, for animals, in sculpture what Sir Edwin Landseer is in painting. The father of the great Danish sculptor was an Icelander, and earned his living by carving figure-heads for ships. At an early age, the son, Bertel, was called upon to assist his father in his labours on the wharf. Young Thorwaldsen's figure-heads seemed to speak, as if entreating Æolus to waft the ship along; and hence the foundation of that genius which soon after gained high honours from the Academy at his birth-place, Copenhagen. We have "self-help," national and individual, abundantly exemplified in our own country; and it was the innate power of self-help which was the secret of all Thorwaldsen's success in life. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," is not confined

to Great Britain ; and here we have an instance in Denmark of a poor lad, born of poor parents, becoming, next to Canova, the greatest sculptor of his age. In variety, perhaps, the pupil is greater than the master. Woman, which subject Burke, in his ‘ Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful ’ (as was to be expected from such a sweet-mouthed, chivalrous orator), ranks number one, is done ample justice to by Canova. We think of him as the master of such works of art in sculpture as the Venus, dancing girls, and ‘ Benevolence.’ In Thorwaldsen the range seems to be world-wide ; and I became more and more impressed with this idea as I surveyed his works in the Museum. The statue of Guttenberg, the first printer of the Bible, is with a relief on the pedestal holding forth the invention of the movable types and of the printing press. From this earnest face we turn to the marble statue of Schiller, the Shakspeare of Germany, and author of the history of the ‘ Thirty Years’ War.’ In no man does universality appear to shine more than in Schiller ; and in Thorwaldsen’s fine figure of the poet, with the wreath encircling his brow, we have a noble representation of the triumph of genius. There are some sayings of his which we like to treasure up. One, on his being married, “ How different, does life now begin to appear, seated at the seat of a beloved wife, instead of being forsaken and alone, as I have so long been ! ” The other is, in the last scene of all, when he said with a happy and lively air, “ Many things are now becoming clearer and clearer to me ! ” No man who loves literature

could fail to admire the sculptor's art as here brought out in the thoughtful face of Schiller. From noble equestrian statues, and lions, grave monuments,—all affecting and beautiful,—magnificent figures of Christ and the Apostles, busts innumerable, and full-lengths of heroes and heroines of every land,—we halt for a while before a shepherdess with a nest of Cupids. A little child is escaping from the nest, and the mother is putting forth her arms to catch it as it flutters in the air, which reminded me of Charles Lamb's dream of 'The Child Angel.' His 'Angelet' sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions, and was recovered into the arms of full-winged angels. Its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven; but, being the production of earth and heaven, it could not taste of death, "by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces: but it was to know weakness and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility."*

The celebrated statue of 'Jason,' so much admired by Canova, and 'The Triumph of Alexander,' are among Thorwaldsen's finest works. Nothing can be finer than the casts of our Saviour with the Apostles, in the Museum; and you at once feel that the figure of 'The Man of Sorrows' is the production of an artist in the highest walk of art. In 'The Church of Our Lady' (Vor Frue Kirke) there are some of the masterpieces of Thorwaldsen †—above all, what is styled "that wondrous statue of the Christ," to see which

* Essays of 'Elia.'

† The Hall of Christ in the Museum, contains casts of all the statues in the Frue Kirke.

alone is worthy of a visit to Copenhagen. I have often thought it a very strong argument in favour of the Christian religion, the fact of the greatest sculptors, painters, and writers, of many ages, expending so much time and labour, and bringing such a force of genius to bear, on the subject of the Saviour of the world!

‘Thorwaldsen leaning on Hope’ tells its own story. From such a work I fancied a useful lesson might be learned. It was Hope, in a great measure, that changed the once poor carver of figure-heads into the wealthy and independent sculptor, who, on his return from Rome to Copenhagen the second time, was welcomed like a royal prince to his native city; the streets, the canals, and the shores filled with spectators; boats in the harbour crowded with eager men, women, and children; the horses unharnessed from his carriage, which was drawn along in triumph by the people! Here, indeed, was the triumph of Hope and Perseverance! He had given three thousand pounds towards the erection of the Museum in which I now stood admiring his works. And then his funeral—how different to that sometimes awarded to genius in our own country! Tens of thousands of the people of Copenhagen stood in rows, uncovered, while his remains passed by to their final resting-place,—the King himself taking part in the ceremony,—and the Crown-Prince of Denmark following, as a mourner, to the grave!

In the statue which has produced these remarks, and in a painting, by *Blunck*, of ‘Thorwaldsen amongst Danish Artists in a Roman *Osteri*, or Inn,’ I thought

I could discern a likeness to an esteemed citizen of modern Athens,—one of our greatest modern sculptors, of whom Scotland may be justly proud. In addition to his many works of great merit, he has just finished an admirable bust of the Prince of Wales. But nothing pleased me more, on my return from “a foreign strand,” than gazing on the Scott monument, and beholding, under the lower groined arch, the sitting statue of Sir Walter, with his dog Maida, by this eminent sculptor. The unfortunate designer of Scott’s monument was a self-taught architect, and the son of a shepherd; and, though in different branches of art, I could not help comparing his untimely end* with the long and useful life of Thorwaldsen, the gifted Dane. Concerning “Self-help” among eminent sculptors, Flaxman and Chantrey, perhaps, are the most wonderful examples in Great Britain. The former began his studies as a poor plaster-cast seller, and the latter as an apprentice to a carver and gilder. John Flaxman’s wife used to say to him, “Work and economize!” and, after all, this is the sure way to eminence and fortune in all trades and professions. Thorwaldsen never married; so escaped what the great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, wrongly predicted of Flaxman, the chance of being “ruined for an artist.”

The tomb of Thorwaldsen is in the outer, or court yard of the Museum; and his body was deposited here on the 6th of September, 1848, when the building was about to be opened. The large granite slab

* “He was suddenly deprived of life before his great work, the Scott Monument, was half finished.”—*The Scottish Nation*.

is very simple, announcing his birth and death—1770 and 1844. A few green shrubs and a rose in full bloom, while we were there, adorned his lonely tomb; and here the mighty Danish sculptor sleeps, surrounded by his own immortal works of genius, calling to memory the simple inscription written by the great Sir Christopher, the architect of St. Paul's, "SI QUÆRAS MONUMENTUM CIRCUMSPICE!"

[Strange enough, after writing the above few notes on Thorwaldsen and his works, I discovered, in 'The Diary of an Invalid,' the following passage:—JANUARY 10TH, 1818 (*Rome*). "With the most lively recollection of Canova, I went this morning to examine the *Studio* of Thorwaldsen, a Danish sculptor; whose works are much more to my fancy. There is a freshness and originality in his designs, guided by the purest taste. What can be more elegant and beautiful than his basso-relievo of *Night*? . . . There is a *Shepherd*, too, which is a delightful specimen of simplicity and nature; and the charm of these statues is, that while they emulate, they have not borrowed anything from the works of the ancients." I thought it a pleasing coincidence to find two "*Invalids*" at such a long interval, thus uniting in similar admiration of the great Thorwaldsen.]

What Rabelais says of that frequent occupation in travel, *paying the reckoning*, being the one unpleasant thing in a man's life, I really did think true on our last morning in Copenhagen. I had a feeling of regret at so soon departing from a city which had stamped the image of Denmark indelibly on my memory. But

the land of the Swede was now to be visited; and, after that, Russia. There was, therefore, no time to spare; while the too hastily formed ideas of a Northern winter coming on in another month or two made me, at least, an ardent "Exile" from the East, wish to be excused having the heat of India so rapidly taken out of my body.

We were at an early hour on our way to the "Merchant's Harbour" (as Copenhagen (Kjöbenhavn) is styled in Danish), and soon on board the steamer (Angfartyet) 'Excellensen Tøll,' under the command of Captain Mattson (fördh af Kapten Mattson), bound for Gottenburg, in Sweden. I had now seen Copenhagen from different points of view, and I believed it to be the most uniform and best built city of the North. The city is situated on the east shore of the island of Zeeland; and the haven, the chief glory of Denmark's capital, I found well crowded with ships. I believe that one of the most beautiful views can be enjoyed from the 'Castell,' above the 'Long Line.' You take in at once the town, the harbour, and the "sparkling blue" Sound, between Denmark and Sweden, and which "washes many a beautiful group of islands belonging to one or the other of these countries." From the 'Frue Kirke' tower, another splendid view of the city and the coast of Sweden is presented to the traveller.

Before starting, I gazed on the merchantmen and ships of war, of which some half-dozen frigates were lying in the harbour, with considerable interest. The commerce of Denmark seemed to be in a thriving state;

and now I was led into a train of reflections regarding former Danish connection with the East Indies. The government of British India has now passed entirely into the hands of Her Britannic Majesty; and, in 1845, just ninety years after the Danish flag had been first hoisted in the famous town of Serampore, Denmark's traffic had seemed to cease for ever with Bengal. The English colours were then hoisted in a town which had really seen the golden days of commerce. While England was engaged in hostilities with America, and France and Holland, as many as twenty-two ships were, in nine months, cleared out from the Danish port, "amounting in the aggregate to more than ten thousand tons." The Danish East-India Company was then a great fact; and their factors, in the receipt of salaries not exceeding twenty pounds a month, drank champagne at eight pounds a dozen, and "in a few years returned to Denmark with large fortunes." That prince of merchants, the late John Palmer, of Calcutta, the agent of the Danish Company, assured one of our greatest Indian journalists that he has sat, day after day, in the godowns* at Serampore, counting and weighing out goods, and that he seldom realized less than a lakh of rupees, or ten thousand pounds, a year!

At the beginning of the present century, while the Bay of Bengal swarmed with French privateers, the British merchants of Calcutta eagerly availed themselves of the neutral flag of Denmark. Insurances had risen to "a prohibitory rate;" and now it was currently reported that some of the Calcutta merchants

* Storehouses.

despatched vessels under Danish colours to the Isle of France, purchased their own cargoes (which had fallen into the hands of the French) at a reduced rate, and brought them back for sale in Calcutta*.

In 1808, Danish prosperity ceased in Bengal. England, as it is said, “robbed Denmark of her fleet at Copenhagen,” and the glory of Serampore, as a trading port in India, fell! I could not look on the few excellent steamers and frigates in the Copenhagen harbour without thinking if it were possible for the best sailors in the North to encounter all their enemies at sea again. With England, of course, they can now never compete; but they might be our most useful allies, and give us the benefit of their nautical skill and experience in the difficult and dangerous seas of Northern Europe. And more, Denmark could greatly assist us in manning our navy in case of war; Sweden and Norway also contributing their aid to such a noble purpose. The old fire still remains in the Dane, and we should make use of it to *our* advantage, and to *his*, if we can. Let us recollect that, after the conversion of the Danes to Christianity, Anglo-Dane and Anglo-Saxon blended freely together. True enough, we were once fierce enemies; but much of our early glory is attributable to fighting with the Danes! Should they ever again come, we have another *Alfred* to be at them! Our islands are no longer in danger of being invaded by Norwegian and Danish *pirates*. All these things now only exist in history and in poetry; and in such safe

* See a capital article—I believe by Mr. Marshman—‘Notes on the Right Bank of the Hooghly.’—*Calcutta Review*, No. 8, p. 497.

magazines I love to think of them,—of the days when the Hebrides were on the alert, when Reullura (*Gaelic*), “beautiful star,” shone—

“When watch-fires burst from across the main,
From Rona, and Uist, and Skye,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
And the red-hair’d slayers were nigh!”—*Campbell*.

And again, of the British fleet, under Nelson (1801), at the battle of the Baltic, so gloriously sung by the far-famed Bard of Hope, Thomas Campbell, causing us to wish for another Nelson to command our fleets, and metal as good as that of the gallant Danes to fight with.

As we steamed out of harbour, I could not refrain from repeating the first verse of this most admirable and spirited ode, which, if Campbell had never written anything else, would have given him a deathless reputation :—

“Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day’s renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark’s crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on !”

In a small Scandinavian journal on board, named *Snäll Posten*, it was advertised that the ‘Horatio’ and ‘Ophelia’ ran between Helsingör, Helsingburg, and Kopenhagen. The above tragic names reminded me that I was soon to see Elsinore, without the ghost, or Hamlet the Dane !

II.

GOTTENBURG.

LEAVING the Custom-house (*die Zolbude*), the harbour for the Danish fleet, and the island of Amak in the rear, on one side we had picturesque Danish coast-scenery, and on the other, Swedish. The fortified island of Three Crowns (Kröns)* is near Copenhagen. In less than two hours from leaving the harbour, we were off Elsinore† (Elsineur), which from the sea appeared to be a large town, with brick and wooden houses; a large red church, with the usual greenish copper roof, forming a prominent object—dark foliage and windmills completing the landscape. A little farther on we came to the castle (Krönburg), on the promontory, which is opposite the Swedish town of Helsingburg, some four or five miles across. The castle disappointed me; still some might think it handsome. It is a Gothic building, of white stone, with an ordinary steeple, and is surrounded by strong fortifications. There is much that is curious in and about this castle (built in 1580), and the traveller, if he have time, should pay it a visit by land. The lighthouse, forming a portion of the building, may be well seen from the sea; while the whole view here reminds

* Danish.

† Styled in the north, Helsingör.

one of the Frith of Forth, substituting the terms of Elsinore and Helsingburg for Edinburgh and Burnt-island. On the platform of the Great Tower, or on any other platform at Elsinore, doubtless, a traveller of strong imagination might have the ghost pass before him; and the sound of the waves rolling at the foot of the castle might give to “airy nothing a local habitation and a name.” In Marcellus, say, repeating “Speak to it, Horatio!”—the traveller now becoming the “scholar,” while muttering to himself—

“What art thou, that usurp’st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march?”*

The guns of the castle command the shore of the Sound in all directions; and observing this I thought of Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson, forcing the passage on his way to storm Copenhagen.

“Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!”†

Through the Sound we enter the Cattegat, or “Cat’s Hole.” While passing Jutland, on the left, I was struck by the magnificence of a setting sun—the brilliance and fiery red of which reminded me of a sunset at Rangoon. I was now in a northern clime, where the heat of the summer’s sun produces fruits and flowers in a short space of time; and the tediousness

* ‘Hamlet,’ act i. sc. 1.

† ‘Battle of the Baltic.’

of the long winter nights “ is alleviated by the morning and evening twilights, which last in proportion as the sun is more or less removed from Sweden.”

We arrived at Gottenburg, on the Cattegat, after a pleasant passage of less than twelve hours. This was the stronghold or town (*burg*) of the Goths; and the King of Sweden, on his accession to the throne, is proclaimed “ King of Sweden and Norway, and of the Goths and Vandals.” Situated in West Gothland, the fortified and commercial town of Gottenburg is at the mouth of the river Götha, with an excellent harbour; and this port is considered the best situation for foreign trade of any in the kingdom. The portion of Sweden named Gothland, in the early ages, is said to have given forth those multitudes of Goths who overwhelmed Europe, and rent it from the Roman empire, “ which had for five hundred years been its usurper, its legislator, and its tyrant.” We were now strolling about a rising town, built (or rather founded) early in the seventeenth century by the great Gustavus Adolphus, who protected the Lutherans in Germany, humbled the house of Austria, and fell gloriously at the battle of Lutzen, while defeating Wallenstein. Standing beside the noble statue of Gustavus, in Gottenburg, the student of history may think of him, in his dying hour, on the plain of Lutzen. Gustavus received a ball in his back, and fell from his horse pierced with many wounds. While on the ground being asked who he was, he replied, boldly, “ I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany ! ” — “ a

sentence," observes Lord Dover, "of almost prophetic truth." Leading a vast army into Germany, to free the Protestants from Austrian tyranny, was one of the grandest enterprises on record.

I shall have occasion hereafter to say more regarding this great Swedish monarch and warrior ; but just having set foot in the country, I must relate an anecdote of him, which will serve as a key to whatever is noble and generous in the heart of Sweden. Gustavus Adolphus was of a very hasty disposition. He gave Colonel Seaton a slap on the face for something that he had done to displease him. Seaton demanded his dismissal from the army, obtained it, and set off for the frontier of Denmark. The King, ashamed of the insult he had put upon a brave and an excellent officer, soon followed him on a fleet horse, and overtook him. "Seaton," said he, "I see you are offended, and I am the cause of it. I am sorry for it, as I have a very great regard for you. I have followed you hither to give you satisfaction. I am now, as you well know, out of my own kingdom ; so that at present Gustavus and Seaton are equals. Here are two pistols and two swords, avenge yourself if you please." Seaton immediately threw himself at the King's feet, and told him what ample satisfaction he had already given him for what he had done. They returned to Stockholm together, where Gustavus told this adventure to all his court.

In Gottenburg, without a knowledge of the Swedish language, I could not help thinking myself in the predicament alluded to by Bacon in his well-known sage

remark :—“ He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.” An esteemed and learned friend of mine once informed me that, when in the Highlands, if the people opened a fire of Gaelic at him, he immediately silenced their guns with a volley of Greek ! But I am not a Porson, and think that little would have been gained by firing at the Scandinavian tongues with the elements of Hindustani ! At Copenhagen, antiquities and sculpture so much engrossed our minds, that there was not a moment to think of the language. The Swedish and Danish languages differ very little from each other. The Norwegian (*norräsna tunga*), possessing more of the ancient Scandinavian idiom, is not so easy to acquire as the former two. The ancient Icelandic language was enriched, in the ninth century, by the Norwegian. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway was the order of departure from the old Scandinavian idiom. The Icelanders, who “ possessed a rich and original literature,” eventually named their language *islenz-ka tunga*.*

From a merchant in Gottenburg, I learned enough of Swedish to know that *a* without dots is á, like the past tense in Hindustani, such as *gaya*, gone ; and ä with two dots, in horizontal juxta-position, is like *a* in hay. “ Come, let us go,” is the same in Swedish, as are also arm, head, hand, and foot. For butter, we have *smör*, and for bread, *bröd*, expressive enough when we think of smearing a piece of bread with

* Essay on ‘Icelandic Poetry,’ &c., from the French of M. Bergmann. In Ida Pfeiffer’s ‘Visit to Iceland.’

butter ; dinner, *middag*, suggesting the Swedish custom of an early dinner ; great-coat, *öfverrock* ; *sadel*, the same as our English saddle ; *handduk*, towel ; and *vatterfall*, waterfall ; as regards our own tongue, all these words are of a very similar or suggestive character.

In the *Hôtel Garni*, near the quay, we had an opportunity of observing two shades of Swedish character,—one, in the merry Swedish girl who waited upon us, and who possessed a quickness and power in putting things to rights which I have seldom seen equalled ; the other, in the quiet, unpretending, honest landlord who, without a smile on his face, endeavoured to make us comfortable. Although we could breakfast, we could not dine in the hotel ; so the girl, with a laugh, recommended us to Bursen's excellent *Restauration*, where, she assured us, we would get “plenty of roast-beef—plenty, plenty !”

It was Sunday, and we visited a Danish church, built, I believe, chiefly for the poor Danes in Gottenburg. A handsome brick building, with a lofty steeple, and admirably situated on an eminence ; this temple adds greatly to the beauty of a quiet landscape. We also visited one of the principal churches of the town, where we heard a sermon in Swedish, and some most plaintive and beautiful music. The national churches here are grand and commodious, with porticoes of handsome stone pillars, and dark steeples, or turrets, generally covered with copper. The Swedes struck me as being very devout, especially the women. Rigid Lutherans, old and young

seemed to have really gone to church for the purpose of praying. Here and there you might see an earnest young widow, or a devout old woman "with spectacles on nose," such as Rembrandt or Wilkie would have loved to paint.

In the environs of the town there are pleasant, shady walks, with seats, beside some capital roads, along which the Swedish gentlemen and their families dash along at a rapid pace, in carriages which appear to have seen service elsewhere. The "turn-outs" of Gottenburg were, as far as I could see, decidedly poor. * The horses also, on which Swedish officers seemed to delight in galloping about, struck me as being too slender for much work. The blue Swedish uniforms have a good effect; and, on the whole, we were much pleased with a walk in the skirts of the great trading emporium of the Cattegat. Gottenburg is really a handsome town (city), with a population of considerably upwards of 30,000; and the inhabitants, among whom are a number of English and Scotch merchants, may well be proud of its rising importance. *Finkel*, in Sweden, a spirit apt to breed as much destruction among the lower classes as whiskey in Scotland, gin in England, and arrack in India, through the enterprise of an eminent Scotchman, was for a long time obliged to give way to cheap porter; and hence Gottenburg has become celebrated for its porter in the North. I believe, also, that it was a British merchant who first drove about the town in a decent conveyance, which, when the King of Sweden came to visit this his favourite port, was used by his

Majesty during his tour of inspection. The regiment of artillery at Gottenburg did not escape my observation. I take it as a general rule, that from the excellence of this arm you can generally judge of the excellence of an army. The officers seemed gentlemanly, soldierlike fellows, and the men well set up, looking, perhaps, rather fierce in their uniform of black helmet and brass, blue coat, and leather boots. They seemed worthy in every respect to belong to the land of Gustavus and Charles the Twelfth. We listened to the band of the regiment as they played some lively airs which, with that strange power belonging to good music, led my thoughts back to India, quite away from Sweden.

Rambling through the streets, I could not help being struck with some of the signs. One was—

“ N. P. Backström,
Sadel makare.”

The other, adorned by the representation of a barrel on each side, was—

“ C. Ekström,
Tunn Bindäre.”

Another sign, simply “ A. C. Johnson,” set me a thinking if it were possible that this gentleman could in any way be connected with our immortal Samuel, author of ‘The Vanity of Human Wishes,’ and ‘The English Dictionary.’

I could not help noticing the diversity of colour among the houses, which are chiefly built of brick, and stucco, and stone. Some of these are even

bright red and yellow; but all are airy and commodious, built with an evident eye to comfort. The bathing-houses by the sea-shore have also an air of comfort, and even luxury, about them. Nature seems to have fortified Gottenburg with huge rocks of granite, here of the finest description. It is used to mend the roads, and for a variety of purposes. Wood, especially deal, is a plentiful commodity at this port; and as I believe labour is cheap, with such important requisites, a city of great extent and beauty may some day here charm the traveller in the North. Iron, steel, and deals form the chief exports of Gottenburg. Before departure, we paid a visit to the "Public Gardens." Here Swedish taste in laying out and decorating struck me as being very admirable. Lovers of music and beautiful flowers; Scandinavian ladies in a variety of costume; peasants and others, with the usual plain black or coloured handkerchief for a bonnet, as in Denmark; Swedish and British merchants, with their wives and children,—all assemble here to do homage to that great essential in life, recreation. Turning from the fair hair and blue eyes in the gardens, we were now ready to start for Stockholm. The harbour of Gottenburg is very extensive, and for two or three miles you have sometimes nothing but ships. Denmark and the Baltic supply grain for our British markets, and from this part of Sweden come many articles of commerce useful to the world. It is commerce, and commerce alone, which must eventually bring about the full glory of the North!

On the spacious quay,* while gazing on the ships from all nations, I could not help admiring “the build”† of the Swedish mail steamers. Swedish iron being so good and so plentiful, must greatly assist the construction of those vessels which walk the water “like giants rejoicing in their course.”

Our steamer, which was to take us through the magnificent Götha Canal to Stockholm, was a very comfortable one in some respects, and quite the reverse in others. Of course, for such a passage, it could not be a large vessel; it must also draw little water. And so, determined to be content, with many splendid views of Nature’s glorious work in anticipation, we cheerfully steamed away from the handsome and busy city of Gottenburg.

* The Custom-house and a fine row of buildings overlook the quay.

† The Swedes took their skill in ship-building from the Danes, who were masters in the craft. Alfred the Great first built ships after the Danish model, of a superior construction for that age.

III.

THE GÖTHA CANAL.—FALLS OF TROLHÄTTAN.

IN our little steamer, appropriately named ‘Stockholm,’ we had a goodly array of passengers; among others, a Sardinian general and his son, bound on a mission to “cement friendship,” by the presentation of a Royal order from Victor Emmanuel to the King of Sweden. We had also a geologist, and a Swedish officer of Engineers; the former silent and industrious, the latter very agreeable and communicative.

We soon arrived in the beautiful little river Götha, and were steaming through a picturesque valley, hills of considerable size on our right, and the shore dotted with small villages of a comfortable appearance. The hills reminded us of Kinnoull, near Perth, on the Tay. I could not help noticing the beautiful green colour of the river. We passed a large brick and tile work, beside superb granite hills, extending nearly to the water’s edge. To the rear of these there was a curious chain of red wooden paling, marking the route by which clay was brought to the brick works. The green shrubbery, of much luxuriance, here comes nearly down to the water’s edge—the whole forming a very pretty picture for the artist. I now learned that,

of the railway to Stockholm, only 18 Swedish (about 115 English) miles were finished.

I should have mentioned, among the passengers, a Swedish professor of medicine, who had been doing business in London to a considerable amount, and was now bound on a visit to his friends in Sweden. He advocated curing the diseases which flesh is heir to by the most simple means ; in the first instance, pressing home the necessity of strict temperance. He was a decided enemy to the excellent porter and milk punch (of *finkel*) consumed on board the steamer ; but was one of the best-natured men withal I ever met. A man of much knowledge and observation, he was of great use to us on the journey ; and he had the wonderful knack of entertaining strangers, while showing the greatest kindness to his wife and child, and arguing the point on nearly every subject under the sun, without once getting out of temper. Here was at once a key to the Swede's success in life !

The Sardinian general, I found, had been twenty years in India, and had served with the well-known Colonel Skinner's Horse. Leaving India in 1844, he had won his way gradually into the favour of one of the most rising kings of Europe, and was his general and aide-de-camp at the battles of Solferino and Magenta. He had served in the first Burmese war in '25, and I had served in the second Burmese war in '52 ; so, at least, we had the golden land of Burmah in common to talk about. He had also served under Lord Combermere, at Bhurtpore, in '26. This led me to think how well several foreign adventurers of talent

managed in days gone by to play their cards in India, while our own countrymen, except in the civil or military services, could seldom or never get a footing. The well-known Ventura and Avitabile were among those who rose to high military rank *when* the power of Native princes was not to be despised in Hindustan. But we have always been a strange nation as regards foreign countries. In India we allowed foreign generals to discipline troops who eventually fought against us, allowing such officers to land because we knew the countries whence they came had no *colonial* power. Some of these generalissimos were with us, and some were against us ; but it mattered little to us either way !

I was pleased to meet with the now distinguished general who had once, in a humbler rank, done good service for the old Company ; and I got some useful military information from him about Austrians and French fighting “ fearlessly and well,” as we steamed along the river Götha. We passed the fine old ruined fortress of Bohus on our left. Forests, mountainous ridges, bleak rocks, and the brick-red cottages of the peasants, with an occasional solitary rock near the water, gave a singular Salvator Rosa-like wildness to the scenery. From some distance, perched on a great height, a solitary horse was to be seen, like a sentinel of the mountain observing all that passed around and below. The horse seemed immovable, like the solitary Cossack sentinel seen on a mountain top, in advance of a village held by Russians during the war. “ This is above all strangeness ! ” thought

I, as we parted from the thing on the “crown o’ the cliff,” or rather on the crest of the steep hill; which watchful horse seemed to me the last object of interest, till beside the first lock of the famed Götha canal.

From the serene sky and pure air of Sweden, from high northern latitudes, where the climate during eight or nine months of the year is intensely severe, and Nature seems enrobed in everlasting snow, my thoughts turn to the land of Egypt.

It was more than twelve years since I had arrived at Atfeh, the point of junction with the Nile. Our party were at the port there during a beautiful morning in June. The *glowing* traveller, Warburton, some years before, was not so fortunate. “A regular African storm,” he writes, “dark and savage, was howling among the mud-built houses when we disembarked there ankle-deep in slime.”* He was about to enter the sacred river, and, in his own way, talk to the Naiads of the Nile; we had just left it in a matter-of-fact way, bound for old England. We were then about to embark on that great work of Mehemet Ali’s—the Mahmoudie canal, which connects Alexandria with the Nile. I recollect noticing this as one of the grandest examples in the world of a barbarian struggling into civilisation. And thus I wrote:—It is said that 150,000 workmen were employed in the excavation, of whom more than 20,000 perished either by starvation or plague. On the banks of the canal are to be seen handsome villas, with beautifully laid-

* ‘Crescent and the Cross,’ p. 27.

out gardens attached to them. As a boat passed us occasionally, the sweet strains of the dulcimer proceeded from some musical Egyptian therein; and we sometimes had the good fortune to observe faces, passing fair, in the shrubberies pertaining to the summer seats, as we glided along.*

From the Götha river, along the Swedish canal, soon reminded me that I was not in Egypt, but in a land of comparative liberty—a land of great kings and mighty deeds!

The Götha, unlike the Mahmoudie, was neither ninety feet in breadth, nor eighteen in depth, through a level country. This canal, from Stockholm to Gottenburg, was commenced in 1751. Two other great canals of Northern Europe are that between the Caspian Sea and the Baltic, commenced 1709, and the canal between the Baltic and North Sea, at Kiel, opened 1785. I cannot but believe that such artificial cuts, or passages for water—for which, perhaps, the Götha, as a wonderful work of art, has no equal—are highly beneficial to the traffic of a country like Sweden. Uniting many lakes, and furnishing an outlet to the Baltic and North Seas for the various produce of the country, the delay of passing the Sound is avoided by means of the Götha canal, that silent pathway on which we were now travelling!

The transportation of cotton in India by means of canals, leaving railways chiefly for the quick transport of troops, passengers, and military stores, should, I think, occupy a very large share of public attention.

* 'Orissa,' &c., p. 264.

Cotton is now the King we have to set firmly on his throne ; and he has been delivered over to us by America, the magnificent country for which all Europe once hoped such great things, but which is now plunged into a terrible state of confusion, brought about by bad politicians, national restlessness, intolerable arrogance, and an utter ignorance of military affairs ! We had seventy-four locks to pass. The first is at Lilla Edet, or rather at Akersberg, as I heard the position of the *slussar* termed,—a pretty place on the banks of the river and canal. The rich foliage of the landscape here was very pleasing. The first batch of locks consists of five, which take some time to pass ; so we had ample opportunity of viewing the beauties of the scenery. Having admired the “broad and voluminous fall of the Götha”—the water roaring, and raging, and foaming, and rushing along, like volumes of liquid, embossed silver, hostile and ready to do battle with other falls beyond—then out of the canal and into the river again, with large rugged rocks frowning down upon us on our right ; passing by green parks and fertile valleys ; then by fir-trees and rocks to the water’s edge,—at length, in the afternoon, we arrived at the far-famed locks near Trolhättan. We had passed the ‘Hertha,’ Scandinavian steamer, on her way from Stockholm, with the usual motley crowd on board. We now all disembarked, and made off for the celebrated Falls. Our steamer was to meet us some three or four miles above, after all our curiosity and admiration had been expended—a species of ammunition which should never leave the pouch of a

traveller, especially if he travel for pleasure. Eleven locks to pass, these said to rise upwards of a hundred in a space of nearly four thousand feet, there was ample time to behold and admire. These locks are admirably described by Ida Pfeiffer,* the great lady traveller of the world:—"They are broad, deep, blasted out of the rock, and walled round with fine freestone. They resemble the single steps of a giant's staircase; and by this name they might fitly rank as one of the wonders of the world. Lock succeeds lock, mighty gates close them, and the large vessel rises miraculously to the giddy heights in a wildly romantic country." It was like a summer's afternoon in our own Britain. The geologist, the Swedish engineer, the professor of medicine, the ever-zealous and indefatigable secretary, the Indian officer, the ladies, including the wife and young child of the good-tempered professor, and last, though far from least, the Sardinian general and his son—all made way rapidly through the beautiful Swedish forest scenery.

If they had been walking for a wager, to catch the Falls ere they slipped away, greater speed could hardly have been. The sound of water, to some minds, produces thoughts of no ordinary kind, leading men occasionally to reflect on something beyond this world. Even the poet, on his death-bed, asks to be buried by the green banks of some rippling river; and our greatest novelist, as he was dying, had his window opened, that he might hear the gentle ripple of the Tweed. The *Alleluiahs* above are compared to the

* 'A Visit to Iceland and the Scandinavian North.'

“voice of many waters ;” and if a man were not solemnly impressed when he heard at some distance the tremendous rush of such mighty cataracts as those of America “thundering in their solitudes,” or even, away from Niagara, those on a smaller scale, of the sparkling Rhine, the “dark-flowing” Danube, or the classic Nile, that man, we need hardly mention it, is not to be envied. The sight of water, too, under particular circumstances, affords some of the greatest pleasures of which humanity is capable. Be it pure or muddy, how welcome its use continually is to the wearied soldier or traveller !

The camel, or eastern “ship of the desert,” through some unaccountable taste of species, we read, likes it muddy, while man likes it pure. But soldiers, at least, cannot always get what they like. I recollect, while in India during the Sikh invasion in 1845–46, reading of the British troops just before the battle of *Múdkí*, slaking a thirst which seemed unquenchable, after a long march of twenty-one miles, with chakos full of “muddy *Múdkí* water.” After this “sweet draught,” the gallant Broadfoot dashed forward with the news of the enemy’s advance ; and now the Governor-General,* with the old blood of Albuera back in his veins, “waved his dashing staff over to the brave chief! † of that brave army,” and both led them on to victory ! Doubtless, that timely draught strengthened the power of our foot-sore troops in the charge. And now, back to the North ; I can easily imagine how Charles the

* Sir Henry, afterwards Lord Hardinge.

† Sir Hugh, now Lord Gough. See also ‘*Calcutta Review*,’ No. XI.

Twelfth of Sweden, “the most extraordinary man, perhaps, that ever appeared in the world,” appreciated the sight of plenty of water. In fact, there is sufficient to satisfy whole armies of “teetotallers” in the North! From a rocky height we first surveyed the different locks, and then passed on to Trolhättan, on the shore of the river. On our way, we frequently stopped and beheld the falls beyond and below—the whole of the scenery grand and picturesque—till at length we arrived at the saw-mills, near the village. Here we found a bridge of a rather fragile nature, right across the chief cataract, to pass over which and view the raging waters in their abyss a small sum of money was demanded. Here we now saw that “the falls of the river are less distinguished for their height than for their diversity and their volumes of water.” But still the idea of toppling down headlong into such a gulf was something terrible, and made the blood run cold. Our steamer was now suddenly rising and toiling towards us, forcing its way, as it were, through the vast rocks, appearing and disappearing at pleasure. No opening of the gates was visible in the canal, which was some distance from where we now gazed on the wonderful Falls of the river. From the frail stand here I surveyed with unceasing amazement the battle of the waters, going on below. The hostile volumes, in their furious dash, seemed to be continually charging an opposite party, which, whirling about, and, although horse and rider fallen, seemed to recover position and fight fiercer than ever. Then they seemed to roll away together in the confusion

of strife! Those who have seen the cascades at Tivoli, the Roman paradise, where Horace revelled like a true poet, and those at Terni, the spot which gave birth to Tacitus, who may have taken some of his declamatory eloquence from the music of the falls, I am sure, will not be disappointed with the Falls of Trolhättan. Nay, more. Should the traveller have watched the mighty waters of Niagara in their tremendous fall, or the cataracts and cascades in various parts of India, the Swedish Falls* I have now briefly touched on will, if he have an eye for the sublime combined with the picturesque, elicit his ardent admiration. To view the scenery on the way to the Falls, alone, is worth the trouble of a visit. The lover of the curious will not fail to observe the renowned "Cave of the Kings," hewn out of the solid rock. Here the names of many sovereigns are written on the hard stone; and "Gustavus," "Carl," "Josephine," "Oscar," and many others, bring to memory strange historical associations. The variety of plants in the wood or forest, by the river, will greatly interest the botanist. Here there are ferns in endless variety! blue bells, heather, a variety of moss, buttercups and daisies in beautiful plots, as in England; while occasionally you are reminded, by the firs, of some of the finest aspects of Scottish scenery. Seeing some wood, ready cut, lying beside the saw-mills, on

* I have read, but am not sure as to its correctness, that, at Trolhättan, there are four cascades that "fall 110 feet in two miles." The bridge above-mentioned leads from the shore to a small rocky island, from which there is a magnificent view of the river, divided into two falls by the island.

inquiry as to its destination, I learned that *paper of excellent quality was to be made out of it!* The inn at Trolhättan is a little above this spot where we caught the steamer, and proceeded leisurely on our journey to Stockholm.

IV.

STOCKHOLM—DROTTNINGHOLM—UPSALA.

Nothing will surprise the traveller by the Götha Canal to the capital of Sweden more than the vastness of the cuttings through solid rock, which frequently meet his eye. The difficulties to overcome must have been enormous before the present excellence of this route could have been obtained. There must have been Swedish monarchs at work here, with as strong wills as that of the "Eastern Canute," Mehemet Ali, utterly repudiating the word *impossible*. In the foundation and eventual extension of the Götha Canal, Counts Pollen and Platten, I believe, are the two distinguished names. The mandate of the above Pasha in Egypt was, indeed, no idle word; and if it acted "like an incantation to the old Egyptian spirit of great works" in the land of the Nile, it seems to have had a similar effect in Canute's own land of the North. The difference of level between the canal at Trolhättan and where it joins the river below the Falls, is 112 feet. Beyond Trolhättan the river seems to expand into a lake, and numerous islands begin to denote a change of scenery. Late in the evening we were lying at the village of Wennersburg, on the

magnificent Wennersee, or Wennern Lake, said to be “the largest in Europe next to that of Ladoga, in Russia.” Leaving Wennergard in the middle of the night, we passed Bromo Island early in the morning. Rising at our Indian hour, before five,—the Swedish damsels of the ‘Stockholm’ preparing coffee with all possible speed,—I could find nothing particular to remark about this island. There is the lighthouse, and the wooden houses with red tiles, and the windmills retiring in the dark forest scenery, and the want of man, woman, or beast in the landscape—all so peculiar to Sweden. We kept passing numerous little gems of islands, on which water-spirits might love to revel by moonlight. In a few hours we reached a beautiful spot, out of the lake. On either side here we had elm, oak, drooping birch, and other graceful trees looking their best, as if to welcome us; while red houses among the trees, and picturesque fruit-women coming to sell us their luscious stores, denoted civilisation somewhere.

I used to amuse myself with observing the Swedish women as they opened and closed the gates of the locks. The fair sex are used to hard work in this country of the North, and the cheerful, good-natured manner in which they performed their toilsome duty (about a very different lock* from that which Pope wrote about!) elicited general admiration.

* “ Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair!”

Rape of the Lock.

In the narrow parts of the canal there are little more than twenty-five feet of width. In the afternoon we arrived at Tarboda, the terminus of the Göthaborg railway. We immediately landed, and minutely surveyed the handsome and spacious station.

The train came in soon after our arrival, with many passengers for the 'Stockholm.' There were students and players, actors and actresses, travelling merchants and ladies, and children enough to do justice to a far larger vessel. The students were proceeding to commence the term of their studies at Sweden's famed University of Upsala. With their white-covered caps, resembling the old Indian forage-cap with cover—some with spectacles, some without—and their good-humoured manly faces, they seemed quite ready for another studious campaign in a field where the triumphs are lasting and splendid. Unlike some German students, there was little of a metaphysical abstracted appearance among them. You could not pick one out who would be likely to shoot at a king for the sake of *alarming* him and causing a commotion in the country—a strange way, certainly, of producing "unity!" They seemed, like our own, not devoid of the "passionate dream and ambition of youth," but not likely to interfere with what did not concern them, and always ready to defend their own liberties and their native land when called on!

By-and-by I shall have a few notes to make about Upsala. We made excellent way along the narrow canal, rich shrubbery giving beauty to each side.

Just as the sun was sinking, and that celestial red which enchants the people of this region, at this season, almost daily, had given forth its full blaze of glory, the deck of the 'Stockholm' presented a gay appearance. Some had been playing draughts, others drinking coffee; novel reading and conversation had been the occupation of a few; and I had observed an actor of colossal appearance—a perfect “tun of man,”—studying 'Romeo and Juliet.' Now all stood up to take exercise, preparatory to settling down for the night.

I had an opportunity of observing that the last student's edition of Shakspeare was in French;—and here, then, was one of the gems of the “Swan of Avon” on the Götha canal! This led me to think of the universality of that gifted genius who for nearly three hundred years has enchanted the world. Whether the godlike and undying intellect of Shakspeare would find a fit representative in the possessor of the volume in question, at Stockholm or elsewhere, was another affair, with which I had no concern. But one thing was evident—here was Shakspeare in Sweden! Here was the book which one of our Governors-General of India, the good Lord Teignmouth, said ranked (in some important essentials) next to the Bible,* in the land of the Goths and Vandals! Byron and Scott, we read, prepared the way for the

* “Next to the Bible, no author has so well anatomized the human heart and exhibited the workings of human passions. Imprint select passages on your memory!”—*Lord Teignmouth to his Son.*

introduction of Shakspeare on the Continent. And here is a good anecdote of that mighty perverted genius, Voltaire:—"A century ago he preached to his countrymen the excellence of the English bard; but he soon got terrified, lest he was raising a rival to his own fame, and he preached Shakspeare down again!" With so much Scandinavian blood in British veins, we may look for some of our own national glory in the North, when Shakspeare there becomes understood and appreciated.

Passing Ryholm Castle, and Carlsborg—one of the largest forts and arsenals in Sweden, well locked in*—we were now fairly in the Wettern Lake, or *Weltersee*, as it is also styled. This magnificent sheet of water is famous for liquid as pure as that of the Nile, and for storms which overtake the steamers with a suddenness hardly less than in the Bay of Bengal.

The waves of this beautiful lake are said to play "deceitful tricks," as told in the *Sagas* and fables of the Scandinavian North. The hills, and the dark scenery which surround them, add a solemnity and grandeur to the picture quite beyond my powers to describe. The vexed waters began to exhibit their fury about eight o'clock in the evening, and we had a pretty rough passage across the lake. Even in Sweden, where better things might have been expected, our little steamer was allowed to carry a cumbersome deck cargo, which made her roll considerably; and, in case

* In case of Stockholm being attacked, the Government could retire on Carlsborg.

of any accident, as is too well known in our own country, would have produced "confusion worse confounded." I believe we have "an Act" in force, compelling ship proprietors to have so many feet of ships' sides above water, after loading (a rule which, I fear, is too often neglected). I should like to see its extension, strictly prohibiting carrying *any* cargo on deck. Were these matters more attended to, and the insatiable love of gain made second to the comfort and safety of the public, there would be fewer shipwrecks and accidents in our mercantile service! The same strictures, in a way, might be applied to British railways, which, with their "cheap trips" and "excursion trains," too frequently practise the quick method of decreasing the population! From such practical notes, I am led to those of an imaginative character, regarding the squalls in the Wetteren. Some years ago, while writing about Siva or Kal, the destroying power of the Hindus, I was led to remark, by way of analogy, that, according to the Scandinavian mythology, propitiatory worship is offered to the being which is feared. Odin assumes the name of the *Nikhar*, when he acts as the *destroying* power. In this character he inhabits the lakes and rivers of Scandinavia, where, "under the ancient appellation of the *Nikker* (the *old Nick* of England, and the *Kelpie* of Scotland), he raises sudden storms and tempests, and leads mankind to destruction!"

In Scandinavia, too, the god is whimsical; for in the woods, on the shore of a lake, he vexes the fishermen, by placing their boats on the summits of the

loftiest trees ! I have omitted to mention that we had been passing through lakes upwards of 300 feet above the level of the North Sea.

After the passage of the Wettern, we came to a short canal, leading into a small lake. At this part of the journey, the curious traveller may walk in the shady wood until the old business of the locks is transacted, and halt before the honoured grave of Admiral Von Platten, who brought about the completion of the Götha canal. Here is a monument to the Count, nearly opposite which is the celebrated town of Motala, where the 'Stockholm' rested awhile to land passengers. At the works here, small iron steamers, of a very superior quality, are made, and also engines for large ones. A soldier should never grumble ; but I must say we passed a most uncomfortable night on board the steamer. The small dining saloon was crowded with sleepers,—on the floor, hung up to the roof, and everywhere ! The previous night I had a little air ; but now the increase of passengers had deprived me of that. Jammed into a corner, next the pantry, a foreigner swinging on every side, the entry of air was impossible ; and, although an old campaigner, I began to think that such a thing as misery could be found in Europe as well as in Asia !

By morning we had passed many locks ; from lake into lake ;* making a descent of nearly 120 feet ; and

* Upon the banks of the Roxen, or Roxersee, is an old mansion, where lived a branch of the Scotch family of Douglas, of the celebrated Counts Douglas, who emigrated to Sweden in Cromwell's time.

had entered the canal, leading into a bay of the Baltic. I believe it to be a curious geological fact that the land of Sweden, in many parts, is rising at the rate of three feet in one hundred years. Above, on, and below the level of seas, furnish interesting matter for study to the student of Physical Geography. Some five or six years ago I resided at a town in the East, nearly eight thousand feet above ; had I visited the dull and dirty town of Tiberias, in Syria, I should have been six hundred feet below ; and here in Sweden I had now descended to nearly two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Mr. R. Chambers apprehends that the Gulf of Bothnia may be upon a higher level than the Ocean. As the Götha canal is a source of life and internal defence to Sweden, so I am led to think that the canal at present being cut, under French direction, in Egypt should by any chance the “impracticable” scheme succeed, will be just the reverse to our power in Asia. There is one thing in the engineer’s favour—little or no difficulty about *level* to be got over. The contemplated canal across the Isthmus of Suez commences, I believe, in the eastern part of Suez harbour, and runs nearly due north across the Isthmus, eventually turning off some eighteen miles to the westward, “where the water is reported as much deeper nearer shore.” The length of this canal is estimated at upwards of ninety miles. The “natural obstacles to be overcome,” and the immense engineering works to be undertaken, in cutting such a canal, made Stephenson, the far-famed engineer, and others, deny the practicability of the

scheme. Egypt independent, and an European enemy to our power seizing upon Egypt as the water-gate to India, where would all our grand dreams of Oriental empire be? Verily, after seeing the “impossibilities” overcome in the business of canal-cutting in Sweden, we must look well after the progress and effects of this new “insane project;” so that, when Islam has withered away, and we shall be straining more than ever far over to hold our loved India, we may “plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful!”* I despair of ever getting to Stockholm; but my notes keep pace with the steamer! I must now dash along.

The canal took us through a beautiful valley; and, in the forenoon, we were off the town of Söderköping—silent, rocky, and romantic. This is, I believe, literally *south burgh*—söder being simply south or southern, as söder, land—Sutherland! Here, military officers, and sprightly cadets, with their neat brass epaulettes glittering in the sun, came down to welcome friends in the steamer; and the whole thing began to look very like Gravesend or Woolwich! In the neat town I observed a sign holding forth entertainment for man in the shape of *öhl* (ale) and Gottenburg porter. A mineral chalybeate well—St. Ragnild’s—also distinguishes this town, which has a population of about 3000.

And now we approach the Baltic. Through a shoal of islands and islets, through rocks and cliffs,

* ‘Eöthen,’ chap. 20.

through obstacles which seem to defy the power of navigation, the steamer forces its way. The picturesque castle of Husby, the fine old *château* of Stigaborg (one of the ancient fortresses of Sweden), with varieties of woodland scenery in their rear, afford subjects for the painter's art, which a Claude or a Poussin would have loved to immortalize. Now, by the shores of the Baltic, the beautiful tideless sea, with islands right and left of us, by rocks of granite set off by innumerable fir trees, we steam fearlessly along. Looking towards the setting sun, just beginning to mellow the scenery of the bay, so richly studded with beautiful islands, I am led to think of the hour mentioned as so dear by the sweet lyric poet of Ireland :—

“ And, as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!”

At length the hills and islands began to disappear; and we were fairly in the open sea. At Araké we took a pilot on board. Again in the Baltic, I was led to think of naval fights and victories—when each gun—

“ From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun!”

Then I thought how the path of glory on the deep led to victory, and the death of Nelson. But not with

Nelson only ; for, of the old Admirals of the North, it is sung,—

“ Path of the Dane to fame and might !
Dark-rolling wave ! ”

Now, no longer *Tordenskiol** (Thundershield) thundered from Denmark ; and all was peace ! Now, having travelled nearly 300 miles,† fifty or sixty by canal, we enter the beautiful Mälars lake, or Mälarsee (by a short canal), and soon behold—

STOCKHOLM.

“ Thou art in *Stockholm* ! ‡ A thousand thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images ;
And I spring up as girt to run a race ! ”

In a space of less than seventy miles, passing by some twelve or fourteen hundred islands, to reach the capital of a kingdom, is no small incident in the experience of a traveller. It can only take place in Sweden. We took a shorter course, and steamed, by the “ pale moonlight,” through the magnificent Mälars lake—trees and rocks of island and shore, as usual, down to the water’s edge—till, in front of the tall spires, Stockholm looked as if on the sea ; and I entertained the momentary delusion that we went to the “ Venice of the North,”

“ As to a floating city—steering in.”

* Peter Wessell, a famous Danish admiral, who received the above title.

† In Murray’s ‘ Handbook,’ the entire distance is 370 English miles.

‡ *Rome?* Rogers’s ‘ Italy.’

Approaching it by moonlight gave a romantic ending to our journey; and this, in a great measure, prevented us from judging whether the view disappointed the expectation or not. The picture from the Mälar, by the light of day, was yet to be seen.

Stockholm is built on several small islands and peninsulas, at the junction of the Mälar lake with the Baltic. It has a safe and capacious harbour. The name given to the city is said to refer to its position, and "the mode in which it must have been built." *Holm* signifies an island, formed by a river, and *stock* is simply the English word *stake*. In such sites, as at Amsterdam, in Holland, and the capital of Sweden, the houses are built on piles, or timbers driven deep into the earth.

The foundation of Stockholm dates as far back as six hundred years; and, in the middle ages, the strength of its fortifications, and the numerous sieges it withstood, made Sweden famous in story. It has for ages been the residence of some of the greatest kings in the history of Europe; and if all the deeds of dreadful note done in Stockholm, since its foundation, were collected together, a terrible "Calendar" would be presented. Every phase of human bravery has appeared here; the grandest struggles for religious liberty have taken place here; and here the most subtle schemes of the monarch and the politician have been planned!

The early history of Sweden is confused and unprofitable. We arrive at the kings about the year

1019. But even Eric the Tenth, "the Saint," and Eric the Twelfth, "the Stutterer," and Waldemar, in whose reign the foundation of Stockholm was laid, have little to interest us about them. Still, there is always a certain dignity attached to the idea of a long line of kings!

Sweden preserved its liberty till towards the end of the fourteenth century. Even all previous revolutions had turned out in favour of freedom. To the chief magistrate was given the name of King; but he could do nothing without the Senate. The representatives of the nation were, at first, gentlemen, bishops, and deputies of the towns; and, in process of time, the peasantry, a class of people, says the historian, "unjustly slighted in other nations, and enslaved in almost all the countries of the North."* I have before alluded to the Goths, from among whom we have the origin of nobility in Europe. After they had seized a large tract of the country, they rewarded their captains with titles of honour to distinguish them from the common people. Thus we have a chain of connection between nobility and Sweden, which it is interesting to note.

The Swedes of the Middle Ages appear to have been particularly fond of "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power." The famous order of the Seraphim, of which the Kings of Sweden are perpetual Grandmasters, was instituted by Magnus the Second, in 1334, after the siege of Upsala, then the metropolitan

* History of 'Charles the Twelfth.' Written about the year 1750.

city of the kingdom. It flourished until the Reformation under Gustavus Vasa, when it became dormant ; but it was revived about 1748, by Frederick the First, “ who reformed the statutes which still remain.”

After Margaret Waldemar's conquest of Sweden, the country was long distracted by civil wars. The Semiramis of the North was succeeded by tyrants of the worst description. Two of those monsters, Christiern the Second, of Denmark, and the Archbishop of Upsala, caused the consuls and magistrates of Stockholm, together with ninety-four senators, to be seized in one day and massacred by the common executioners, for, it was said, defending the rights of the State against the Archbishop. After this, Stockholm was given up to be pillaged, and man, woman, and child, put to the sword !

And now we come to the recoverer of the independence of Sweden, the famous Gustavus Vasa, whose father had been cruelly murdered, with other sons of freedom. About ninety or a hundred miles north of Stockholm, there is a Swedish province named Dalecarlia. The people are a hardy and bold race, and differ materially from the rest of the Swedes. The Dalecarlians—of whom there are about 140,000—come in considerable numbers from their native valleys, to Stockholm, where they earn a livelihood as porters, labourers, and boat-women. They are likewise excellent mechanics, and are particularly famous for the smelting of copper ore. Probably the first objects of attraction the traveller will meet with on

his arrival in the capital, will be a bevy of picturesque able-bodied women trudging merrily along. These Dalecarlian females are distinguished by their dress of black petticoats, red boddices, white chemises, narrow aprons of two colours, red stockings, and shoes with inch-thick wooden soles. They twist a handkerchief round, or put a small black cap on the back part of the head. The men wear long whitish-grey coarse coats, with horn or leathern buttons, in shape something like jockey-coats, and broad-brimmed hats like the Quakers of our own land. I did not see much of the men, however. But both sexes have always retained the peculiar dress of their country, which has undergone no change since the time of Gustavus Vasa. From the forests of this beautiful primitive region, issued forth the future great King of Sweden. He had been a hostage of the cruel Christiern (Christian), by whom he had been detained a prisoner. In the midst of his despair there was much of hope. He escaped from prison, disguised himself in the habit of a peasant, and wandered about the mountains and woods of Dalecarlia. The numerous copper-mines of the province afforded employment for all who would work ; and in these Gustavus laboured for subsistence and concealment. In the deep caverns he formed mighty schemes for the delivery of his country from tyranny and oppression. He gradually opened his mind to his fellow-labourers, who saw that a superior being had come among them. The miners of Dalecarlia were roused to take arms for their

country. Gradually the whole nation rose against the tyrant Christiern, and the equally infamous Archbishop; these magnates were repeatedly defeated, and soon vanished from Sweden, when Gustavus was elected King—his reign becoming distinguished by wisdom, good policy, and the establishment of the Lutheran religion. He reigned over the Swedes for thirty-seven years (to 1560), and may be considered the first of their great line of Kings!

And now, out of compliment to such monarchs, we cannot do better than pay a visit to the beautiful church of Ritterholm, the Royal Mausoleum, with its tall, light, and elegant iron spire, said to be formed of one casting. From our hotel, opposite the palace, and the short canal which joins the Baltic with the Mälar, we set forth over a handsome granite bridge,* and soon found ourselves in the “city” of Stockholm. Handsome shops line one side of this bridge, which do not add to its beauty, and which would be better away. Leaving the palace on the left, and proceeding past the Foreign Office (distinguished by its colossal pillars), near the foot of a rather long and narrow busy street, not far from the water, stands the church of Ritterholm. Passing through the nave of this interesting building, effigies of armed knights on horseback, and various decorations—all belonging to the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war”—immediately arrest the attention of the surprised and delighted traveller.

* New Bridge.

Turning to the right, we halted before the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus, the illustrious grandson of Gustavus Vasa. I have always had a great veneration for relics of the past. But no common relics were these which I now saw on each side of this honoured, kingly tomb. "GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS MAGNUS," is the simple inscription ; and every word has its own power of eloquence. The keys of the different fortresses which he captured, the standards and the kettle-drums, and all the trophies of Lutzen's famous field, are here—all glorious witnesses to the cause of Liberty ! Long may these relics adorn the church of Ritterholm ; and, should the Swedes ever require it, call back the spirits of their fathers to defend the liberties of their country. The conquests of this monarch were enormous. Ingria, Livonia, Bremen, Pomerania, and above a hundred other places in Germany, were added by him to the Swedish possessions, and, as has been before remarked, he fell in the arms of Victory. I can imagine with what emotion every patriotic Swede must behold this tomb, the relics surrounding which are as dear to him as the flag of the 'Victory' was to the British sailors, who, beholding it about to be buried with Nelson, when it was lowering into the grave, snatched it and tore it in pieces to keep as relics of the great departed ! " Though dead, his spirit still seemed to watch over the Swedish arms, and to ensure their success." By a premature death, " his guardian angel preserved him from the inevitable lot of humanity ; the forgetfulness of modesty in the

extreme height of success, and that of justice in the height of power." Schiller concludes a beautiful eulogium on Gustavus, by remarking that "his natural bravery made him perhaps too often lose sight of what he owed to his situation as a General; and the death of a simple soldier ended the life of a King."*

About the middle of the seventeenth century, we notice a curious custom in Sweden, that of instituting Royal Orders for the possessors of beauty and virtue. The *Amaranta*† was one of these, instituted by Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, in honour of a lady of that name. Christina abdicated the throne in favour of her cousin, Charles the Tenth. This King added new conquests to those of Gustavus Adolphus; and, like him, he died in the thirty-seventh year of his age. His son, Charles the Eleventh, was a warrior and inclined to despotism—declaring the Senate to belong to the King and not to the kingdom. In 1680, he married the daughter of Frederick, King of Denmark; and, of this marriage, on the 27th of June, 1682, was born Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, before whose tomb, on turning to the left, I now found myself standing! I thought it could not have been better placed than directly opposite to the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus. The simple inscription, "CAROLUS XII.," is quite sufficient for such a mighty career. In fact, both tombs are of the most simple character;

* 'History of the Thirty Years' War.'

† Now one of the extinct Orders of Sweden.

that of Charles, surmounted by the Swedish crown, to which he gave so much warlike glory. As a warrior, in the strictest sense of the word, he throws every other hero, ancient or modern, completely into the shade. Near the tomb are hung keys, bloody gloves, flags, and other trophies; while, at the base of the stone, probably at the head of the deceased warrior, a Polish standard erect is placed, which he had himself captured on a hard-won field. Laying my hat beside the crown, I began to think of all I had read about this wonderful Charles, whose infancy was threatened by three powerful Sovereigns, and who, with giant-strength and nerve, seemed to rise superior to them all. Then I thought of the fate

“ — that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore,”*

and of the memorable winter of 1709, when he made long marches, during a mortal cold, and in one of these 2000 men fell down dead before his eyes! Such was the fruit of one of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa. At length, I thought of the vanity of human wishes, and Johnson's lines:—

“ On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;”

concluding, after a poetical review of his “mad” career, with the often-quoted, concise, and splendid couplet:—

“ He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.”†

* ‘Pleasures of Hope.

† ‘Vanity of Human Wishes.’

A variety of anecdotes and curious incidents are of course to be found in such an eventful life as that of Charles the Twelfth. Perhaps the most popular and best known of these is that which illustrates the force of his character, and his coolness in danger, the best. In his latter days, while shut up in Stralsund, on the Baltic, after performing prodigies of valour, and previous to his escape into Sweden (an army of six-and-thirty thousand men, composed of Prussians, Danes, and Saxons, having had the honour of besieging the conqueror of Peter the Great at Narva),* while the bombs fell thick upon the houses, he was coolly dictating a letter to his secretary. Piercing the roof, a shell burst near the apartment where the King was. The report of the bomb made the secretary drop his pen—the idea of another being a death messenger, doubtless, starting to his mind. “What is the matter?” said the King, with a placid air, “why do you not write?” The secretary could only say, “Ah, Sire, the bomb!” “Well,” replied the King, “what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on.” This scene has been admirably dramatized by Planché, in his drama of ‘Charles the Twelfth.’

As an artillery officer, perhaps, I may be excused for having related this well-known anecdote of “the bomb;” and, knowing something of the striking

* (1701) The Russians besieged Narva with 80,000 men. Charles hastened thither with 10,000 Swedes, forced their entrenchments, killed 18,000, and took 30,000 prisoners.

effects of a shell, I can easily account for the consternation of the poor secretary! Hope revived among the Swedes when, after so many dangers, they heard their King was at Stralsund. He was indeed shaken by nothing. In October, 1718, he made his great attempt to conquer Norway. At the siege of Frederickshall he met his death. The hardships which he endured before this fortress are almost incredible; but, after what he went through in Russia, they may be strictly believed. He had for eighteen years fortified his constitution to such a degree that he slept in the open field in Norway in the midst of winter, either on a truss of straw or a plank, covered only with a cloak, "without," says his biographer, "the least prejudice to his health." Soldiers dropped down dead beside him; while others more hardy were almost frozen to death; but their King suffering like themselves, they never made the least complaint. Out of Charles, the Temperance advocates may form excellent material for the support of their cause. He found out a woman who for several months had taken no other nourishment than water, and he determined to try how long he could fast without being worn out. He is said to have taken nothing for five days, on the sixth taking a long ride, and to have felt no inconvenience from his abstinence. In truth, it was only iron which seemed to make this "body of iron" give way. Viewing his men carrying on the trenches by starlight, the King's body was exposed to a battery of cannon. A ball of half-a-pound weight—what we call in India a

jingall—struck him on the temple. The mighty Charles fell ; even in death courting the warrior's attitude by placing his hand on the hilt of his sword ; and the play was over ! *

With Charles fell the rank of Sweden as a first-rate power ; but, in the present state of Europe, there seems every chance of her obtaining it again, provided the reigning King, Charles the Fifteenth, plays his cards “ fearlessly and well ! ”

Turning, for the present, from this “ frame of adamant,” this “ soul of fire,”—the master who taught Peter and the Russians the art of war,—we descend and look at the vaults of Ritterholm church, which serve as burial-places for the Kings of Sweden. Here, sad end of all human greatness, kings and heroes lie side by side, in all the crimsoned pomp of state. The baby-brow which would have one day borne the “ round and top of sovereignty,” and the monarch who died well on in years, lie here alike. Above the vault containing the father and the late King, Oscar, and his son, is a beautiful Swedish marble monument, or tombstone, to Bernadotte, founder of the present dynasty of the kingdom. And hereby hangs a tale—one of very considerable interest, when we think that the Swede, on entering this beautiful church and beholding the tomb of Bernadotte in as conspicuous a position as those of Charles the Twelfth and Gustavus

* He was killed on the 11th of December, being “ St. Andrew's Day.” So says his biographer ; but this is *old* style—the 30th of November being *the* day with us.

Adolphus, forgetting all the defeats and misfortunes of his brave nation, looks to a bright future for Sweden ! The career of Bernadotte is well worth the attention of every student of history. I may here note a few points in his rise to eminence and fortune. Before doing so, I would remark that, as advocating or aiding the cause of popular instruction, even in a humble way, I endeavour never to lose sight of the great fact in the law of progress, that people as often require to be reminded as informed.

When Bernadotte was about five years old, the war between France and England, consequent upon the American contest, extended to India. The reduction of the French possessions in that country was the grand object of the British Government. Pondicherry, the Paris of the East, a very handsome little town,—which still exists, thinking over better days, and to which, being only eighty miles south of Madras, I once paid an interesting visit,—soon fell into our hands (1769). We then effected the reduction of Mahé, on the Malabar coast, another French settlement, but which Hyder Ali also claimed, and our taking which brought down the vengeance of the great Indian chief on our heads. I should have mentioned, in my notes about Denmark, that the earliest Protestant mission to India was a Danish one. In 1705, Frederick the Fourth, of Denmark, resolved to establish a mission for the conversion of his Indian subjects in Tranquebar and the adjoining territory, which for nearly a century was attached to the Danish

Crown. To conciliate the chief of Mysore, we sent Swartz, the Danish missionary, to him with a letter. His reply contained an ominous message, which the rulers of British India should ever bear in mind,—“ I have not yet taken revenge ; it is no matter.” About ten years after this “ ill omen,” Bernadotte entered the French army ; and in 1781 (in his seventeenth year), he was probably among the French allies who came to the assistance of Hyder. Be this as it may, Sergeant Bernadotte was at the siege of Cuddalore* (Fort St. David’s), ten miles from Pondicherry, about this period ; and on his return to France he rapidly rose on the wreck of the great revolution, ending the most astonishing military career ever known, by becoming a Marshal of France under Napoleon. Thus we have a Danish missionary, and a French soldier, who was afterwards King of Sweden, appearing in the theatre of hostilities in the East at a momentous period of Indian history.

In 1810, Bernadotte became Crown Prince of Sweden. This election was consequent on the death of the Prince Royal, Charles the Thirteenth’s only son. The Swedes, in addition to considering his other excellencies, perhaps thought, and very justly, that with one of Napoleon’s oldest generals, the military glory of their country might be revived, and another Gustavus or Charles rise among them. Strange enough, the Emperor was violently opposed

* Or, it may have been at the defence, in 1783, when the French had concentrated their main strength there.

to the choice, although he appeared not to be so; and he used every endeavour to favour the Prince Royal of Denmark. Alexander of Russia, also, supported this prince. Some most interesting conversations are related as having taken place between the Emperor of the French (who aspired to have all the kings of Europe dignitaries of his crown), and the generous, high-minded Bernadotte.

“I deemed it my duty,” said the latter, “to make all sacrifices of public feeling to maintain good intelligence between the Empire and Sweden. I call God to witness, however, that I never will compromise the Swedish name.” Bernadotte resolved to request the delivery of his letters-patent, absolving him from his oath of fidelity to the Emperor, which hitherto had been preserved inviolate. Napoleon appeared surprised at this request. After a slight movement of hesitation, he said, “There is one preliminary condition to fulfil: a question of deep import has been started by a member of the Privy Council.” “What conditions, sire?” “That of taking an oath never to bear arms against me.” To such an engagement Bernadotte would not consent. Elected by the Diet of Sweden Crown Prince of the kingdom, and as a Swedish subject, he indignantly refused to be placed on a level with the Emperor as a general.

Napoleon said, at the conclusion of this interview, “Well, go! our destinies are about to be accomplished!” On another occasion, when the election of the Prince to the second grade of royalty in

Sweden was announced to Napoleon, he remarked, "Ah-hah! so they have chosen him? It is well—quite right: they could not have made a better choice. I shall not stand in the way of his good fortune." On Bernadotte's wishing to change the title of Prince of Ponte Corvo, given him by the Emperor, Napoleon, in high dudgeon, said to one of his officers of state, "What is all this about? What does Bernadotte want? What is this fuss about his being a Swede—constantly a Swede? How many are there of these Swedes? I wish to finish with them, and to hear nothing more of them." A letter was written to that effect; or that Napoleon would be no more "troubled with these two or three millions of Swedes." "This intimation," writes Bourrienne, "went for something in determining Bernadotte's conduct, from the campaign of Moscow to the battle of Paris."*

Bernadotte's rise affords sufficient material of itself for a fair lecture. The curious manner in which one event seems to succeed another, to his advantage, is remarkably striking. Shakspeare's immortal Thane is hailed by the witches on the heath,—

"All hail, Macbeth! that shall be King hereafter."

Then again, Macbeth's own conclusion of the matter,—

"If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir."

* 'Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte,' vol. iii. p. 353.

And again, the famous lines, so applicable to every career,—

“Come what come may ;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.”

These few pithy lines—such as only the Bard of *all timè* could write—assist our thoughts in forming a just estimate of the rise of Bernadotte.

The Continental system destroyed every kind of trade in the Baltic, eventually bringing on that famous war, the fatal issue of which was styled by Talleyrand as “the beginning of the end ;” the hatred of the foreign princes against Napoleon, and particularly the violence of the King of Sweden against him ; Marshal Bernadotte’s accession to command in Hanover, and his intimacy with Bourrienne, the French minister at Hamburg ;* his becoming commandant at Hamburg at a time when the exactions of the Emperor were oppressing the people of this commercial Hanse Town ; the esteem he gained from the inhabitants there ; and the current belief that there was at least one honest Frenchman in the world ; Bonaparte’s desire to possess Sweden, or, at least, his wish to detach her from the Coalition, when he thought she could be very useful to him, while Prussia, Russia, and England were against him in the North ; Bernadotte’s appointment to the command of the French troops in Denmark,

* During the war, Bourrienne had to look after prisoners in Hamburg, and “neighbours” in Altona. Soon all fled to the latter town ; and, after the battle of Jena, the chateaus of Weimar, Gotha, Brunswick, and Hanover were deserted, or filled with French soldiers, and their rightful inmates refugees in Altona.—*Bourrienne*.

when, during his residence in Jutland, as well as when governor of Hamburg, he quietly and “unconsciously” prepared the votes which ultimately conducted him to the throne of Sweden; his saying on one occasion to Bourrienne, “Would you believe it, my good friend, it was predicted to me at Paris, that I should one day be a KING, but that I must pass the sea;” his character for benevolence and justice giving him a friendly reception in Denmark; Denmark’s resenting French invasion of her territories by 30,000 men under Bernadotte, which led her to claim the mediation of Russia; Napoleon’s famous interview with Alexander at Erfurth, which agitated the whole of Germany, and in which Alexander’s occupation of Finland was agreed to, and to Denmark was left—resignation; the refusal of the Hanse Towns to pay the French soldiers, who had neither money nor necessities; Napoleon’s disapproval of the Marshal Prince de Ponte Corvo’s (Bernadotte’s) order regarding the gallant conduct of the Saxons at the battle of Wagram (5th July, 1809); Bourrienne’s advice after the Marshal became Crown Prince, “Open your ports, and give free and generally to the Swedes that licence which Bonaparte sold in detail to intrigue and cupidity;” the seizure of Swedish Pomerania, and the island of Rugen, after the relations which had existed between Bernadotte and the Emperor; and Charles the Thirteenth’s breaking entirely with France, together with Sweden’s joining the Alliance of England and Russia; Alexander’s interview with the Crown

Prince at Abo (August, 1812), when that Emperor came under a promise to Bernadotte, to protect him, at all events, from the fate of the new dynasties, to guarantee his position, and to obtain for him Norway as a compensation for Finland; the hint also, from Alexander, that to replace Napoleon he *might* be Emperor of France hereafter; lastly, Bernadotte's consent to all the propositions of Alexander, and his assistance to the Allies against the common enemy of Europe. These form some of the most prominent and remarkable facts in the history of this wonderful career!

In 1814, Charles the Thirteenth was elected King of Norway; and, in 1818, on the death of that sovereign, Bernadotte, as Charles John the Fourteenth, ascended the combined thrones, ending a career which lives in the memory of every true-hearted Swede, in 1844.

While I was in the Ritterholm church, gazing on the tomb of this wonderful man, the present king, his grandson, was on his way back to Stockholm, after paying a visit to Napoleon the Third, at Paris, and receiving a royal embrace from the transcendently clever and wily nephew of the great denouncer of Bernadotte!

The shields of the departed Knights of the Seraphim are hung on the walls of this church, including that of the first Napoleon. Some of the deceased, I noted, were as late as 1860. To this highest Order of Sweden, natives cannot be admitted until they

have first obtained either the Order of the Sword, or of the Polar Star; and “upon receiving the Order of the Seraphim, they are entitled to promotion to the rank of Commanders in the one previously obtained.” The motto of the Order is, *Jesus hominum Salvator*. The Order of Danebrog (of Denmark) is the next most important in Scandinavia. Its origin dates from the time of Waldemar, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, when it is said to have been instituted in commemoration of a miraculous standard which fell from heaven during a battle with the Livonians, and ensured victory to the Danes. Upon this standard, it was said, was a white cross, and it was styled *Danebrog*, or *Danenburgh*; that is, *The Strength of the Danes*. On the four limbs of a Grand Commander's cross is the motto divided, GUD. OG. KON. GEN. (*God and the King*.) The cross is on a silver star of eight points.

The badge of the Seraphim is an eight-pointed, white-enamelled cross of gold, with seraphim in carnation-coloured enamel; upon each limb of the cross is a patriarchal cross of gold, and upon a circular centre azure, are the golden letters, I.H.S. The badge is ensigned with a regal crown of Sweden, by which it is pendant, on ordinary occasions, from a sky-blue-coloured watered ribbon, and is worn scarfways from right to left.*

* ‘History of Heraldry,’ by Thomas Robson, vol. i. p. 142. His lamented Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, was a Knight of the Seraphim—conferred on him, in 1856, by Oscar the First.

Having seen everything remarkable in the Ritterholm church (*Riddarholms Kyrkan*), taking a last look at the monuments to the mighty heroes who slept there, I left with feelings perhaps akin to those which possessed Mrs. Hemans when she wrote her beautiful lines on the “Tombs of Plataea.”

“ And there they sleep!—the men who stood
 In arms before th’ exulting sun,
 And bathed their spears in Persian blood,
 And taught the earth how freedom might be won.

“ They sleep!—th’ Olympian wreaths are dead,
 Th’ Athenian lyres are hush’d and gone ;
 The Dorian voice of song is fled—
 Slumber, ye mighty ! slumber deeply on.”

The royal and private mansions at Stockholm are by some travellers not considered so fine as those at Copenhagen. They are certainly not so numerous. Perhaps, after rambling through the wide, straight streets, and the crooked, ancient streets, and viewing the canals lined with vessels, in the Danish capital, making such a “picturesque and pleasing whole,” we are apt to be disappointed with Stockholm. But it is, in many respects, a beautiful city ; and for scenery, from some points, is more celebrated than most of the capitals of Europe. From one point, in one of the suburbs, you have a magnificent view of the sea and the lake, of the town and its suburbs. Then again, the town and its environs are interspersed with islets and rocks. “This,” says a lady traveller, “gives Stockholm such a curious appearance, that I can com-

pare it to no other city I have seen." The population of Stockholm was about 90,000.* No writer has set forth the praises of the Swedish capital with more enthusiasm than Felix Droinet, some of whose remarks on society there I shall translate from the French, after finishing our grand local tour of inspection.

The King is coming ; *we*, among others, are impatient for an audience ; so, to pass the time pleasantly until he does come, is our grand object. At few places in the city can this be done more profitably than at the Museum of Armour (the Royal Wardrobe), and the Royal Library.

Before proceeding to the former, let us take a stroll to the esplanade on the south of the Palace, and observe the granite obelisk of about one hundred feet in height, erected by Gustavus the Fourth, to commemorate the fidelity of the citizens of Stockholm ; also, lower down, near the shipping, let us halt for a minute before the splendid bronze statute of Gustavus the Third. Here that King in 1790, landed in triumph, and was shot two years after in the theatre, near the hotel (in Gustavus Adolphus Square) where we reside. On the noble new quay also, near this statue, and in an admirable position, the traveller will be delighted with the grand equestrian statue of Bernadotte. The horse is very fine ; and the King is represented in the business-like dress of a marshal,—baton in hand. The inscription is simple ; and I could not help thinking, while entering it in my note-book,

* In 1851. It is now nearly 120,000.

that here was a king well worthy of such a noble statue :—

“ CARL XIV. JOHAN
BRODRAFOLKENS—FADER
AF
OSCAR I.
1854.”

The pedestal is of white marble, and is in capital proportion.

We now proceed to examine a few of the steamers and craft as we walk along the quay. The ‘ Aura ’ (literally *the breeze*) for St. Petersburg, and the ‘ Svea ’ for Lubeck, are among the steam-ships—very fine *vessels*; the former very fast, and the latter with magnificent accommodation. Here we observed the evident want of room for the increasing traffic of Stockholm. Many vessels are ranged along sternways instead of sideways, affording vast economy in space. On the quays, as in Denmark, there is little noise—no “ much ado about nothing ! ”—apparently a distinguishing mark of Scandinavian workmen and others. We now repass the palace, recross the New Bridge, halt for a moment before the statue of Gustavus Adolphus (nearly opposite our hotel), and then proceed to inspect the museum of armour and other interesting objects, within a carbine shot of our residence.

The glass cases, containing the dresses of some of the principal kings and queens of Sweden, are admirably constructed with a view to exhibiting the costume of the great departed in the most favourable light. I found myself standing longest beside the

plainest dress in the room, which the humblest volunteer of the present day would disdain to wear. The plain, blue *surtout*, of rather coarse cloth, with plain buttons (not even a crown); the plainer cocked-hat with a bullet-hole in it; the very rough long boots and spurs; the fur cap he wore at Bender (with which the moths have played sad havoc); of course all these were worn by Charles the Twelfth. In another room, we have an effigy of the hero himself; and here we are at once led to think of his progress from the cradle to the grave. He is represented wearing a strange red wig, and clad in yellowish costume, with a leather belt across, as if quite ready for some great assault. Near the figure is his cradle; leading us to imagine his having given more than ordinary trouble, while playing the part of the “infant,”

“Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms!”

Then we have his money “pigs;” and, in another room, his baby coach, gilt, with a leather top to it—all reminding us that—

“The sports of children satisfy the child.”*

Now we come to the soldier, seeking “the bubble reputation,” and behold his rough bed, of plain wood, and a number of guns presented to him; and here also is his favourite sword—in short, many reminiscences of the “lion king.” Near the relics of the great

* Goldsmith.

Charles, the visitor will observe a brass cannon, recovered from the 'Royal George,' and which was taken at the battle of Lutzen.

A glass case, horizontally placed, contains the dress in which the hero of this battle, Gustavus Adolphus, fell. The silver embroidery is well preserved; and the bloody shirt of the mighty Gustavus leads us to think over the probability of, while fighting for Protestant Europe, his having died by the assassin's hand. At the *slaught** (Swedish for battle) of Lutzen, contemporaries were anxious to prove that the King of Sweden had perished by treachery; and the author of the execrable treason was supposed to be Duke Francis Albert, of Saxe Lanenberg, a man of bad character, who had served all sides, and who had followed Gustavus, like his evil genius, on that memorable day. He was with him when he was wounded and when he died. "But," says Lord Dover, "we have no evidence to support this hypothesis; which, indeed, would appear to have been founded chiefly upon the love of the world for the mysterious and the marvellous."

Strange enough, too, Charles the Twelfth, many supposed, was murdered; or, at least, the manner of his death was considered *dubious*. Johnson, in his famous poem, thus alludes to his fall:—

" His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a *dubious* hand!"

* *Schlocht!*

Even modern historians of repute assert that Charles was “assassinated during his siege of Frederikshald in 1719,” and M. Siquier, his Aide-de-camp—a man of courage and conduct—was pointed to as the assassin. This report, which spread through Germany, is emphatically protested against by Charles’s biographer, Voltaire, to whom Siquier remarked, after being long grieved at the injurious aspersion:—“I might have killed the King of Sweden, but such was my respect for that hero, that had I conceived the thought, I could not have had the courage to carry it into execution.” But the most conclusive argument is, the ball by which Charles fell could not enter a pistol, which must have been concealed for Siquier to shoot his master! However, it is asserted by some that the hole in Charles’s hat is just the size of a pistol-ball. My firm belief is, that both Gustavus and the lion-king died as soldiers usually die, on the field—a fair and honourable death—the race run—the warfare over!

One more anecdote of Charles the Twelfth, which is very characteristic, and which I heard from an intelligent Swede, who travelled with us *en route* to St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Royal Order of the Garter was offered to him; but plain Charles, wanting nothing in the way of ornament, indignantly refused it, remarking that “such an Order would do very well for women!” He probably alluded to its frivolous origin, as given by historians, as well as to the article itself. Had Charles lived in our time, and

read the history of ‘British Costume’—a rather unlikely book for such fiery metal!—he would have seen, on the authority of Camden, that Edward the Third gave “his *own* garter as a signal for a battle that sped well, which Du Chesne takes to be that of Crëssy”; and, had he known that garters were worn by *men* in those days, he might have been induced to wear our celebrated British Order.

We observed with much interest the charger, stuffed, which Gustavus rode at Lutzen, also the dress in which Gustavus the Third was shot at the masquerade-ball in the theatre. Here is also the mask of the murderer. From the hole in the dress, it would appear that the fatal wound was occasioned by a small kind of grape-shot (like that used by some of the hill-tribes of India), and not by a common musket or pistol ball.

To an artilleryman, a curious piece of ordnance in this collection—especially in these days of Armstrong and Whitworth—brings reflection on modern improvements in gunnery. The outside of this piece is covered with leather; we then come to the iron tube, which is lined with copper. The most primitive gun I have ever seen was that used by the Burmese during the war. Near Ava, their capital, beautiful little brass cannon were cast; but, to the southward, in Pegu, in addition to common iron guns and jingalls, guns made of the palmyra-tree, and bound with iron hoops, were used against us. While marching with the Martaban column, I recollect a “curry-

stone” * being discharged from one of these, killing a European, and striking not far from our gallant General † and his companion, Neill, afterwards the avenging angel of the Indian rebellion and the hero of Lucknow. The gun was fired by a slow-match, and the stone shot forth from the jungle as we marched along.

The traveller will not fail to observe the glass cases containing the uniforms of Bernadotte and his son Oscar. The baton, cocked hat, and blue uniform of the Marshal, are all here ; while Oscar’s military dress leads you to suppose the wearer to have been “every inch a king.” The coronation robes of the present sovereign and his queen are also preserved here, in addition to gold and silver plate of queens and princesses of days gone by. In another room we have the tortures used in bygone ages, mixed up with specimens of the stone and iron periods. It was difficult to believe that an instrument of torture like the thumb-screw could ever have been used in a country like Sweden, which boasts a limited monarchy, with laws characterized by benevolence and mercy, with people of so mild and peaceable a character as to render terrific executions unnecessary. The monarchical government of the Danes also has long been characterized by wisdom and moderation ; and the people justly boast of the superiority of their laws. I am not aware that edu-

* Say a stone for pounding spices on.

† Sir S. W. Steel, K.C.B.

cation is an object of such primary importance in Sweden as it is in Denmark. Nevertheless, if the latter country has produced its philosophers, mathematicians, antiquaries, sculptors, astronomers, physicians, and philologers, Sweden has to boast of her kings, her chief of natural history, Linnæus, and her far-famed “nightingale of song!”

At the Royal Library, we were received by M. Kleming, the librarian, who showed us every courtesy, while exhibiting his vast literary treasures. There was an ancient Runic manuscript of the Bible, I think, of the date A.D. 430. Then we saw M. Luther’s “Bibel” with his own notes; also what was said to be the first Bible ever printed—“*Speculum Humanæ Salvationes Xylographon Frün*”—1430-39. The librarian assigned to this the date, 1420. I now saw, for the first time, the largest book in the world. It was about three feet six inches long, three feet broad, and deep enough in all conscience: of its weight in pounds avoirdupois I am not certain; and the whole consisted of Josephus, and the old and new Testaments, bound up together: “Tryckt” (impressed or printed) “Hos Kortor i Haarlem.” We saw also Irish and Saxon manuscripts, of the seventh and eighth centuries. One of the latter kind, of the four Gospels, was indeed a curiosity. The large book, I understood, was found in Moravia, in 1230, but was only recently purchased for the library. Some curious manuscripts have been discovered, dating as far back as the third and fourth centuries. Beyond this, I believe, archæological research cannot go.

Iceland has lately revealed some rich literary treasures ; and who can tell what was doing in that cold region while we were yet in a savage state ? True enough, “ unrelenting past ! ”

“ Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain.”

The library contains nearly one hundred thousand volumes, besides manuscripts. But nothing interested me more than a sight of Charles the Twelfth's plan for the siege of Frederikshald. It is simply a very rough pen-and-ink sketch — here and there the position dashed through, as if impatient to rectify the error, and be at the enemy. I fancy Charles was better in practice than in theory — apt to shine in the field rather than in plan drawing. We also saw a letter to his sister, written in a most remarkably unreadable hand ; like that written by some of the conceited and eccentric of our own day (to the terror of hard-worked editors and printers), who disdain to walk in the plain or legible, that is, in the “ vulgar ” orbit ! Of course, there was nothing of that kind of absurd feeling about the “ lion-king ; ” and it was affecting to look on the epistle, penned by the stout heart which had braved so many dangers, and think that it might contain some tender words to her, the friend of his youth, before that ambition fired him which led to an early tomb !

Sunday at Stockholm appeared to be very well kept—many well-dressed and devout people attending the churches. Of these we visited two—one of which, or that in which the King sat, having magnificent

State seats for the sovereign and his queen, richly carved and gilt. The royal pair sit opposite each other. In this fine church there is a splendid organ—the deep and mellow tones of which would draw forth admiration even from that experienced musician and builder of organs, Mr. H——n, of Edinburgh. The singing also was solemn and effective. Here I observed a fair copy of Michael Angelo's famous picture of the 'Day of Judgment,' also a tolerable copy, by some Swedish artist, of the 'Crucifixion.' The first-named picture is calculated to produce most solemn impressions on the mind; and it is, perhaps, the most awful subject an artist could be led to paint. Hope fled—judgment only left! The very thought is terrible!

Matthews, the 'Invalid,' thinks well that the choice of such a subject shows the nature of Michael Angelo's genius, which nothing could daunt, and condemns Smollett's absurd criticism of the picture, which styles it "a mere mob without keeping, subordination, or repose." "Repose in the last Judgment!" says Matthews at Rome, while viewing the original—"when the trumpet is sounding, the graves opening, and the dead awakening!" Turning from the frightful calm of despair in the face of the condemned sinner, to the sublime figure of the Redeemer, seems, for the moment, to be a relief beyond expression!

The Royal Museum, in the Palace of Stockholm, contains a few hundred paintings; but there are none of very great merit, by Swedish artists. There are a few gems by masters of the Italian, Dutch, and French

schools. There are also some fine specimens of Swedish sculpture by Byström and others. We did not see the collection of drawings by old masters ; but, from what we read, it would appear that they are well worthy of inspection. The King of Sweden himself is an artist ; and a good-sized landscape, in which is an encampment of soldiers (if I recollect right), the work of his brush, occupies a conspicuous place in the Museum. I may mention one Swedish historical picture—"The *Slaughter of Lutzen*," in which the "evil genius" is seen near Gustavus, who, with his horse wounded, is set forth as the dying warrior, in colours quite vivid enough for the eye of a Turner or a Ruskin !

During a considerable stay in Stockholm we diversified our walks very agreeably, sometimes ending with a visit to the café on the new bridge, where the 'Allemande Zeitung,' and our facetious friend 'Punch' awaited our arrival. 'Punch' in Sweden ! But where is he not—our comic mental sun ? In Sweden, as in England, now-a-days, *no man is a well-informed man who does not read the newspapers.** There is a new museum, opposite the palace,† nearly finished when we were at Stockholm. It is a very elegant structure, bearing the inscription in gold letters, "ANTIQUITATIS, LITTERARUM, ARTIUM, MONUMENTIS." Near this are the marine barracks, where we saw some soldiers, off guard, fishing, and eating black bread with a *gusto*

* The Secretary of State for India once made such a remark (from which I take mine) at a Mechanics' Institute.

† Called the palace of Stockholm, as well as the palace of the Crown Prince.

quite refreshing. "These men," thought I, "inheriting the spirit of Charles, are of the proper material for a rough campaign!"

We visited the *Royal Theatre*, opposite the palace, to gratify our curiosity by treading on the stage where Gustavus the Third was shot at the "Masqued Ball," by Ankerström. Great preparations were being made for the winter opening, which would not take place till after our departure. However, we managed to gain admission to the theatre (somewhat larger than the Haymarket of London, and more elegant), in the dressing-room of which, among other distinguished artists and vocalists, hangs a small picture of *Jenny Lind*; for here is the scene of all her early triumphs! Mendelssohn's remark, "There will not in a whole century be born another being so gifted as she is," bears the force of truth upon it. Throughout Great Britain and America the name of the gifted and benevolent Swede is associated with all that is beautiful and wonderful in the realms of song, in which she still reigns supreme. While recently listening in Edinburgh to her admirable singing in Haydn's great oratorio, 'The Creation,' it was natural to think what the wonder of the mighty composer would have been to have heard his sublime music so correctly rendered by a Swedish artist, who by her industry and virtues was long the pride of Stockholm!

Not far from the theatre is the Torg Square, where is a statue of Charles the Thirteenth, surrounded by four lions, the latter by Fogelberg, a sort of

Thorwaldsen of Sweden. In this handsome square, which is tastefully planted, we noticed the care which the Swedes took of their young trees, encasing them in a warm covering against the coming of a severe winter.

And now for a talk with Felix Droinet about the society of Stockholm. The existence of a stranger in the Venice of the North cannot be but agreeable. He will meet with so much courtesy, particularly in the higher circles, that although scarcely introduced to society in one of them, he will speedily be admitted to all the others ; and if he have sufficient tact not to allow himself to be governed by the spirit of party (prejudice)—that infirmity of human nature, fortunately very rare among the Swedes—he will soon find himself as in the bosom of a family, and everywhere the object of the most flattering and the most honourable attention. But, under this similitude, it is above all to the Swedish ladies he is forced to render homage. Where can be found more decorum and affability than exists in their manners? Where do we meet more sweetness, more goodness united to so much dignity, more grace with so little coquetry, more wit with less affectation? There the ladies are good, and prettier than elsewhere. (With this latter remark many will not agree.) They have a few faults in their composition it is true (others less frank would call them ornaments) ; but it is these very faults or ornaments which are natural to their sex, and which joined to the precious and solid qualities which they

possess, make the Swedish ladies the most captivating in the world! Go, then, and enjoy a visit to the capital of Sweden, and look upon it, in after-life, as a green spot in memory's waste!

DROTTNINGHOLM.

The scenery of the Mälar Lake, or Mälarsee, is of a very attractive character. We paid a visit to the royal castle or palace which stands on one of its chief islands, and which is styled Drottningholm, or Queen's Island. Here the Queen Dowager of Sweden resides; that is, the mother of the King,—Josephine, daughter of Eugene Beauharnois, Duke of Leichtenberg (born in 1807). Here also, I believe, resides the grandmother of the King, Dowager Queen Eugenie, the wife of the great Bernadotte (born in 1781). King Charles the Fifteenth married the daughter of Prince William Frederick, uncle of the King of Holland. The issue by this marriage is the Princess Louisa Josephine Eugenie. Augustus, Duke of Dalecarlia, we met at Drottningholm. This prince (born 1831) is about five years younger than the King, his brother. So much, then, for some of the royal family of Sweden* and

* Founder of the dynasty,
Bernadotte.

Son—Oscar I.

Sons—Karl (Charles XV.).

„ Oscar—Gustave (dead).

„ Auguste.

Norway, the Goths and Vandals. We are ready to start for the Versailles of Sweden; for such has Drottningholm been appropriately styled. Leaving Stockholm one beautiful afternoon, after a brief and pleasant passage in a comfortable steamer, we arrived on the island, and were soon ushered into the palace by the *Hoffmeister*, who proceeded immediately to inform the Prince Auguste of our arrival. The Prince, who was busy with some officers, soon approached us; and his manner was so affable on meeting that it set us quite at our ease. Opening business, by stating that we had some books to present to His Majesty, he kindly offered to forward our object; but on our remarking that we desired an audience of the King, we were informed that he would be in Stockholm in a day or two. The Prince conversed in French, and asked us to see the castle; and the stout *hoffmeister* was at once deputed to assist us. Accompanied, then, by this Swedish “tun” of man, we wandered at leisure through splendid suites of rooms. In one grand *salle*—the picture gallery—were all the sovereigns of Europe of our day, including Queen Victoria, by Winterhalter. The artistic finish of the portraits seemed the very perfection of painting. The King of the Belgians; His Majesty of Denmark (an admirable portrait, in military uniform); the late Emperor Nicholas, of Russia; the late King of Prussia; and last, though far from least, Napoleon; all seemed—particularly the honest soldier-like visage of Denmark’s King, set off by the blue coat and helmet—

verily to breathe life on the walls !* In another room were empresses and queens ; among the former the captivating Eugenie, of France—female loveliness rescued from the common decay ; and in a smaller room were the beauties of the voluptuous court of Louis Quatorze, that reign which was the glory and the shame of France. I was much interested by a painting in a hall (entitled the Salle of Battles) near this chamber, of the great *slaught* of Leipsic. This famous battle commenced on the 14th of October, 1813, and lasted till the 18th, inclusive. It decided for the time the fate of Europe ; and on the bloody field—a surface of three square leagues—half-a-million of men were engaged together. In the month of May, before this, Napoleon, who had begun to disregard all legal proceedings in the acts of his government, had fought the battle of Lutzen ; the field, it was observed, “ illustrious two hundred years before, as the scene of the triumph and death of Gustavus Adolphus.” The stout hoffmeister directed our attention to the various *slaughts* with a look of evident satisfaction, quite worthy of the fighting nation to which he belonged. Perhaps, for anything we knew, he might himself have served as a heavy dragoon !

We were admitted to the kitchen, as well as to the room where the Queen Dowager’s dinner was laid out, ready to be partaken of at the early Swedish hour of two. Everything was very neat and very

* There are also in different rooms some lifelike portraits of Bernadotte and Oscar.

plain. I am almost afraid that economy, in many classes, has left the British isles and gone to Sweden! I think more and more that it would be useless to bring out in Scandinavia a pamphlet such as that on 'Misexpenditure,' now before me, as it would also be to delude the public into the idea that a respectable man, his wife, and two or three children, cannot live comfortably on three or four hundred pounds a year! "Time is money," says Franklin. "Misexpenditure of time, which is equivalent to money," forms one of the sections of the pamphlet by the British writer, who has by his own industry and talents risen from comparative poverty to affluence, and is not a Franklin! The great American philosopher paid a visit to the French; I wish he could have done so with us to the Swedish Versailles. After our inspection of the palace, we proceeded to walk through the grounds pertaining thereto. Beautiful trees, pleasant gardens, "trianons," as at Versailles,* and a Tyrolese cottage, added to some statues, well placed, but of a rather inferior description, compose the beauty of a place where the life, dreamy or inactive, may be passed away very pleasantly without the aid of frivolous courtiers in disguise, or Swedish beauties (as did Marie Antoinette) acting the milkmaid. And here I can imagine Bernadotte, when tired of State affairs, indulging in a solitary ramble, musing over the destinies of European

* Of course neither so beautiful nor so large as the Grand and Petit Trianons; in the former of which Louis Quatorze loved, and, with De Montespan, ruled, not wisely; and in the latter, poor Marie Antoinette dressed, and frolicked, and wept.

powers, and, from the depth of his benevolent heart, endeavouring to form plans for the good and the glory of Sweden. Having mentioned beautiful trees, here it may be noted that we observed none so fine as at some Tivoli gardens at Stockholm, where the enormous, but stunted, oaks, emerging, as it were, from granite and a poor soil, were really wonderful. How they came there we could not understand.

Leaving the palace grounds, we proceeded to a Swedish inn to dine, before starting for the capital. An excellent dinner was soon provided, at a very moderate cost (in Sweden, a glass of *finkel*, bread and butter, cheese, horse-radish, and other dainties, always precede the dinner); and we were soon on our way to the steamer. Passing the royal stables, we saw the carriages getting ready for the afternoon drive. When about to start, Prince Auguste (having changed the shooting-coat which he wore in the morning for an ordinary tailed coat with brass buttons, but wearing the same round, brown felt hat) accompanied a friend or two he had been entertaining to the vessel, and then left for the palace, with a graceful "Good bye!" The Prince, I may mention, is tall, thin, and rather dark—in some respects like, but not nearly so broadly-chested, as his brother, the King of Sweden.

The trip down the lake presented many beauties. No one can lavish too much praise on the lovely islands of the Mälars.

"Within—without—all is enchantment!"

The view of Stockholm, as we approached, was

superb ; a beautiful city of churches and palaces was before us.

Steering for the church of Ritterholm, the tall spire of which was a capital mark, eight or nine principal spires of the city soon burst upon our view ; nearer and nearer, and the scene changes its character ; the port is reached, and we are “ back to busy life again ! ” This time, passing the Ritterholm, we stop at the House of Assembly of Swedish nobles, the Swedish palace of Westminster—the *Riddarhoos*—in front of which is the statue of Gustavus Vasa. In the old hall of the *Riddarhoos*, the eloquence of many kings of Sweden, and grey-haired senators, has been heard by a delighted assembly. Here the Pitts and the Burkes and the Sheridans of Northern Europe have all played their mighty parts, and, in many instances, played them well !

Reaching our comfortable hotel at a late hour, we soon retired to rest, to dream of all we had seen and enjoyed at Drottningholm.

UPSALA.

Upsala is chiefly famous for its university, which is the most celebrated in the North. It was founded, nearly 500 years after the Christian religion entered Sweden, by Sten Sturre, regent of the kingdom, about the year 1477. The plan was that of the University of Paris. Like other ancient seats of learning, having sprung from the Church of Rome, the Jesuits kept a

sharp eye on the progress of intellect at Upsala. For a time* they were the means of dissolving the university, with a view to establishing one in its stead at Stockholm; but it was re-established in 1598. Gustavus Vasa, educated at Upsala, was its grand patron; Gustavus Adolphus liberally endowed it. Bernadotte was a great favourite among the students; and his son, Oscar, with the Princes of Sweden, Charles (now King), Oscar, and Auguste, here received a portion of their education. It is written that Olof Skœtkonung was the first who exchanged the title of King of Upsala for that of King of Sweden (Swea Konung). He was also the first King who embraced Christianity (A.D. 1001), which, however, had been preached some 200 years before by the monk Ancchaire. "Only consulting his zeal for the faith," says a French writer, "he dared to come among these populations, up to that period peasants and pirates," worthy only of the darkest ages! *La petite bourgade de pêcheurs* (the little town of fishermen), on the Mälars, where Norwegian lawless bands had committed so much desolation, eventually "from dirt and seaweed, as proud Venice rose," became a town named *Stockholm*; and so the King of Upsala was no more!

Looking at the map of Sweden, we find this famous spot up the Mälars, nearly due north of the capital, on a river, and nearly in the same latitude as Christiana, Greenland, and Hudson's Bay. The parallel

* From 1583 to 1598—about the time when attempts were made to induce the Swedes to return to the Romish faith.

of latitude of 60° , just touches the southern extremity of Greenland, proceeding westward, right through the "world of ice." Abo and St. Petersburg are respectively only a little above and below this parallel, as may be said also are the Shetland and the Orkney islands.

The trip to Upsala is a pleasant one, of only five or six hours' duration. Again on the Mälars, I am inclined to notice the tradition that this lake had at one period only two outlets into the sea, those at the two extremities of the bridge on the north; and the third, where the sluices are placed, must have been the work of man. It is attributed to the exertions of Olof Skoetkonung against Olof Haraldson, a pirate of renown, son of a Norwegian king, who, finding himself shut in by his enemies,* and favoured by wind and current, managed by this passage to reunite all his fleet in the Baltic. After three or four hours, we pass the ancient town of Sigtuna, situated in "a picturesque and charming little valley," said to derive its name from the old Roman town of *Sixtum*, the ruins of its round towers still remaining. *Tuna* signifies town, in the ancient language of Sweden; and *Sigge* is said to be the original name of Odin. The old towers of Sigtuna were almost the only relics of antiquity we saw as we steamed along. A few miles more up the lake, and we come to Skokloster, where is the grand castle of the Counts Brahé, celebrated in

* Some say by the united fleets of the Swedish and Danish monarchs.

astronomical science and in arms. The château, from the lake, has a very ordinary appearance. There are four light turrets, to set off the building—white, with a dark slate roof. Some beautiful poplars are in front; and, as we passed, the dark green shrubbery, with a tower or so standing out, as it were, against the blue sky, lent a pleasing touch of the picturesque to the scene. One large tower appears to be surmounted by a hollow sphere.* The praises of the wonderful collections here, from which place as well as from Sigtuna boats came off to bring and to land passengers, were related us by no less a personage than the keeper of the château of Skokloster. Built towards the middle of the seventeenth century by a celebrated Swedish general of the Thirty Years' War, it has become the repository of many interesting relics which will gratify alike the student and the antiquary. There is a statue here by Byström, of Bernadotte, attired as one of the Scandinavian gods! Soon on the river Fyris, we behold a large plain on which lie new and old Upsala. The latter is a few miles behind the new; and the old church and the grave-hills there were particularly noted by Madame Pfeiffer. Some of these hills, she supposed, conceal the graves of kings; and she saw similar tumuli during her journey to Greece, on the spot where Troy is said to have stood.

We have now arrived in the celebrated town

* Used by Tycho Brahé in his astronomical studies. Tycho Brahé was a Dane.

where, in the Cathedral, lies Gustavus Vasa ; where the greatest of modern naturalists, Linnæus, of whom Celsius was the early patron, laboured for after-ages, and founded the present system of botany in Europe ; and where the youth of Sweden labour in that mine of erudition which is to fit them for the stern battle of life.

Having made the acquaintance of a student in the steamer—no less a personage than the nephew of the great-grandson of Linnæus—on landing we were at once conducted to a comfortable lodging, in a street at the top of which stands the grand library.

Upsal (as the town is properly called, *Upsala* being chiefly confined to the Province) is, in a geographical point of view, the Greenwich of Sweden. From its observatory the Swedish geographers reckon longitude. The population is about six or seven thousand. Included are about nine hundred students ; but several hundred more are on the university books.

To the Cathedral was of course our first grand move in Upsala. We found ourselves standing before the tomb of Linnæus. I copied the inscription into my note-book—one of the most sublime in its simplicity that I ever read:—

CAROLO LINNE
BOTANICORUM
PRINCIPI
AMICI ET DISCIPULI
1798.

A botanic garden, near the town, was the favourite resort of the great Linnæus, the *Swedish sage*, who has a place beside Newton, “priest of Nature,” and Franklin, who grasped “the lightning’s fiery wing,” in the ‘Pleasures of Hope :’—

“The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers ;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain.
So once, at Heaven’s command, the wanderers came
To Eden’s shade, and heard their various name !”

A handsome chapel in the cathedral, with ceiling of azure blue, and embossed with golden stars, is the burial place of Gustavus Vasa, than which there is no more venerated name in Sweden. The walls of the chapel are covered with frescoes,—historical pieces, representing the most eventful scenes in the great monarch’s life,—all admirably executed by Professor Sandberg. One picture represents Gustavus, dressed as a peasant, standing on a barrel, and haranguing the people, probably calling on them and exhorting them to embrace the Protestant faith. Surrounded by such like happy reminiscences of his wonderful career, the mighty Gustavus lies interred between his two wives, the marble monument which covers his grave being rather clumsy, and lacking taste and beauty. There is nothing remarkable about the cathedral as a work of architectural skill. The high roof resting on two rows of pillars, and covering the whole church, has a grand effect. This cathedral was commenced about

the middle of the thirteenth century, and was finished towards the middle of the fifteenth ; and long may the old brick Gothic pile stand out in relief against the blue sky, to show where true sons of science, and war, and virtue are at rest !

We visited the library, and Mr. Fant, the learned librarian (to whom we had a letter of introduction) received us with much courtesy. The collection is a vast one, comprising about 100,000 volumes, in addition to some thousands of valuable manuscripts. All this of course was to be expected in the city containing “ the great and unrivalled school of natural history.” Here we saw the first book printed in Sweden, entitled *Collectio Fabularum*, or the *Dialogues of the Creatures*. The rooms of this library are magnificent, and, if we consider the order and arrangement which distinguished the treasures in them, we must confess that the duty of a good librarian is no very light one. Your librarians of Northern Europe appear to have a Roscoe-like affection for their books ; mind holding communion with mind being all in all to them ! Sten Sturre, founder of the Upsala University, introduced printing into Sweden, which now enjoys that mighty liberty which our *Junius* valued so much, and which is the glory of our empire—the liberty of the press !

Above the library, up a spacious stair, is a splendid hall, which I paced, and found to be about 200 feet long by 50 wide. Here the students hold their balls, concerts, and lectures. To the rear of the library, in

the garden or shrubbery, is a bust of Bernadotte, and on the pedestal the inscription :—

CAROLUS
XIV.
JOHANNI
HEROI
VICTORI
PACIS
VINDICE
PIETAS
MEMOR
1854.

And here, in a secluded spot, is a runic stone, of red granite, with its curious symbols and serpent-like figures, much decayed, but which had stood the iron tooth of time for more than 1000 years.

Chemistry, moral philosophy, and natural history, I believe, are the three most important branches taught at Upsala. Like some of our British universities, that of Upsal is divided into “nations.” Each nation has power to expel a member. After expulsion, should he be received by another nation, he still remains at the university. If not, he is removed. Each nation has its “predications,” debates, theatricals, concerts, and such like,—all, doubtless, ending in moderation with “the feast of reason, and the flow of soul!” The Governor’s house is a large plain brick building, seen on entering the town. During an evening stroll I could not help admiring the beauty of the sunset at Upsala, and I also thought occasionally of Linnæus, who had given this place so much fame, and whose statue in the gardens here represents him

lecturing on his favourite plant, the *Linnea Borealis* !
One sign I noticed in the town—

A. SODERSTRÖM
SOCKERBAGARE.

This latter word simply implies *sugar bakery*, or, in fact, is like the confectioner's sign in our own land. The students were just beginning to assemble for the season. The little houses in which many of them lodged seemed very comfortable, and I have no doubt of "this little corner behind the world" (as I heard a Scotch gentleman style Upsala) being the very spot for study. Everthing seemed so steady and quiet about the place. Leaving our lodging, and passing an artificial waterfall to reach our steamer on the following morning, we passed by some beautiful poplars, the crests of which seemed to kiss the bright blue sky. The clear atmosphere of Sweden and other northern countries, as it reveals all the beauties of a landscape, so does it exhibit architectural beauties and defects to an incredible extent. We had no time to visit the iron mines of Danemora, some thirty miles distant. Here the best iron is produced; and the most celebrated copper mines are at Fahlun, in Dalecarlia. About 100,000 tons of iron, 1200 tons of copper, 1000 pounds of silver used to be the annual produce of the mines of Sweden. Silver, I believe, is now nearly exhausted there, at least I am not aware of any new mines (like those formerly in Upsala province) having been discovered. The last returns of the iron manufacture in Great Britain (for 1860)

give total *make* 4,156,858 tons. With reference to Swedish iron I may note—and it is of importance at the present crisis—that nearly three-fourths of all the iron exported from Gottenburg used to be to America. If we could stop her supplies of iron and lead from other countries, as we have now* wisely done those of saltpetre and military stores from our own (as a temporary measure at least), America would be greatly crippled in the game of war which she plays so badly!

It is difficult to believe the fact that the annual value of the iron and coal raised in Great Britain exceeds twenty millions sterling. *Coal* is from the German, *Kohle*. It comes from the sense of glowing, raging. In Danish, *Kuler* is to blow strong. I am not sufficient of a geologist to account for the extreme scarcity of coal in Sweden, and other countries of the North. Wood is the great commodity for domestic consumption; and the boat-loads we saw of this precious article at Gottenburg, Stockholm, and on the Mälar—preparations for battle with a severe winter—would lead travellers to think that there is no coal in Sweden at all. But there is a small quantity in the south. Before leaving Upsala, observing a stock of dark-coloured ore piled at the water's edge, I picked up a piece; but, from its peculiar appearance, I could not tell whether it was copper or iron. At any rate, it was much heavier than coal, and nearly as black.†

* December, 1861.

† On showing the specimen to a popular geologist in Scotland, he declared it to be a remarkable species of *iron* ore. I am not aware of

With so many mineral products in Sweden, and possessing such numerous forests of pine and fir, it is natural to think that the pre-Adamite theory of minerals retaining the colours which the light of the sun had produced in the vegetable material, of which they are the organic remains, would be well received in the country; and that colours even surpassing in brilliancy the *mauve* and *magenta* would be produced. But there are only two leading colours in Sweden, (and even the ladies are content with these!) blue and black; although in some instances a variation of colour distinguishes the inhabitants of one province from those of another. The trouble of producing brilliant colours from coal-tar would seem to be quite unnecessary here, especially when we find that even at weddings bride and bridegroom appear in *black*! In some of the mining districts the men and boys wear long dark-blue cloth surtouts, with cloth caps, like "walking gentlemen" on the stage. On a nearer inspection, the leather apron beneath shows them to be respectable mechanics or labourers. Madame Pfeiffer thinks that, "in dress and shoes," the Norwegians and Swedes are behind the Icelanders (whose dress is somewhat similar to that of the peasants of Norway and Sweden; the ladies, however, being very fond of ornaments), but surpass them in the comfort of their dwellings.

But the fact is, there are well and ill-dressed

the frequent appearance of the coal-plant in Sweden, in our country found in the sandstone or ironstone associated with the coal formation.

people in Sweden, as everywhere else. In Norway the women care more about variety of costume than in Sweden. The ladies of Iceland, *under the Arctic Circle*, must have invented crinoline. In this age, when dress seems to be the grand *mental* idea with so many in our own land, this slight digression on costume and colour may be pardoned; especially when dyes, rivaling those of ancient Tyre, like cotton, are not now to be had from America.

The steamer is about to leave Upsala. We regretted having no time to pay our respects to the Archbishop, Primate of all Sweden, who takes upon himself "the care of all the churches" for eight hundred pounds a year! The worthy descendant of Linnæus met us at the steamer, to say "Farewell!" Numbers of students, and, doubtless, some of their fifty professors, were present to see the start; and so, taking a kind farewell of this scientific and classic region, this *little corner behind the world*, we steamed away from Upsala.

Sweden and Norway form together a large peninsula between the Atlantic, on the west, and the Baltic and Gulf of Bothnia, on the east. Both Norway and Sweden, for such large countries, contain comparatively few inhabitants. Sweden, more than nine hundred miles long by nearly two hundred* broad, has a population of little more than three-and-a-half millions. Combined with Norway, still more thinly populated, the inhabitants number little above five

* Average breadth from east to west.

millions. It is, perhaps, this want of people which has kept back that rapid march of civilisation which otherwise might have been expected in those countries lying to the north of the Baltic Sea.

Although Charles the Fifteenth is King of Sweden and Norway, still these may be considered two perfectly distinct states, having separate governments, assemblies for debate, and financial and judicial establishments. In Norway the Storting answers the same purpose as our British Houses of Parliament; and it is a great day of rejoicing in the North when the King arrives at any important town on his way to Christiana, to prorogue this learned Assembly. In the trading city of Gottenburg, especially, all are in holiday attire; and the military, the clergy, the officials, and loyal citizens, exert themselves to the utmost to do honour to their King. The revenue of Sweden and Norway is, I believe, about two-and-a-half millions sterling. That of Denmark, which, during one year, included what was obtained from various countries as compensation for the abolition of the *Sound Dues*, is less than two millions. The latter country has a comparatively large national debt. The single revenue of Norway is not large. It is settled by the Storting, when that assembly sits, every three years.

On our return passage from Upsala to Stockholm, we became acquainted with an eminent Scotch professor, who was very obliging and communicative, and who knew a good deal about the North. The conversation at one stage ran on the all-important subject

of *Temperance*. In Sweden, drinking has, on the whole, decreased within the last five years, although on market-days a good deal still prevails. There are temperance societies in the country, but these are chiefly confined to not drinking spirits or brandy. At Upsala, among the students, I should think that port and sherry were chiefly consumed. We observed large supplies of these wines (port is very good in Sweden) on the quay there, when, I imagine, the winter's stock was being laid in. It is said that the Danes drink hard; but neither in Denmark nor in Sweden did I see one case of drunkenness, and this is saying a good deal. Being a "note-taker," and anxious to do justice to the people of the North, I pryed into many places, and had fair opportunity of observation. In the great city of Glasgow, I read that a million pounds annually are spent by the working classes upon "drink,"—considered moderate in a city with a population of nearly 500,000. But this million is more than half the entire revenue of Denmark; and only imagine if it were given to her instead of being consumed in Glasgow, what a splendid navy she would soon have floating in the Baltic!

Turning to other subjects, it was remarked that, in some parts of the country, the water-level was above the level of the land-line, thereby causing damp, wet, and malaria. This could not be overcome, although by blasting out of solid rock, for canal purposes, the difference of level in a river might be. On railways being first mooted in the Council, at Stock-

holm, a member rose and opposed them. As there was plenty of *time* in Sweden, they were not required; the expense was uncalled for! This is almost as good as the arguments of some eccentric public men in England, who owe their very security and prosperity to war, and yet, even when necessary, make a rule of opposing it! On our way to Stockholm we passed an agricultural school-farm, and on the river's bank, we saw some splendid cattle feeding. By far the greater portion of the Swedes live by agriculture; and the excellence of some of their implements is well known in Great Britain. In many parts of the country (at Motalla, for instance) British overseers and workmen are employed. The Swedes seize with readiness any improvement made by us in thrashing machines, or other economists of manual labour, and spare no expense in importing for the benefit of the country.

We also talked about the Observatory at Upsala, which was new, with a telescope of a very superior description. This led to a remark about Celsius, the great Swedish astronomer, and whose barometer at the present day is used in Sweden. I now learned a few more words of the language, to which I alluded at Gottenburg as being so expressive. There was *rüka*, to smoke; *rük*, smoke; and our Scotch word, *reek!* and then the Scotch *mirk nicht* is, in Swedish, *murk nat*; and "*murky*" is a well-known word in Shakspeare. Near some beautiful scenery on the Mälar, a boat came alongside, and took the learned professor from us. He seemed to be quite at home,

talking Swedish as he settled himself down in the boat. He had gone off to visit some friends ; and now nothing was left us but to think of all the pleasures we had experienced during our never-to-be-forgotten excursion to Upsala. The Mälars lake in winter is frozen over to such an extent that it is no very difficult work to skate to Drottningholm. Now is the gay season for Stockholm, and sledges and carriages abound on the ice. At the new bridge, where is the junction of the Mälars with the Baltic, the current is so strong, I am informed, as to defeat the powers of freezing point !

V.

VISIT TO THE PALACE AT STOCKHOLM—CHARLES THE
FIFTEENTH, KING OF SWEDEN.

THE absence of King Charles from Sweden had caused a degree of uneasy feeling in the country. At Gottenburg, we heard it asserted that his departure had been feared by the people. Some great political design was in view. Was Denmark to be given up to Russia on the death of the present King? In such an event, and neither of their Highnesses, the old heir-apparent, the King's uncle, Prince Ferdinand, nor the heir-presumptive, Prince Christian, succeeding to the Danish throne, why should Sweden, in her race for increasing glory, not gain the prize? The Swedes were now more friendly with the Danes than ever. The Russians putting a prince on the throne of Denmark, would utterly destroy the balance of power in Europe. In addition to this, there was some superstition about the King going away, not returning, and so forth. At any rate, his departure was made in as quiet and unostentatious a manner as possible. And this only tended to fan the flame of curiosity!

Now that his speedy return from London and Paris was announced, Stockholm resounded with joy ; and every one was on the tip-toe of expectation to see their King again.

The evening of the King's arrival in the capital was one of loyal demonstration ; and, as we strolled along the New Bridge, we observed, in some pleasant "tea-gardens" below (charmingly situated near the water), CARL XV., in most brilliant letters of fire, which announced to all that their monarch had again entered the metropolis of Sweden. The eyes of the Swedish ladies brightened up at the prospect of seeing him, doubtless, not less than did those of the beauties of Scotland, in Jacobite times, to welcome Prince Charlie !

Having arranged with Baron Manderstrœm, Minister of Foreign Affairs, an audience with His Majesty, my father received, on the day of the Royal entrance into the city, a polite letter from that state functionary, intimating the King's readiness to receive him at an early hour on the morrow "at His Majesty's private apartments in the palace of Stockholm."

I was prepared to accompany him as *Attaché* on this august occasion. There was to be a grand public reception or *levée* at two o'clock, for the reception of General Solarali, to invest the King with the Sardinian Order from Victor Emmanuel ; but our visit was long before that hour. We drove up to the palace, and were not a little surprised by the shout of a sentry in

the distance, and the alacrity with which the guard turned out to receive us; for anything they knew, we might have been extraordinary ambassadors from Denmark or Russia! Alighted at the private entrance, we proceeded upstairs, and were received by a lord-in-waiting, in blue uniform, in the ante-room—a plain though spacious library, with a billiard-table in the centre. His Majesty was busy with some civil and military officers of rank, who had evidently been making their official reports to one who was Commander-in-chief as well as King. Military officers came out from the audience chamber, in rapid succession; and, after a short interval, the lord-in-waiting announced that the King was ready to receive us. We entered the Royal chamber, and before us stood Charles the Fifteenth, King of Sweden.

His Majesty advanced to meet us in the most condescending manner, having been previously made aware of the object of our visit, and received us with even more than that courtesy which we were led to expect. He looked “every inch a king!” Tall, dark, with a most intelligent and pleasing, yet decided expression of countenance, he struck me as being just the fit man to govern Sweden. Nay, more, to be the future Sovereign of the three Scandinavian kingdoms! His manner was easy and affable; and, on my presenting him with ‘Pegu, a Narrative of the Second Burmese War,’ containing a few military plans,—certainly more clear than the specimen

shown us as that by the great Charles the Twelfth, of Frederikshald,—he seemed quite pleased with, perhaps, the best present a soldier can give, his account of a campaign in which he had shared danger and honour alike. Looking at some of the plans, “Are the Burmese brave?” asked the King. I replied, “Yes, Sire, as much so as other Asiatic nations.”

An easy and pleasant conversation followed, in the course of which we remarked on the rising city of Gottenburg and its increasing trade with Britain. The King also expressed himself highly pleased with his recent visits to Paris and London.

And now, having accomplished the object of our visit, we craved leave to depart, the King bidding us a most cordial farewell before we left the audience chamber. What surprised me most was the off-hand easy manner with which he had invited us to be seated beside him, as if he had been a very ordinary person, instead of the King of Sweden, the grandson of Bernadotte, and the son of Oscar, who had married Josephine Beauharnois, daughter of Prince Eugene, and grand-daughter of the fascinating Josephine, who, as his fond wife, played such an important part in the great Napoleon’s history!

Charles the Fifteenth struck me, although of French descent, as carrying out the idea of Swedish character to perfection, and being the fit Sovereign for a people whose physiognomy gives no indication of the more violent passions, but expresses docility and good humour, concealing, as it were, their cha-

racteristic bravery, and vast powers of enduring fatigue.

But such amiable qualities as he possesses, we all know, without *energy* and *decision*, would make a useless King. I believe him to have a fair share of the latter, with, like his father, abilities and acquirements beyond the average of the crowned heads of Europe.

Should he eventually gain "the magnificent inheritance" of the House of Denmark, I think much good may accrue to all three kingdoms. I read that Schleswig and Holstein will never consent to the Scandinavian scheme. It is likewise said, that none of the great European powers are likely to concur in such an arrangement. But why, in these days of "unity," this should be so, I cannot understand. Russia not giving up Finland, and the Germans wishing the non-inclusion of Schleswig in the new scheme (to carry out their plan of unity), are political difficulties which might, with some tact, be got over; and then, with two navies, two armies, and some six or seven millions of brave "northerners," if Great Britain could only get the sovereign of such kingdoms to be her *perpetual ally*, the Queen of our glorious empire would more than ever be Mistress of the World! Let there be war with America, Russia, in India, or elsewhere, with the command of the Baltic and the North Sea, with brave Swedes to fight, and brave and skilful Danes to navigate, in addition to our own resources, throughout the world, and the British Lion must overcome every foe!

From such an army* as that of Sweden, and a large militia, I presume that 100,000 men could, with ease, at any time be brought into the field. The greater portion of the enlisted soldiers are artillery. We did not see much of her navy, of which Carlsrona (south-east of Gottenburg, on the Baltic), in addition to having a considerable trade, is the principal station. (The harbour here can accommodate 100 ships of the line.) But I am told that it consists of several ships of the line, frigates, brigs, and a considerable number of gun-boats and steamers—a portion of which would be splendid auxiliaries in a general war. In such an event, the often-quoted old sentence about Denmark may have *two* readings. “ Her existence is a political necessity, because Denmark is the guardian of the Sound, and because it is to the interest of Europe that both shores of the Sound should not be in the hands of *one* Government, which would thereby be enabled to close the entrance to the Baltic.” This serves either for keeping up Denmark as a kingdom, or giving us a most useful imperial ally (Sweden), especially in a naval war! The land forces of Denmark, I believe, are not numerous—about 50,000 men. The Danish fleet, of course, takes its fame from what it was at the beginning of the present century; for instance, at Copenhagen, when it comprised nineteen large men-of-war, and floating batteries, supported by

* Composed of three classes, regularly enlisted men, *indelta* (something like the feudal plan of raising men), and militia. The *indelta* system was founded by Gustavus Adolphus. The men are also employed in making roads, canals, bridges, and other public works.

the Crown Islands, mounting nearly 100 pieces of cannon, and well-served guns on the Island of Amak. It was during the heat of this action that Nelson observed, with a smile, "It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment;" and, again, the never-to-be-forgotten expression, "But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands!" Denmark has still a few men-of-war and frigates—two or three of the latter steam—in addition to many small vessels for the defence of her coasts, and some excellent small war-steamers. By losing Norway, she became deprived of a large proportion of sailors. But still, in this respect, she seems to manage wonderfully well. Denmark, we read, with a merchant fleet of 155,000 tons, possesses a navy nominally numbering 129 ships *of all classes*. Germany, with a tonnage of more than fifteen times the amount belonging to her diminutive neighbour, cannot boast the possession of more than fifty-five men-of-war, forty of which belong to the class of gun-boats! The chief exports of Denmark, like those of Sweden and Norway, are partly to England, and partly to Hamburg. The coal-trade of Denmark is astonishing—making up for her deficiency in that mineral.

Looking at some statistics of vessels engaged in the oversea coal-trade of the United Kingdom,—total, 3087, I perceive, that, while the French have only 332, and the Prussians 263, the Danes have 362, the Swedes 128, and the Norwegians a similar number. Here, then, is *material for a probably coming empire!* Brutus

said that Cæsar was “ambitious ;” and so, it is said, is Charles the Fifteenth. There is one thing clear—*alone*, he would not be able to re-conquer and hold Finland. In the seaports there, a good feeling towards Russia still exists. In short, in war as in politics, the days for “Alone, I did it !” appear to have passed away for ever. Brotherhood appears to be the order of the day ; it would be well if it were so for peace as well as for war ! The remark recently made by the King of Sweden to the French Emperor at Paris, that the beautiful capital was “at once a drawing-room, a theatre, and a fortress,” was a very significant one. I wonder what he would remark now that he knows the financial results of keeping up large armaments and building splendid palaces ! The Swedes are a quiet people, and do not require employment, and excitement, and novelty, to keep them from revolution !

The grand review and sham fight at Aldershott must have given Charles some idea of our great military resources ; and I regretted not having seen him in front of the chosen 14,000, as he and the Crown Prince passed down the British line (conspicuous by the yellow plumes which waved from their cocked hats), beholding the finest infantry in the world—the dashing, fearless British cavalry—and the large force of the branch which rivals “lightning’s flash in ruin and in speed”—the artillery, armed with the new triumph in science, the Armstrong gun !

He would tell them what he thought of it all on his return to Sweden. With the limited or constitu-

tional monarchy of which he is the head, I believe a high degree of rational liberty is enjoyed. The Swedes take him as an oracle ; and, as he does everything himself, consider him the most useful man in the world ! In the words of Pope—

“ Wise if a minister ; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just—more everything.”

VI.

TO HELSINGFORS—THE RUSSIAN WAR.

WE had resolved to leave Stockholm in the 'Aura,' for St. Petersburg. His Majesty of Sweden not having been able to receive us, until the day after the departure of that fine vessel, changed our destination to Helsingfors, the Russian capital of Finland, from which port, after a short stay, we now determined to start for the land of the Czar.

We had seen and heard strange things since we had arrived in Sweden. We had found much to admire and little to censure; we liked the country and the people. There is something about the Swedish character so noble, and yet so homely and contented withal, so cheerful, without any approach to frivolity, so pious without ostentation, that I cannot help thinking, if I were not a Briton, I would be a Swede! I am sure that had we been longer among the Swedish people we should have been pleased with them the more. But, although leaving the country with regret, as will be seen hereafter, we were not taking leave of Swedish hospitality. The chief wonder of our visit, in an historical point of view, was our shaking hands with Charles the Fifteenth, after his return from em-

bracing the Emperor of the French, who bears the name and borrows a portion, if not all, of the immortal fame of him who made his own Marshal his enemy; Bernadotte, who afterwards founded a line of kings, and seemed to repay the treatment he had received by rising, as it were, from his tomb in the Ritterholm, and sending his royal grandson to be welcomed and feasted by another Napoleon in Paris!

The 'Furste Menschikoff' figures in the 'Letters from the Baltic;' for it was that steamer which bore the accomplished authoress to Revel, from Helsingfors, to which capital, in the same steamer, we were now bound.

Russian history has made the name of Prince Menschikoff immortal. *Furste* is an etymological study of no ordinary importance. The Saxon is *first*, or *fyrst*. In the German, we have *fürst*, and *erste*. In the Danish, *fyrste* means a *prince*, that is, *first-man*. In Swedish, *furste*, without dots, signifies *prince*, and *först*, with dots, *first*. Shakspeare rhymes to the point, unconscious of the Danish meaning of the word, when he makes the Player Queen in 'Hamlet' say—

“ In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed *the first*.”

One more look at the Venice of the North, from the sea. The spires of the churches, other noble structures, with vessels riding at anchor beneath the very windows, gradually disappear. Good-bye! to the Swedish capital of homely splendour and hospitality,

perhaps, for ever ! Away, across the Baltic, to Abo, fast as the 'Furste Menschikoff' can carry us ! which is not very fast, the hey-day of the Prince's youth having long departed. The Captain—I invariably take a close survey of this officer in commencing a voyage—was a large, good-looking man, very silent, civil, and very careful. The latter quality was absolutely requisite in navigating us over such a perilous track. Many rocks and islands soon appeared—volcanic upheavals—the tops of mountains—as if to warn us against sleeping in security. Perhaps, with the same theory, that Denmark, on which the sea has so much encroached, was once united to Scotland, Sweden, the Aland Isles, and Abo in Finland, formed a path across what is now the south of the Gulf of Bothnia, when that gulf would be simply a large lake !

In the evening we anchored, intending to start early in the morning. I got into conversation with an intelligent Swede, bound for Moscow, who appeared to have a very strong predilection for everything pertaining to the British Isles. The motives which had impelled him to travel were of a very various kind ; and, after rattling away for some time in a rather amusing manner, he concluded his discourse by gravely observing, "Had I not been a Swede I would have been an Englishman !"

He was eloquent on the beauties of Moscow, with its 712 churches, its brilliant society, and the best singers in the world.

To see Russia you must see Moscow—the old capital—the Genius of which, to repel French invasion, clad himself in robes of fire. On the ashes has arisen a city more beautiful than ever; and, although we could not gratify our intense curiosity by paying it a visit, yet, from all I have read and heard, no man who travels in Russia, for pleasure or for profit, should omit a sojourn at Moscow.

In the morning we were off the Aland Isles, having crossed a portion of the Gulf of Finland. It was a most beautiful morning; and we were, as before, steaming through dangerous and intricate passages. “The Swedes,” thought I, “would only have to remove all the sticks and beacons in this quarter, to prevent the approach of the most determined enemy to their shores.” Passing by picturesque islands, of various size and beauty, studding the sea like so many emeralds of the ocean, in the afternoon passing through a beautiful strait, we came in sight of Abo. Now, in view of the Finnish shore, I am led to remark that after the interview at Erfurth between Napoleon and Alexander, and the consequent wresting of Finland by the latter from Sweden, Russia had to support her occupation of the new province by a considerable number of troops. Napoleon, ready for any game, hinted to Bernadotte that it was a good opportunity for recovering Finland—so long possessed by Sweden; for the ambitious aggressions of Bonaparte had now made him a new enemy in Alexander. It is supposed that, had the Emperor succeeded

in effecting a new alliance, not only would his enemy have been unable to withdraw his troops, but would have been obliged to increase them, "in order to protect Finland, and even to cover St. Petersburg."

The Gulf of Finland, I may note, is the eastern arm of the Baltic, which runs up to the Russian capital.

What was formerly a Swedish province, then, was, with a part of Lapland, ceded to Russia in 1809, the matter being finally settled by the famous peace* of 1814. Finland, I may state, for those who have no time to look at a map, lies north of the Gulf, and, with Sweden, a little more than a century ago, formed a kingdom one-third greater in extent than France, though vastly inferior in fertility and population. It extended from the fifty-fifth to the seventieth degree of north latitude. At the present day the natives on the coast are composed of Swedes and Russians. There is also a mixed Finnish race—the three varieties of race bearing some analogy to the existing relations between the Hindus and Mahomedans and Anglo-Indians of Hindustan. The life of a large portion of the Finns is said to resemble that of the agricultural Laplander, who inhabits the region to the north of the Scandinavian Peninsula, and who is said to be nearly related to the Finn on the south. The Laplander is an extraordinary animal, and so is the Finn. If we understand the one, we are sure to understand the other. The Lapps that are subject to

* The Peace of Paris.

Sweden* are professed Christians, of the Lutheran persuasion; but, in superstitious observances, they are nearly as bad as the Hindus. The Swedes, also, gave the Lutheran form to the Finns. The chief wealth of the Laplander, every schoolboy knows, is the reindeer. This valuable animal is continually appearing in the child's picture-book. Every *graphic* traveller in the North has expended his eloquence upon him; and even a sweet poetess (Mrs. Hemans) has sung his praise in spirited verse. One would think that *love* could hardly dwell in the Laplander; however, in his address to the reindeer, we are told that—

“ When love gave the word, o'er the landscape of snow,
 We flew like the wings of the wind!
 In this ice-covered region, *his* sunbeam may glow,
 To melt and to soften the mind!”

Instead of stopping at Abo, I wish we could have gone up the Gulf of Bothnia into Lapland,† where, in some parts, the sun is absent for many weeks, the moon and stars alone being visible. This occurs in the winter; and in the summer the sun does not set for as long a time. The “Coast of Greenland,” in the same latitude, news of the *Pole Star*, and “Midnight-day,” form noble subjects in an interesting work‡

* The Norwegian part of Lapland (before called Danish) was ceded to Sweden.

† Tornea, to the north of the Gulf, belonging to Sweden, has a good harbour.

‡ ‘The World of Ice,’ by R. M. Ballantyne, Esq., chap. v. Some admirable papers by this author, under the head *Norwegiana*, appeared in the *Scotsman*.

I have just been reading. A change coming over the aspect of nature ; the “ long-continued daylight, which now lasted the whole night round, and increased in intensity every day as the travellers advanced north.” Like them, I had only heard and read of it, but “ their minds had utterly failed to form a correct conception of the exquisite calmness and the beauty of the *mid-night-day of the north*.” I longed to see the *Aurora Borealis* in all its glory. The Finns and Lapps are of the Mongolian variety—in the whole European family the only exceptions to the Caucasian race ! The Finns and Lapps, although equally diminutive in stature, and like in many respects, are yet held to be of a different origin. The ancient Finns were fierce and poor ; the modern Finn, as well as the modern Lapp, is honest, laborious, thriving, and hospitable. The hair of the Finn is yellow, flaxen, or fair, quite unlike that of the smooth, black-haired Lapp. The true domestic Finn lives with all his family in one small room, and there is a hole at the top of the small house to let out the smoke. The manner of domestic life and the hut among the Lapps is just the same. Of course, on arrival in Finland, many travellers have vague ideas about rustic householders, provided with many tools and implements of many arts and professions ; each Finn performing for himself, with equal address, the parts of carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, fisherman, miller, baker, &c. But I was destined to see nothing of the kind. For once I did not wish to encounter “ Civilisation !” The Finnish cornmills

are of simple form, "actuated" by sails of wooden planks; and their mill-stones are shaped like the *querne*, or old Celtic machine for grinding with the hand.*

Abo lies near the point where meet the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland. The connection between the Finns and the kingdoms of the north is not generally understood. Before entering Abo it may be well to explain. Both Sweden and Norway were originally peopled by the Finns; the latter country also by the Lapps. These diminutive tribes were driven to the northern parts by the Goths. Boundaries were then assigned, and hence we have Finmark (Finland), the *mark* or boundary of the Finns, in the same manner as Denmark, the *mark* or boundary of the Danes. Finland was lost to the Swedes in the reign of Gustavus the Fourth. Sveaborg (Sweaborg) the key to Helsingfors, which island fortress he too fondly deemed impregnable, surrendered to the Russians; and about this time he was very nearly losing Sweden. Fortunately, he was hurled from the throne before such a catastrophe took place. About this vain and foolish king I shall have a characteristic anecdote to relate hereafter.

Our stay in Abo was very brief. Although the glory of this port has departed, it has still a considerable inland and foreign trade.† A quaint-looking old cathedral, a few broad streets, some elegant mansions,

* See 'Manners and Customs,' by J. Aspin.

† Timber is largely exported from Abo.

a splendid granite pier, on which people of many nations are selling their wares, and a few hard-working Finns rowing about in their skiffs, will probably be the chief objects of interest to the traveller who visits this ancient city, once the capital of Swedish Finland, and which afterwards flourished under the Russian government. Long famous for its university, which was rebuilt by the Russians; famous also for the manufactures of linen, cotton, glass, paper, and other such commodities; the place was nearly destroyed by fire in 1827. The library and university, have since been transferred to Helsingfors, to reach which port the 'Furste Menschikoff' steamed out of harbour at three o'clock in the morning. One hundred and seventy miles of our voyage had now been completed. At Abo a considerable addition had been made to the number of our passengers, and among them were several Russian officers, old and young, whose forage-caps with red band, added to the weighty grey great-coats, gave them a sort of martial appearance. They were all very silent, and seemed good-tempered gentlemanly fellows enough. Such were my first impressions of the Russians, of the respectable class, which it will be seen hereafter went on becoming more favourable, especially when the ladies took the field!

We fully expected to reach Helsingfors in the afternoon, the distance being only 120 miles.

The scenery in the Gulf of Finland is distinguished by the usual beautiful green islands, so common in the North, that you might almost imagine a number

of countries broken up into small pieces and set in the sea for ornament, there being no longer use for them. At length we rounded Sweaborg, built on seven islands, the far-famed fortress which looked such terrible things at the outbreak of the late Russian war!

Sweden, in the language of the country, is *Swea-rike*,* the Kingdom of Swea, an ancient appellation, the origin of which is unknown. Sweaborg, then, simply means the town or fortress of Swea (Svea).

Sweaborg seemed imposing enough from the sea; but there was nothing very terrible about it, as I had been led to believe. The days when Sir Charles Napier's fleet was lying off had now some time passed away. The grand ordnance display of that period which made the fortress look so impregnable, consisting in many instances of *wooden* guns and *wooden* piles of shot painted over, to make up a show—a beggarly account of empty boxes—not unlike the shop of Shakspeare's famed apothecary,† had nevertheless given way to real guns and real piles of shot, and workshops, and magazines, all showing a decided improvement in *matériel*, and which seemed to say that if an enemy's fleet once got in near Helsingfors, it could not easily get out again.

Sweaborg has been appropriately styled the Cron-

* *Sveriga* is strictly correct—there being no *w* in the Swedish. Norway (*Northern Way*) is *Nörge*. *Osterland* signifies the East.

† 'Romeo and Juliet.'

stadt of the Finnish capital. Other fortified islands are passed to approach the town, which is handsome, and striking from the sea; and we found ourselves at anchor in the capacious harbour before the sun went down. The principal hotels are on the beach; and here was the first difficulty we had met since leaving home. On going to "the first," which had been highly recommended, a stout old lady, who seemed to be not quite sure of our appearance, backed up by other suspicious Northern Amazons, informed us that they were "quite full." Off, then, we set, along the street, and round the corner, to the *Hôtel de Russe*, and got a very small room, with one bed only, and a sofa. It was Sunday night; the smell of smoke and noise of billiard playing did not prevent our sleeping soundly in the space allotted to us; and so, with a Russian guard not far off, we continued to slumber till early next morning. The first thing I discovered on opening the door, and searching in vain for a domestic, was that the office of the English Consul was at the end of the passage. The idea of being near a British Consul always brings relief and comfort to the anxious traveller's mind. Such words as "justice," "redress," "security," at the very thought of even being *near* the office of such a functionary (however far *he* may be away), seize hold of the mind *instanter*.

A walk along the magnificent and spacious pier before breakfast, early market sales going on, a large array of shipping, all the business of a busy world

already commenced, gave us at once a favourable idea of the town or "city" of Helsingfors.

Having duly prepared ourselves for a regular visiting and sight-seeing campaign, we set off on our travels through the town, halting in the first instance before 'Nicholai I.,' a splendid screw steamer, about to leave for Revel. This is a well-known town and government of the Russian Empire, called also Esthonia; and to reach it is only a six hours' passage across the Gulf of Finland.

I never saw a large steamer depart with less noise; and the captain seemed to steer her out of the large harbour with as much ease as if she had been a tiny skiff. The 'Victoria,' for St. Petersburg, next attracted our attention. Going on board, we were most courteously received by the commander, who at once showed us all over the fine vessel, in which we resolved to take our passage. The 'Victoria,' I understood, had been built by the British Government as a present to the Emperor of Russia; but, having met with a disaster on her voyage to the North, had been purchased by the Steam Shipping Company* at Helsingfors. The 'Victoria' was a paddle, and very fast; but the 'Alexander' and 'Nicholai,' screw steamers, were the fastest in these parts of the world.

What a mighty change in steam navigation since

* *Cronstadt Steam-boat Company.* At the office I learned that the 'Victoria' was an iron steam-ship, of 416 tons—length 195 feet 10 inches, and breadth 21 feet 7 inches; depth, 10 feet. Built by J. Mare and Co., of Blackwall; designed by Mr. Waterman, jun., and fitted with engines of 140-horse power, by the Rennies.

the illustrious Scotchman, Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, first struck out the idea of constructing a boat with paddles, moved by steam power (one of the greatest inventions of the last century), and which was successfully tried on Dalswinton Lake (1787), and afterwards on the Forth and Clyde Canal, the pace obtained being seven miles an hour. In nothing so much as in the progress of steam power do we see the force of the poet's truthful remark—

“Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves!”

I imagine that General De Berg must have been Governor-General of Finland on our arrival in Finnish territory. Had he been at Helsingfors, we might have paid our respects to that high functionary, who, doubtless, would have given us a kind reception. However, being proud of an acquaintance with the Swedish Consul-General, D——, we lost no time in repairing to the mansion of this enlightened and hospitable Swede, who received us, as he might have done his own brothers, from his own glorious land. He first invited us to take a stroll with him through Helsingfors, a clean and well-built town, with good roads, many elegant buildings, and shops in endless variety. The best view of the city is that which takes in the island fortresses, the harbour, and the line of houses on the spacious beach,—the foreground being formed of small buildings on the opposite side of the water; and then, looking to the rear of the principal beach, to the left, the domes and turrets of the city,

chief among them that of the church, built on an eminence, and approached by an extensive flight of steps, rise to view; numerous buildings to the right and left of this temple, and hilly country in the distance, complete the accessories of a very interesting picture.*

Returning to the elegant mansion of the Consul-General, he ordered out his carriage, and drove us first to see a well-built spacious *Caserne Russe*, capable of holding, without the least fear of crowding or want of ventilation, three regiments of infantry. The garrison of this portion of Finland I understood was about five thousand men. But the officers, as well as the country, were considered poor. However, poverty among the superior officers was, of course, an exception, as I may have occasion to remark hereafter. I observed in Helsingfors at least one General dashing past in an elegant conveyance.

The Russian soldier, as many are not aware, salutes his officer by taking off his hat. This manner of salutation seems respectful enough, but I question if it is so martial-like as sweeping the arm well round towards the peak of the cap, and looking towards the superior with eyes right or left, as a now-departed drill corporal in India used to inform me was the right way in days of yore. We next drove along the sea-coast, when we had some beautiful views of the islands, especially of Sweaborg; concluding a most

* A capital view of Helsingfors forms the frontispiece of the second volume of 'Letters from the Shores of the Baltic.'

delightful drive by entering the Tivoli Gardens, where a dinner had been ordered for us by our friend the Consul-General. The British Consul, Mr. C——, had been invited to meet us; and I had thus the opportunity of dining with one of the most entertaining men I ever met in my life. A naval officer who had seen much service during the Russian war; a capital linguist, possessing a mind stored with many incidents and anecdotes, and lively and good-humoured withal, is not a bad companion for any reasonable man while employed in that vastly-important occupation of life, eating his dinner.

During our excellent Swedish repast, he entertained us with an anecdote of Gustavus the Fourth, the vain monarch already alluded to as having lost Finland, and nearly ruined Sweden.

On one occasion Gustavus ascended a high tower, accompanied by some of his principal courtiers. Halting at a stage before reaching the summit, the King asked a shrewd lord-in-waiting if, for the promise of the highest honours Sweden could bestow on his surviving the shock, he would cast himself down from the eminence on which they were standing. The courtier politely declined the honour of breaking his neck, even to please a king.

The Royal party soon reached the summit of the tower. Gustavus now remarked, surveying the scenery below, "Is not this just the sort of place from which we might imagine the Devil tempted our Lord?" "No!" replied the shrewd courtier, who

had been addressed by the King, "a little lower down, your Majesty!" Mr. C—— had been solicited by the Grand Duke Constantine to encourage yachting and boating at Helsingfors. We talked about Sweaborg, at the bombardment of which the Consul had served in August, 1855. He had also been the bearer of the flag of truce at the surrender of Bomarsund, and was employed on a similar errand after the massacre at Hango Head. He had thus nobly won the Baltic medal of the Royal Navy. I believe that, had Sweaborg been vigorously attacked, it would have surrendered at once. In three hours, Sir Charles Napier might have had his ships in the harbour, where there are from sixteen to eighteen fathoms of water. But some assert that neither the English nor the French wished to take or destroy Helsingfors. Many of the guns of Sweaborg were, as I have said before, a sheer mockery. I have never to this day been able to understand the apparent want of resolution, or want of *decision of character*, which distinguished naval operations during the Russian war. I do not mean by this that we should have held Sweaborg, but surely every Englishman will admit that, in these naval tactics, we lost "the name of action!" The management of the military operations and the commissariat will ever remain, at least to some, quite unintelligible. But all the misfortunes we met, will, in the event of war with any other country, serve as beacons to warn us off the rocks on which we then nearly split—with the fullest treasury and

the best fighting men on earth—chiefly those of *ignorance, want of fertility in resource, and want of system*—thus facilitating our progress out of any “sea of troubles” in a manner more than ever before creditable to the old naval and military glory of Great Britain.

At the outbreak of the Russian war, it is well known that the Czar Nicholas wished to gain the support of Denmark and Sweden. But it would *not* do; *they* would not act against us; and so he lost the assistance of the skilful “Janitors of his Northern dominions.” When King Oscar refused, the Czar replied indignantly, “*Look, then, well to your own interests.*” He did look well to them; and I agree with a popular writer, “that he would have looked to them even better, if, instead of refusing to act with Russia, he had resolved to act against her.” There can be no better political position for the two great Scandinavian monarchies than that of our ally, in the event of any European, or perhaps American war threatening to destroy the peace of the British Isles, which is tantamount to destroying the peace of the civilized world.

After a visit, by steam-boat, to Sweaborg, the traveller may enjoy some beautiful scenery by steering for the *Scheeren* (Scissars), a chasm of sea where there are many isles with green foliage down to the water’s edge, on which “sunny spots” the pleasure seekers of Helsingfors sometimes land and enjoy themselves. But we had no time “to bear off

a leaf” from these fairy isles.* At an excellent fruit and cloth market near the harbour, the stranger in this city may observe a pleasing variety of character. The population of Helsingfors is between 18,000 and 20,000; and Russia has certainly done much towards its increase and prosperity in a brief space of time. It is a favourite bathing resort for the fashionable world who come from Revel, but chiefly from St. Petersburg, to benefit by the excellent baths of every kind, as well as by the change of air. The Emperor pays an occasional visit to the Finnish capital; but the authorities here are very jealous of any interference with the local administration of justice. A plain, extensive mansion, near our hotel, was pointed out to us as the residence of the Czar during his stay in Helsingfors. Near this building there is a monument, erected in honour of the Empress of Russia, to commemorate her first visit to Finland, which she made on her return from Sweden in 1829. When the water comes over the granite steps of the pier, it is a sign of a storm somewhere near Helsingfors. Clouds lowering, and this event taking place, put pedestrians as well as craft on their guard. Thus, even in a tideless sea, may wind bring on high tide. At Carlsrona, in Sweden, an artificial rise and fall of water, it is said, remedies the want of the ebb and flow of the tide. I am not aware of any such means for such a purpose being required

* See ‘Letters from the Baltic,’ vol. ii. p. 79.

at Helsingfors, which has a magnificent harbour, and where some of our British ships would have reposed gracefully, previous to an onward move with light steamers (had we possessed them), during the late Russian war.

VII.

CRONSTADT—ST. PETERSBURGH.

THE evening before our departure for St. Petersburg was enlivened by the attractive company of the Swedish Consul-General, who took us to the *promenade* that we might see the beautiful and the lively among the ladies and officers of the Finnish capital.* There was music, everywhere welcome; there were people from many lands—fair Swedes, “grave” Danes, and “fierce” Russians, but nothing particular for me to observe. The handsome new theatre, the Observatory, and the Botanic Garden, are, with the *promenade*, among the chief attractions of Helsingfors. We had dined in, and admired the beauties of, the Tivoli Gardens, and being so well pleased, were now loth to depart. Our kind friend accompanied us to the ‘Victoria,’ which was to start early next morning; and

* By advices received at Stockholm, December 17th (1861), the city of Helsingfors had been illuminated, and its people had been in unusual holiday humour. General Rokasorosky, the new Governor-General, had officially declared that the Emperor of Russia intended to convoke the Diet of the province (Finland) at an early date. Censorship was to be abolished. What seemed to be the first appearance of despotism in its decline, was beginning even in Finland.

he gave us the benefit of his advice on several important points, not the least of which was, on entering Russia, to beware of thieves! *Les voleurs* formed the enemy against whom we were to make war: “*À bas les voleurs!*” was to be our battle-cry. There are only two classes in Russia, or rather two ranks, the highest and the lowest; and I fully believe that noble and peasant alike may be found among *les voleurs*. Probably this is the case in other countries besides Russia, the thing altogether depending on the power of *conscience* and the extent of *principle* wherever we may roam. Writers on Civilisation know well that the breach of the eighth commandment appears most in countries where oppression, exaction, and social tyranny exist. Generally speaking in Protestant countries we find the least stealing and falsehood; next to these rank the Roman Catholic countries; and then come the nations whose rank and offensive idolatry, of ages long passed away, still pollutes the superstructure of what seems to be a better faith. The lower classes of Russians, who of course adore their national religion, the Greek Church, are strong examples of the latter class; but yet I do not believe that even these *pêcheurs* are so bad as some Asiatics of my acquaintance! The higher ranks in Russia, and it may be somewhere else, do not steal—they simply appropriate in an indirect manner, sometimes, the property of others!

Well, to believe all we have read and heard, it seemed as if we were now starting for a country,

crammed full of "Peachums," every one singing—

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine!"*

Thus, before touching purely Russian ground, did I become convinced that the Emperor Alexander had robbers of every degree in his dominions, about whom and their pilferings, as I afterwards discovered, he knew very little.

We were told that living in St. Petersburg was excessively dear. This I fully believed; so, to take every precaution against roguery or exorbitant prices, was absolutely necessary. The fear of not having a shilling left during a pleasure tour is one of the greatest plagues of life!

A story about a Russian noble running off with and appropriating another gentleman's hat has amused me not a little. The hat, on being discovered, was found altered into the new form of a jockey's cap, "with a view to conceal the theft!" Dr. Clarke, the celebrated traveller, relates this story, and I really heard one very like it at Helsingfors, as if the "misappropriation" of hats was of daily occurrence in the land of the Czar. But even in England we sometimes have an instance of a "monomania for theft of a romantic character!" As to that other species of

* 'Beggar's Opera.' The characteristics of Sir Robert Walpole's age!

stealing, exorbitant charges, Sir Robert Ker Porter (a well-known traveller in Russia) mentions that on one occasion the barouche in which he and his party were riding, having broken down, an exorbitant demand was made by a mechanic who repaired it. Sir Robert remonstrated. His Russian servant came up, and learning that his master wanted to *beat down* the man, exclaimed, "Oh! I'll beat him down!" and catching the poor wretch by the beard, beat him heartily about the shoulders with a bludgeon, and made the "miscreant" reduce the charge from thirty rubles to two, "which," it is said, "he accepted with a bow, and actually returned thanks to his chastiser for the discipline inflicted upon him!" Such are the old stories of travellers which have delighted our youth.

But, with many faults, I was quite aware that the Russians are distinguished by hospitality, affection in their families, courage, good humour, and other excellent qualities, some of which we hoped soon to observe, as the 'Victoria' dashed out of harbour, on her voyage to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Pleasant companions are the life and soul of travel. We were most fortunate in having our temporary lot cast among a pleasant and entertaining set of passengers. I do not believe that any steamer in the North was ever more favoured in this respect than we were; and now, to make the most of such a select society was an imperative duty. Variety, in the case of the 'Victoria,' was truly charming. To begin with the

Captain (as in duty bound), it did not require a Lavater to read good humour with decision in his jovial and manly countenance. Careful, silent, civil under all circumstances,—to the youngster who asked a foolish question,—to the culprit who hid the man at the helm from his view while he was on the “bridge” piloting us through a difficult passage,—“a little to the left, if *you* please;” to all, the plain gentleman sailor, and yet to this day I know not whether he claimed kindred with the Slavonic tribes, or the Goths, or Germans; one thing I am sure of, he was not a Celt. And there was a dignity about this stalwart *Capudan* (Captain) *Badshaw* withal, quite becoming, and which would have suited the high admiral of a steam-fleet cruising between Helsingfors and St. Petersburg.

A remarkably sweet-looking lady of rank, from a root composed of the Slavonic and the German; a Finnish Baroness, who had visited London and Paris, and who conversed with me at dinner—frank, lively, and agreeable; a Russian Princess, dark, Bohemian-like, witty, intelligent, and who could talk English before she was twelve years of age; her sister-in-law, one of the most pleasant talkers I ever listened to, who seemed to adore children, who informed us that her father was a General in the Caucasus, her husband (a General on the Emperor’s Staff) being at St. Petersburg; a Russian officer, in the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, who liked the British, knew nearly a dozen languages, and could converse on any

subject ; a Councillor, “ full of wise saws and modern instances ;” a young naval officer or two, who let us into the “ mysteries ” of the Russian navy ; a member of the Cadet Corps, fresh in military matters, but ripening for “ business ” in good time ; and, last of all, I shall mention a Jew—Polish, if I recollect right—with a most disinheriting countenance, and an extra five per cent. marked on it, who was very attentive to his meals, and very silent, amidst the brilliant society with which we were surrounded. I am not aware that our latter friend was a bad Jew ; but I can never look upon a Shylock, without thinking of his “ bond ;” and how forcibly is it said in Scripture that he is “ an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword ;” * “ removed into *all the kingdoms* of the earth to be a reproach and a proverb, a taunt and a curse !” † Such were a few of the passengers in the good ship ‘ Victoria.’ Our course lay through beautiful islands, along the coast.

By the afternoon, we had passed Louisa and Fredericksham ; the latter town distinguished as that where the famous treaty was signed, ceding Finland to Russia, in 1809.

At Fredericksham we took in the crew of the ‘ Leonidas’ steamer of Hartlepool, bound for London. She had been wrecked on Narva island, a little below where we now were. I believe the captain mistook the beacon ; and we left him behind to get off some property from the wreck. These shipwrecks in the North

* Deuteronomy xxviii. 37.

† Jeremiah xxiv. 9.

are of too frequent occurrence. Shortly before the present catastrophe, the 'Baltic' had been lost, to the south of the Gulf of Finland. Mistaking rocks for fishermen's boats, and running steamers on the said rocks, is indeed a dangerous game to play at. While revising these *Notes* I learned that, since October last year (1860),* the loss of another screw-steamer, if report be correct, makes the seventeenth Baltic steam-vessel lost between Cronstadt and London! There surely must be something "rotten in the state" of navigation here! Better to keep well out to sea than miss a beacon, and imperil lives through carelessness!

Nearly twenty souls of the 'Leonidas,' then, were to accompany us to Cronstadt, which they had only left the day before the disaster.

The Finlanders, like some fishermen on the French coast, take advantage of a wreck, and seek every opportunity for plunder. Among the new arrivals was an experienced master, of twenty years' service, who had come out in the 'Leonidas' to superintend her unloading at St. Petersburg. He had made many voyages in the Baltic sea, and appeared to be a very excellent specimen of the true British sailor. His conversation had a dash of humour about it. When the vessel struck (he was in his cabin), rushing forth with his little wardrobe, he was soon among the others anxious to make a landing; and no sooner had the "terror-struck" crew (some without a shirt to their

* To December 1, 1861.

backs) got on the rock, with little enough standing-room, than they all began a lively dispute—I am not sure if they did not get up a fight—to enliven the scene of disaster! There was something thoroughly British about this; and it reminded me of a scene after the capture of Rangoon, when, during the heat of a burning sun, I was superintending the burial of an artilleryman by the side of the road, the comrades of the departed, who were engaged in digging or rather, with the pickaxe, cutting out his grave, began to dispute in strong terms, quite at variance with the solemnity of the ceremony, and which wrangle was put an end to with some difficulty!

Late in the afternoon, we were approaching Viborg. Conversing with the Russian officer, of so many “acquirements,” I learned that the Russian soldier was good; the officers were not so worthy of commendation. Bureaucracy was the ruin of Russia. Many in power who knew nothing, dictated to those who did know all about the matter. An Englishman carries his nationality along with him in his pocket. An English Consul *must* give his countryman justice, or a full hearing. A Russian one only seeks to please the Emperor. It is the *état c’est moi* system throughout. Denmark will yet be the sore part of politics in Northern Europe. We (England) must have the Baltic. The Schleswig-Holstein question is the grand difficulty at present. While the Germans were trying to bring about the settlement of this question, the French might take the *Rhine*!

I did not enter on the subject of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and England, forming the grand alliance against Russia, if required, and all other foes on earth—our gaining *matériel* in men and stores from those countries to assist us, while the extent of our empire was too great for our home population, and other like topics; but, on the whole, I found my friend an enlightened and liberal Russian, and was grieved to think that we had ever gone to war with his nation—a war which gained us little or no additional glory, which seemed as if got up to show (what we knew before) how admirably the aristocracy could fight, and how lamentable were our deficiencies in the conduct of a great campaign. In the event of another war, with all our experiences, may the star of our military glory shine steadily as lord of the ascendant!

About 7 P.M. we were off Viborg. The old cathedral, built about the twelfth century, a colossal brick pile, telling many a tale of ruin and desolation, first came in view. This is a flourishing port; and here we first had an opportunity of beholding the famed Russian droschky, with its intrepid driver, and fast, small horse, which dashed across a wooden bridge of immense length at a pace which I am convinced only Finnish and Russian horses can attain. Droschkies seemed to fly, here, there, and everywhere, at railroad pace.

The population of this once celebrated fortified city of Finland is about 5000. The Russian soldier, in his everlasting great-coat, buttoned straight down

the front, with red collar and cuffs, wandering to and fro, and some excellent shops (particularly the apothecary's), were all that attracted my further attention at Viborg, which, after a meal chiefly consisting of the excellent bread for which this town is famous, we left at an early hour next morning.

Conversing with a Russian naval officer, I was informed that, on board of the Russian ships, there are Tartars, who make excellent sailors. They are of course Mussulmen, and will not eat the pork served out. Salt pork and Islam, even in Russia, are not yet brought in contact. The Jews make excellent stokers for the steamers. Then there are the Russian sailors of the Greek Church, who have their own prejudices; so, with such confusion of creed, to maintain discipline during the serving out of provisions, and on other important occasions, is no easy matter. The officers, among other beverages, drink brandy and water, and indulge in coffee to a considerable extent. The sailors of the Russian navy get liberal rations, wholesome biscuit, and a strong essence of meat with potatoes, being among the chief articles of consumption. Tea is much consumed in Russia. I spoke about the Amoor, but the information I gained was far from satisfactory. Of course I did not believe what I was told that it would be of no use to the ever grasping Czar. Every river, every stream, every oasis in a desert, is of use in the extension of an empire.

No one is more aware of this fact than the subtle

Russian politician. If we are to believe the official report of a United States of America commercial agent, the Amoor is a river second only to the Mississippi. This traveller explored it, testing the practicability of its navigation. Proceeding by way of St. Petersburg, he obtained permission of the Russian Government to enter the Amoor country. During his land journey across Europe and Asia, an opportunity was afforded him of witnessing the great inland trade of Russia, concentrating at Nijne Novogorod in Europe and Kyachta in Asia, and of tracing this line of commerce from the Baltic to the Pacific Ocean. Proceeding early in the spring of 1856, *viâ* England and Denmark, to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, he passed overland from the modern Russian capital to the headwaters of the Amoor, "and then in a small boat, with oars, and five Cossack soldiers furnished him by General Mouravieff, the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, proceeded down the three rivers Ingodah, Schilkah, and Amoor, to the ocean."* The fearless traveller having arrived at Irkoutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, he found himself 4000 miles east of St. Petersburg.

At the former capital he was hospitably entertained by Mouravieff; and now the cities of Kyachta and Mai-mat-Tschin were to be visited. These places, by treaty between Russia and China, are the only points where commerce can be conducted by the people of the two empires. They are 1000 miles

* 'Official Report.'

north-east of Peking, on the frontier of Mongolia and Siberia. In spring the agent crossed the Stanvey Mountains, and arrived at the headwaters of the Amoor. Navigation not having yet been opened, he explored the gold and silver country of Nerchinsk*—a country said to be rich in silver and gold.

He next proceeded on his downward course to the sea. Much of the country along the Amoor is susceptible of farming and grazing; and the great problem as to the navigability of the river is now fully solved. Mr. Collins states, that “steamers can ascend from the sea to the Chetab, a distance of 2600 miles, which great fact opens up Siberia to our (*America's*) Pacific commerce through the Amoor.”

After such facts, let us hear no more of the Amoor being of no consequence to Russia. Such an opinion is, like some other matters of a like nature, a political delusion, most deadly to our imperial progress. Wherever, throughout the world, a nation plants one acre, or finds an ounce of gold or silver, is a blow aimed at the colonial power of Great Britain!

While writing these Notes, three Russian vessels of war† are lying in the river at Gravesend, all armed with guns of large calibre, and bound for the Amoor; and I am glad to observe that the courtesy and kindness of the Russian officers will leave a most favourable impression.

* The mines of which are worked by the convicts from European Russia.

† Put in for repairs—all armed with 60-pounders, with long traversing pieces forward.

Conversation on board the 'Victoria' is now becoming more animated ; dinner to-day is speedily got over ; the ladies have mounted the steps of the bridge ; the lively Russian princess seems proud of her country, but yet has time to say a word on French literature ; the Russian officer is preparing to point great things out to us ; the Jew is evidently thinking of the state of the money market, and the depressing state of trade ; the noble captain is preparing to navigate us through a forests of masts in his usual Chesterfield tone ; *we* feel that the event of a life is soon to take place—for Cronstadt and St. Petersburg are near !

I might have employed time less usefully than in learning from my excellent companion, the " Master," that the Russian rouble (hewn-off bit of silver) was only worth thirty-three pence and a fifth. For the English sovereign we should receive seven rubles and thirteen copecks. One hundred silver copecks are equal to one silver rouble, sometimes worth three shillings and fourpence—one shilling being equal to thirty silver copecks. At Helsingfors we had exchanged some sovereigns for Russian bank-notes ; but we were recommended to keep our gold, as it was at a *premium* in St. Petersburg. It was sufficient to procure enough foreign money for the voyage ; although we never troubled ourselves about the old idea that the importation or exportation of Russian bank-notes was illegal, and liable to severe punishment.

The " Master " informed me that he had brought 1500 tons of cloth goods to St. Petersburg. Bribery

and corruption, I should say, flourish about the Russian ports and custom-houses; and I thought a good deal about what we were doomed to suffer from the officers connected with the latter, as, about two in the afternoon, we beheld from the paddle-bridge the celebrated fortress of Cronstadt, in the middle of the Gulf of Finland, just sufficiently above the sea to defend the entrance of the Neva and the approach to the imperial city of St. Petersburg. It was a beautiful day; and a clear arctic sky, with a bracing cool breeze, added to our delight on beholding the “impregnable” fortress of which I had for so many years heard so much, and which, while in India, I fully believed we would have attacked, when Sir Charles Napier ordered his “lads” to *sharpen their cutlasses*, as if preparatory to another immortal signal expecting “every man to do his duty!”

I could now imagine every Russian on board the ‘Victoria’ looking at me with the awful question—“Why did *you* not attempt Cronstadt?” We had first come in sight of Toll Beacon, about twelve miles from the fortress, situated at the westernmost-point of Cronstadt island. The tall chimney of a large Government factory; a light-house vessel moored on a bank called “London Chest;” Peterhoff,* beyond the right bank from Cronstadt, famed for its park and palace, where the nobility reside; the variety of the large and small craft on the river,—all betokened an

* Twenty-five versts from St. Petersburg. A verst is two-thirds of an English mile.

approach to civilisation. From twenty feet of water we soon came into nine or ten feet, forming the bar between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg.

It is said that the guns of the fortress command both passages of the gulf; but I thoroughly believe there is a good deal of exaggeration about the whole matter. A great deal is got up for the sake of appearance; and, although the guns of the Cronstadt batteries are genuine, terrible "political persuaders" to look upon, still I cannot help thinking that a well-equipped fleet of small steamers, led by a determined hand, could force this critical passage of the Neva!

The first stone battery, with its double tier of guns, is built on a sand-bank. The foundations and some of the works of Cronstadt are under water. The channel of deep water is marked out by a red and white flag. Three Russian men-of-war (three-deckers), carrying from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guns, now came in sight, and my surprise at such immense vessels being here was soon arrested by the consideration that all their guns would not be carried till below the bar. Among the "Leviathans afloat," was a magnificent Russian steamer, which must have had a very considerable draft of water. We now gazed on seven chief granite batteries—Fort Alexander, casemated, and with its tiers of guns presenting an imposing appearance; Fort Menschikoff, and others of lesser note,—all frowning savagely upon us, with iron glance, daring us to pass by.

Everything, including wind from the west and plenty of water, being in our favour, we escaped lying at Cronstadt all night, with a guardship alongside; and so, after the indefatigable "Master," who commanded the shipwrecked crew (although he disowned them, insinuating that he would not "march through Coventry" with them), had seen his charge on board a boat which had been sent off by the Russian authorities on a requisition by telegraph—the jolly tars—engineer and cabin-boy, stoker and poker, scrambling in like so many wild creatures from foreign lands,—the 'Victoria,' without our having experienced the slightest molestation from any parties whatever—police or custom-house officer—steamed away from Cronstadt.

Surveying the men-of-war at this naval and commercial port—old hulks far more numerous than ships ready for service—may recall to the traveller's mind what he has read about the depredations of Russian officials. The Russian navy, I may say, was "the favourite creation" of Peter the Great, and is said to have been neglected by all who followed him, until taken in hand by the late Emperor Nicholas. I believe that a more advantageous field for the malpractices of officials than the Russian navy does not exist. The following anecdote will give some idea of how things used to be carried on in the far north, long before the dawn of the decline of despotism had begun to appear:—"The Emperor Nicholas, having been made acquainted, whilst Grand Duke, with the glaring malversations which took place in the naval

arsenals of Cronstadt, some time after his accession, suddenly sent down a commission, who placed the imperial seal on everything, and prepared to commence on the following day the labour of inquiry. That night the arsenals were destroyed by fire. But even the consuming element could not destroy the long accumulated evidence of fraud. On clearing the ruins, a number of cannon were discovered, which, on reading the inscription on them, were found to belong to a man-of-war which had been lost a short time before in the Gulf of Finland, and, as it had been reported, with all her guns and stores on board. It was therefore evident that her own officers had taken her out to sea for the purpose of sinking her, having previously left all the valuable part of her armament and provisions on shore for sale.* A badly paid service anywhere, military, naval, or judicial, tends more than anything else to the extension of fraud. Need we wonder, then, that such fraud is common in Russia? The population of Cronstadt is about 12,000, with vast additions, thousands of hands at a time, when the arsenals are busy. I imagine that any amount of labour can be immediately commanded and procured in Russia, which, although containing upwards of 63,000,000 of people, is, for its vast extent, not a populous country. The traveller should by all means put himself in a small steamer at St. Petersburg, and take a brief trip to Cronstadt, which

* 'Revelations of Russia,' vol. i. p. 120.

contains a very mixed population. A recent lively and humorous traveller,* on arrival, says, "The port was very thronged and lively, and I feasted my eyes upon some huge English steamers from Hull and other northern English ports. It did me good to see the union jack; but where were the gun-boats, Mr. Bull? Ah! where were the gun-boats?" Cronstadt, the principal station of the imperial navy, is built on the site of the old fortress of Cronslot, about fifteen miles from St. Petersburg. The immediate fortifications of the capital are yet inconsiderable. The short period that elapsed in 1854 between the withdrawal of the Baltic fleet and the setting in of the winter, was made use of by the Russians in removing five line-of-battle ships that had been stationed at Sweaborg, before the frost, to Cronstadt. A large part of the gun-boats, also, were sent from Sweaborg to Rotshensalm. Talking with a Russian officer on the subject of plans, charts, and models, he was quite of opinion that his countrymen knew nothing about this business. Plans arrived from England under Russian patronage. We knew more about seas and tracks in the North than they did. I did not ask him if he had seen Mr. Wyld's famous model of Cronstadt and the surrounding shores of the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic sea. I believe, as was remarked at the time, that the model was viewed with peculiar interest, especially the representation of the fortress, the adja-

* George Augustus Sala, in a 'Journey due North.'

cent forts, and the granite blockade at the entrance of the harbour, which gave a clearer idea of the relative position and strength of this formidable protection to the capital of Russia than a map could ever attain.

I have always been a great advocate for the use of models in preference to plans. At Nagpore we constructed models of elephant harness (on a new principle), howitzers, with new device of moving tangent scale, and *chevaux de frise*, a supply of which in case of sudden rebellion I recommended should be kept in Indian arsenals. The native mechanic understands a model when he does not a plan. Some, from their fine eye and steady hand, are able to construct an excellent model of a fortress. What a mighty grim sentry was artillery at Cronstadt!—the commercial harbour with its thousand vessels, the canals, the magnificent granite quays, the shallow bay, the dockyards and arsenals, all looking to the thunder of the long range for protection. And now, turning from forts founded and partly built by Peter the Great, it is difficult to think that in two or three hours more we shall be residing in St. Petersburg. To me, at least, it would be one of the grand achievements in a life. I thought of Calcutta, founded by Job Charnock, among sands and Bengal tigers,—of the founder of this first city in the most splendid dominion under the sun, hunted about like a wild beast with his brave little army,—of Clive who conquered, and of Warren Hastings who consolidated; but my thoughts were soon turned to their proper channel, to Peter and to

Catherine. To the latter it was remarked by one of her favourites, when the Empress complained of the effects of the climate of St. Petersburg upon her health, “It is not God who should be blamed, madame, because men have persisted in building the capital of a great empire in a territory destined by nature to be the patrimony of wolves and bears !”

We were all on the alert to catch the first view of the Imperial residence, founded by Czar Peter the Great, in 1703, in a low marshy spot of the river Neva, and continually liable to inundation at the “sweet will” of the westerly wind. I had a sort of feeling akin to that while approaching Calcutta—also a city of palaces—after three years’ service in Burmah. I was in pursuit of health now, as I had been then; and the sight of a grand capital was to be my first physician. Since leaving Helsingfors the mighty spirit of change had done its salutary work. I cannot say we saw anything “melancholy” in the aspect of nature on our approach to St. Petersburg. True enough, there is little variety or beauty about the scenery; but various craft passing to and fro, added to the thought of speedy transition from grim Cronstadt below to a gay capital above, on a bright Russian day, with its “bluish dimness” and “pale sun,”* drove all thought of melancholy from our minds. Travellers should have nothing to do with the pale phantom; his votaries should sit at home retired; and, had Burton travelled in the North, he, doubtless, would

* Marquis de Custine’s ‘Russia.’

have brought the practical wisdom of his own remark to bear on its expulsion—*Be not solitary, be not idle.**

If a melancholy aspect, to some, does exist about the flat marshes of Ingria (a favourite province of Peter the Great, to the north-east of Livonia), it should vanish at Cronstadt; and the “monotonous reverie” of the pilgrim should be entirely broken on beholding the gilded dome of the great cathedral of St. Isaac (Izak) flashing in the sunshine, and lending additional glory to the sky.

“The church of St. Isaac!” was the general exclamation on board the steamer. Elegant spires, graceful cupolas, reminding one of the East, and the dim shadows of gorgeous palaces, were nothing in comparison with the mighty dome of the chief temple of that Church, so dear to the Russian, and the tiara of which, the heritage of her old patriarchs, had been snatched from her at Moscow, amidst the curses of the nobility, by the great Peter, and placed beside the crown.

To the Jew on board the name was, of course, familiar as a “household word.” But his was another faith, and his present god was money. Every one in the ‘Victoria’ had a word to say about the beauty of St. Isaac’s, and no more striking object than its lustrous dome could have welcomed us to the imperial city. On we went steering in, the Neva sadly deficient in the life and bustle of Father Thames, or even of the dark

* Burton’s ‘Anatomy of Melancholy.’

flowing Hooghly ; we anchored nearly opposite the English quay, well into the city ; the dream of a life was realized. The Custom-house officers gave us as little trouble as they had done at Helsingfors. No rude police, no insolent soldiery in piked helmet and the everlasting great coat, no officious comptrollers with impertinent questions came to alarm us ; all these merely floated around, like so many Glendoveers (good spirits), wishing to get rid of us as fast as possible.

Was it a dream ? How travellers had exaggerated the penalties of the Custom-house ! Such reform was surely the doing of Alexander who would free the serfs from bondage ! A slight search on board, most civilly conducted ; some extra chalking of mysterious hieroglyphics on our baggage in a small office on the quay ; good-humoured, red-headed, and red-bearded droschky-drivers, with low-crowned hats, long blue coats, red *Kummerbunds* (waistbands), and the chief linen garment of man blowing about the tops of their huge boots, offering us a small vehicle with a tight little horse of no common blood ; partings taken, and invitations given and accepted among the “delightful” passengers,—most of them now to separate, perhaps for ever !—bright eyes looking here, there, and everywhere ; and now, last of all, at least two travellers are at rest in the noble *Kaiser Hotel* ! The Czar Peter, to revenge himself on the independent spirit of the Muscovite aristocracy, had built St. Petersburg.*

* Marquis de Custine.

Czär, the title of the "Great-King," meaning also "Chief," was not in use until the sixteenth century. Up to that time the rulers of Russian provinces were called *grand princes*; Ivan the Second, in 1579, being the first who adopted the title of Czar.* The historical origin of "Czarism" has been well written. I shall, therefore, merely state (having said something about Moguls and Tartars elsewhere) that this institution arose, with all its despotism, autocracy, and tyranny, during the epoch of Tartar dominion and aggression. From about the ninth or tenth century Russia was ruled over by a number of princes (*Kniazia*), all of whom acknowledged a high chief or Grand Duke, called *Weliki Kniaz*. From such principalities of feudal origin and their head, the transition to Czar, or Autocrat, was simple enough. Czarism now—in its original form at least—is in its decline. This has been brought about in quite an unexpected fashion. The poor serf, no longer able to behold his Emperor trampling on the kings, princes, and nations of Europe and Asia, thinks of his own liberty; enters boldly into the scheme for bringing it about; laughs at the despotic old nobility; and, looking to Alexander as the grand Liberator, "glories in the glory of the Czar!"

In this manner the Autocrat may still continue to be the grand embodiment of nearly the whole Russian

* *Czärina*, *Czärish*, *Czärowitz*—meaning respectively the Empress of Russia—pertaining to the Czar; the title of the eldest son of the Czar of Russia are the well-known derivatives.

nation. *Znaj Rus Kago*, "Know the Russian!" in many cases may yet be "the general exclamation of content."*

The Czar, then, has long been a grand *idea* in European government; and when Peter the Great wrested Esthonia and Livonia from Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the people of these provinces, we read, in a great measure, on account of the decline of the Hanseatic influence, were glad to be brought under the power of the Russian autocrat, who left them all their privileges; † and such like prudent measures were eventually extended to Finland. The power of the Napoleonic *dictum*—*Gratez le Russe, et vous trouverez le Tartare*—with czars as with subjects, has been gradually passing away. The Czar Nicholas (Nikolai), it is said, will appear in history as fatally precipitating into inevitable destruction the power embodied in his person. The Crimean war, we are told, killed this Emperor of all the Russias. His illustrious son, Alexander, was now, we understood, in the Crimea, on a tour of inspection. To the theatre bearing his (or rather his grandfather's) name, for a stage view of Russian character, we resorted on the very evening of our arrival in St. Petersburg. In Russia the theatre belongs to the Emperor, who uses it to foster and keep alive the military spirit of the empire. On the boards of the 'Alexander' we hoped to see something of "the very age

* See 'Russia and its People.' By Count A. de Gurowski, chap. i.

† Revel, the Esthonian capital, was granted the privileges of a Hanseatic Town, like Lübeck.

and body of the time, its form and pressure ; ” and we were far from disappointed. To reach this home of the purely Russian drama, opening on the Nevskoiï Prospekt, we rattle along the tranquil Neva at a terrible pace (regardless of the magnificent buildings on our left till the morrow), cross the handsome bridge of stone and wrought-iron over the river, and soon the diminutive droschky halts before our destination. The exterior is imposing ; we enter rapidly, and, of course, go to the wrong quarter to procure pass-checks or tickets. At length we are in the midst of a crowd before a window, still ticketless and incomprehensible. A Russian officer observing us proffers his assistance in the most civil and prompt manner ; and, for rather more than we expected to pay (about three rubles), procured us two tickets for the stalls of the ‘Alexander.’ On entering this magnificent dramatic temple, the brilliant decorations, amidst a uniform blaze of light, exceeded our utmost expectations. About the size of the old Covent Garden Theatre, the ‘Alexander’ was certainly one of the most comfortable places of amusement I ever sat in, besides actors, scenery, and music, all of the best description. A Russian military piece was to be performed : and the first scene we witnessed was that of an old “ mole,” seated on a bed, beside a peasant (probably his wife), in a state of great tribulation, and, judging from his piteous moans and forms of grief, likely to come to more. I presume he was the father of some hero who had gone to fight the battles of his country. The scene hereafter changed to the

return—the *soldier's return*; and all, as usual, gave way to feasting, and love, and joy.

While I am transcribing,* our brave troops are leaving for Canada, if not to engage in war, at least to strengthen our possessions in the Western world. The soldier's dream—the sweet vision of home—the long wished for return—all come, in their own fashion, to the soldier of every country. The British soldier in India or in Canada, in peace or in war; or the hardy Russian during unprofitable warfare in the Caucasus, ever dreams of, and is revived by the light of home! This recalls to mind a little anecdote of the “Lion King” of Sweden.

In Charles the Twelfth's memorable campaign of 1709, before alluded to, when thousands were dying of cold, and dragoons and infantry were without boots, shoes, or clothes, when artillery were nowhere, as the cannon had been thrown into the marshes and rivers for want of horses to draw them, the officers and soldiers of the army no longer received any advices from Sweden, nor were able to send any thither. Only one officer complained. “What,” said the King to him, “are you uneasy at being so far from your wife? If you are a true soldier, I will lead you to such a distance, that you shall hardly be able to hear from Sweden once in three years!”

The drama we were now witnessing seemed to portray in the most vivid manner the joy of the poor

* December, 1861.

soldier on his return after service, in some wild region, where, doubtless, the cheering letter had never arrived. Some picturesque scenes, including the passage of a number of troops over a bridge, followed by peasants in gay costumes, and dancing before the companies,* were succeeded by a festive picture truly Russian. The interior of a house of entertainment was disclosed ; and, at a table, sat a jovial throng of soldiers carousing, and talking of “ moving accident by flood and field.” Songs succeeded ; and, at length, a superior vocal spirit entered, who sat down and led the festivities. A soldier next rose, wearing his favourite great-coat, and, proceeding to the corner of the room, took up a violin, which he caused to discourse the most exquisite music, his companions now, commencing a never-to-be-forgotten Russian military air—all singing together in splendid time—to which he played the accompaniment in a style which, for facility and perfection of execution, I have seldom if ever heard equalled. In the ‘ Alexander ’ we were surrounded on all sides by officers in uniform (to whom the Emperor allows certain privileges of admission) which had a most brilliant effect. After a little more good acting, and excellent music, we left the theatre quite pleased with our visit—the Teniers-like scene of the soldiers and the inimitable soldier-fiddler, being the subject of conversation while we rapidly drove back to the *Kaiser*. St. Petersburg has not inaptly been compared to a barrack.

* This is thoroughly Russian. The companies halt, and a grotesque dance in front of the ranks, seems to have a most exhilarating effect on the wearied soldiery.

The Cadet Corps—at least a portion of them—lodged very near us, in a splendid *caserne*; and about these interesting military juveniles—to whom the future military glory of Russia is entrusted—I heard an amusing story, which I fully believe to be true.

All the fashion of the metropolis had assembled to witness the Corps of Cadets pass in review before the Emperor. The Grand Duke (Michael) was most anxious to exhibit the bravery and skill of his young troops to the best advantage; so, after the usual manœuvres had been gone through, with an exactness which delighted the Autocrat and spectators, a charge of cavalry, to prove the strength of a Cadet square, was determined on. Of course, in such cases, as every volunteer knows, in peace-time, the cavalry gallop past the square, and do not *charge at* it. The scions of Russian heroism, however, expecting a more impressive mode of charge—I am not sure if the rapid squadron did not consist of the Circassian guard, on their superb Asiatic horses—when the enemy bore down, with flashing sabres, like lightning on the square, the Cadets, from “prepare to receive Cavalry,” rose to a boy, and ran off with a speed seldom witnessed even in the chequered annals of warfare!

There are nearly a dozen military schools in St. Petersburg. The late Emperor Nicholas was particularly attached to the Cadet Corps.

The Marquis de Custine describes an incident at a “sentimental parade,” which took place at Peterhoff, which is highly characteristic of the model cadet ca-

ressed by the sovereign. After some manœuvres, the Emperor “took the hand of one of the youngest of the cadets, led him forth from the ranks to the Empress, and then, raising the child in his arms, to the height of his head, that is, above the head of everybody else, he kissed him publicly!”*

Regarding the institution of common schools for public instruction, the disclosure of Catherine the Great to a Prince of Moscow, that it was done for appearance sake only,† is nearly as remarkable as the old and, perhaps, unfounded charge, which was formerly brought against the East India Company, in the matter of enlightening the masses in the East—particularly when the Empress asserts, that “if our peasants should really seek to become enlightened, neither you nor I could continue in our places!” This was a strange saying by the Empress who ruled over an empire, the founder of which, in its greatly improved condition, in 1703, actually edited, corrected the proofs, and took part in the publication of *the first Russian newspaper!*

And now let us take a ramble about this vast encampment of lath and plaster, this vast city of colossal edifices, kept in continual repair by the ever busy hand of man. Perhaps it is true that only the St. Isaac’s cathedral, the Alexander column, and the granite quays of the Neva, “would a century hence survive the ruins of St. Petersburg, were it not for the intervention of

* ‘Russia,’ chap. xiii.

† Catherine had instituted schools to please the French philosophers.—*De Custine.*

man's preserving hand." However, I am not so sure about the Alexander column, which we shall visit in the course of our ramble.

From our hotel, on the right bank of the Neva, we proceed along the magnificent strand, on which are built the *Hôtel des Mines*, the *Finland Barracks*, the *casernes* for the first and second *Corps of Cadets*, and other noble mansions ; then, arriving at the Isaac bridge, at the entrance of which there is a little temple, with numerous devotees crossing themselves and praying before the painted treasures within, we cross over, and the tapering, golden spire of the Admiralty acts as a guide to lead us to that noble range of buildings, beside the Russian quay, beside which, in Admiralty Square, or near it, are the chief architectural glories of St. Petersburg, including the Winter Palace, Hermitage, statue of Peter the Great, Cathedral of St. Isaac, and the famous column of Alexander.

Then the Regent Street of St. Petersburg, Nevskoiï Prospekt, extending in a straight line of three miles from Admiralty Square, and other well-known thoroughfares commencing and diverging from the same quarter, are also by no means difficult to find, when the traveller takes for the circle of his observation the golden spire for his centre.

We first halt before the statue of Peter the Great, probably the best known statue in the world. Placed on its huge rock by the Empress Catherine, at the verge of which the enormous weighty charger seems to have arrived, quite impatient to dash forward ; the

horse in its daring attitude supported by an enormous serpent which he is represented as trampling beneath his feet—"PETRO PRIMO ; CATHERINA SECUNDA"*—the simple inscription—Peter seems to be pointing with his hand to the Neva, as if he were saying, Behold my city !

The equestrian figure is said to be "a Roman," of the period of Louis the Fifteenth. The iron tooth of time seemed already at work on this noble statue ; and the railing round the small plot which contained it presented a neglected and shabby appearance. The huge mass of granite forming the rock (weighing several hundred tons) is broken in two or three places, and joined together by no very neat hand—not very complimentary to the memory of the energetic Peter who built the imperial city, and the harbour of Cronstadt on the Neva, and that of St. Croix on the frontiers of Persia ; who erected forts in the Ukraine and in Siberia ; who established offices of Admiralty at Archangel, Astracan, Petersburg, and Asoph ; who founded arsenals, built and endowed hospitals ; who, in fact, did so much that it would require a volume to record his actions ; and who, after all, was obliged to confess to a magistrate of Amsterdam,—“ I reform my country, but am not able to reform myself ! ” †

Wonderful biography that of Peter—the “single man,” who reformed the greatest empire in the world—an empire which now extends along the

* 1782.

† ‘History of Charles the Twelfth,’ p. 35.

shores of the Arctic ocean, through 199 degrees of longitude, equal to upwards of 7000 English miles, equal to the diameter of the world. The breadth of the European and Asiatic portion varies from 1900 to 460 miles ; and then there are Russian possessions in the North-western extremity of America and elsewhere ; all giving an extent of territory to Russia hardly to be credited.

At Novgorod—the ancient seat of a Slavonian republic, and the subsequent residence of Ruric, who founded the Russian power, and first assumed the title of Sovereign there, in 862—the one-thousandth birthday of the Russian empire, will soon be celebrated. [In August, 1862.] With Ruric commences the history of Russia, which name is derived from the Scandinavian adventurers led by him, and who are known in the Byzantine history under the name of Varingians, who had the peculiar surname of *Russes*. These Varingians were the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon adventurers, who served as body-guards to the Emperors of Constantinople. The most probable origin of the name *Russes*, or *Russians*, in the opinion of a learned writer,* is, that it was derived from *Ruots*, or *Ruts*, the Finnish name for Sweden, and that the Slavonians adopted it from the Fins, who had lived between them and Sweden. Ruric, the Swede, or the Dane, or the Norwegian, it is not certain which, having arrived sword in hand among the Slavonians of Novgorod, founded a state in the

* Count Krasinski.

vicinity of the Baltic Sea, including dominion over several Finnish tribes, took for his capital Novgorod, and gave the new state the appellation of *Russia*, of which Moscow and St. Petersburg were to be the celebrated capitals in after-ages. About the same time, the Christian religion was introduced among the Russians; but it was not till 976 that, through the instrumentality of the Greeks at Constantinople, Vladimir embraced the religion of the Greek Church, and fairly introduced the new faith among his subjects, originally Pagans.

Turning from Ruric, the first monarch of Russia, to Peter, it may be interesting to note a few points in his wonderful career. He was born on the 10th of June, 1672. His father, Alexis, was the first sovereign of Russia who made any endeavours towards civilizing his people; and he was the son of Michael Romanoff, who had been elevated to the throne, in 1613, by the common consent of the nobles. From this branch, the Romanoffs, or present reigning family of Russia, are descended. The military guards of the Czars of Muscovy* (as the empire was then styled) were a powerful body, named Strelitz, and amounted to 40,000 men. When Peter was a child, their vengeance was particularly directed against the family of the Czarina, his mother. She fled with her little son to a considerable distance from Moscow, and took refuge in a convent. This sanctuary was not respected. Two of the Strelitz followed her, and

* Ivan III. founded the Muscovite Russian Czarate, in 1462.

seizing the child, prepared to cut his head off. From such an untimely fate he was rescued, destined to live, and be the means of cutting off the heads of many poor creatures during his reign.

When a young man he had a strong constitutional antipathy to water; he would fall into convulsions in passing a rivulet. Yet he ended in becoming an experienced mariner, and in even feeling a pleasure in water. In addition to conquering his own weaknesses, he was most diligent in acquiring knowledge. A determination to learn every art and improvement made him a labourer in the dockyards, and led him to take lessons in several trades. For the first three years of his reign military tactics formed his chief study. To perfect himself in naval manœuvres he set sail with a fleet of merchant vessels upon the White Sea, himself acting as pilot. The universal ignorance of his subjects was the grand enemy to be conquered in the foundation of a new empire. He commenced his travels in 1697, sometimes living in miserable lodgings, and hiring himself as a workman to ship-builders. He was at this time most anxious to annex Esthonia and Livonia, possessed by the Swedes, as a means of obtaining a harbour on the Baltic. The indomitable perseverance of the Czar, who could be thrown into convulsions by the sight of a black beetle, or crowds annoying him while he worked, became more and more apparent. In January, 1698, he reached England, and began to work in the dockyards at Deptford. Having made the tour of the greater part of Europe,

hearing of a revolt in his dominions, he hastened home and put to death, assisting with his own hands, 2000 of the Strelitz. These guards had been displeased at the introduction of discipline into the Russian army, and the various reforms of Peter. He commenced his social improvements with a reform of the Russian dress, compelling his subjects to discard the long robes and flowing dresses of the Muscovites of old, and adopt the European costume of modern civilisation. The ladies of Russia are much indebted to Peter. Till his time the women had been secluded in the Asiatic manner; he now brought the fair sex forward to charm and adorn society. His great enemy, Charles the Twelfth, brought out all his military talents. The defeat of Narva was the first great blow Peter received. He had a great idea of men rising from low estate to eminence and fortune. He had raised his friend Menzikoff (who had been a pastry-cook), on account of his abilities, to the rank of a prince and a general; and the Czar at last married the beautiful Livonian girl, who had been betrothed to a Swedish soldier, having found her able to assist him with her advice in the execution of his gigantic plans. This humble beauty's name was Martha. After the Czar's death she ruled as the Empress Catherine. Is it not a strange eventful history, this of the Czar Peter?

The only other point I shall note is, the first military action of the year 1703, the capture of Nya, on the Lake Ladoga, which chiefly determined Peter to build a new town near the Baltic, where the river

Neva flows into the Gulf of Finland. True, the neighbourhood all around was barren and marshy ; but the quick eye of the Czar saw at once “ the advantages of the situation for his marine and his commerce ;” * and on the 27th of May, the day of Pentecost, he laid the first stone of St. Petersburg. This change of the capital from Moscow, it is thought, tended perhaps “ more than anything to the civilisation of the Russians.”

From such remarks some idea of the Czar may now be formed. He stands forth conspicuous as one of the most wonderful compounds of the great and the minute—of genius and error, to be found in history. In useful energy he was sublime, but in cruelty was often as bad as Timur, who thought nothing of ordering 100,000 “ infidels ” to be put to death ! With the ferocity of the old Tartar, he sometimes reminds us of the able and vigorous Malwa kings of India, who rejoiced in the glory of their kingdom—did the business of it with all their might, and were determined that it should flourish. No wonder that the statue on the verge of the rock should live for ever in our memories. And now let us continue our ramble, and visit the magnificent cathedral of St. Isaac. This architectural triumph is famous throughout Europe. There was now no scaffolding before it to mar the beauty of the picture, as there was when the Marquis de Custine, with all-observant eye, halted

* Lord Dover’s ‘Lives of Eminent Sovereigns.’ The commencement of trade and commerce at St. Petersburg was marked by the arrival of a Dutch merchant-ship, laden with comestibles.

before the classic splendid pile. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is not, like our St. Paul's,* confined or crowded by adjacent buildings. This gorgeous mountain of metal, marble, and granite has been described by very able pens, and I am afraid that I can add nothing to the descriptions. Inferior in size to St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's in London, and two or three other famous churches, it is nevertheless an edifice of first-rate magnitude, with walls "fenced with stupendous blocks of grey polished Finnish marble." Each of the four grand entrances, approached by spacious granite steps, and the four façades, have a magnificent appearance, the simplicity of style and the wonderful beauty of proportion displayed in the porticoes being quite astonishing. The enormous pillars supporting the latter are sixty feet high, with a diameter of seven feet; and these "monolithic" pillars of red polished granite were brought, at a vast expense, from the rich quarries of Finland. They are crowned with Corinthian capitals. The gilded dome of St. Isaac's is surrounded by statues of bronze angels; and the interior is ornamented in a manner that I can safely say beggars all description. Go to Petersburg, if it be only to see St. Isaac's.

The sockets and capitals of bronze of the gigantic columns beside which we were now standing, while about to enter the cathedral, were cast by Sir Charles Baird and Co., of Falkirk, a circumstance calling to mind how many illustrious Scotchmen have left "the

* Built in the form of a Latin cross.

land of the mountain and the flood” to figure by their enterprise in the far North. Peter the Great instituted the Order of St. Andrew, the apostle of Russia (perhaps connected with the tutelar saint of Scotland), and among other worthies, had a Scotch general, Gordon, in his service. But Catherine the Second, or the Great, was the grand and wise importer of genuine British material. The Greigs, the Crichtons, Admirals Ogilvie and Crown—all from Scotland—and Admiral Crowe from Cornwall—all owed their greatness to Russia. I have before alluded to Catherine’s admiration of Fox, of which orator Great Britain is proud; but, to come to Scotchmen again, through the instrumentality of Catherine, they introduced horticulture into Russia; and under that energetic Empress’s auspices, I believe, Dr. Roebuck, of Carron, established the great cannon-foundry at Kertch. Peter the Great introduced the first *saw* into Russia—who made it I cannot say; but little could Peter have dreamed that such a splendid pile as St. Isaac’s would one day adorn his capital, about which church a Frenchman, a Scotchman, and a Russian were all employed! (See NOTE, at end of Section.)

The great iron dome was manufactured by Mr. Baird; and, as I have before mentioned, is the chief object beheld by the traveller on his approach to St. Petersburg. Entering St. Isaac’s, our eyes are dazzled by the gilding, pictures, malachite, *lapis-lazuli*, porphyry, beautiful marble, gorgeous shrines, in short by every variety of splendour as we pass along; and

close to us stalks forth the delighted pilgrim to devoutly place his little candle before the shrine of the Virgin. To him, even in his poverty, the soul is a continued living flame, for ever and ever unquenchable! All the light work, or fittings, of the interior, are of iron or brass—no wood to be seen. On the square or quadrangle, which the cathedral fronts, a hundred thousand troops have been assembled. One of its issues “is through a triumphal arch; three others are up three principal streets of the city—one, the Nevskoi Prospekt, as broad as Portland Place. On each side of the Admiralty, it opens, across the noble river, a vista of the opposite quays, buildings, Custom-house, rostral columns, and castle.” Leaving the great “Muscovite Cathedral,” next to which ranks the church dedicated to our Lady of Kazan, we soon behold the new monument of the late Emperor Nicholas.* Having been so recently erected, this splendid equestrian statue is not mentioned in any of the popular works on Russia. Nicholas, in full Guard uniform, mounted on a spirited charger, in a less daring attitude than Peter’s, the hind legs reposing on a richly adorned pedestal, with at each corner a classical figure, and on the sides the imperial eagle, with various devices; then below, as it were, another larger pedestal, on which the former rests, this also richly carved; and an elaborate railing with elegant lamps on its crest, round the whole; such is the Russian

* In the Russian prints styled, “Monument de l’Empereur Nicolas.”

tribute to the Czar Nicholas, who, whatever his failings may have been, endeavoured well for his empire!

The Russian sentry paces his weary tread beside the statue, near which are elegant buildings, streets, and a clear space in front, which sets off the monument to the best advantage. Next to that of Bernadotte at Stockholm, it is the finest statue for a city I have yet seen. And beside it, day by day, rolls the busy world of St. Petersburg, its half-million of inhabitants, or more, often thinking of the father, with his noble bearing and stern will, while pondering over the doings of Alexander, the son.

About three weeks are necessary to see all in and about St. Petersburg. Ours was a more brief visit, and we made the most of our time. At this mention of *time*, I may note that the "new style" is not observed in Russia. This mode of reckoning was produced by eleven days in September, 1752, being retrenched, and the third day reckoned as the fourteenth. Russia and Greece are the only countries in which the *old style* is still adhered to, the difference between old and new being now twelve days.

Meeting the lively Russian Princess, by invitation, at her own house in St. Petersburg, I there had an opportunity of beholding and conversing with a Russian General. He returned our call and was most agreeable and communicative. He belonged to the suite of His Majesty the Emperor, and was as fine a specimen of a military officer as man could wish to see. I talked to him about the Emperor, the Amoor,

and other subjects. There was no cause to be afraid of the Russians in the Amoor quarter. The Emperor was very kind and social; and Lord Palmerston, he (the General) considered a wonder, as who does not? He was a zealous sportsman; had killed pheasants in Astracan, and bears and deer within a few miles of St. Petersburg. Red deer, I think, he said were plentiful. I presume he had often enjoyed a wolf hunt, that most exciting of Russian sports; but on this subject we had no time to enter. The mansions of the nobility in St. Petersburg are comfortable and splendid. Many of the ladies, in manner and appearance, quite resemble those of our own country. Ever since the days of the first Peter, they resolved to be thoroughly English or French. In the days of the second Peter, the ladies wore hoop-petticoats, and the gentlemen perriwigs. Now, the gentlemen dress like ourselves, and the ladies wear crinoline! I should like to have got something more about the Amoor out of the Russian General, but it was impossible. Cotton, doubtless, will grow well there. The whole Amoor basin, according to the agent before cited, is as necessary to Russia in the development of that country, and to her quiet intercourse into the heart of Siberia, as the Mississippi valley was to the Americans in 1803. By the last Indian news I find that America has induced Russia to look to other countries for cotton.* Let no Englishman, then, neglect the waking up of Russia to the importance of the Amoor.

* The cultivation of the staple in Khiva and Bokhara, from which

No sooner had I penned the foregoing sentence, than meeting an intelligent British Indian officer, I gained another view of the subject. There was a political significance about his remark which I at once desired to note. The Russians being engaged with the Amoor, drew off their attention from other quarters, which was greatly in our favour as regarded India and other parts with which we are immediately connected, as well as important in the preservation of universal peace. In the eastern quarter of the universe, the ever active Russians are likewise making fortified harbours here and there. From anything exposed to the *sea*, or to the fire of our navy, we have nought to fear; let us look to his land settlements, while we watch the energetic Russian along the shores of the Caspian!

The lofty and elegant buildings of St. Petersburg are apt at first sight to make the traveller suppose that the genius of architecture resided in this spot when the city rose from the marsh. But it was not so. At its origin, and long afterwards, like Stockholm and other northern cities, the houses were all of wood; and, even at the end of the eighteenth century, there were two wooden houses to one brick one. When the magician of improvement waved his wand over St. Petersburg, the enchanter came forth with his models from once "living Greece;" and hence

they are drawing supplies, has been very largely extended. The value of that sold recently at the fair of Novogorod was estimated at 150,000*l*.

the magnificent result. From the smallest metropolis in Europe, here as elsewhere, came forth models and marvels to astonish the world. A modern traveller of celebrity has well remarked, with reference to the architectural treasures of Athens, "From St. Petersburg to Washington, there is not an attempt at ornamental architecture that does not claim descent from some one or other of these immortal structures." Lord Byron unconsciously describes the qualities of Grecian architecture in the hero and heroine of one of his most famous poems:—

"The granite's firmness, and the lily's growth!"*

Among the magnificent public buildings in the Admiralty quarter, stands conspicuous the winter palace of the Czar. It is capable of affording shelter to 6000 individuals. It was built on the site of the old palace (which was consumed by fire in 1837), in the wonderfully short space of one year. It was the despot's will that in one year it should be finished; and, amidst much human suffering, a noble building speedily rose from the ashes of the old pile on the banks of the Neva.—It is a quadrangular building, with faces of about 700 feet in length. Adjoining it is the Hermitage,† another splendid modern palace, built by the Empress Catherine, also delightfully situated on the banks of the river, distinguished for the completeness of its external architecture and the richness of its internal decorations. Here, in the

* 'The Corsair.' Canto the Third.

† United by covered bridges to winter palace.

midst of every earthly luxury, the mighty Catherine sat retired; and, in the elegant gardens attached to this palace, with statues, sofas, temples, and splendid galleries on each side adorning them, many of the most skilled in art and mighty in intellect assembled. Never before did I observe collected in one spot so many of the treasures of art as in this seclusion, where Catherine retired from the business of state to enjoy what Aristotle says it is the chief end of labour to gain—leisure. Malachite tables and vases, and others of *lapis-lazuli*, the superb collection of *cameos*, gems in sculpture and painting; in short, nearly everything that could delight the eye charmed us as we strolled through the Hermitage. Gifts from emperors in gilt cases, covering the superb floors of oak, and other woods, tastefully inlaid, meeting our view, brought us at last into the regions of literature. These gifts for all time consisted of beautifully bound volumes, by authors of many lands, among them a gorgeous French work,* given by the first Napoleon to Alexander. And now we arrived beside the library of Voltaire. A statue of the philosopher himself, in his morning costume, guarded the entrance. Here he sat with that same sage, sneering, thin face, so well known to many of us from his bust, and which we cannot look upon without regretting the wilful perversion of so much intellect. The knowledge of Voltaire was immense. His versatility of talent was prodigious. Had he only used it well, how posterity

* 'La Musée Française.'

of every nation would have blessed his name! Among his favourite volumes I particularly noticed one on Poland—the nation, in our time, which appears to be always in tribulation—never out of mourning. Let us hope the “better days” are nigh at hand!

Another splendid mass of architecture is the Hôtel de l'Etat-Major, immediately opposite the winter palace; and, in the open space between these ranges of buildings, stands the red granite column of the Czar Alexander, so mixed up with the history of Napoleon. It is said that “neither ancient nor modern times ever saw so large a piece of stone fashioned from the quarry.” The column is surmounted by a gigantic figure of Hope, holding the cross, and pointing upwards. On the pedestal is the inscription, “TO ALEXANDER THE FIRST. GRATEFUL RUSSIA.” From the most remarkable ornament of the Etat-Major, consisting of a triumphal archway, surmounted by a car of Victory, with eight bronze horses abreast, surveying the Alexander column, the monument seems perfect; but, on a closer inspection, a huge rent or crack in the granite is observable, which is much to be regretted, especially as the column is looked upon “with very justifiable pride by the Russians.”*

The yellow wash and plaster about the triumphal arch—here and there brackets and mouldings fallen off—detracted much from its beauty; but, on the

* The Romanzoff and Suwaroff monuments, erected to famous Russian generals, are also well worthy of the traveller's attention.

whole, we had this day seen specimens of architecture, well repaying our visit to St. Petersburg, and the like of which are nowhere else to be seen. And now we proceed to take a stroll in the Nevskoi Prospekt. Here is to be seen every variety of Russian character. Prince, peasant, soldier, priest—all look at each other in this vast street. The shops are spacious and handsome; and nearly every article required by the most fastidious is to be obtained in the Nevskoi. There is neither the noise nor the bustle of Oxford Street, nor even of Regent Street, in our modern Babylon; but it is evident that the people in the capital of Russia are not asleep. The pavement, by one traveller, is styled “execrable.” An accomplished authoress mentions a “graceless stroll on the cold sunny pavements of the Nevskoi,” Russians of all garbs and ranks passing before you; however, the pavements are not so bad as those of Copenhagen and elsewhere in the North. Merchants, with quick pulse of gain, move along here rapidly enough. Here are even Indian millionnaires, one of whom recently possessed three millions of rubles, nearly half-a-million sterling. Clockmakers, hosiers, milliners, tailors, and booksellers, have all excellent shops in this vast thoroughfare. Jewellers, too, are sprinkled here and there. The signs have not only the name of the tradesman, but the article he sells, painted on them, sometimes with great taste and finish. From the Nevskoi a drive home by the royal stables afforded us an opportunity of seeing St. Petersburg

from another interesting point of view. The droschky driver was in himself a study. On this occasion he was a middle-aged man ; but frequently the charge of horse and vehicle, as well as of your life, is entrusted to mere lads or boys. I may note that, on one occasion, while driving to our hotel, over the next bridge above St. Isaac's, a small steamer passing along the river, set off the horse, who, feeling himself unrestrained by his youthful driver, dashed along at a fearful pace, causing us to muse over the probability of a return to our native land with a fractured limb or two—no very pleasant prospect. Perpetual motion not being discovered, the horse stopped of his own accord.

And now our visit approaches its end. We begin to think of departure, and get ready for a change from St. Petersburg to Berlin. The first thing to be done is to proceed with our petitions, or *laissez-aller* papers, from the police to the *Bureau des Etrangers*. These important documents are sealed, and were procured for us by the master of the hotel. Their purport is to show that we have contracted no debts in the imperial city. Possessing them we are nearly free men, and we proceed with delight to the *Bureau* ; for, after all, it has been well said that there is no pleasure like that of going abroad, excepting one—returning home ! It was a feast day ; but notwithstanding we were admitted to the chamber of audience. The chief of the *Bureau* now furnished us with new Russian passports, our own from the Foreign Office,

London, having done their work.* In order to procure the new document, I had to answer such questions as the following, to one of the most civil public officers I ever met:—

“Your name?” — “Country?” — “Profession?” — “Rank?”

“How long have you served in the army?”

To the latter question I replied, “Nearly twenty years.”—“What? twenty years and only a captain?” inquired the chief. I presume he thought that, had I been in the Russian army, I should have been a general at least after so many years’ service. “In the artillery promotion is slow but sure,” I replied. “In what country have you served?” When I mentioned India, he seemed more surprised still. I fancied he was labouring under the common erroneous impression that, in the East, life being more than usually in jeopardy, promotion was very rapid. “Married or single?”—“Where come from?”—“Whither going?” Such were a few of the questions put to us by the chief of the *Bureau*. We next proceeded to the Prussian consul to have our passports *visé*. The people here were as civil as in the Russian office; and so, having come to the country of the Czar with the impression that we would meet with officials as uncivil as bears, to whom, if we replied indignantly, a prison and black bread, the knout or Siberia might be our fate, we were about to leave it with a very high idea

* For the information of travellers I may note that, at Stockholm, a passage cannot be taken for Helsingfors without delivering up passport.

of Russian civility to strangers. Even in that busy world, the Post-office, every desire to accommodate us was manifested. On this I began to moralize, and came to the conclusion that it depends very much on a man's manner and conduct how he is treated in foreign lands.

Politeness costs nothing, and is a most valuable commodity to possess in our journey through life. "Be courteous" is a divine command, and should be considered among the chief marching orders of every discreet traveller.

While transcribing* these notes from the original diary, I learn that important political changes may, at no very remote date, be expected in Russia.

For some time past the conduct of public affairs in that country has not given satisfaction. Poland, university disturbances (especially at St. Petersburg), and other matters have given rise to serious debates among the community, which debates seemed to predict that the reign of the Romanoffs was nigh its end. It was resolved to modify the "isolated and almost subordinate action of the Ministers of the Emperor," by forming a Council of Ministers to direct public affairs. Should their proceedings be published, and the basis of representation really be extended, these will be, perhaps, the most liberal measures ever adopted in the land of the Czar. Next comes the intelligence that symptoms in favour of a separation from Russia are manifesting themselves in Finland.

* January, 1862.

The Emperor having been recently kind* to his Finnish subjects—at least kind for a Czar—seizing the opportunity—they ask for more.

The obstinacy of poor Poland, struggling for her independence, and this news of “severance” from Finland are attributed to the signs of weakness latterly shown by Russia. The day for Russian pressure on Europe is said to be past, and “it is now a problem how long Czar Alexander can hold his own.” His desire to ameliorate the condition of his people, I am afraid, will only be attended with success by an entire change in the form of government. Looking at a summary of Europe I find that, out of twenty-four Governments, only three are despotic—Russia, Poland, and Turkey, with their religions, respectively, Greek Church, Roman Catholic, and Mahomedan. Monarchy, or limited monarchy (as in our own country) must, ere long, I think, be the Government of every enlightened country in the world.

The Swedish nation desires to regain its lost Finland.

A popular writer likens St. Petersburg to an encampment, because the country surrounding it is peopled by Finns, and the opposite bank of the Neva is Finnish ground; and thus “Sweden and the Russian empire now stand face to face, like David and Goliath.” The loss of Finland would, doubtless, be a serious blow to Russia. It used to be “the *only* nursery for sailors in the Russian empire.” Should Sweden regain

* See note at beginning of this Section.

this province she will soon have a well-manned navy, and then let Germany or Prussia beware! Finland will never lose its attachment to the old Scandinavian alliance.

Russia, with her army of nearly a million (600,000 regulars) could, doubtless, prevent any of her fine provinces being wrested from her, but she may find it politic to give way in cases where the people are hostile to the Czarate; and thus the history of the decline of despotism will begin. Russia has a population, according to some, of 68,000,000. What a magnificent field, then, has Alexander in which to achieve liberal and enlightened triumphs! On the 5th day of March, 1861, the liberation of millions of serfs was proclaimed in St. Isaac's church. In Russia the struggle between slavery and freedom, I trust, is nearly at an end. Then America, not having set, must follow the example. The signature of the Czar, "Alexander,"* emancipated twenty-three millions of men. This may or may not cause Russian power to decline, and make a greater division of empire inevitable. But Russia still is a mighty power; and I cannot muse over the destiny awaiting it without thinking of Campbell's impressive lines, written during the life of the father of the present Czar:—

"What implement lacks he for war's career,
That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere,)
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines!"

* Alexander II., Emperor of all the Russias, is also King of Poland. He was born in 1818, and succeeded his father in 1855.

A RUSSIAN WINTER.

Napoleon's disastrous campaign, and the burning of Moscow, are strongly associated with youthful ideas of a Russian winter. In the year of our visit, early in November, the winter in Russia set in with considerable severity. On the 20th the Neva was passable on foot, and almost ready to bear sledges. An enterprising merchant (M. Solondovnikov) was about to apply steam power to drawing these vehicles. He also purposed establishing regular trains for passengers and goods between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt. The cold in St. Petersburg, by Fahrenheit's scale, is in December, January, and February, usually from 8° to 15° or 20° below zero, that is, from 40° to 52° below freezing point. It has even been known as low as 74° . When walking in such weather, the eyes water; icicles hang on the eye-lashes. I dare not say what happens to the nose! Lumps of ice are to be seen hanging to men's beards. The beard, therefore, is as useful in a northern as in an eastern clime. To sleep outside during a Russian winter is, to many, certain death. When the thermometer has stood at 25° below zero, Dr. King says that boiling water, thrown up into the air by an engine, has fallen down formed into ice. A pint bottle of common water was found by him frozen into a solid piece of ice in an hour and a quarter. Quarter of an hour more was all the time necessary to

freeze a bottle of strong ale. Turning from such severity of cold at St. Petersburg to other parts, and especially the Crimea, during the Russian war, we have a traveller in an open sledge in winter in the north of Russia breaking his brandy with a hammer for breakfast. Nothing but fur can effectually resist such cold. The same traveller thinks it only half true that the cold is not so severe in the Crimea as in the north. In the Crimea there are violent winds, and 10° of frost with wind are worse than 30° without it. For troops in extreme cold he recommends two sheep-skins sewn together, with the wool inside, and the accoutrements over them. The fingers without gloves cannot touch iron, and then the muskets are difficult to fire. But shoes for the troops form the grand difficulty. Russian officers in pulling off their boots sometimes pull off their feet or toes with them! If the feet are wet during a severe frost, it is sometimes impossible to save the toes. The Russian fur shoes, called "Kinghies," being too cumbrous, coverlets of rabbit-skin are recommended. It is to be hoped that our British soldiers in Canada, if called on to act during a severe winter, will adapt themselves better to circumstances than they did in the Crimea.

THE WIFE SHOW.

The last lingering relic of a once popular custom, the woman or wife show, took place in 1861, in St. Petersburg. It has long been one of the peculiarities

of Northern life. Only *six* candidates for matrimony presented themselves in the Summer Garden, where the citizens display and amuse themselves. The Russians have taken to arranging matters matrimonial in a more private way at home. There, as here, the *dictum* of Dr. Johnson holds good, that the great end of female education is to get a husband.*

NOTE.—Having alluded to enterprising Scotchmen in Russia in the course of the foregoing section, I trust that I have not laid myself open to a charge I wish to avoid,—that of being prejudiced in favour of any particular nation. A distinguished Scotch professor, in a recent lecture on “Scottish Nationality and Character,” by denouncing English intellect, and bringing down the charge of “vulgar provincial vanity,” takes quite a wrong method of adding to the well-known merits and glory of his country. Each country has peculiar merits of its own. Such *nationality* movements only create a bad feeling. Let us be content to look abroad—to Russia and to India, for instance—where the Scotchman, warranted to do any amount of work, and philosophize thereon if you wish it, passes for his true value.

* See Appendix for some details of a Wife Show.

VIII.

FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO BERLIN.

It was at first our intention to reach Berlin by way of Stettin, which would have entailed a long and expensive sea voyage upon us. By the advice of an old traveller we changed the *route* to *viâ* Königsberg by *malle* (mail-coach) and rail—the latter mode of travelling commencing and ending our journey. While we were in Russia the line was only nearly completed. At the end of 1861, however, St. Petersburg was united to the network of European railways, the last intersection in that from the Russian frontier to the capital of the Russian empire having been filled up; and now locomotives move along the whole line. During a visit on the day of our departure, we met a Russian gentleman who was about to start, by the same *route*, to visit the Paris Exhibition. Although no Russian leaves his country without permission, the desire to visit other countries—especially France and England—is continual among the higher class. The love of travel and adventure is predominant in the Russian character. Whether settling down in Chinese or other

provinces, under pretence of surveying the country, and thus endeavouring to occupy every position of importance for their Government, or in the gambling houses or other "fashionable" resorts at Baden-Baden or Paris, on their own account, the same activity and making oneself at home become apparent. His aptitude for languages makes the Russian just one of the men after Bacon's own heart who should travel. Voltaire, writing in 1727, mentions Peter's obliging the young nobility to travel for improvement, and to bring back into Russia the politeness of foreign countries. He had himself seen young Russians who were men of genius and science. Then the population did not exceed fourteen millions. The increase has been attributed, in addition to military conquest, to the arts of civil policy and the inducement held out for foreigners to come to and reside in the country.

Now, leaving the *Kaiser*, and taking a last look of the inanimate Neva and the splendid buildings which adorn the imperial city, we arrive at the railway station. And here I would caution the traveller not to come with English gold, but with Russian bank-notes. The railway officials are *not* compelled to change money. In the hurry of departure they will tender to you the lowest rate of exchange possible for your sovereign, which you must either submit to or be refused a ticket; so, by neglect of a little precaution, you may be the loser of a pound or two in a fare from St. Petersburg to Berlin. The baggage is weighed and charged extra at a most exorbitant rate. The *impedimenta* of

every traveller should be on as small a scale as possible. The wise saying of the old Grecian, "Big book, big nuisance," may be applied to baggage, which should now, in portability, copy the books of the present day—books, "the military baggage of the human understanding in its endless march!"

Leaving at 2 P.M., early next morning we arrived at Dunabourg. The railway station is about a mile off; so we repaired to the village in a sort of *diligence*, containing ten persons. The order of the day now became putting ourselves in the hands of the "*Service des Postes Impériales—De Dunabourg à Kowno—Trajet en malle-poste.*" After this we were to be at the mercy of the "*Grande Société des Chemins de Fer Russes—De Kowno à Eydkuhnen—Trajet en chemin de fer.*" About 10 A.M. we arrived at Egypten, the first station, having gone ten miles, at a rattling pace, over a good road. Here we changed our six horses; and, taking a glance at the station-house, I was pleased with the neat ornamented brickwork, to which green and white paint about the woodwork gave a fresh and lively aspect. Good walls of granite completed the little picture. We were soon preparing to cross the Dwina. This operation was performed over a floating bridge, the magnificent one of iron constructing near it not being yet finished. The river had a dull appearance, reminding me of the dark-flowing Kistna. It was low tide; but the river rises very high, as was evident from the position of the boats and rafts which lay high and dry on the banks. The roads increased in excel-

lence. I only wish we had such in India. Beautiful lake scenery occasionally charmed us ; and the daisy, the Scotch thistle, the buttercup, and splendid birch trees reminded us of our own land. Corn and barley fields abounded—all giving the idea of a flourishing state of agriculture. Over the famous Warsaw road we dashed at a rapid trot, the excellent pace of the horses and the picturesque aspect of the country having a most exhilarating effect upon our constitutions—notwithstanding a few of the “ills” to which travellers must ever be exposed. Looking on this excellent road, along which, nearly all the way, are posts of black and white, edged with red, also neatly painted stones, all telling their own story, I thought of the many weary marches made over this famous highway ; and we beheld, occasionally, a band of Russian soldiers trudging along, with helmet and musket, going on or returning from furlough. In the afternoon and evening, villages began to appear. Peasants walked merrily along, not unobserved, to the distant hamlet with its little church on the hill, where, doubtless, “bending swains” were as earnestly expected by bright eyes as in other lands ; the subdued glow of a Russian sunset disappeared ; in the coach we performed strange things in “dream-land” for several hours ; and at half-past four the next morning, we found ourselves at Kowno.

From St. Petersburg we had now passed Luga, from which point, not far to our left, and south of the modern, lies Novgorod, the ancient capital of Russia.

Then came Pskov ; and, having skirted Esthonia and Livonia, we were now in Polish land.* The Dwina had been crossed. Next came the Niemen—another river celebrated in military history. Crossing this, we were fairly beyond the Russian frontier, the last station in the Czar's dominions being Wierzbolow. Our passage of the Niemen in a humble coach gave time to think over the brilliant pages of history, relating the enthusiasm with which the French army crossed it, to advance on Moscow, in 1812, and the “sorry sight” which presented itself when the wretched remnant of human life sacrificed to ambition—the remnant of that once-mighty army—while returning to France, lined the banks of the river at Kowno !

The wisest action of Russia, at this period of her history, was to break the alliance with France, which, at Tilsit, had been too hastily formed ! At Kowno a railway journey of three or four hours was before us. The carriages were most comfortable—the pace not alarming ; and at half-past nine we were seated at breakfast at Eydkuhnen, on the Prussian frontier. Here the passport is *visé*, and the luggage examined. There is no fee, and a fair share of civility. We were off again very shortly, passing through a beautiful country, reminding one of old England. We soon arrived at Stollöpen, the first station from Eydkuhnen, distant from Berlin about 460 miles.† We hoped to

* To Dunabourg the distance is 308 miles. To Kowno is less than 100 more.

† Only 100 German.

be in the capital of Prussia early next morning. The monotony of our journey from St. Petersburg had been relieved by various incidents — not the least important of which was the railway carriage next us taking fire, to the infinite alarm of its inmates ; we had also the lively conversation of a German merchant, I think, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Some Russian soldiers, near the capital, had attracted my attention ; they came in the third-class train a considerable distance, evidently bound for a scene of manual labour rather than for the platoon exercise, each man bearing a hatchet. From our German friend, I learned the power of his general over the Russian soldier. The former functionary receives *all* the soldier's pay, and lets him out on hire besides, appropriating the profits of such labour, of course giving the private just sufficient to live upon. This custom seems odd to military men who have been accustomed to look so sharply after the rights of the soldier ; but it is part of the Russian military system. The officers are so badly paid in general, they must do something. Such are Russian ideas. A lieutenant in the Russian infantry has only fifteen or sixteen rubles a month. I have read that the maintenance of this army absorbs far more than half the gross revenue of the empire. But, after all, the pay of the common soldier, after deducting for the common purse called *artel*, for blacking, whitening, and so forth, amounts to only *six cents* monthly in cash. "His equipment consists in three shirts, two pairs of shoes, two pairs of trowsers, one

full-dress uniform, one jacket, and a long military overcoat.”*

Russia can keep five soldiers for what one costs us. Marshal Marmont's estimate of the cost of a foot soldier in each of the great countries of Europe will be interesting at the present time :—A foot soldier costs Russia 4*l.* 16*s.* per annum ; Austria, 8*l.* 9*s.* ; Prussia, 9*l.* 12*s.* ; France, 13*l.* 12*s.* ; England, 21*l.* The latter is far too low an estimate for our country in the present happily improved condition of the British soldier.

At Eydkuhnen, wishing some English money changed into Prussian, I was very nearly doing business with a Polish Jew ; or, rather the Polish Jew was very nearly doing me. The value of my sovereign, the German merchant had informed me, was six *thalers*, twenty or twenty-five *groschen*—the Prussian *thaler* (dollar) being equal to three shillings, and ten *groschen* being equal to one. The Jew was anxious to “do it” for me at five dollars and twenty *groschen*. I expostulated ; but to no effect. The hardened son of Israel would not give one *groschen* more ; so turning in despair to our German friend, he at once changed the money, at the current rate, into genuine Prussian coin !

Regarding the Polish Jews,—so influential at Warsaw and elsewhere,—I have been informed that they are, generally speaking, a dirty set of people ; all winter wearing the same sheepskin, with the wool inside,

* Count A. de Gurowski's ‘Russia and its People.’

without ever thinking of change. This is quite on a par with some of the low castes of India. In the interior of Poland there is a strange custom, which is now dying out; during courtship the suitor taking the slipper of his intended off her foot, drinking wine out of it, and thereby proclaiming himself *the man*! There is a good deal of the Asiatic, too, about this custom. We are finding out what is Asiatic more and more every day. Gipsies, it is now a settled point, are not from Slavonian Bohemia, but from the far East; and the Scottish bagpipes—some sets of which have been written for by the Maharajah of Cashmere—were doubtless heard in the magnificent valleys of the Himalaya, and among the glorious Neilgherries, in ages long passed away!

Posen, a dukedom of Poland,* belongs to Prussia; and here is, perhaps, the finest fortification of that kingdom. Posen is garrisoned entirely by Prussian officers, who detest the Poles and everything Polish! We go off the road once more; and as I have touched on Jews, I may remark that the Senate at St. Petersburg have published (in January, 1862) an imperial decree, granting several privileges to Jews who have obtained medical or other diplomas from one of the universities of the empire. Jewish merchants also are to be permitted to take up their residence in any part

* The cool way in which Russia, Austria, and Prussia sliced off this fine but wretched kingdom, is well known to every reader of European history. Cracow is the capital of Austrian Poland; Posen, of Prussian.

of Russia. In certain professions, they are to be exempted from taxation, and to receive decorations! What would King John, of *Magna Charta* celebrity, have said to this change, I wonder?

At two in the afternoon, we reached Königsberg, where it is well known the Kings of Prussia are crowned; and where, on the 18th of October, 1861, the present King and Queen heard the music of Meyerbeer—a march composed for the occasion—as it was played beneath the windows of the Muscovite Hall, announcing to the multitude that William himself was about to place on his head the Prussian crown!*

On this impressive occasion, William the First marching forward, in general's uniform covered with the mantle of the Order of the Black Eagle, his plumed helmet in his hand, is no ordinary event in Prussian annals! As the seven or eight spires of Königsberg rose to view, I regretted our inability to pass a few days in this interesting Prussian city; but off we set at a rapid pace for Berlin, leaving all regret behind. Crossing a branch of the Vistula at Marienbourg, by means of a splendid bridge, at the beautiful Gothic entrance of which stands a tower very appropriately styled

* The crown is taken from the sacramental table.—Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, having been anointed, snatched the crown from the Archbishop of Upsala, and crowned himself. Napoleon also usurped the right of coronation. Russian Czars, from their being crowned at Moscow, have made that city still, to all Russians, the city of the heart. The Prussians, who derive their name from the *Pruzzi*—a Slavonic tribe who occupied the country after the Goths—probably think the same of Königsberg, the old capital.

“ Butter-milk Churn !” — a German baron’s castle adding to the beauty of a rare picture—we soon arrived at the noble Vistula, and crossed the larger bridge, the *Pont de Dirschau*, to the Dirschau station, which we reached late in the afternoon. To describe this magnificent bridge is beyond my power ; suffice it to say that it is one mile and two hundred yards in length, with five elegant piers rising into towers supporting it; and, above the archway at the end, there is a splendid piece of sculpture representing the King of Prussia on horseback. At Dirschau, from the spacious and well-decorated saloon of the station-house, I gazed on this bridge with intense admiration. The sun was just setting, and lent glory to the Vistula—a river which, from my boyhood, I had often longed to see. At half-past five o’clock the next morning, we arrived in Berlin. We repaired to the *Hôtel Royale*, in that famous street *Unter den Linden*; and after breakfast proceeding to that mart for anxious minds, the Post-office, we were soon at liberty to take a view of Prussia’s interesting and, in many respects, beautiful capital, containing 530,269 souls.

So much has been written about this city, that I shall have little to say regarding local matters. A gifted lady acquaintance of mine has honoured me, for the amusement of the public, with the following social and, I think, novel—

NOTES ON BERLIN.

The dinner-hour amongst fashionable people is three o'clock, therefore the principal time for promenading is between 1 and 3 P.M. ; the place, Unter den Linden, where, in winter at that hour, one sees crowds of elegant-looking ladies and gay young officers—the latter clanking along with spurs and swords, lifting their shakos at every step to the ladies of their acquaintance ; for here it is the custom for gentlemen to bow first ; whilst, should the weather be frosty with enough snow on the ground, gay sledges, seated for two people, dash merrily along, all their little bells tinkling at once, and making the spirited little Lüttauer horses half mad with excitement as they take their way to the *Thier Garten*, to see the skating on the canal. This is a pretty sight ; ladies in their tight jackets and with neat little skates skimming over the smooth surface hand-in-hand with the officers, who abound here ; children, in strings of three or four, racing, playing, and dancing all sorts of mazy figures. Even stout, comfortable *Mamas*, *Eismütter*, as they call a chaperone on the ice ; in short, *all* on skates, and *all* enjoying a freedom from etiquette quite remarkable in such an etiquette-loving nation as the Prussian ; for, contrary to all received ideas, cold seems to soften here, instead of hardening, even to the length of permitting the young lady who could neither dance twice running with the same gen-

tleman, nor talk quietly with him for two minutes at a time, without being spoken of, to drive for two hours *alone* with him in his sledge.

In summer the gayest time and place for driving, riding, and promenading, is the evening in the *Thier Garten* itself. This park is so called from having been once a large deer forest ; *now* it is laid out in avenues, paths, and artificial lakes, the resort of the Berliners of every class. Driving through this park on a lovely summer evening, Berlin impresses one as the most pleasure-seeking and public-living of places ;— everywhere are booths, benches, and tea-tables, where gradations of society and amusement may be observed, from the common people smoking, drinking that horrid stuff, Berlin “white beer,” and dancing to not at all bad music, to the more staid and respectable citizen and his family around their tea or coffee-table ; the gentlemen of the party discussing politics between the puffs of their cigars, whilst the ladies’ stockings proceed alarmingly fast under their nimble fingers, notwithstanding the tea and the gossip ; whilst the aristocracy *and* the Jews drive leisurely and comfortably along in their *not* elegant open carriages ; and the students and officers flock to Croll’s,—a large house and garden in the Thier Garten, where every kind of entertainment goes on ; concert ; theatre ; dancing ; smoking ; lounging ; and drinking, either of tea, claret, or other luxurious beverages.

The people of Berlin are decidedly a very theatre-going and music-loving one. In summer they have

always a Summer Theatre, erected in the Park, which is constantly filled. Amongst the Jews and *Bürger*, Sunday is the great day for balls and parties, consequently the higher classes generally refrain from entertaining on that day, both to avoid being vulgar as well as to give the holiday to their servants. The best operas and plays are on Sunday.

There is a good and talented literary circle in Berlin ; it is, however, exclusive, and members of it never mix with the military, as their interests, feelings, and political notions are so totally at variance. Military men in Prussia are almost always strict and very illiberal Conservatives, whereas the literary men are Liberals, or, as the officers call them, the Radicals. The military, again, by no chance mix with the *Bürger*, unless one of the numerous *Lieutenants* finds the state of his purse calling upon him to seek for a rich wife, in which case he does not find even his general contempt for the descendants of Israel, sufficient to prevent him from taking unto himself a wife from their number.

The great commercial transaction of Berlin is the wool sale in June, to which all the farmers and country gentlemen come up with their wool, and at which the buyers are mostly English merchants and manufacturers from Manchester, Leeds, and other British towns ; of course with a sprinkling of Jews, in whose hands, in fact, the whole commerce of Berlin, not to say Prussia, lies.

One of the great resorts, on a summer evening, is

B——'s, a famous ice-shop, under the Linden, where one finds all the newspapers of the day lying about on the tables, ready for perusal during the demolition of any kind of ice one chooses to call for,—a refreshment which, grateful as it is in the hot dusty weather of June in Berlin, is not unfrequently cast into the background by a dish called *Kalt Schale*, composed of iced beer, dried currants, bread crumbs, sugar, and a few slices of lemons; and the cool and refreshing qualities of which are certainly very acceptable, although the taste is an acquired one, and the dish may not suit all British palates.

It has been generally remarked that, although some European cities contain statelier edifices than Berlin, still there are few that exhibit so many gems collected in one spot. The city is throughout well built; and although it may not contain any very remarkable architectural triumphs, does infinite credit to Prussian good taste in the arrangement of the buildings, with reference to the principal streets and gardens; well-chosen sites and a regard for perspective becoming especially welcome to the British traveller, while he laments over, at least, one beautiful capital (more favoured by nature in position than most of the cities of Europe), with its architectural beauty utterly ruined by placing one huge public edifice close to another, as if the genius of bad taste and disorder had at length determined to mark the city as his own! Where to place a building, not so much as how to make one, is the grand secret of a beautiful city. A Prussian gen-

tleman well remarked, “ If we had only had your site and your money, what a splendid capital we should have made of Edinburgh !” The Museum ; the Royal palace ; the Opera and Frederick William’s theatre ; the Library, the Arsenal, and many other instructive and amusing sights, will afford the traveller intense gratification during his stay in Berlin. Strolling about the *Unter den Linden*,* at the end of which stands the famous Brandenburg Gate, I could not help admiring the extent of view presented along this handsome street, planted with trees not very luxuriant in their growth. From the Brandenburg Gate may be seen a number of public edifices, extending to a little bridge over the Spree, which leads from the Royal Palace to the Arsenal Square. Turning from the buildings and statues on the *Unter den Linden*, we gave a considerable portion of our time to the Palace and Museum. These are, perhaps, the most attractive sights in Berlin. In the Museum a fortnight could be passed with profit and delight, in beholding the varieties of vases, bronzes, statues, and paintings by the old masters which it contains. The magnificent suites of rooms in the palace, through which we went sliding along with huge woollen slippers, gave us a grand idea of the luxury of Prussian kings. Some lifelike pictures of the Fredericks, Charles the Twelfth, “ old Blucher,” and Napoleon, adorned the walls ; and in a grand saloon appeared the sovereigns of Europe, in-

* Under the Linden trees.

cluding an admirable picture of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. After feasting our eyes on silver and gold ornaments, and mosaic work, we visited the richly-decorated Royal chapel,—well worthy of the stranger's attention ; and then, again in the open air, on our way to the hotel, lingered awhile beside the superb equestrian statue of the great Frederick, the monarch who bequeathed to Prussia all her glory ! Frederick the Second, whose deeds, “ performed in the compass of a few years, are sufficient to adorn the annals of ages !”

During our stay in Berlin, we were fortunate in being present at a very effective performance of *La Dame Blanche*, at the *Friedrich Wilhelms Theater*. The display of German vocal talent was very considerable ; and the singing of the “ White Lady”—Frⁿ Schröder—and of the tenor, Theodor Wachtel—the latter especially in the variations on *Robin Adair*—afforded us a rich musical treat, for which we had hardly bargained, even in Berlin.

We likewise visited the Grand Opera, where we saw a ballet performed to what struck me as rather indifferent music. Some of the tableaux, in the *Watteau* style, were beautiful ; but only ballet is tiresome, however well presented. I believe there is some good comic acting in Berlin.

One day I found myself observing the breech-loading rifles of the Prussian troops. I am not a strong advocate for breech-loading ordnance, large or small. To explain why, would not come within the compass

of these "Notes." The science of gunnery is, even now, only in its infancy. Great strength, length of range, and destructive power in guns and muskets will occupy the attention of artillerists for years to come. Experiment is the only teacher. At present, it is safe to be an enemy to sudden innovations—especially in countries, like India, kept by the sword—in the all-weighty and important matter of ordnance! The Venetians had breech-loading guns in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The Dutch East India Company had pieces of brass ordnance, loading at the breech. Breech-loading, therefore, is not a very modern invention. I should like much to see the new musket, recently invented by a Frenchman, that will require no percussion cap! The Americans, I observe, are putting their rifled Dahlgren guns, for accuracy of aim and destructive effects, against our famed Armstrongs; and the Sultan has turned his mind to rifle-shooting! Surely, then, we shall have a good piece of ordnance, large or small, at no distant period. The 40 and 100-pounder Armstrong, I observe, are coming into extensive use; but, in ordnance, let us beware of too sudden innovations! Weapons, we see, have what Bacon styles "returns and vicissitudes;" and it is really sad to think of the little progress made in the excellence of ordnance, the use of which that great philosopher seems assured was known in India and China more than two thousand years ago! At Cologne, during the Prussian review of September, 1861, the performances of the breech-loading rifle—almost entirely the

arm of the infantry—were highly spoken of. The best range was from 600 to 700 yards. They can fire five rounds a minute. It was also remarked that the troops could fire a volley at cavalry charging at 100 yards, and load and fire a second volley before the troopers could reach the line or square !*

Potsdam, Charlottenburg, and Belleville are all, especially the former town, well worthy of a visit. Frederick the Great has immortalized Potsdam ; an Elector of Saxony,† who had been a traitor to his country, was confined in Belleville ; and Charlottenburg was the favourite abode—particularly after the French revolution of 1848—of the late Frederick William, brother of the present king. He was averse to living in the capital after the French commotion. Before starting for Potsdam, I may note a good remark, that there are no sovereigns of Europe who, in proportion to the extent and wealth of their dominions, “ have built so much, and so splendidly, as the monarchs of Prussia.”

POTSDAM.

Potsdam, on a branch of the river Spree, is some sixteen or eighteen miles from Berlin ; and it is easily

* This certainly cannot be done with the Enfield rifle—a piece yet far from perfection.

† Before the time of Napoleon, the Elector of Saxony was not a German sovereign. After his conquest of Prussia the Emperor changed the title to King of Saxony, of which Prussia has now a portion. One of Charles the Twelfth's enemies was the Elector of Saxony, King of Poland. The Duchy of Warsaw was lost to Saxony in 1814.

reached by railway. It is a beautiful little town, with regular and well-paved streets—the houses built of a sort of white freestone, and containing some striking public edifices, with various objects of interest. The noble palace of Frederick the Great is the grand object of attraction. Arriving at an early hour in the forenoon, we gave a considerable space of time to an inspection of this gem of a palace, over which we were conducted by a Prussian woman with eyes of an unusual blackness, and a tremendous enthusiasm for *Friedrich Grosse*! On observing our delighted surprise, while we wandered through the silver and gilded chambers, adorned with Watteau's pictures and other precious objects of art, on arriving at any relic dear to Prussian memory, she sounded forth the great monarch's name with a *gusto* quite refreshing. Here was the music he wrote, and there the piano (*spinette*), also the flute on which he played; next came his boots—then his gloves (*handschuhe*)—then his snuff-box (*tabac-dose*)—each relic dearer than the other. I must not omit the favourite coffee-service, round which some of the most eminent literary men of the day had often assembled. Voltaire's books; a table at which Napoleon had written some famous Decree, and over which some ink had been spilt; the rooms of Marie-Louise and Napoleon—even the basins and looking-glasses which they had used—all these were pointed out to us by our indefatigable guide with the lustrous black eyes! The present Prince and Princess Royal of Prussia, too, had slept in these chambers so famous in story! A

window was pointed out from which they had observed a grand review of the troops. The front windows, from which Prussia's greatest monarch had so often gazed, look out on the grand square in which such exhibitions take place.

Frederick the Great was the eldest son of Frederick William the First, King of Prussia, and of Sophia Dorothea of Hanover, daughter of George the First of England. It was his father who formed the regiment of gigantic men—sometimes giving a vast sum of money for one giant—who was a great miser—who carried military discipline to an extent never before attained—and who caused the Prussian infantry for a long time to be considered the best in Europe. The passion for drill in the father extended to the son. With reference to the drilling passion of Frederick William the First, George the Second was accustomed to call him, “My brother, the Corporal of Potsdam !” Like Peter the Great, this Frederick was very cruel to his eldest son. It was during the latter's banishment in Pomerania that he wrote prose and poetry, and devoted a large portion of the day to the flute. Frederick the Great succeeded his father in 1741 ; and having covered Prussia with glory—in fact having raised it to a first-rate power—he died on the 16th of August, 1786. The evening before his death, writes Lord Dover, he gave the “countersign to the garrison.”

We also read that, during his illness, when uncommonly languid, they raised his head to the window, and a sight of the men at drill or under arms operated on

him like a cordial, and revived his spirits. The soldier who loves his profession may have some pleasant thoughts while wandering about the favourite residence of Frederick at Potsdam. I must give one more anecdote of the great monarch.

After a famous battle, in which the Austrians were signally defeated, on the field were some of his *own* grenadiers sitting near a fire. The night was bitterly cold, and the King approached to warm himself. "Where were you during the battle?" asked one of the grenadiers. They knew he always led them where the fire was hottest. The King replied that he had remained at the left wing of his army, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. While speaking, the heat of the fire obliged him to unbutton his great-coat, and a ball dropped out, which he had received in his clothes. Upon observing this, the soldiers enthusiastically roared out, while nearly embracing their King,—“ You are our own old Fritz ; you share in all our dangers with us ; we will all die for you !” Thus does Frederick, with his cocked hat, blue coat with single star, and wise old face, live in history !

The name of the palace we now left—the Brandenburg—is taken from the founder of the Prussian monarchy, the Elector of that state, who, in 1701, for supporting the Emperor of Germany, was allowed to create himself King of Prussia by putting the crown on his own head. This Frederick William the First, of whom mention has already been made, began his reign

in nearly as unsettled times as the present. Leopold had an army in Italy to support his claim to Milan. The English and Dutch, after fruitless negotiations with France, had resolved to support the Emperor. He next gained the Elector of Brandenburg; the King of Denmark also was ready to aid him. It was the father of Frederick William (the Great Elector), however, who, in 1656, had compelled the King of Poland to declare Prussia an independent state; from which act may be dated the first powerful interference of Prussia in European politics. They were terrible fellows, these Great Electors! Lord Macaulay, in his famous 'Critical and Historical Essays,' has an interesting historical parallel. Alluding to the head of the princely house of Oude (in the days of Warren Hastings), when that ruler, though he held the power, did not, for fear of the Mahomedans of Delhi, venture to use the style of sovereignty, he says, "To the appellation of Nabob or Viceroy, he added that of Vizier of the monarchy of Hindostan, just as in the last century the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, though independent of the Emperor, and often in arms against him, were proud to style themselves his Great Chamberlain and Grand Marshal."*

The gardens at Potsdam have now little to recommend them. The Graces certainly have not taken up their abode here. Some handsome pieces of ordnance, and two statues in a lake, representing Neptune and Amphitrite, were the only objects in them worth seeing.

* 'Essay on Warren Hastings.'

From what Flora would have disowned, we turned to behold a guard mounting in the grand square. The varied uniforms were perfectly dazzling; blue and green, gilt and silver helmets—of chasseurs and hussars—and martial music are ever pleasant to see and hear.

A visit to the tomb of Frederick the Great, in an adjacent church; another to the market of Potsdam, where fruits and vegetables, also wooden clogs of every size are sold, by married women with black and white head dress,* and by the unmarried whose head ornament is simply the large cotton handkerchief—and an inspection of the house, near the palace, in which Voltaire lived, which is now occupied by one Hermann, a tobacconist, concluded the best part of a very pleasant day at the favourite residence of Prussia's greatest monarch. At a small distance from Potsdam is *Sans Souci*, a beautiful and elegant edifice, built by Frederick the Great for a summer residence.

On return to Berlin, we prepared to start for Hanover; but I cannot leave the Prussian capital, especially as it is while transcribing these "Notes," (after knowing that subscriptions for a German fleet, wished by those who were anxious to destroy Denmark, were forbidden in Holstein,) I hear of the trading community of that city only subscribing 13,000 thalers (less than 2000*l.* sterling) for the Prussian "Fleet,"† without a few remarks of considerable political im-

* Tied on top with fringes hanging down.

† Subscription closed in January 1862.

portance, particularly with reference to the present state of affairs in Northern Europe. As I shall now take a brief flight into the beginning of another year, the narrative must cease for a page or two.

Prussia has a population of nearly eighteen millions ; a revenue of about twenty millions sterling ; a debt of about double this sum ; and an army under 300,000 men. The latest accounts of the kingdom's expenditure show less than a million above the receipts ; or, expenditure, 140,000,000 *thalers*, and receipts, 135,000,000. To cover this, when compared with other powers, very small deficiency, of course there is to be increased taxation. And this leads me to think, if in the North of Europe, and in Germany, the public have any of "that very remarkable willingness to be taxed," which our eloquent Chancellor of the Exchequer, on a recent occasion,* ascribed to the British people—deducing therefrom that, if such be the true test of civilisation, then "there is no nation upon earth that can compare with the people inhabiting the British Isles in point of true civilisation."

It would be well for Prussia to keep this in mind, as with the desire (not popular) to create a navy, but above all to keep it up, the inconvenience of "fluctuation" in all matters of finance (to which the Chancellor also alluded on the same occasion) may soon be

* In Edinburgh, 11th of January, at the meeting of the Endowment Association of the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

felt by that power, and which, without any political or other object gained, may hurt the position of Prussia in Europe. It appears to be the grand difficulty among nations of the present day, as it is also among individuals, to live within their incomes. Prussia, at present, in this respect, is quite an example to other powers; but the future may not be so bright if she does not change her policy. Alluding to the German question, occasionally touched on in these pages, we are told by some that every power that interferes with or opposes the "peaceable, lawful, and organic settlement" of the German question, "any power that persistently hampers Prussia in her endeavours to make the King of Denmark do justice to his German subjects in Holstein and Schleswig, cannot be considered as friendly." Favouring "the factious demand" of the Polish nobility for the dismemberment of the Prussian kingdom, is the crime next to this in importance; and then silence is to be preserved about the "isolation" of Prussia in matters of tremendous moment,—as that "isolation" is to last as long as may be convenient. And again, Prussia, "with a dowry of 600,000 bayonets," need not go about begging for alliances! What does all this mean? As far as that "key-stone" of German unity, the Schleswig and Holstein affair, is concerned, the King of Denmark seems to have shown the old Danish spirit of independence, when he remarked (25th January, 1862), in his opening speech to the *Rigsraad* (or Council of State of Denmark), that

it was the intention of his Government to grant Schleswig “provincial estates on a popular basis, *as soon as he should feel assured* that the duchy was safe (as one public organ has it) “from the impertinent interference of the Frankfort Diet.” The idea appears to be more than ever gaining ground of granting an independent position to Holstein, and rendering Denmark and Schleswig independent of the Germanic Diet. The national liberal party, in every country, must eventually triumph. In Denmark, in 1848, this was the Danish opinion. In 1858, the King tells us in his last speech, “the common constitution was withdrawn from Holstein and Lauenburg.” He then expressed a hope that connection with the Duchies might soon be restored; but the resistance of the Estates of Holstein and of the Federal Diet, prevented his hopes being realized. Negotiations are being continued; and the King seems assured of the interest which “foreign powers” have in the independence of Denmark. To ensure Schleswig in particular against “foreign intervention,” a very significant remark was made at the next sitting of the *Rigsraad*, that the votes of supply for 1862–3 “include large sums for the navy.”

Let Prussia, then, remain content with being a first-class military power, worthy of the land of Frederick, without endeavouring to become a third or fourth class naval one, which may reflect discredit on a kingdom in whose annals shine so many deeds of military renown.

While we have so many proofs of Danish progress, Russia has published a budget for 1862! The recent conduct of the latter empire shows quite a revolution in that lone, dark, and secluded portion of Northern Europe; but it must be evident to every rational thinker that, as General Suwarrow remarked, at the recent assembly of the nobles,* “the welfare of the nobility is not possible unless a close alliance exists between them and the Emperor.” In Russia there are yet important matters to be settled.† But, again turning to Prussia, where no emancipation of serfs, or such like measures producing difficulties ever existed, at Berlin we have the King telling the Prussian army, at the commencement of 1862, that the new year has “a serious aspect, because the state of things in Germany, in Europe, and in fact the whole

* January 28, 1862.—*St. Petersburg*, Jan. 29. A note was published, dated 21st instant, addressed to the Russian ambassador at Washington, stating the satisfaction of the Emperor at the determination of the Federal Government to deliver up Messrs. Slidell and Mason.

† While concluding these “Notes” on Northern Europe, I cannot omit alluding to the Russian respect evinced towards the memory of the late Prince Consort. Prussia had lost the father of the wife of a probable future monarch—Sweden one of the most illustrious Knights of the Seraphim. Russia laments simply for a friend of progress! A letter from *St. Petersburg* informed us that the sad intelligence produced a most painful impression, not only on the English residents, but also on the Russians. In a Russian tribute to his memory, alluding to his tact, the ‘*Journal de St. Petersburg*’ says, “The Prince had a noble heart and a great mind. Standing upon the highest step of the throne, he held a place which the institutions of the three kingdoms could, under the circumstances, make a difficult one.”

world, presents certain eventualities, the possible development of which renders it our duty to be prepared, and to stand united together." Again, after the above, at the opening of the Prussian Chambers at Berlin (on the 14th of January), His Majesty dwelt on the happy issue of the Anglo-American difficulty, remarking also on his interview in 1861 with the Emperor of the French having had the effect of placing Prussia and France upon a more intimate footing. He touched on the "negotiations" for the regulation of commerce between these countries; and showed that his grand aim was to prepare the way for the "uniform military organization of all the German States, to care for the defence of the German seaboard, and to develop the national fleet."

With regard to the commercial treaty between Germany and France, let us beware of the carrying out of such a treaty proving in any way injurious to the interests of English commerce.

A German correspondent, writing from Breslau in the middle of January, affirms that, with reference to the precedence in the Confederation, a suggestion has been made by the press that this precedence, which hitherto belonged to Austria, should be conceded alternately to Prussia and Austria. He says also, what I fully believe, that the Germans are ready to state that, not caring much about the Confederation, it is all one to them who presides. The Prussian

monarch, with an eye to keeping his Rhine provinces, will, very properly, not reduce the efficiency of his army. Doubtless the Germans are bent on being one nation under some popular constitution yet to come.

IX.

HANOVER—A WATERLOO HERO—HOME.

“ Here is my journey’s end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.”—*Othello*.

“ ————— To London all ;
And more such days as these to us befall ! ”—*King Henry VI*.

FROM the frozen climates of the ancient Scythia, to the land of Frederick and “ old Blucher,” had been an interesting journey. We were now ready at the Berlin station, about to leave for Hanover, hoping to meet at least some pleasant people by the way, and inspect a capital I had long desired to see. I think it is the Marquis de Custine who was told that two years’ residence in the country were required to know and be able to write about things Russian. This I believe with regard to any country is true, as far as detailed accounts of society and manners are concerned ; but, at the same time, there is a class of people who, if they stay in a place seven years, having neither power of, nor inclination for, observation, are able to tell less about what they have seen and heard than many an energetic traveller whose visit extends to only seven weeks ! Eyes right, left, and front, *without*, and an untiring mind *within*, are the chief

requisites for a would-be great traveller. Also, in meeting men who are well-informed, and willing to communicate, lies a grand essential towards a successful literary attempt at a narrative after a brief visit.

The Hanoverian consul gave us no trouble about our passports. In short, these are very easily managed matters now. Englishmen travelling in Holland no longer require passports, and the Danish and Swedish parliaments were considering "projects of law," intended to enable the citizens of every country which reciprocates the concession, to pass free through the dominions of the Kings of Denmark and Sweden. The French Emperor also had decided upon extending to Belgian and Dutch travellers "the immunity from the application of the passport system recently conceded to British and Swedish subjects."

Leaving Berlin at 8 p.m., we arrived in Hanover about 2 o'clock next morning, having had, as a companion passenger, a very talkative Briton, who had returned from Baden-Baden, and who, with good humour, related to us some details concerning a certain Russian who had "broken the bank" there, to the astonishment of all the gambling fraternity assembled. I should like to see some statistics of the number of suicides caused by that detestable vice which makes man a greater slave than all the drivers in slave-holding America could accomplish.

We are in Hanover ; a kingdom with a population of upwards of 1,800,000 ; a revenue of upwards of

2,800,000*l.* ; a debt of upwards of six millions sterling ; and an army of nearly 27,000 men. Hanover, the capital, contains nearly 62,000 souls. Electors of Germany were so called from all the members of the Germanic body, originally, making choice of their own head. Hanover became the ninth electorate in 1692. At the beginning of the present century it was seized by Prussia ; next occupied by the French ; eventually regained to England by the Crown Prince of Sweden (Bernadotte) in 1813 ; and made a kingdom in October, 1814. Ernest Augustus, related to James the First of England,* was the first Elector of Hanover. The country is level and somewhat barren, and on its south-eastern border there is a remarkable mountain chain, called the Hartz. When, in 1714, the Elector became George the First, King of Great Britain, Hanover remained attached till Queen Victoria's accession ; then, "as it could not be governed by a female, her uncle, Ernest-Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, succeeded to the throne."†

The palace, the royal stables, and the Waterloo monument, are the chief objects of interest in this well-built and picturesque capital. Hanover, also, has long been famous for its theatre. It is a thorough military station, and here and there reminds one of the large cantonments in India. We commenced a day's amusement, as in duty bound, with a visit to a Waterloo

* Having married his grand-daughter.

† The present sovereign is George V., who succeeded his father, November 18th, 1851.

hero, whose son, in school-boy days, had been one of my companions. The general, our hero, was now the chief British officer in Hanover ; and had made his first step to fame in the “ battle of giants.”

His brother, at Waterloo, commanded that splendid brigade which consisted of the thirtieth and seventy-third regiments, on which square the French artillery and cuirassiers paid more frequent and tremendous visits than on most of the others. The enemy were repeatedly driven off ; the storm soon gathered and rolled on again ; but “ form square, and prepare to receive cavalry !” was promptly obeyed, till two-thirds of that gallant brigade were cut down. This bravery of our hero’s brother drew forth the strongest admiration of the “ Iron Duke.” And now for an instance of individual heroism which relates entirely to the object of our visit, and which he related to us, in so modest a manner (and that, after the question being put to him, if he *was* the man ?) that I could hardly believe I was before one of nearly the last of the famed Waterloo heroes. He commanded a Hanoverian corps ; and, seeing a French general (Cambron) giving orders to a large body of troops in the most confident manner, dashed at him at full gallop, pulled him off his horse, and brought him off a prisoner under the very noses of the French troops ! The story is also told in another way—that our hero put a pistol to Cambron’s breast, “ seized his horse’s reins,” and brought his prisoner off !

The great Wellington’s terrible anxiety regarding

the fate of the battle,—the exhaustion of the British troops covered with glory,—the Chief's "Would to God that night or Blucher were come!"—his joy on at length hearing the Prussian cannonade—and his famous remark, "There goes old Blucher at last!"—All these "memories" might well come to the mind of a soldier when visiting a Waterloo hero, at Hanover, especially when he considered how many thousands of Prussians and Germans had fallen in aiding us to win the decisive battle which secured the peace of Europe!

In 1849, the gallant officer above mentioned commanded a division of troops against the Danes, when an endeavour was then made to bring about a settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question.* While thus serving, on one occasion he was shot at by a Dane, and his life, I believe, was eventually saved by a Prussian officer. Mounting his horse, the fine old general (who carried out my idea of what Dryden styles a "green old age") accompanied us a portion of the way, while we proceeded to take a drive about Hanover. And here we most respectfully take farewell of the Waterloo hero!

We were soon travelling through Belgium; and,

* "In a convention entered into with Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederacy but a few years ago, the distinct promise was tendered by Denmark to place the Danish and Holstein Representative Assemblies upon one and the same level of right in all matters of common import. It was in consequence of this obligation that Schleswig-Holstein was at last handed over by the German generals to the Danes, who of themselves had been incapable of occupying the duchies by force of arms."—*Anti-Danish Pamphlet*, London, 1861. See also Appendix, No. V.

after paying a visit to Malines and Bruges—famed, they say, for cathedrals, lace, and pretty girls—we steamed out of Ostend, bound for Dover. The passage was an unusually rough one. The anger of Æolus seemed to have been pent up for the occasion, and discharged with terrible fury on our Belgian steamer as she bravely struggled on to reach the firm old English ground! This event may be styled the “butt” of my narrative; and now to London; and next to that dear place which Britons prize above all others—“home!”—where I shall not forget our visit to Northern Europe; but,

“ While the wind blusters and the driving rain
Drenches without, shall I recall to mind
The scenes, occurrences, I met with there!”

HANOVER, THE GERMAN NAVY, AND STADE DUES, IN 1861.

P.S.—A word or two on the importance of the Hanoverian territory on the Elbe, in a political as well as in a commercial point of view. Already possessing the most celebrated Protestant University (at Göttingen) of Germany, the little kingdom seemed, in 1861, with laudable British ambition, desirous of creating *the* navy. Nearly two-thirds of the present kingdom are by some writers considered to be the parts of Germany whence, in addition to Holstein, the Anglo-Saxons migrated to England. These were the days when adventurers were seen from every part of the sea-board, “from Holland to Holstein, and from every part of the lower banks of each German river from the Rhine to the Eyder,” joining the squadrons from the Elbe, about to visit the British isles, and plant the Anglian and Saxon standard there. Fourteen hundred years after this migration, nearly 3000 vessels passed Stade, to reach the free port of Hamburg; but only *one* small ship of war, in front of that little town, represented the Hanoverian navy! I have alluded to the enterprise of Bremen, in 1861, in the matter of a German fleet. The people were to pay, in the interior of

Germany, two *silvergroschen* per head ; and, in the Hanse Towns, twelve *silvergroschen* (about one shilling). While naval enthusiasm was at its height in Bremen and Hamburg, the Hanoverian Government took the opportunity of proposing that the command of ships of war in the North Sea should be given to Hanover instead of to Prussia! At this time, also, a probable increase in the Austrian fleet was talked of. A little time passed over ; and, towards the end of the year, the Germanic Diet re-assembled at Frankfort, when Hanover presented her famous project for the defence of the coasts and the creation of a German navy, "a project which," says one writer, "would deprive Prussia of the direction of the movement in favour of the fleet." Hanover, then, has the consolation of having endeavoured well ; and no share of that derision to which, at present, the tiny fleet seems doomed, can ever fall on the brave little kingdom ! I think it has been noted that, on passing Stade, all ships paid toll, or "Stade dues," to Hanover. In October, 1861, the treaty concluded with Hanover, for the abolition of the Stade dues, had been ratified by Great Britain, Brazil, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Hamburg, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. These powers had become entirely free of the liability to pay the dues, with other privileges. Arrangements with France, Sweden, Denmark, and Lubeck were nearly concluded. With regard to the "United States," and the new kingdom of Italy, I am not sure of any agreement having been arrived at ; but, in the former case, it was mentioned that the Government of the North American Confederation had instructed its minister at Berlin to enter into communication with Hanover on the conditions agreed to by the other powers.

X.

SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION.

FROM FEBRUARY TO MAY, 1862.

“ When the earthquake of the nations heaves,
 The waters roar in wild collision’s dash,
 And tyrant tower and bigot temple crash ;
 PEACE rears her Crystal Palace in the west,
 The various fruits of Industry receives,
 And leads the feverish world to grateful rest.”

From Sonnet to Sir Joseph Paxton, 1851.

ON concluding the foregoing pages, among various subjects of great importance two were noticed in the public journals, which, as connected with Sweden and Denmark, and likely to bring on great events now or hereafter, may here be briefly alluded to. Sweden, it has already been remarked, carries on a large iron trade with the Southern States of America. The much talked of blockade, therefore, by the Northerners, it was reported early in February, 1862, inflicted too great an injury on her commerce not to make Sweden desire to see the blockade at an end. The Swedish minister had undertaken to prove the insufficiency of the blockade to the Federal Government. The great Federal victory at Fort Donelson, on the

16th February, for the time, swallowed up the interest attached to the subject. But what if we should one day hear of second-rate European states, like Spain and Sweden, having a little commercial war in the New World of their own? The Danish and Swedish ministers, doubtless, have an eye to their own interests in America.

Next, turning from such subjects as Russia and Prussia acknowledging or not the kingdom of Italy, the emancipation of the serfs in the land of the Czar, and the consequent discontent of the nobles, together with the liberality of the Russian Government,—we read of a “Protest of the Schleswig Estates,” as regards Denmark and Northern Europe generally, a most important political act. The Protest, dated Berlin, March 5th, contains the signatures of the majority of the members of the Schleswig Estates. The document denies the competence of the assembled *Rigsraad* (Council of State), and protests against the validity of all the solutions which it has passed “up to the present, or which it may adopt in future respecting Schleswig.” The remarks on the Schleswig-Holstein question in the body of this work are but brief. Still, as it is said that no Englishman pretends to understand the mysteries of this question,—the popular instincts, however, not being on the side of Germany,—should the reader wish to come nearer an understanding of it, he will find some interesting matter at the end of the Appendix, to which he has been already referred. And if desirous of eschewing

what Sheridan styles "rascally politics," perhaps he may have cried "Hold, enough!" after concluding the first section. But as nearly every sensible man, now-a-days, has his political "say," as well as his newspaper, I shall run the risk of being considered tedious, by again touching on some of the history of the above question, afterwards passing on rapidly to a variety of other subjects, in chronological order, if possible.

Fourteen years ago it was written that the Diet, or Parliament, at Frankfort, was to do everything next to impossible, or to collect all the fragments of Germany into one coherent mass. The King of Prussia, then, assumed extraordinary power, and must fain seize on the so-called German provinces (Schleswig and Holstein) belonging to Denmark; and thus a foolish war took place. France and England intervened; Sweden preserved a noble attitude during the storm; and peace was soon proclaimed. But the Diet had evidently assumed the power of claiming whatever they think to be German; and there is no saying where such ambition will end.

A Danish note was despatched from Copenhagen to the German Government, upon the 12th March. Of this a detailed analysis was given in the *Dagblades* (Danish 'Times?') of the 17th. Regarding certain negotiations being carried on, it was resolved that they must leave the question of Schleswig untouched, as matters which are unquestionably international and "without the province of the German Federation,

would otherwise be mixed up with a question which Europe regards as exclusively German." It would not do to confound the Schleswig with the Holstein question; but should Germany do so, "Denmark would be forced, in the event of Federal execution being applied to Schleswig, to regard such execution as a *casus belli*."

The Danish Government, also, in reply to the note of the German Diet, objected to any discussion upon the affairs of Schleswig, or upon the competency of the *Rigsraad*, but, at the same time, expressed its readiness to listen to any objections to its propositions for the settlement of the relations of Holstein.

A popular traveller mentions a striking novelty which the latter duchy presents to a stranger. I think it is Dr. Clarke who tells us of the loud and incessant chorus of frogs, myriads of frogs, performing there. The Holstein croak is a tremendous one; and such performers have received the name of *Holstein Nightingales*! Let us hope the fine old duchy may not be troubled with croakers of a more serious description.

The month of March was important in matters of science, commerce, and politics. There was the testing of the renowned Armstrong gun, in which three 100-pounder guns, subjected to proof, were considerably damaged, the defects being, it was said, the separation of the coils forming the breech part, which yielded. Then from India came the news that the Government purposed erecting a second telegraph

wire between Calcutta and Bombay, in consequence of the large amount of traffic on the present line between the two cities. The Prussian Chamber of Deputies was dissolved; a general election was soon to take place, and it was probable that the new Chamber would assemble in May. 'The Times' considered the dissolution of the Chambers by the King of Prussia very doubtful policy. He should have made some concessions. But now would come a new election with the question of the national expenditure. The Deputies, in their address to the people, declared that they had scarcely any control over the expenditure. They wished a greater particularity in the budget; they did not wish the constitutional right of the people to "become a sham." It was most essential at the present time that "the items of the war budget should be particularized." In conclusion, the dissolved Deputies resolved to await, "with a quiet conscience, the judgment of the country."

Such an address, doubtless, formed an unusual subject of interest to the Kings of Denmark and Sweden! And now what was Russia about? As out of every insurrection important contingencies may arise, so out of the Greek one it was thought that the overthrow of King Otho might suit the ambitious views of Russia with reference to the East.

Negotiations were said to be going on between Paris and St. Petersburg respecting certain arrangements. Taking this as mere rumour, it was really believed that Russia was not unwilling to improve the

disturbances in Greece to her own advantage. What her designs in the east of Europe are, no one can tell. But, assuredly, the less Russia is allowed to interfere with the affairs of Greece the better. The Czar has enough on his hands. A feeling regarding him has before been alluded to ; but I hardly expected to read that the most humane and liberal ruler ever possessed by Russia had been recommended, in the Assembly of Nobles, at Moscow, to abdicate in favour of his son. The motion was fortunately defeated.

Proceeding with the political events in March, chiefly as affecting Northern Europe, we find the King of Prussia publishing a proclamation to his ministry with "something like the air of a despot,"—defending the policy which he has hitherto carried out,—"especially to Germany." The crisis in Prussia was becoming serious.

The proclamation of "Wilhelm" was countersigned by all the ministers. The King *would* be Conservative, but *must* be Liberal. Germany and the Baltic, towards the end of the month, have all the interest attached to them in the facts of influential people drawing back who were inclined to concede the leadership of the German people, under a reformed system, to the King of Prussia.

The subscriptions for a German fleet had not yet been paid over to the Prussian Government ; and new notes had been forwarded from Copenhagen to the Austrian and Prussian Courts. Their main object was a refusal to recognize any right which the German

Confederation may assume to interfere in the affairs of Schleswig. When affairs at Berlin, Vienna, and Frankfort, were more settled, the German-Danish question would become of significant importance,—perhaps only second to Garibaldi's promised delivery of "Rome and Venice!"

Iron-cased ships of war became the grand theme of discussion in April. Early in the month a French commercial paper calculated that it would require 1,250,000 tons of iron to plate the war-ships of the various powers. On the 8th, the *Rigsraad*, at Copenhagen, voted the credit of one million rigsdaler asked by the Minister of Marine for an iron-plated vessel. In Prussia a project for a loan of 12,000,000 thalers (nearly two millions sterling) for naval purposes was to be presented to the Chamber of Deputies in May. The money would be applied to the construction of two iron-plated frigates, and others of smaller size—the frigates costing from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 thalers. The latter ships would, perhaps, be built in England. It was thought that if such a statement should prove correct, Denmark might be expected in the money market with a similar object; and, again, if capitalists approved of such an investment, there was every chance of soon beholding 'Merrimacs' and 'Monitors' in the Baltic!

Now that nations are encasing ships, like the knights of old, in armour, the questions come to be, Where, and in what condition are they vulnerable? For no one, even in this scientific age, would fail to

agree with the Prince de Joinville, who is said to be hostile to the idea of invulnerable iron-plated frigates. In this coming Naval revolution, Ordnance is destined to play a mighty part. Projecting prows of certain batteries* rendering some iron ships pregnable under water, may be employed. The piece of ordnance may be a 12-ton 300-pounder Armstrong gun, the shots from which, it is said, if they struck an iron frigate at the water-line, would sink her in half-an-hour! The end of the problem must be simply this. As the construction of ships of war increases in strength, so must the power of artillery increase to destroy them! From certain recent experiments it has now been shown that even fifteen inches of metal are an insufficient protection against ordnance of a first-rate description, at close ranges. Of the new wrought-iron smooth-bore Armstrong, therefore, with a 50 lb. charge of powder, which brings about such a result, to say nothing of the rifle-bore, one cannot speak too highly. But still we are only progressing in gunnery. Looking back to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who invented the short light-gun with large calibre and small charge, afterwards improved and brought out as the carronade by Miller (the original projector of the steamboat), whose chamber for the piece may have given the idea to Gomer, who flourished long after,—leaving Robins, the “father of modern gunnery,” with his initial velocity, and many of our scientific countrymen their fair share of merit for invention or improvement,—we

* “Either of the Stevens battery or of the new Admiralty ship.”

cannot but think that, since the death of the hero of Lutzen, up to within the last few years, our progress in gunnery has been slow and unsatisfactory.

I shall conclude these, perhaps, rather too professional remarks in a work of this nature, with the hope that the genius of Armstrong and Whitworth—their guns, I believe, figure in the Exhibition, as if to show that the art of war, brought to perfection, is the best security for peace—may yet achieve more for their country in military and naval ordnance.

Many distinguished men have interested me in the history of the northern nations. The death of Count Nesselrode,* the repressor of free thought, and the “evil genius of Russia,” has caused me to think over that ruinous system of policy which he pursued, and which can never flourish again in Northern Europe. His father was of a German family (like many public men of Russia), and rose as an ambassador in the service of the Empress Catherine. Young Nesselrode began life in the army; but soon became a diplomatist, and was with Alexander and Napoleon at the memorable Tilsit interview. He was a good deal feared as a subtle politician during the recent Crimean war. Perhaps, after all, he taught the Emperor Nicholas the famous saying ascribed to the Czar, “The best diplomacy is a good army.” Negotiations between Rome and Russia have for some time been going on for the reception by Russia of a Papal Nuncio at St. Petersburg. These have signally

* March, 1862, aged ninety.

failed ; the Emperor prudently insisting that the Nuncio should maintain his relations with the Russian clergy through the Minister of Public Worship. Truly this is an age when history finds many parallels. There cannot be two kings at Rome ; neither can there be the Pope's own Nuncio and the Deputy of the Emperor Alexander at St. Petersburg. The Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic Churches are essentially under a different government.

And while we are thinking of the difference between the value of a resisting medium of rolled and battered iron, with a view to iron plates for war, Peace tries one of her many plans for supremacy on earth in the strange proposal of the abolition of slavery in America on the plan originated by President Lincoln, and the working out of Alexander's scheme for the extermination of serfdom* in Russia, coming upon the world at the same time. There is more in all this, and in many other present and coming events, than we "dream of in our philosophy." Bright days also for Russia and Poland, and for classic Italy, appear to be coming together,—all, as it were, the foreshadowing of "PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN." On the 25th August, 1862, the 1000th anniversary of the foundation of the Russian Empire, it is probable that reforms and changes will be proclaimed in Russia which may convert the old

* Some nobles possessed 100,000 serfs. Taking each at 300 rubles (1250 fr.), the loss which emancipation will occasion to the owners cannot be inferior to 28,750,000,000 fr.

autocratic *régime* into a constitutional government. It is likewise asserted that political reforms in Poland will also be proclaimed. Russia making a call on European capital, which, from the scrupulousness with which she has always fulfilled her engagements, and having gained the confidence of European capitalists, she may get well responded to; the Franco-Prussian Commercial Treaty, a principal event of the day in Austria, Prussia, and the rest of Germany, are among the most recent political events of importance. Regarding this treaty, public opinion asserts that Austria has long wished to direct the commercial policy of Central Europe; the Franco-Prussian treaty "will render this impossible." The means of expelling Austria from Germany, some say, are presented by this treaty; and as she can never hold Venetia while Victor Emmanuel is King at Rome, Austria has work before her if she would keep her place as a first-rate power.* But still there are many who would not like to see Prussia at the head of Germany; and among these, I may say, are the Scandinavian nations.

Emerging from this chaos, and winding up my section, I proceed to remark that the reader will have found the career of the late Viceroy of India briefly alluded to in a conversation with the old Norwegian Consul, who figures at the commencement of this work; and who, I trust, as he desired, was present to view the complete success of the opening of our Inter-

* I observe that the Emperor Francis Joseph has resolved to establish ministerial responsibility to the Reichsrath.

national Exhibition on the 1st of May. But not the Crown Prince of Prussia, not Prince Oscar of Sweden, not the Commissioners from Denmark, Russia, Sweden, and Norway, all of whom were present at the impressive pageant, had ever read, in the eventful histories of the lands of their birth, of anything to be compared with the rise and progress of that splendid dominion, the “great pacificator” of which, or, we may say, the East, had unexpectedly landed at Dover on the 26th of April, 1862, to receive, when the fact was known, the welcome due to a potentate whose policy had won back to us what Clive had conquered, what Warren Hastings, the Marquis Wellesley, and others, had consolidated, and what, by the terrible Mutiny, we had well nigh lost. One of the greatest changes of this century occurred during the late Viceroyalty, by which a mighty and able class of public servants, civil and military, who had sometimes been entrusted with power equal to that of European sovereigns and statesmen, and which had given us such men as Munro, Malcolm, Metcalfe, Elphinstone, Burnes, Lawrence, Outram, and Neill, was entirely delivered over to the Crown,—a class which, perhaps, (in the eloquent words of a great living authority, take it for all in all), “has never been equalled upon earth!”

While British rule in India has, apparently, been placed on a firm basis,—if such can ever be the case with so much Mahomedan and Mahratta material in the country,—it is pleasing to observe the steady pro-

gress of railway communication in Hindustan. Science, which should ever go hand-in-hand with pure religion, has struck a decisive blow at idolatry; and Lord Canning departed as he heard the awe-struck Brahman exclaim, on his beholding the mighty “fire-horse:”—“All the incarnations of all the gods of India have never produced a thing like that.”* While the Persians are said to be advancing on Herat, the “Key of India” gives way to the interest excited by the Great Exhibition, and all thoughts of Russia assisting Persia are lost in the beautiful objects laid out in the “Indian Court.” Shawls and scarves and gorgeous jewellery at once suggest “the splendour and havoc of the East.”

But, turning from Indian silks, needlework, and “steel inlaid with gold,” and coming to the Courts of the Northern nations of Europe, we find that Russia has displayed noble vases, unsurpassed in size, taste, and workmanship. The latter are said to have a finer appearance than the porcelain vases from Berlin exhibited by the Crown Prince of Prussia. Denmark and Sweden, I read, are on the same line with the Belgian and Dutch courts; while, on the opposite side (as if politically significant), “joining with France, is the entrance to the Italian court.” As an artilleryman, I shall, no doubt, when opportunity presents, gaze with interest on the “beautiful trophy” of the small-arms manufacturers of Birmingham, as well as

* The railway from Umritsur to Lahore, which excited unbounded astonishment among the native population, had just been opened.

on the heavier weapons of destruction and slaughter before alluded to ; but it will be under the impression that, through the continual working of military science, the high state of excellence of our regular army, the wise and bold statesmanship of our ministers, and the undeniable excellence of our volunteers, PEACE has thus been enabled to rear her Industrial Palace in the west.

NOTE.—Here I shall say a word or two with reference to hostilities between Persia and the country of Dost Mahomed. A reported concentration of Persian troops on the frontiers of Afghanistaun,—the Persians masters of Furrak, and the consequent fall of Herat, as the former town is one hundred and fifty miles to the eastward towards Candahar, to which important post the enemy were next said to be in full march,—the energy of the aged Ameer, Dost Mahomed, declaring his resolution to wrest Herat from Sultan Ahmed Jan, or “die beneath its walls,”—all give Central Asia an unlooked-for interest at the present time. In Parliament it has been declared that no official intelligence had been received of the march upon Herat ; so it is probable that the exaggerations of native writers may have coloured the picture of affairs. Still, Herat fallen or not,—the annexation policy of the Dost causing a desire among discontented chiefs to regain their lost territories,—the “ complications ” that must inevitably ensue upon the aged Ameer’s death,—the rumoured movements in Central Asia may be prudently taken as “ events ” casting their “ shadows before.” Not Herat, but the “ Bolan Pass,” it is asserted, is the key to our possessions in India. From this position, “ a mere handful of men, with all the latest military improvements, with Peshawur, Scinde, and Kohat in their possession, with steamers on the Indus and railways leading to the sea, might drive back the armies of the world ! ” We may, therefore, look for “ a new Thermopylæ ” in this quarter one of those days, should any power, European or Asiatic, dare to invade British India !—(*May 27th, 1862.*)

NOTES, CHIEFLY SCIENTIFIC.

WHILE my work was going through the press, a remarkable pamphlet was lent me, touching on subjects of the greatest interest, and particularly on one or two brought forward in the Supplementary Section. The date of the pamphlet is 1813; and the "Letter from ——— to His Friend in London," of which it consists, makes the *brochure* as important as it is rare. Although half-a-century old, still a few remarks I shall here cite may not be without their value at the present time.

The letter chiefly embodies the conversation of one of the most able and scientific men of the last century,—one who had long experimented for the improvement of cannon and musketry, and also with a view to the improvement of naval architecture. Conversing on public affairs, regarding the war in which we were then engaged as "the most extraordinary and the most critical ever known," and looking upon the war with Russia as a preliminary and necessary step to the conquest of Britain, he seems convinced that the latter act would have been accomplished, *had* all gone well with Bonaparte. "Notwithstanding his want of trade and commerce in France diminished the

number of seamen in that kingdom, he would have added to them the seamen of Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Italy, which would have been sufficient to have manned a fleet superior to the fleet of Britain; and while his ships were building, many landsmen might be trained in the Baltic, and even in the Zuyder See, in the course of two or three years, to the habits and ordinary duties of a seaman, which would have made them equally useful and expert in many of the services which are required from, and performed by, a great proportion of the crews of our ships of war. His conquest of Russia would have supplied him with all the naval stores required in the equipment of fleets; and the ports of Denmark, Sweden, Holland, France, and Italy would have furnished a greater quantity of ship-timber than he could have occasion for.” *

“ It is not the expense of building, the beauty and strength of the ship, her lofty masts, and other properties, which are of most importance during a battle. When the *number and the quality* of the guns in a ship so constructed, as to work well, are *superior to the guns of opposing ships*, the contest will soon be terminated. † If ever we have to fight for our constitution and independence, ‡ the struggle must be determined in the channel of England. Should the enemy, bent upon

* “ We should use every means to increase the friendship and sympathy which happily exists between Great Britain and Russia.”—1813.

† The italics are mine.

‡ “ Russia and the Northern States must, from their situation, form the best guarantee of a permanent peace.”—1813.

the destruction of Britain, ever discover that it is practicable to build and arm ships very superior to ships constructed and armed as at present, our fall is sealed, *if we meet them in battle unprepared, and not equally armed!*”—“The Americans are proving the truth of this doctrine upon a small scale. I know that frigates, of certain dimensions and properly armed, may prove superior to many of our line-of-battle ships, and that ships of two decks, of proper dimensions, and rightly armed, will prove an over-match to any of them. *Should no change take place in marine war in Europe, we are safe.*”—“THE FATE OF BATTLES DEPENDS CHIEFLY UPON ARTILLERY; and many of the weapons used by our soldiers are only formidable in opposition to similar weapons, but very inferior to weapons that might be used.”—“Being a great admirer of Gustavus Adolphus, I was much struck with the account of the leathern guns contrived by him, by means of which he gained his two great battles in Germany. Knowing how very uncertain the range of a ball fired from a ship in motion was, when aimed at an object at a considerable distance, I conjectured that a light gun, with a small charge of powder, and of a large calibre, which would send its ball in the point-black range” (for non-artillery readers, say without elevation), “that distance which gives a probable chance of striking the object aimed at, would be a great improvement in ship artillery, more especially as such light guns might be loaded and discharged oftener than heavy guns.” After an interesting

experiment, the persevering gunner continues:—"I caused a light gun, a 12-pounder, to be cast at Carron." Eventually, "I caused a privateer to be fitted out at Liverpool, under the direction of a relation, who was a merchant there. She was a ship of 200 tons burden, and carried sixteen light 18-pounder guns, *which from being cast at Carron, I directed to be named CARRONADES,—and these were the first carronades put aboard a ship. This ship I named the 'Spitfire.'*"

"Gustavus Adolphus may be said to have been the inventor of the carronades. Having always thought so, I directed the following inscription to be engraved upon a brass 32-pounder carronade:—

'Quantum momenti sit in levibus tormentis, monstravit
Gustavus magnus qui coriaceis usus est.'

"I have made many experiments with 100-pounder and 132-pounder carronades. *I have sent the 132-pound ball to within 160 yards of three miles.* I have burst the same ball, having a small excavation charged with powder, at the perpendicular height of a mile. I am confident that a ball of 100 or 132-pounds weight, discharged at the distance of two or three hundred yards, would pierce the side of any ship, and probably both." I should have remarked that the improver's first carronade was charged with powder, 1-12th the weight of the ball, and answered everything he expected from it. The following on range is most practical and interesting:—"The long point-blank range of a gun is a property highly valued by seamen and

artillerists. When a ship sails faster than her antagonist, this property no doubt is of great importance ; but in an action at a distance, from one to four hundred yards, the long range of a gun is of little consequence. *The weight of the ball, and quick firing, must then very soon decide the contest.*” He would recommend to Government “arming our frigates and 50-gun ships with carronades of a large calibre. Frigates of 36 guns should carry upon their main decks 42-pounder carronades, and 40-gun ships upon their lower decks 50-pounder carronades, and 50-gun ships 60-pounder carronades, and all line-of-battle ships should have three or four 100 or 132-pounder carronades upon each side of the lower deck ; and the proportion of powder should not exceed 1-12th of the weight of the ball.” He considers that, in naval fights, firing or fighting at a greater distance than 400 yards, “will rarely produce anything decisive.” And he suggests that “no time should be lost in laying aside our prejudices against light guns, and in discouraging a partiality for guns of a long point-blank range.” And now he arrives at the well-known truth, still most valuable although we have superseded carronades, and to carry out which we are expending such vast sums on experiments in gunnery at the present day,—*the be-all and the-end all* of our profession:—“THE MORE DESTRUCTIVE AND TERRIBLE WAR IS, THE SOONER WILL IT TERMINATE !”

Such remarks, of fifty years since, when men-of-war propelled by the screw, and the admirable eight

and ten-inch guns for sea service, to say nothing of Sir William Armstrong's guns, were unheard of, lead us to think of the proof of the new 300-pounder, as a smooth bore, at Shoeburyness, at the beginning of May, 1862. The proof, we read,* consisted of four rounds,—the first with 60 lbs. of powder, the second with 70 lbs., the third with 80 lbs., and the fourth with 90 lbs. After the proof some most important experiments were made with the same gun, to ascertain the initial velocities obtained with large charges of different kinds of powder.

With reference to the information contained in the rare pamphlet above set forth, and having in the body of my work alluded to the projector of the steam-boat, I shall first remark that he was also the inventor and proprietor of the first carronades ever cast in Great Britain, and that he presented a ship of a peculiar construction—the model of which may be seen in the Kensington Museum—to his Majesty Gustavus the Third of Sweden. She was armed with carronades, for the principle of which, that of combining lightness of metal, large calibre, and small charge, the British inventor gave the credit to that monarch's illustrious predecessor, Gustavus Adolphus Magnus.

Next, on the subject of effective firing from ships being carried on at short ranges, it will have been seen that the scientific gentleman who informs us, himself an old sailor, was strongly impressed with the idea that the old-fashioned English yard-arm to yard-arm system of

* The 'Standard,' London, May 2, 1862.

fighting was the one most likely to preserve the dominion of the seas for the nation which adopted it. Some may feel inclined to ask the question,—Do all the recent projects for rendering vessels invulnerable, and giving what may be termed a fabulous degree of force to artillery, not somewhat tend to show that we have not, even now, after the lapse of half-a-century, managed to strike out any new theory on this highly important subject? Winning a battle, naval or military, miles away from the enemy, or decisive fighting at a distance, has yet to be invented. There is something that smacks of Bob Acres about the very idea; but still, I imagine science must bring on the day for such a consummation. If artillerymen have it in contemplation, the brave Confederate General Beauregard evidently has not, when, in one part of his recent excellent advice to his soldiers, he says, “The most pressing, highest duty, is to win the victory.” And, again, any one persisting in quitting his standard on the battle-field under fire, under pretence of removing or aiding the wounded, “will be shot on the spot!”

But, returning to peace, with regard to Germany, the bold Elector of Hesse Cassel, who has brought down the wrath of Austria and Prussia on his head,—suggesting a vexed question not within the province of this work,—is discreetly advised, by the *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, to use to his subjects the same words as the King of Bavaria spoke to the Bavarians,—“I will have *peace* with my people.” And, again, with reference to friendly feeling between the students of

the Swedish and Danish universities—most important at a time when industrial liberty is progressing in Europe, and is becoming firmly established in the North, especially in the Danish territory—we read with pleasure that the students of the University of Copenhagen are making grand preparations to receive their Swedish and Norwegian colleagues, who are expected to arrive in the Danish capital on the 12th of June. Three hundred students from Upsal were to visit Copenhagen in the *Swea*. Some of them may live to hear the spell words, “*Gamlé Norge*,” Old Norway, again sending “the word of battle on the blast!” Who can tell? It may be to aid in bringing about the anxiously looked-for universal peace,—when, East, West, North, and South, “nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

USEFUL NOTES FOR TRAVELLERS IN NORTHERN
EUROPE.

“There is only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that is between the calling for the reckoning and paying it.”—RABELAIS.

I TRUST that the reader has already found a few hints or notes in my brief tour, which may be of use in the event of a summer trip to the North of Europe. A little more may be here given for the special use of travellers. I shall chiefly confine my remarks to *prices and bills of fare*, which have hardly been paid sufficient attention to in Guide Books; and for want of an idea, at least, of which, not being a moneyed man, considerable anxiety has often haunted me on my travels. Method and economy may form the soul of travel, as they should the administration of a properly managed fortune; but there must be some hypotheses to work on, or, to be more exact, some facts from experience. The art of travelling easily, as far as money is concerned, is explained by an eloquent moral writer of the last century:—“From time to time examine your situation, and proportion your expense to your growing or diminishing revenue. Provide what is necessary before you indulge in what is superfluous.” I wonder how another moralist (the immortal Johnson)

managed his money matters with Boswell in the Hebrides. I presume the biographer kept the purse, calculating the probable expenditure from time to time, heedless of such trifles as the Doctor having a large flannel nightcap (he being distressed with a cold) made for him by Miss M'Leod, and the sage being prevailed with to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. To digress for a moment. It was shortly after this interesting little "consolation" of travel that Boswell wrote in his Journal,—“My fellow-traveller and I talked of going to Sweden; and while we were settling our plan, I expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the King [Gustavus the Third]. *Johnson*. ‘I doubt, sir, if he would speak to us.’ Colonel M'Leod said, ‘I am sure Mr. Boswell would speak to him.’”

In Northern Europe, “where every stranger finds a ready chair,” the traveller will probably think more of the bills of fare, and the bills he has to pay, than of the probability of Germany, or Prussia, causing Federal execution to be applied to Schleswig, and Denmark regarding such execution as a *casus belli*, “even if the territory of Holstein alone were occupied.”

Leaving the analysis of the Danish note to subtle politicians, having landed safe in HAMBURG—say with sixty sovereigns in his pocket, resolved to do all accomplished in this tour—the stranger finds himself in the *Hôtel de L'Europe*, where “Restoration,” “Kalte ü. Warme Bäder,” &c., head the bill, presented to him as he is about to start for Altona. The expense per day has not, for two persons, exceeded 16 *marks*. For this

sum, in addition to two comfortable *zimmers* (rooms), the travellers have enjoyed one elegant dinner at the *table d'hôte*, at four o'clock, where they sat down with 70 or 80 to the great "business" of life, and might have done ample justice to roast beef, fowl and ham, eels, ice, soup, vegetables, &c., and drank Julien, curaçoa, and coffee. The *mark* is equal to 16 *schillings*, being in English money about 1s. 2½*d.* Sixteen of these marks and 12 *schillings* go to the sovereign; and one shilling English may be said to equal 14 *schillings* Hamburg. Again, there is the *Mark Banco*, = 1s. 5½*d.* Exchange at par of 13 of these =, with some 10 or 11 *schillings*, the pound sterling.

In the *Hôtel Royal*, COPENHAGEN, the daily expense for two travellers may amount to 7 *Rigsbank dollars*, the legal coin of the realm.

In the bill will be found included, breakfasts, soda-water, cognac, dinner at the *table d'hôte*, lights, attendance, and even one moderate hire for a *droschké*, with some minor charges. The *Rigsbank dollar* is equal to rather more than 2s. 2*d.* English, = 96 *skillings* Danish. Nine such dollars, and ten *skillings* = the pound sterling. A more valuable coin, the *Specie Thaler* (4s. 4*d.*) is occasionally used.

At GOTTENBURG, for two persons, the mere lodging including breakfast, in a comfortable hotel on the quay, will not exceed five *Riksgald dalers* per day. This is very cheap. A capital dinner may be had at *Börsen's* for a few dollars more. Dining out, in the hotel we went to, appeared to be the fashion. Bill of

fare at the above Swedish "Restauration" may include roast beef, potatoes, cauliflower, puddings, one bottle of Julien, two glasses of curaçoa, and one of brandy; or, dinner for two, say 6 R. drs. At Gottenburg we got for our sovereign 17 dollars and 90 öre, which is good value. 100 öre go to the daler (Riksgald) or "Riksdaler EN Riksmünt" as it is styled on the beautiful little note issued by the Bank of Sweden (*Sweriges Rikes Ständers Bank*) which is worth, in English money, a little more than 1s. 1d. The 10 öre-piece of Sweden is a gem of a little silver coin, and is very convenient. The note above alluded to has "Swedish Bank-note" in four different languages, in the four corners, engraven upon it, and is altogether a very tasteful production.

At STOCKHOLM we did not get more than 17 R. drs., 75 öre for the sovereign, and, on another occasion, only 17 : 50. Seeing it particularly recommended in Murray's 'Handbook' to repair to the "Bank of Sweden" for change, I did so; but there was so much difficulty about the change of a few sovereigns, that I was obliged to come away changeless. A Swedish gentleman recommended me to a more modest sort of bank, not far from the palace, where the change required was obtained at once. The Danish dollar seemed to lose its value in Sweden, where three kinds of daler, of their own, are in use.

In NORWAY there is the Specie Thaler = 120 skilling = 4s. 5d. nearly. There are also neat bank-notes issued. The Daler Banco of Sweden is worth nearly

1s. 8d. :—therefore 12 such = 1l. sterling. The passage of the traveller (cabin) costs 23 R. drs. from Gottenburg to Stockholm. The charges on board the steamer are very moderate. For passages to Helsingfors from the capital of Sweden, in the ‘Furst Menschikoff,’ we paid some two dollars more than 4l., or about 73 R. drs. = $36\frac{1}{2}$ each passenger. Living in Stockholm at the excellent *Hôtel Rydberg*, exclusive of dinner, cost us between 8 and 9 R. drs. *per* day, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ each (4s. $10\frac{1}{2}d.$). The account for the previous day—*Dags Rakningin*—is regularly placed on the door of your room (*rum*): so that you may know exactly how you stand. Diner à la carte, after 1 P.M., and not a table d’hôte, is the form pursued at the Rydberg. The room is spacious and even elegant; and here the would-be Lavater can satisfy himself with every Northern physiognomy. I will give one small account of the fare presented on one occasion, with prices:—

	Riksm.	
	Rdr.	Ore.
2 Soppa	—	70
2 Roast Beef	1	—
2 Tårta	—	70
$\frac{1}{2}$ Julien	2	—
1 Cognac (glass)	—	25
1 Soda	—	25
	4	80

N.B.—Such a dinner might well satisfy the most voracious appetite—the cost for two being about five shillings English only. For a dollar or so less we have also dined very comfortably.

We now come to classic ground, UPSALA, where Linnæus studied, and wrote, and dined. The *Stads-*

Hotellet Nota (account) is before me, and holds forth for one night's lodging and the occupation of a room for a portion of a day; or, in the terms of the bill, "Logis för 1 Rum med 2 Säng," *i. e.* one room with two beds,—säng being a word of repose, not of blood, as its sound might imply,—“ 2 Rdr. Riksmünt.” “Ljus” (lights) 25 öre; “Kaffe med agg and smör” (coffee, with eggs and bread and butter), 1 Rdr. 6 öre; “Borstning” (shoe-cleaning, or brushing of some kind), 25 öre = “Summa” (total) Rd. 3 : 36 öre. We had a tolerable dinner in the same house for a moderate sum.

In Hindustan, the “Griffin” gets on with *Idhurao*, *Khana Lao*, intimating that his servant is to approach, and his dinner to be brought. In Sweden, the *fresh* traveller may do wonders with *Frukost*, *Middag*,—*Supé*, and such like, the approach to the verbs attached to that all-important *trio*—breakfast, dinner, supper—being less easily attained than in the East. The “Rechnung für Passagier No. — rum DAMPFSCHIFF FURST MENSCHIKOFF,” bound for Helsingfors, amounted for two passengers to 10 Sil. Rub. 10 Kop.” This included 3 breakfasts, 6 full meals or dinners, 8 cups of coffee, Julien, soda-water, &c. The dinners amounted to 3 Rub. 60 Kop. I have already (Sect. VII.) alluded to the value of rubles and kopeks. I observe in some most usefully arranged tables* I have fallen in with that the silver Rub. = 100 Kop. = 3s. 1½*d.*; and 6 Ru. 40 Ko. per *l.* We did not

* ‘Comprehensive Trade Tables.’

use any gold in Russia; but from the same source I find that the Imperial (gold coin) is equal to 10 rubles = 1*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*; the half-Imperial = 16*s.* 11*d.*

At HELSINGFORS, the “Rekning” was not very high, costing from 2 to 3 rubles per day for two persons, with room and breakfast; but here, as in most other places, all depends on the accommodation.

And now I conclude with a note or two at ST. PETERSBURGH. At the *Hôtel Kaiser*, for two persons, with really splendid accommodation, the entire charges did not exceed 7 rubles a day. The day's lodging alone amounted to only “2½ *Arg. Roub.*” Everything in this hotel was good; but there are many others in the capital of the Czar. The cookery in the Imperial city is excellent. The Russians have evidently learned it from the English as well as from the French. The immortal Czar, Peter, who taught the Russians everything—even how to eat—had one of the most sumptuous bills of fare presented to him, while in Britain, ever set before a sovereign. Thirteen sat down to dinner at Godalming, in Surrey; and the landlord's bill concludes with, after half-a-page of other delicacies, “eight pullets, four soup of rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, and one dozen of claret!” Such was the conclusion of a meal 160 years ago!

IN MEMORIAM.

At this stage of correcting the press, I was grieved to hear of the death of Lord Canning. This mournful event, on which the London daily press exhausted so much eloquent feeling, leads me to remark that the noble Earl was one of the patrons of the Seetabuldee Lectures, two of which are about to be presented to the reader. Long before they were originated, I was an admirer of his policy during an ad-

SEETABULDEE LECTURES.

I.—THE NEILGHERRIES, OR BLUE MOUNTAINS.

THE region to which I beg your attention this evening* “is known by the name of the Neilgherry Hills, or the Blue Mountains of Coimbatour, and their greatest length is fifty miles from north-east to south-west, and breadth about twenty-five miles from north to south, reckoning from their base. The numerous white buildings of Ootacamund are scattered over a considerable extent of country, and their effect is as beautiful as the site in which they are placed is delightful. The temperature near the town is never so high as in an English summer, nor so low as in an English winter.” A register kept for four years shows

ministration “in days of peril and dismay, when men’s hearts failed them for fear,” and when such transcendent abilities were displayed during one of the most critical periods of Indian history—such as only could have been displayed by a mind “never thrown off the balance by representations of exaggerated fears on the one hand, or by extravagant and passionate resentment on the other.” Earl Canning was born 12th December, 1812, and died in London, June 17th, 1862. As it is probable there will no longer be any field for the display of such faculties as the great departed possessed, perhaps we may say of him, who may be said to have died in harness, in the words of the Danish prince:—

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again!”

* Thursday, 10th November, 1859.

a variation from 36° to 70° of Fahrenheit in the greatest extremes, but in nineteen days out of twenty the variation was from 42° to 65° . The average fall of rain was considerably more than that of Nagpore, and more than double that which falls in London in the same time. The average rain on the Neilgherries has even been put down as high as 60 inches. The mists are sometimes of the densest nature; and then you may be led to think over the local tradition which prevails in this region, that the Great Intelligence appeared to the people in a mist.

Here is everything which can charm the student of the picturesque, and the invalid in pursuit of health. Here the antiquary, or the student of history may behold the remnant of the Todar race. The Todars are said to be the aborigines of the Neilgherry Hills; and, as they have little or no very intelligible tradition, nothing certain is known regarding them. They were probably here long before the Brahmanical religion and civilisation were brought into India, and they were perhaps a powerful people, while Egypt and Assyria, and Persia and China were celebrated for their wealth and intelligence. The tall handsome Todar, with his noble looking buffalo—the not ungraceful Todar woman, with her hair done in long, curious ringlets—the feudal custom of exacting tribute from the burghers, or agriculturists who have come up from the plains—their disinclination for manual labour, simply contenting themselves with carrying about honey or ghee (a sort of butter made from the buffalo milk)

for sale from house to house—truly, a mystery hangs over all! Nearly all the race have vanished, and left the archæologist but meagre signs. Borrow says beautifully in his ‘Bible in Spain,’ while thinking over memorials of greatness passed away, and moralizing on the Druid’s Stone:—“There it stands on the Hill of Winds, as strong and as freshly new as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was raised by means which are a mystery. . . . There it stands; and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt and Cymbrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount.”* The Todars preserve their primitive manners. The pile of stone is also to be found on the Blue Mountains. These facts, with the Scythic-like contents of the Todar cairns and tumuli, the likeness existing between the Todar houses and those of the ancient Britons or Celtic Scythians, with other causes, adduced by indefatigable antiquaries, have led to the supposition that the Todars are a remnant of one of the ancient Scythian tribes, who, driven from place to place by the hostility of the inhabitants of the country they invaded, at length found shelter and tranquillity in the mountain fastnesses of the Neilgherries.† There is certainly good authority for stating that the irruptions of the ancient Scythians frequently took place upon the countries of the South of Asia, in the course of which they penetrated as far as India. But they have left us no records of their

* Chapter vii.

† Congreve.

history or greatness—the early sons of that curious Todar race. All that is known, or has been written about them, is mere speculation. True, the enthusiastic antiquary tells us that “there is not a relic of Druidism existing in England the type of which he has not found on these hills.” He takes us to the cromlechs—literally, stone tables—of the Neilgherries, and pronounces them to be *fac-similes* of those in Europe. You cannot contradict him—you cannot say that it is not so; he has shut up your argument by comparison, and you go away wondering. You think for a moment you are in Wales, but you are really in India. You go away thinking of the Hebrew words which are said to give the derivation of *cromlech*—*caremluach*—signifying a “devoted, or consecrated stone.” I say, then, the Todar has not left us any records of his origin to satisfy the inquiring mind. And here, isolated as it were, from the world, he has probably reigned for very many centuries, while empires have been hastening to decay, and great Hindu sovereignties have been falling to pieces, quite unconscious of the political convulsions of the world—a child of Nature—unaffected by the mighty spirit of change. The race must soon altogether disappear from the earth; and the last Todar, with the last Red Indian, may, even in the present century, be purchased for exhibition in London or New York by the Barnum, or showman, of some future day.

The chief wealth of the Todars consists in their buffaloes. As soon as the herd is liberated from the rude circular stone building of an enclosure in the

morning, they are milked, and then allowed to graze in the neighbourhood of their houses (or Mürrts), while the family are at breakfast. Shortly after this the men, accompanied in fine weather by two or three of the women, lead them to the distant pastures, while the remaining women take care of the domestic concerns, mend and make the garments of the family, and nurse the children. About noon the herd is driven home again, the family take their dinner of milk and rice, and again the buffaloes are led to pasture until nearly sunset, when they are shut up in the enclosure; the family then sup and retire to rest: and thus, from the best authority, you have an account of the ordinary Todar day. Meeting them as I have often done while rambling about the Blue Mountains, you cannot help thinking that both men and women are a decidedly superior race, in form, and in frankness of manner, with Europeans, to the majority of Asiatics on the plains. Their features are said to be like those of Jews and Arabs; and it is also affirmed that their traditions, the imperfect few they really possess, would seem to give them a Hebrew origin. But their language affords no clue.

The Hill tribes are at present five in number: the Todars, Burghers, Kurrumbers, Kothers, or Koders, and Eurelars. Regarding the Todars, much interesting matter has been given to the world by Captain Ochtertony, of the Madras Engineers, and by Captain Congreve, of the Madras Artillery. The work of the former, on the Neilgherries, is well known; and the latter officer has written a remarkably able paper on

the antiquities of the Neilgherry Hills, &c., in the 'Madras Journal of Literature and Science.' You may frequently disapprove of his conclusions; but you are compelled to admire the patience and research of the learned soldier and antiquary.

Taking Buddhism to be the original patriarchal system, it is impossible to agree with Captain Congreve in his assertion that "Hinduism (properly so called) is more ancient than Buddhism;" and it is the opinion of many great Orientalists, that Buddhism is older than Brahmanism, and must have "prevailed in Central Asia before the Hindus invaded India."

Probably most of you know already that what is styled the cradle of the human race is supposed to be the country at the foot of the Caucasus, stretching along to the west by the Black Sea, and to the south by the Tigris and Euphrates. M. Manupied agrees with Sir William Jones, that the Hindus have had, from time immemorial, affinity with the ancient Persians, Ethiopians, Egyptians, Phenicians, Greeks, and Etruscans, Scythians or Goths, and Celts, Chinese, Japanese and Peruvians, from which it is supposed that they may have been one colony of some of these nations; as Manupied says, it proves that these nations and the Hindus went forth from one central region. I would prove that the Brahmanical Hindus went at a later period than other tribes or sects into Hindustan. To do this is not very difficult.

The oriental researches of few Indian officers have been so extensive as Congreve's, yet a few of his remarks regarding the priority of Brahmanism in

India are hardly satisfactory; and I cannot understand why the antiquary just named has relinquished the theory that any tinge of Buddhism the Todars may possess—and there is a tinge—was acquired by them before they migrated to Hindustan. The aboriginal tribes of India are distinct from the mass of the population, consisting of Hindus of the Brahmanical persuasion. The Hindus brought with them the Sanskrit language, not in its present highly refined state, but as a colloquial tongue. “Hence,” says General Briggs, “it comes that the language of the aborigines has in many parts gradually disappeared.” The conquests of Alexander, you may recollect, took place about 330 years before Christ; the great orientalist, Mr. Prinsep, ascertained that at the period of these conquests, India was under the sway of Buddhist sovereigns and Buddhist institutions, and that the earliest monarchs of India are not associated with a Brahmanical creed or dynasty. According to the Chinese, the Brahmans in India were a tribe of strangers, and the chief of the tribes of the barbarians. In the accounts of the constituents of Indian society, in the third century before the Christian era, there is the absolute and total omission of the term “Brahman” in any of them; and it is particularly remarkable, in the opinion of the learned Colonel Sykes, that a writer like Arrian, in his ‘*Historiæ Indicæ*,’ should have omitted all mention of them, had they been a numerous body, or held any station whatever. Who, then, were the other classes described by the Greek historian Arrian? There is

something of Todar life about the heads of his seven classes, their not doing any labour, sacrificing to the gods, not well clad, reposing in cool places under trees. Next to these sophists were the husbandmen, who did what is now performed by the Burghers, and so on. But to return and conclude my remarks here on the priority of Buddhism,—even the far-famed temple of Juganáth is supposed to be built on or near the site of a celebrated relic temple of the Buddhists; and it is highly probable that the modern worship of Juganáth has a Buddhist origin.*

Leaving Brahmanism and Buddhism, there is more satisfaction in learning from the antiquary that it is certain “that the aborigines of India were a Scythian race—Celto-Scythic.” The Scythians under one of their most early emperors are said by the historian, Abulgazi, to have conquered the northern regions of Hindustan. And you all know that from Scythia sprung the three great people who overran Europe: the Slavonic tribes, the Goths or Germans, and the Celts. The discussion of their religion, habits, and institutions cannot possibly be brought into the compass of an hour’s lecture, even to attempt proof of an affinity with the curious Todar race; so, leaving you to the pages of Congreve, Ochtertony, Harkness, Hough, Baikie, Packman, Burton, and other writers, I shall now introduce you to a kind German friend, a missionary of very considerable attainments, a sort of walking encyclopedia of Neilgherry lore. He seemed to think

* ‘Notes on the Religious, Moral, and Political State of Ancient India.’ By Colonel Sykes, F.R.S.

that there were more Todars than were generally supposed ; or, instead of three or four hundred, about one thousand. The good man appeared to live in strong hopes of being able to convert the Burghers (of whom there are about 16,000 on the hills), but of the elder race, the Todars, he seldom gave any opinion. If one chief would only come in, he would say, among the Burghers, thousands would follow. This zealous missionary, who had pitched his camp in such a wild region, was in some respects an extraordinary man. He seemed to be able to speak all the languages of the five tribes on the hills—knew all about their customs and condition—and had one or more of his huts pitched near the wildest of them—far away from the sight of any European. It was in one of these I paid him a visit. His hut was only a few feet square, covered in, and thatched comfortably enough, built of mud, with a few stones, and containing a snug chimney ; and beside the fire—which is nearly always required on the Neilgherries—the German Apostle of the Blue Mountains would sit and puff his consoling cheroot, and talk of his prospects of conversion, the literature of Germany, and dwell on other topics in the most interesting manner. With a bowl of coffee in the morning—the best thing to work on in the world, he would say—he was ready for a day's campaign. He was generally armed with a walking staff of no ordinary dimensions, and as a sort of body-guard, was accompanied in his travels to the different villages by a huge, brown, striped dog, which, on account of the animal's love for his master, was humorously styled “ the tiger's breakfast ! ” To

understand the nature of the people among whom he laboured, appeared to be among his chief studies ; and the confidence with which he seemed to walk into a Burgher village, summoning the head men, and talking to them kindly over their affairs, brought to memory the names of many great men who have gone on thus labouring in other quarters of Asia, too often “in front of severest obloquy.” Unlike the labourers among the Karens, in Burmah,—who are not difficult to convert, being simply deists, and having a natural thirst for knowledge, which the hill tribes do not yet possess—the missionary on the hills has really a severe task before him. “Six men for Arraccan !” was the cry of a devoted labourer to a brother who was about to leave for his own native America. But even had they been sent, he was dead before such assistance could have reached him. The friend on the hills, of whom I have now given a very slight sketch, doubtless, every day, wished for five more like himself. He remarked before our parting that, although not well, he would not leave his poor Burghers—no—not even to visit Germany—the land of Luther, and Goëthe, and Schiller—his fatherland ! And every one knows what the fatherland is to Germans. They fling around the love of it perhaps more enthusiasm than any other nation. Every student sings :—

“ What is the German’s fatherland ?
 Come name to me that mighty land !
 Far as the German language rings,
 Where’er to God his hymn he sings,
 That land is his—that land divine—
 That land, stout German, call it thine !”

The devotion of the Neilgherry missionary to his work has since recalled him to memory while reading a most eloquent tribute to the memory of the Swiss Lacroix, by Dr. Duff, who records the wish of his friend, recently granted in Calcutta,—“ I have always wished to die in the field.”

Let us now dwell for a little on their discovery, and glance at the foundation of progress on the Neilgherries—the *Sanitarium* of the Madras Presidency, the climate of which, I believe, is better than that of Mahableswar in Bombay, Darjeeling (the bright spot) in Bengal; and I have even heard Bengalees declare these hills equal, if not superior, to the cool stations on the Himalayahs. The Canarese term *Neilgherry*, is compounded of *neil*, blue, and *gherry*, mountain. From the year 1799 to 1819, nothing was known to Europeans of this remarkable region, in which might some day rise to view, at nearly an equal altitude above the level of the sea, towns and cities, rivalling the great intropical Quito, Mexico, and Caraccas of South America. A new “earthly paradise” in India, with a healthy and steady climate, although the Neilgherries were in daily view of the authorities in the Coimbatore district, and even the Company collected a revenue from them, was quite unknown till January, 1819, when several gentlemen, then residing at Coimbatore, set out on a tour of discovery, wrote and spoke in raptures of the climate and appearance of the new region; and thus began the dawn of public attention towards a (to Europeans) new clime of the sun. A

dawn it simply was ; and one not of the brightest or most cheering nature. The temperature might be 30° lower than that of the plains ; but would not such a region, in addition to being overrun with wild animals, be productive of nothing save deadly fevers and death to those who would dare become residents ? We are informed that many Europeans and natives asked themselves this or a similar question. But fear and apathy and ignorance of the resources of India in this quarter, must be swept away ere “ the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.” Two young civilians, Messrs. Whish and Kindersley, had proceeded to the interior of the hills on duty, in pursuit of a prisoner, whom they found at a village called Dynaud, about nine miles to the eastward of Kotagherry, “ near Rungasamy Peak, the most sacred mountain on the Neilgherries.” From the praises lavished on the hills by these adventurers, the collector of Coimbatore, Mr. Sullivan, just forty years ago, became fairly established, with his family, in this delightful climate, where he continued to reside for nearly ten years. Through the representations of Mr. Sullivan to the Madras Governors who preceded Mr. Lushington, the authorities were made aware of the vast importance of the hills to the public. But the appeals of that zealous public servant were received with a prudent caution, for which Madras Governors, like Scotchmen, were then proverbial ; and so nothing was done.

In March, 1828, Mr. Sullivan wrote to the Right Hon. S. R. Lushington, Governor of Madras, in the

following strain :—“ Having long endeavoured, but with little success, to impress upon the minds of your predecessors the great advantages which might be derived from the Neilgherries, it was with unmixed satisfaction that I saw the subject so warmly and so promptly taken up by yourself.” After stating that he had ventured to suggest the appointment of a commanding officer, and had repeatedly urged the expediency of establishing an hospital for European soldiers on the hills, nay more, that there a general depôt for European troops for the great military stations of Bangalore, Trichinopoly, Quilon, Cannanore, and Belguum, might be formed with great advantage, Mr. Sullivan wisely remarks, “ I have always considered that the judicious expenditure of thousands here would lead to the saving of lakhs.”

Major Kelso was the first commanding officer of the Neilgherries, and to him and to Mr. Sullivan, under the liberal protectorship of the Governor, Mr. Lushington, we owe the first step towards order and civilisation on the hills. The several routes to this favoured region now began to occupy public attention. The ascent by the Coonoor Pass, or Ghaut, which, viewed from the top of Doda-betta,—the highest of the Neilgherries,—presents an extraordinary scene of magnificence and beauty, was pointed out to Mr. Lushington as a direct route perfectly practicable. The suggestion was entertained; the Pass was commenced by Major Cadogan, “ and,” writes Lieutenant Jervis, in 1834, “ has been since completed by the

strenuous exertions of the Madras pioneers under Captains Eastment and Murray.”

In the year of the discovery of the Neilgherry Hills, 1819, Monsieur Leschnault de la Tour, a distinguished naturalist, employed by the King of France to make scientific researches in India, wrote a very excellent and instructive letter from Pondicherry, on the subject of the “Neilgherry Mountains, which are situate to the north-west of Coimbatour.” “Their length east and west,” writes the naturalist, “is about forty miles, and their width north and south varies at different points from fifteen to twenty-five miles.” The enterprising Frenchman remained some days on their summit, and made various interesting excursions. He described the ascent on the Coimbatour side as scarcely accessible; but by dint of extraordinary perseverance, passing over narrow paths made by the natives, embarrassed by fragments of rock, which he is obliged to pass with the aid of his hands, taking care, unless he wish to “topple down headlong,” not to look down into the tremendous abyss below, he manages to behold, in the “latitude of eleven degrees,” from the summits of these mountains, scenery as beautifully varied and picturesque as, perhaps, any to be found in the world. On the surface are hillocks or mounds, more or less steep, and valleys formed by these, in which are ever running rivulets of clear spring water; then there is the varied aspect of the sides of the mountains; here cultivated fields,—cultivation in its roughest and wildest form; there, almost impene-

trable brushwood. The Frenchman remarks on the danger of approaching such places “from the number of tigers, bears, and wild dogs which inhabit them.” He likewise mentions a forest on the slopes of the mountain, “which serves as a recess for tigers, and at the base there are many elephants.”

The danger is considerably less at the present day; but yet there are ample reasons for the sportsman to use caution in his excursion. Lieutenant Jervis, in proceeding from the beautiful Falls of the Cavery to the Neilgherry Hills, describes, in the region of these Falls,—which he seems to think almost equal Niagara in splendour,—“a valley formed by the steep banks of two mountains, overhung with trees of great variety, whilst the brushwood and long grass at the bottom afford shelter to tigers, elks, hogs, and all the feathered tribe of game.” And here, we are told, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir R. O’Callagan, shot a fine elk. From Seringapatam to the Blue Mountains, there is, doubtless, ample employment for the artist, the naturalist, the sportsman, and the antiquary.

It may not be uninteresting to chronicle the fact, that, after the ascent of M. Leschnault de la Tour, a party, in May, 1820, in which was a *lady*, ascended the Hills. Mr. Hough relates the fact; but, unfortunately, he does not give her name, so we are prevented the pleasure of handing her down to posterity. The next year, “the pass,” it may be presumed the Keeloor, by which the two civilians before

mentioned had descended, was opened, and several families took up their temporary abode on the hills.

It is singular to notice the extreme distrust with which the Neilgherries, as a *sanatorium*, among the Europeans in India, were hailed on their first becoming known. The insalubrity of hilly countries elsewhere in the vast peninsula was proverbial. But gradually this prejudice was removed, and invalids from the three Presidencies of India began to flock to the new region. Even as far back as 1829, Mr. Hough writes, "The positive benefit derived by invalids who have visited the Hills, and the uniform testimony in their favour borne by all the medical gentlemen who have resided any time upon them, have established their reputation; and they are now resorted to without apprehension of any calamitous consequences."

Foremost among the doubters as to the salubrity of the Neilgherries was a former Bishop of Calcutta; but at length, discovering that a church was to be consecrated at Ootacamund, he yielded, we are told, to an "exalted sense of public duty," and in December, 1830, we find him extremely comfortable, delighted with the climate, delighted with everything and with everybody, in the newly-founded capital of the Blue Mountains. The Bishop writes to the Governor, Mr. Lushington, about the splendid hospitality of Mr. Casamajor, an agent of the British Government in Mysore, and compares the hills to Malvern "at the fairest season." Shortly after sunrise the worthy Bishop is on the summit of Dodabetta, where,

he says, “ I had a fuller sense of the enjoyment to be derived from air and natural scenery, than I ever remember to have experienced at any time, or at any place.”

We can even imagine, had Boswell dragged his big philosophic friend, the immortal Johnson, to the apex of this mass of mountains,—for such is Doda-betta, rising 8700 feet above the level of the sea,—from the peak and various other stations to the eastward, having “ a prospect of the fertile district of Coimbatour, watered by the windings of the Bhowany, and spread like a beautiful garden at your feet,” he would surely have declared to his toad-eating companion, “ Sir, this *is* a prospect ! ” with a satisfaction not less than that of a bishop of Calcutta.

In the year 1829, the foundations of St. Stephen’s Church at Ootacamund had been laid; and, on the 5th of December, 1830, it was consecrated by the Bishop.* The establishment of a Protestant temple amidst these mountains was indeed a day to be remembered. Lieutenant Jervis, some years afterwards, published an account of the ceremony, written by the late Mr. James Lushington, which is full of interest; but we have only space to give the text of the Bishop’s sermon preached on the occasion, from Isaiah xxxv. 1. “ The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.” And the admirably chosen site of this

* Bishop Turner, if I mistake not.

plain Gothic edifice, we believe chosen by the engineer, Captain Underwood, who also had the arrangements of the foundations and superstructure, is thus truthfully described:—"It stands on the base of one of those verdant slopes which constitute the charm of Neilgherry scenery, yet high enough to command a perfect view of mountains and woods, which, bounding the happy valley of Ootacamund to the east and south, and extending in imposing magnificence in a south-west direction, terminate with a view of the cleft side of Avalanche Hill, and the distant summit of Moorkooty's towering peak." [Moo-kooty, from *moo*, a nose, and *kooty*, a piece.] This mountain is famous as being connected with mythological lore. The sister of Rawanna, it is written, came from Ceylon to oppose Rama. Rama, in the power of his vengeance, cut off her nose; and hence the "towering peak" of Moo-kooty. Near Bombay, the Peak of Mahableswhar is about 5000 feet above the level of the sea. But that *sanitarium* of the western Ghauts is very much below the height of the Neilgherry ridge at the boundary of Mysore. "The mountain scenery of Southern India in general," we are told, and every attentive traveller will admit the fact, "though wanting these features which invest the Himalayas with so sublime a character, is beautiful, striking, and picturesque. It assimilates more to that of Wales and Scotland, with this peculiarity, that it never rises above the limit of the richest vegetation, and has its highest summits crowned with woods and

verdure.” In some parts of the Hills the scarcity of forest is remarkable. The Neilgherries, properly so called, are by some said to comprise two distinct tracts of mountainous country,—the Neilgherries proper, and the Khondahs. The latter, a strikingly picturesque and singular mass of mountains, are in the southwest angle of the Neilgherries.*

I have already given you the number of Todars and Burghers on the Neilgherries. Besides these the Koders number 1000, the Eureyelars nearly 3000 (including high and low country); the Kûrrumbers on the Hills, 500; but as there are a good many Kûrrumbers in the low country, or at the base of the Hills, the total population of the various tribes may be put down at 22,000.

It is now necessary to say something more about these tribes. All the Burghers are Sivaites; the Kûrrumbers are also Sivaites. The Eureyelars are partly Vishnuvites. The Koders, like the Todars, have no definite religion; but the former hold a piece of gold, and the latter a bell, as sacred. The Koders are the gold-workers who came from Mysore; they are still fair goldsmiths and jewellers, and to this day worship the Mysorean god who takes this craft in hand. The Hill tribes are generally fond of jewellery. One woman was observed in a village with at least thirty rupees' worth of silver round her neck, carved with strange devices; she had also brass rings on the left arm. Bangles are not so much worn; but all

* Ochtertomy.

jewellery depends much on the wealth of the wearer. Earrings are very common. Pearls are the favourite stones among the Burghers and others; so, if you wish to gain favour on the Hills, present your string of pearls.

The cairns are said to be rather Kûrrumber than Todar. The Kûrrumbers are the enchanters of the Hills. They have the power to assume any form they like, beast or man. On some occasions they appear in the dress of women; and they decidedly are a most immoral and indecent race. There is a capital story, which I shall not inflict on you, about the Burghers having lost the wife of their chief through the enchantment of a Kûrrumber. Southey could have made a poem out of this little incident, forming a Neilgherry enchantress—another Lorrinite—to recover the wife of the Burgher chief; perhaps to see her in a magic globe of liquid crystal “in frame as diamond bright, yet black as jet,” and to form which,—

“A thousand eyes were quench'd in endless night.”*

The Koder is an extremely filthy dog, on whom the Burgher looks down with the most supreme contempt. The filth of the Koders is as proverbial as their love of telling lies. A clean Koder, or a word of truth from his mouth, you must never expect to see or hear. The Burghers have a saying, that if you touch a black pot you are defiled, so, if you touch a

* ‘The Curse of Kehama,’ xi. p. 91.

Koder, or ask him a question, you get a lie, as they are abominably dirty, and have no truth in them. The Koder men wear their hair parted in the middle, like women, with a nob at the back of the head. Like the Todars, only in one respect, they wear no *pugaries*, or turbans. The latter are worn by the Burghers. On market day, at Kotagherry, we saw several fine specimens of the Burgher race, which certainly, on the Hills, in respectability, ranks next to the Todar.

One of these Burghers (or Buddaghas, as they are also styled) had his cloth slightly embroidered with silver, with the silver box containing the sacred Linga, likened to the Phallas of the Greeks and Egyptians, suspended by the usual string from his neck. To show the regard paid by a Burgher to this symbol, on one occasion it was touched by one of the unprivileged, when the wearer immediately committed suicide on the spot.

There are four Brahmanical districts on the Hills, of which the deity is Mahá-Lingam, or Lord of the Linga. There are five castes of Lingaites among the Burghers, amongst whom are some of their head men. In the *Muni-hotti* (from *muni*, ring, and *hutti*, village), the head man is called Nunjiah, after Nunjundah—Siva—who as the Destroyer destroyed, swallowed poison. There is also a village styled Nunjiah near Mysore. Great offerings have from time to time been made to Siva, in his character of Nunjundah. Once a Mysore Rajah presented him with a

silver horse ; and Burghers have honoured him with a gift of silver flowers. So much, then, for the power of Siva's creed on these hills, which is, as some of you know, a most prominent one in the old Scandinavian as well as in the Hindu mythology.

The Burghers always term a Todar village *mund* ; the Todars call it *mürrt* ; the Burgher village is always *hotti*. *Nadu* signifies county, or district. There are four or five districts in the Neilgherries, each ending with the word *nadu*, or *adu*, like 'shire' in England : such as the *Khonda-nadu* (small district), *Purungana-doo* (in which are Coonoor, Kotagherry, and Rungasawmy's Peak), and *Maladoo*, in which district is Ootacamund, and where many of the Todars reside. In this district is the highest mountain, Dodah-bettah. With reference to the mountainous Todar district of Maladoo, and with reference to what has been said about the primitive manners of the Todars, it may be interesting to call to your recollection what you may have learned while reading the early chapters of English history, that the original inhabitants of Europe, as a learned antiquary (Perron) has finely proved, were the same, all speaking one language, worshipping the same deities, and governed by similar laws. Successive invasions from different parts of Asia brought new changes ; and as the colonies went westward, the Greek, the Roman, and the Teutonic languages and customs were superinduced over the ancient Celtic. All the countries most accessible to strangers, or most subject to invasion, were first changed ; " those which

lay surrounded by mountains, or were in some measure retired by their situations, such as Wales, Cornwall, the highlands of Scotland, Ireland, Biscay, and Crim Tartary, all preserved their primitive manners ;” and some of these countries adhere to some of the ancient Druidical customs, as far as the alteration of religion will admit, even at the present day. All this is certainly in favour of Captain Congreve’s analogy between the Druids and the Todars.

I have not yet mentioned that the Kûrrumbers are the sacrificing priests of the Burghers. Congreve compares the sacrifices of the Todars to their deity with those of the ancient Druids, or Celtic Scythians. A perfect calf having been found, it is brought to a thick and dark forest, where a pile of wood and brush is erected. The officiator, having received a piece of money from the offerer, approaches, waving sacred leaves and “making many salutations in the East ;” he then strikes the calf with a short thick club on the back part of its head, which blow generally proves fatal. The people then throw up “their hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaim, May it be an offering from—naming first one and then another of their several places.” The ancient Druidical sacrifice of bulls under the oak has certainly its corresponding likeness to this ceremony on the Neilgherries. The sacrificing tribes of Burghers and Kûrrumbers are, I believe, more cruel in their operations—pinching the calf to death being the mode of offering the sacrifice. This barbarous custom used to take place at a tree

near Kaity, a small mission station* (on the way to Coonoor) chiefly the gift of Mr. Casamajor to the German missionaries.

In the last number of the 'Bi-Weekly Bombay Times,' you will find an extract from Captain Harkness's work on the Neilgherries, detailing the obsequies of a Todar chief, the description of which is very powerful and graphic. Twelve or fourteen Kodars, who are accustomed to give four or eight annas for the carcasses of the slaughtered buffaloes are described as sitting on a hill which overlooked the valley, "like harpies waiting the moment wherein to gorge themselves with their destined prey." Todar sacrifices for some time were not frequent. But, in the present year, their renewal during funerals, attended with cruelty and brutality, was reported by the collector of Coimbatore (Mr. Thomas) to the Madras Government. Government has since ordered the Todars to confine themselves to the slaughter of two animals on each occasion, and to put them at once out of pain. Before this as many as twelve or fourteen buffaloes have been slaughtered on one occasion.—The Todar language is believed to be simply the old Canarese. It is said also that if you extract from the four principal languages of Southern India,—the Telagu, the Tamil, the Malayal'm, and the Canarese,—all the words that are Sanskrit, you have a language similar to the one which is at present spoken by the people of the Neilgherry Hills.

* Three or four miles to the south of Ootacamund.

As some of you are linguists you may know that the southern languages of India, not radically allied to Sanskrit, have their purest traces in the high Tamil ; and the Tamil has the fewest Sanskrit words, while the Canarese has the most. Captain Congreve suggests a comparison of the Todar language with the Celtic and Gothic tongues. Some Todar words are put side by side with words of Western languages, such as Err (buffalo), in Todar ; Edra (milking time), in Celtic ; Trooda (eldest brother), in Todar ; and Brooder, in Gothic ; Phin (chatty or pot), in Todar ; and Pan, in English ; Ther (the Deity), in Todar ; Thor, the same in Gothic ; and so on. But these matters belong more to the province of the able lecturer on Etymology, who recently treated you to a discourse on the secrets of words. It is difficult to put into a small compass what might interest you most about the tribes of the Blue Mountains.

We all know there is a great deal in a name. Captain Macleod was the first collector, or military commissioner, of Coimbatoor, after Seringapatam was taken. Burgher children, to this day, bear his name in a corrupt form. They also corrupted that of my German friend, Mr. Metz ; and a commander-in-chief happening to pass by a village at the time of a birth, the Burghers thought it lucky to name their child after the European of distinction :— “ *Kamand* ” is, therefore, one of the first names among the Burghers.

In pursuing archæological research among the hills, it is commonly observed how small a matter

may throw the *Antiquary* into error, reminding us of Oldbuck's A.D.L.L. in Scott's immortal novel. You recollect, some of you, when thinking he might tell the world of his finding some interesting memorial of Agricola, it was pointed out to Oldbuck that it was nothing more than A.D.L.L., or "*Aikin Drum's lang ladle!*"

There is great temptation to commit similar errors on the Neilgherries, not only in the contents of cairns, but also in the likeness existing between the names of things and persons, while the antiquary is making his researches. What a curious being is the antiquary in India! Up among the hills, or over the plains before sunrise, ready to commence the part of a "Siva" of mystery in science. He will make you out an aborigine you never dreamt of before; he will show you that knowledge can be gained from an old urn or a spear-head; he will insist, with great propriety, that no man can understand the history of a country well without taking an interest in its antiquities and mythology. All honour, then, be to the Indian antiquary! But, to go where a simple date may mislead him. There is a castle in the neighbourhood of Kotagherry, in the Purunganadoo, called Hutter Koté, that is, castle. Its chief's name was *Oodarya*, a Polygar—about ninety-five years ago; or at the time the mistake was made, about ninety years ago. One learned writer on the Neilgherries made it 990 years ago, confounding the name of the Polygar King, *Adirya*, of 990 years ago, with that of *Oodarya* of ninety. The more recent *Oodarya*

fell in love with a Burgher girl, and married her ; but was eventually, under Hyder Ali, compelled to fly to the Wynaudoo. To the North, I may add, the base of the Blue Mountains rests upon the elevated land of Wynaud and Mysore. Another writer on the Hills peoples four Burgher villages which have ceased to exist for 200 years.

The Koder comes to the Burgher village with his wife and knife—the latter a rough instrument for cutting wood as well as for defence. The Koder carpenters are always paid by the Burghers in kind, such as grain, not in money. The Todar carries about with him a club and small axe. The common dress of this class is a cloth wound round the body, passed under the right arm, and thrown over the left shoulder. The Todar women environ their waists with a brass chain—like the women of the Scythians. At a Burgher funeral, a calf is bound to a post ; sins are thrown at the calf's feet. After this, the calf so used is revered ; if a female giving no milk, and if an ox doing no work. As to the burial of the two principal tribes : the common Burghers *burn* their dead ; the Todars burn ; the Lingaite Burghers bury. I have stories of Mysore rajahs being compelled to fly to the Hills, when, of course, their Hindu subjects followed ; and then comes Tippu Sultan, and they fly down below for succour. Then they come again into the Toda-Nadu—threatening “ a curse ” on a non-payment of 100 rupees by the Burghers, who from their length of residence have really some claim on the soil ; but I have no time

to tell you what the Todar and Burgher think of all this. I am not aware that the former, who passes so much of his time in Dream-land, even knows that Queen Victoria now governs India! A Todar subject should certainly be sent to London, and his respectful agricultural subject, the Burgher, might go as his lord-in-waiting. In the public gardens he might appear in sacrificial costume as the Arch-Druid—the exhibition aided by a brace of stout Smithfield bulls—all under an oak-tree; or he might appear, under the auspices of some arch-humbug, in the opera of ‘Norma,’ as “the last of his race,” for ten nights only! But let us trust that our Todar may never be submitted to such disgrace! As there is generally a marriage towards the conclusion of a romance, I shall give you a remarkable custom connected with this ceremony among the Burghers on the Hills, which, says Congreve, “calls to mind the marriage, and conditions of it, of Jacob with Rachel, as narrated in Scripture.”

“It is customary for one who is in want of labourers to promise his daughter in marriage to the son, or other relative of a neighbour, not in circumstances so flourishing as himself; and these engagements entered into, the intended bridegroom serves the father of his betrothed, as one of his own family, till the girl comes of age, when the marriage is consummated, and he becomes a partner in the general property of the family of his father-in-law.” So much for the “science” of marriage on the Blue Mountains!

You now see, take it in what light we will, what an interesting region is the Neilgherries for the antiquarian and traveller.

It is expected, by December of this year, that the Madras Railway line will be open as far as Tripatoor, 140 miles from Madras, and eighty from Bangalore, so that travellers leaving Madras by the early afternoon train, may dine in Bangalore the next evening. In another year the line may be finished as far as Coimbatoor, when it will be a journey of about eighteen hours from Madras to the foot of the Hills. It is to be hoped that some improvement of the Coonoor Ghaut may be effected within that time.

P.S.—“What?—all this—and not a single word about the flowers?” exclaimed a lady who composed one of the audience at the above lecture. The writer immediately took shame to himself and pleaded guilty. True enough, everything cannot be said in an hour. But only imagine his leaving out the flowers! Well, then, the *Flora* of the Neilgherries might have been honoured with the praises of all the best poets who have written on flowers. Burns and Campbell of our own land, and Bryant, Percival, and Longfellow of America; each of them might have sung of flowers on the Blue Mountains:—

“Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!”

and derived a moral from each of them. The *Geranium*, on the hills, attains great perfection. Whole hedges of it are to be seen around some of the dwell-

ings—the bright colours affording a most exhilarating aspect. The *Heliotropes* here are superb. The wild roses and the cluster roses—the former very abundant—are also very beautiful. The *Fuschia* also blooms in full beauty here; and, with violets, carnations, hearts-ease, primroses, sweet-peas, wall-flowers, and other *Flora* of the English garden, the invalid of taste can here revel among the flowers.

NOTE.

Communication between Madras and the Neilgherries.

The Overland Mail of the 14th of April (1862) announces that Madras is now placed in communication with the Hills by railway, a “material train,” with passenger carriage attached, being advertised to start daily from the station of Sunkerydroog to Avenashy, the nearest point to the Neilgherries. The ‘Friend of India’ remarks—and well he may do so—that Ootacamund has “of late become a favourite resort of Calcutta people in the hot weather.” But from every part of India sojourners may be met with there,—all anxious to enjoy the splendid climate, which I have heard so much praised by retired Indian officers in Great Britain, that one might suppose, were they again located amidst the magnificent mountain scenery of the hills, enraptured they would go on exclaiming—

“Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth—
It is this—it is this!”

II.—A SKETCH OF THE MOGULS, AND THE MOGUL EMPIRE IN INDIA.*

THE quaint author of *Elia*, Charles Lamb, makes short work of the classification of the human species by simply dividing it into two distinct races, *the men who borrow, and the men who lend*;—and to these two original diversities he thinks may be reduced “all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men.” The lenders are born degraded. They shall “serve their brethren”—the “open, trusting, generous” borrowers. Leaving, however, *Elia*’s pleasing satire, which some of us know to our cost to have much truth about it; and turning to the East, we behold few nations better than the Moguls at borrowing or getting money, in every possible way, throughout a long career of conquest. Talk of English taxation in India. Only imagine if our reli-

* This lecture, to the compilation of which the writer endeavoured to give every care, is adapted to a course of historical and geographical lectures which might be pursued in Military Schools. It was likewise intended for the amusement and instruction of the Ordnance Department, the European soldiers, and the clerks of the Government offices at Seetabuldee, the civil station at Nagpore, and where is the arsenal of the Nagpore force.

gion were taxed. While writing about Orissa and the Temple of Jaganath, I discovered that the Moguls drew annually nearly 100,000*l.*, in the shape of tax, from the pilgrims alone. In Orissa, in Bengal, in Upper India, in Central Asia, the Mogul might be taken as one of Elia's two races, while, in Europe, the bearded Jew for interest, or the good-natured moneyed Briton for charity, might represent the other.

Few studies are more interesting than that of the particular races of men ; and, perhaps, I may add, few are more neglected. We see strange faces every day—become habituated to the sight—pass on in the bustle and excitement of life—forgetting them almost the moment after. Physiologists assert that individuals we casually meet in Europe (and the same applies to India) often have the countenance exactly resembling the Negro or Mongul face. "There is more in a face than we dream of in our philosophy !

As some of you may be aware, there are five varieties of the human species—established by the German, Blumenbach ; and these are the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, the American, and the fifth, or Malay variety. The Caucasian variety includes ourselves, and nearly all the great nations of the world, or all the human races in which the intellectual endowments of man have shone forth in the greatest native vigour, have received the highest cultivation, and have produced the richest and most abundant fruits in all that can dignify and ennoble the species.*

* Lawrence's 'Lectures on Physiology.'

How can we wonder, then, at the most enterprising in this variety—beyond a doubt the intelligent European—not only conquering, but holding in subjection, with a view to civilize, all the other races ?

This evening* we have to do chiefly with the second, or Mongolian variety, which includes those Asiatics not belonging to the Caucasian or other varieties. The Mongolian tribes, so widely scattered over the continent of Asia, have, in the opinion of a learned lecturer on Physiology, been erroneously included, with others of different origin and formation, under the name of Tartars (Tatars) ; whereas the last-mentioned tribes, properly so called, belong to the first division of the human race. The Calmucks and other Mongolian nations which overran the Saracen† empire, under Chengiz Khan (or Zenghis), in the thirteenth century, and had entered Europe, have been described under the name of *Tartars* ; whereas that appellation, or rather Tatars, properly belongs to the Western Asiatics, who had been vanquished by the Mongols. The error has been propagated down to the present day,—even the great naturalist, Buffon, not having escaped it ; and among celebrated and classical modern historians, Dr. Robertson mentions Chengiz as the Emperor of the Tartars. The fact is that Chengiz united these people with the Moguls.

* Thursday, 6th of September, 1860.

† When Mahomet erected his standard, the kingdom of Yemen was a province of the Persian Empire. From Mecca to the Euphrates, the Arabian tribes were confounded by the Greeks and Latins, under the general appellation of “ Saracens.”—*Gibbon*.

However, having been so long accustomed to consider the Moguls a tribe of Tartars and so many authorities sanctioning the licence, I shall not depart from it in the following sketch, merely remarking that the Western Asiatics, or Tartars vanquished by the Moguls, are placed in the first or Caucasian variety. The Caucasian race was so called on the supposition that they originally came from the valleys of the Caucasus, between the Black and Caspian seas, not far from the cradle of mankind.

Looking into a late 'New and Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language, as spoken and written,' by Dr. Clarke, I find Mogul, "a Tartar, Mongol; Emperor of Delhi." Then, again, Tatar, or Tartar, is given as "inhabitant of Tartary; ill-natured woman," &c. The latter definition may be considered a philological libel on the fair sex; for, to be candid, many of us, in our journey through life, among men rather than women, have caught a Tartar!"

The word "Mogul," I may mention, has no etymological connection with *muslim*, or *musalman*, which signify a true believer, a Mahomedan. The Arabic word, *musallam*, means preserving safe, in liberty. The Moosulmans of India are composed of the tribes called *Sayud* (descendants of the Prophet), *Sheikh*, *Mogul*, and *Pathan*. It has been well remarked that some writers on Indian affairs use the term Musalmen as the plural of Musalman, when with equal propriety they might write Romen and Germen, instead of Romans and Germans. *Mughal* is a Persian word, simply signifying a

Mogul, a native of Tartary or Tūrān. Even with this slight knowledge of a few words, should any controversialist endeavour to take you in on the subject, one or more of you will be able to prove to him that he has “Caught a Tartar!” As amusement as well as instruction is our object in these lectures, it may be well, before proceeding, to explain to those of you who are unaware of it, the origin of the expression, “Caught a Tartar.”

In some battle between the Russians and Tartars, a private soldier called out,—“Captain, halloo there! I’ve caught a Tartar!” “Fetch him along then,” said the Captain. “Aye, but he won’t let me,” said the man. The Tartar in fact had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets bit himself, they say, “He has caught a Tartar.”

In an interesting work, by Captain Rhodes, of Her Majesty’s 94th Regiment, entitled ‘Tents and Tent-Life, from the earliest Ages to the present Time,’ there are some remarks corroborating what I have just been saying regarding the Tartars and the Moguls. The Mongol race, characterized by the dark yellow colour, flat nose, strong cheek-bones, large ears, and absence of beard, are said to differ widely from the Tartar or Turki tribes, who have “the same striking features of the finely-formed and light-coloured Caucasian family, to which they belong.” In the opinion of Captain Rhodes, the Scythians who devastated Media and Persia in the sixth century before Christ, were Moguls. So were “Ghengis Khan and Kublai Khan.” And

the Moguls and Tartars, being addicted to the same nomadic mode of life are consequently often confounded.* Having casually mentioned a book about tents, habitations so necessary to the nomad, or nomadic tribes of Asia, and, perhaps, too much of the time of an ordnance officer being taken up with the reality, an interesting observation from the author just quoted may not here be considered out of place—“That the earliest mention we have of tents is in Genesis iv. 20, where we are told that ‘Jabel was the father of such as dwell in tents and of such as have cattle;’ meaning that he was the *inventor of tents*, and of pitching those moveable habitations in the fields.”†

And it may be remarked that, whatever improvements we have made in military equipment, whatever advance in military science, we have certainly much yet to learn about tents, with our elephants and camels, and bullocks laden with pegs, and mallets, and poles, and connaughts, and “flies,” and ropes, to carry two or three; whereas, the Calmuck Tartar conical-shaped tent of centuries ago could be packed up with great ease, and a camel could carry five or six of them.”‡ Equipped in this manner we might more speedily have outrun the once redoubtable Tantia Topee in his rapid marches. In the matter of light equipment, in this, as in some other respects, the Frenchman perhaps is our superior. He might even cook his dinner

* ‘Tents and Tent Life,’ p. 66.

† Introduction.

‡ Page 47.

—Tartar-like in all save eating the horseflesh—under a large umbrella, while John Bull would be blustering, and breaking pegs in the sun with a view to the pitching of his tent.

After this digression, I proceed to remark that the different races of men in Europe have more or less amalgamated, and their languages have been intermixed. So it has been in Asia, containing, as you know, Chaldea, the cradle of mankind. The Turks, about whom the late war with Russia has wrapped so much interest of a political nature, were no other than Tartars who had dwelt in the northern regions of Asia from time immemorial, half shepherds, half soldiers, roving with their flocks and families from the borders of the Caspian Sea to the Great Wall of China.

From the occasional wisdom and excellence of some of the Mogul kings—and perhaps queens—in the East, and other signs of greater intellectual power than one would ascribe to a wild, destructive, borrowing, thieving, roving Calmuck, or “Tartar,” of the extreme east,* or Mogul, to the Tartars of more central and western Asia, or those in the Caucasian variety—in which also are the Turks—may probably be found more than is generally dreamt of in the mental element which founded the Mogul empire in

* The Mongols, Calmucks, and Burats, are three great divisions, of which each includes many tribes scattered over the middle of Asia. Their first distinct appearance in history is under the name of Huns (Hiung-nu of the Chinese) in the first century of the Christian era.—*Lawrence*. See also *Humboldt*.

India, which empire, here and in other quarters of the world, from the insatiable love of war and desire of power, aided by the false belief which in later times accompanied such characteristics, is eloquently styled by Gibbon as “rather the scourge than the benefactor of mankind.” What a scourge! Attila with his Huns in the centre of Europe! And again, Chengiz with his hordes in the middle of Asia. However this may be, in tracing the rise and progress of the Ottomans, or sovereigns of Constantinople, it is necessary for the better understanding of history, to describe the great eruption of the Moguls and Tartars, and to review the nations, “the immediate, or remote authors of the fall of the Roman empire.” But to do this well must be left to the historian, as but little can be said within the compass of our sketch. The countries between China, Siberia, and the Caspian Sea, have poured forth their numbers to subvert the thrones of Asia and Europe—in short to destroy almost without the hope of renovation.

I hesitate not to assert that if phrenologists, some centuries ago, had held as they do now their omniscient power over the human head, without doubt they would have allotted the bump of “destructiveness” in the greatest degree to a Tartar. Sir William Jones, in giving the largest boundaries once assignable to Tartary, evidently includes Mongolia. By carefully following these boundaries you will perceive how much greater the country called Tartary formerly extended. I shall endeavour to give you some idea of them on

the map of Asia.* Conceive a line drawn from the mouth of the *Dinaper* or *Dneiper*, and, bringing it back across the *Euxine*, or Black Sea, so as to include the peninsula of Krim, extend it along the foot of the *Caucasus* by the rivers *Cur* and *Aras*, to the Caspian Lake, from the opposite shore of which, in an easterly direction, continue the line beyond the Chinese wall† to the White Mountain and the country of Yesso, or Yetso; skirting the borders of *Persia*, *India*, *China*, *Corea*, but including part of Russia, with all the districts which lie between the *Glacial Sea* and that of *Japan*.‡ By the Glacial Sea is meant the sea of Okotsk, which washes the western shore of Kamptchatka, and part of the Russian Empire in the East. And thus is pointed out to you the former extent of the vast plains of Scythia, or Tartary, about one hundred degrees of longitude, or upwards of 5000 miles, from which emigrated the tribes of hunters and shepherds, who in every age have inhabited them. This country appears to be in a great measure comprised of what is now styled Mongolia, that is, eastern, or Chinese Tartary, and western, or independent Tartary. In a former lecture, while alluding to the supposed aborigines of the Neilgherries, it was remarked that from Scythia sprang the three great people who overran Europe,—the Slavonic tribes, the

* Here point out on the Map.

† The Great Wall of China, erected as a protection against the inroads of the Hiung-nu (Huns), 214 B.C.

‡ *Vide* Sir W. Jones's works. Anniversary Discourse, 21st of Feb. 1788, before Asiatic Society in Calcutta.

Goths or Germans, and the Celts. The ancient Britons, of whom our worthy chaplain gave you such vivid and interesting pictures, were simply Celtic Scythians. From successive invasions, from different parts of Asia, came new changes. The Huns were impelled towards the west by the progress of the Chinese power; and in course of time, as the colonies went westward, "the Greek, the Roman, and the Teutonic languages were superinduced over the ancient Celtic." The word Teutonic, some of you may not be aware, is derived from the Teutons, a German people, who founded the English nation, laws, and language. Let us ponder for a moment over the tide of mingled "Turks" and Mongols, which poured itself on the west. But this might only bring us back to the decline of the Roman empire, in the fourth century of our era, when that dreadful enemy, the Huns, appeared in Europe. Let us go back to the remote parts of Eastern Asia, from which the stream of migratory nations had been moved in its onward course for several centuries before our era.* In the middle of the first century before it, Julius Cæsar first beholds the British Celt. Shakspeare's Hamlet, in imagination, brings the dust of Alexander the Great to a beer barrel. "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" So we may trace back the Celt—perhaps our own forefather—to a shepherd or a hunter on the plains of Scythia, eating horse-flesh,

* Humboldt.

and living in a hide-coloured tent ; perhaps belonging to a tribe under the discipline of some ancestor of a future Great Mogul.

The Tartars appear to be a nation of great antiquity, for we find them dating their origin 4000 years before the founder of the Mogul empire, Chengiz Khan, who was born in the year 1164. The first appearance of the Mahomedans in India was at the time of their first expedition to Cabul, in Afghanistan, A.D. 664,* just 500 years before the birth of Chengiz.

It is necessary at this stage to say a word about Mahomet, or Mahomed, who, born at Mecca in the year 571, of the noblest of the Arabian tribes (of the first, or Caucasian race), is said to have entered on his "mission" possessed of three important things, *viz.* considerable wealth, a name famous for courage and military skill, and a reputation for learning. The solitary man of thirteen hundred years ago must, even in his most ambitious musings, have little thought that as late as the nineteenth century it would be written that Islam "will wither away," that the stranger having planted a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, should "sit in the seats of the Faithful."† Only imagine, out of the population of the whole earth, about 1,200,000,000, the followers of Mahomet at present number 160,000,000. So much for the

* Or in the year of the Hegira, or from the prophet's flight from Mecca, forty-four years.—*Elphinstone*.

† Eöthen.

influence of “the solitary of Mount Hera, the preacher of Mecca, and the conqueror of Arabia.” And all his followers, since the birth of Mahomedanism, have steadily aimed at the establishment of universal dominion.

As you will now soon find Mogul and Moosulman connected together in history, I may also mention that Mahmood of Ghizni was the first Moosulman conqueror who made any permanent impression on India, where he was known as the “image-breaker.” The Moguls, a tribe of Tartars, as before stated, were unknown to the world before the appearance of Chengiz Khan. He, through his great ability, bedimmed by cruelty and ferocity, first planted in his countryman that destructive ambition which afterwards laid waste the fertile plains of so many beautiful countries; and all this was accomplished by one who, in that dark age, obtained the title of “King of Kings,” “Disposer of Thrones and of Diadems.” The ancestors of Chengiz Khan appear to have been celebrated throughout the country for their valour and increase of the Mogul tribe. Pisouka, the father of Chengiz, we are informed, having subdued and slain a great Tartar chief, named his son Temugin after his illustrious victim. Temugin, the future Chengiz, received an excellent education, at least what was considered excellent among the Tartars, a people to whom, from the earliest ages, literature was almost unknown. The Turks and Huns, Tartar tribes, had no letters; the Huns, it is said, never even heard of them.

At this time Tartary was divided into numerous tribes; and like the Arabians or other nations, who lead for the most part a nomadic life, they appear to have been continually at war with one another. Temugin, on seeing himself the master of very extensive dominions, adopted the resolution to render his power in some degree lawful, by the public homage of all the princes within the precincts of his empire. He convoked them at Karakorum, his capital, where they all met on the appointed day clothed in white, among whom were the princes of the blood, attired like the rest. The Emperor, with the diadem encircling his brow, advanced into the midst of this august assembly, seated himself on his throne, and received the compliments of the Khans and other nobility. They then proceeded to confirm to him and his successors the sovereignty of the Mogul empire, and all the nations subject to it; and declared the descendants of their princes divested of all their rights. After his subsequent victories he renewed a similar inauguration at the head of his army, with less pompous ceremonial, but more affecting simplicity. He took his place on an eminence of turf, whence he arraigned the assembly with an eloquence that was natural to him.* He then sat on a black felt which had been spread on the earth; and an orator appointed for the occasion addressed him in the most laudatory terms, concluding with,—
“If you abuse the authority lodged in your hands,

* Anquetil's 'Universal History.'

you will become black as this felt; that is to say, wretched and an outcast." This said felt was long preserved as a sacred relic among the Moguls. Seven Khans then respectfully assisted the Emperor to rise, conducted him to the throne, and proclaimed him chief of all the Mogul empire. Fortunately for his cause, Kokja, one of his relations, was present; a man who, by strictly practising the rigid duties of religion, had gained the reputation of being inspired. He approached the prince and said,—“ I am come by Divine order to inform you that it is God's pleasure you should henceforward take the name of Jenghis Khan; and you must publish it to your subjects, that in future they may give you that appellation.” This title signifies the *greatest Khan of Khans*. The denomination was ratified by the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. The Mogul, persuaded of the truth of the revelation, considered the rest of the world in no other light than as a conquest, which belonged, by divine right, to their great Khan. His name is also written *Chengis* or *Chengiz*. He first invaded China (A.D. 1206), after having subdued almost all Tartary, the numerous hordes of which country had already bowed at the feet of his father. After plundering and desolating, and overthrowing the dynasty of Song, and taking Yen-King, their capital, the Moguls became masters of the country. The Chinese Emperor was slain; in five years Chengiz found himself master of nearly all China. He next conquered Corea, turned westward and subdued Tibet, entered Kashmeer and established his power on

the borders of Chorassan, at that time governed by Mahomed, a famous Sultan.

Colonel Dow informs us that the climate of Chorassan is excellent, and the most temperate of all Persia. Nothing can equal the fruitfulness of its soil. The province of Chorassan, in short, abounds with everything that can contribute to make a country rich and agreeable. The whole face of the country was almost covered with great cities, when it was invaded and ruined by Chengiz Khan. The beauty of this province, in the old Persian meaning the “Province of the Sun,” has been sung by Moore in ‘Lallah Rookh.’ Some of you may recollect the ‘Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,’ a magnificent Oriental poem, commencing:—

“ In that delightful province of the Sun,
 The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
 Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
 Flow’rets and fruits, blush over every stream—
 * * * * * *
 There on that throne, to which the blind belief
 Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet Chief,
 The great Mokanna.”

This impostor, or “Veiled Prophet,” created great alarm throughout the Eastern empire upwards of eleven hundred years ago, and was styled *Mokanna*, from the veil of silver or golden gauze which he always wore. And now to return to Mahomed, Sultan of Chorassan, or, as it is sometimes called, Karazon, who was now one of the most powerful monarchs of the East. He ruled over nearly the whole of Persia, and a great part of Northern Hindustan. Such a thing

could not fail to excite the jealousy of Chengiz ; the Mogul Emperor, therefore, advanced against him and subdued his country. The Czar of Russia, at length afraid of his dominions in the East, immediately took up arms, but was defeated by the all-conquering Chengiz. “ Prosperity,” writes the historian, “ was his constant attendant and never quitted him to the tomb.” Having given a code of laws to the Moguls, after a reign of twenty-two years (A.D. 1227) he expired in his native land, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. I have, perhaps, dwelt rather too long upon the actions of this great warrior ; but considering that he was the founder of the mighty empire, which hereafter assumed such a figure in the East, it is justifiable.

It may be here mentioned, with reference to the attempt made to introduce Christianity into China, by the Papal missionaries of the Mongolian period, that one result of the extraordinary career of Chengiz Khan was the opening of the way for travellers to and fro across the vast plains of Central Asia. What was impracticable while the nomadic races of Tartary were without a head, and while Asia was split into small kingdoms, “ became easy of accomplishment when the short-lived empire of the Moguls was formed.” Some celebrated European adventurers were then in China ; and, among others, John of Pekin, a dignified missionary from the Pope, who attempted, during a lengthened residence, to establish a permanent mission in the metropolis of the Grand Khan.

The wonderful increase of the power of Chengiz

shows what resolution will accomplish, even in a petty chief, one who, through talent and bravery, conquered the greater part of Asia. I may now remark that the dynasty of Ghaur had gained possession of most of the provinces on the right of the Indus; and, in 1194, after succeeding the dynasty of Ghizni, had founded the Afghan empire in India. According to the Abbé Raynal and other writers, the Afghans, or Patans, are said to have been Arabian merchants settled on the coasts of Hindustan, who, taking advantage of the weakness of the several kings and nations who had admitted them, easily seized upon many provinces, and founded a vast empire, of which Delhi became the capital. Before this the seat of government had been at Lahore. In fact, with Mahmood Ghore, or Ghaur, in 1191, may be said, in the words of an able writer, to have commenced “that storm of desolation which swept the Hindu monarchs of Hindustan from their thrones, and ended in seating a Mussulman dynasty on the throne of Delhi.” It was this same Mahmood, or Mahomed, who, at the end of the twelfth century, defeated Prit-hiraj, the last Hindu monarch of Delhi, “after whose death the banner of the Crescent waved for five centuries over this ancient capital.”

As the lectures of our worthy and accomplished Chief Engineer, as well as those of the gallant lecturer on Lucknow, have made this word *Delhi* so familiar to us of late, it may not be uninteresting to look at the origin of the name of that city so notorious in the late Revolt as the rallying point of the rebels. Ferishta,

the Persian historian, writes that, some eight or nine hundred years ago, when Delhi was founded, in consequence of its soil being so soft as not to admit of a peg holding with any firmness, its name was called Delhi." On this, it has been observed, that Delhi, if such were the case, is doubtless from the Hindustani *Dhil-à*, which means lose not tight; and *zummeen*, ground in Hindustani, being feminine, may account for the termination of Delhi, or the letter *i*. Such, then, is an attempt to arrive at the origin of the name of that famous city, associated with Moslem greatness, with the names of Mahmoud, of Ghuznee, of Tammerlane, of Baber, of Acbar, and Arungzebe; and through the seven gates of which, to use a remark similar to one made by the gallant lecturer on Delhi, have issued the armies that "subdued the Hindu to Mussulman rule, and through them have poured in the horses and fruits of Cabul, the armour of Oude, the shawls of Cashmere, the tributes of a hundred princes to the glory of the Great Mogul."*

"The irruption of the Moguls," says Elphinstone, "was the greatest calamity that has fallen on mankind since the Deluge. They had no religion to teach, and no seeds of improvement to sow, nor did they offer an alternative of conversion or tribute; their only object was to slaughter and destroy; and the only trace they left was in the devastation of every country which they visited." It may be well also to state that the Tartars and Moguls were simply idolaters. Some

* 'Quarterly Review,' No. 204, October 5, 1847, p. 546.

of them had been converted by the Christian and Mahomedan missionaries. Islam was chiefly forced on them through their conquests. The Great Khan himself appears to have been, like the Karen of Burmah, a deist. Humboldt corroborates the opinion of Elphinstone, saying that these "Asiatic hordes were uninfluenced by any religious zeal before they entered Europe." And, again, that the Mongolians have "never occupied themselves with the conversion of conquered nations." They do not appear to have been very difficult of conversion themselves; and when the Mahomedan religion spread we find the descendants of Chengiz even making pilgrimages to the shrine of the Prophet. I have already mentioned Mahmood of Ghizni, a Tartar, who extirpated, wherever he came, the Hindu religion, and established the Mahomedan in its stead. I have also mentioned to you the dynasty of Ghaur, who came from a rude district, situated on the loftiest branch of Hindu Cosh, or the Indian Caucasus, where it borders on Tibet and Turkistan.

Connected with this famous dynasty I shall now remark that Kootub, Mahomed Ghore's slave and successor, was the first real Mahomedan sovereign of India (1206). Chengiz Khan had made himself master of all the territory from the southern confines of the Punjaub northwards, but it does not appear he advanced further, which, at that time, saved India from the terrible Mogul conquerors. Altumsh, the Mahomedan, sat on the throne of Hindustan from

1211 to 1236. I should have mentioned that at the very end of the twelfth century Bengal and Behar were subjugated by the Mahomedans. Before attempting Bengal, the conqueror is said to have been tried in single combat with an elephant. But the Hindu kingdom fell without even striking a blow. I may also state that the conquest of the Deccan was the chief event on the accession of the third Mahomedan dynasty, or that of the Khilzies, which succeeded the race of Ghaur. At the end of the thirteenth century Alla-ood-deen, who carried in his veins the blood of the famous Sultan of Chorassan, and nephew to the reigning Emperor, who founded the new dynasty, began the conquest. While governor of Oude, Alla had extended his power into the Deccan, and, on gaining the throne, he pushed his conquests over the greater part of the south of India, probably the first time that the land had been passed over by conquerors not of some of the forms of the Hindu faith. The spoil on this expedition was excessive, Ferishta estimating it at 100,000,000*l.* sterling.

In the year 1244 the Moguls had made an irruption into the eastern provinces of Bengal by way of Thibet. This has been styled the "last surge of the Mogul inundation." It may have originated from the descendants of Chengiz carrying out his last orders to complete the subjugation of China, and, which being done, they turned their thoughts to India. The Moguls had occupied Ghizni, Cabul,

Candahar, Balkh, and Herat. In the year 1258 an envoy arrived from the grandson of Chengiz to compliment the Mahomedan sovereign of Delhi (Nazir-ood-deen). At this time the Moguls made no attempt to invade Hindustan. Gradually the race of Chengiz Khan lost power. In 1337 it was no longer recognized; the empire was in a state of anarchy and confusion. In 1359, while Tartary, and China, and Persia were in an unsettled condition, one man was coming forward to take advantage of such a state of things. This was the famous Timour Bec, known by the name of Tammerlane, commonly styled a Tartar, who overthrew all the thrones of Chengiz and his descendants from China to Syria. He vanquished also Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks. The destructive days of Chengiz were revived. Nature wept at the birth of one who has been styled his descendant, the mighty but cruel Tammerlane. The scene is one of cheerful industry and pleasant repose:—

“ Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter
 Shall rage around, and mar the beauteous prospect;
 Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
 Of thousands and eternity, what change
 Shall hasty death make in you glittering plain.
 Oh, thou fell monster, war! that in a moment
 Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
 The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
 That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
 Unprivileged from thee.”*

I have been recently reading an essay “ On the Importance of Energy in Life.”† This practical quality

* ‘Tammerlane,’ a Tragedy, by N. Rowe, act i. sc. 1.

† ‘Frazer’s Magazine,’ No. 367. July, 1860.

is perhaps more essential to success in everything we attempt than most of our other qualities put together. Determine to succeed and never think of failure. Bringing out his subject, the pleasant essayist touches on the Moguls,—“Energy tainted with ferocity was the trait of the Tartar conquerors Zinghis Khan and Timour, as it was of the most warlike Turkish sultans; and as it was, though without the ferocity, of Baber, the first of the Great Moguls.” In Indian history, I may observe, Tippoo Sultan, of Mysore, and Scindiah, the Mahratta chief, are good examples of energy in Oriental life. Of later times, Tantiah Topee, who was not far from honouring Seetabuldee and the arsenal with a visit, was another fair example. Nature seems to give this dominating quality equally to the savage and the sage.

Energy is in short the lever of action in life. To the rising youth of India, to those who attend this course of lectures, too much cannot be said on what extraordinary difficulties may be overcome by the power of energy, which quality, combined with a well-directed intellect, will surely work for good.

Tammerlane invaded Turkistan, Kipsac, Russia, Hindustan, Syria, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope or desire of preserving those provinces. From thence he departed, laden with spoil; but he left behind him neither troops to overawe the contumacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives. Whatever might be the blessings of his administration they evaporated with his life. He wrote the

famous 'Institutions,' to give mankind an idea of a perfect monarchy, which on earth can never be attained. The ambition of his children and grandchildren—a very common failing among the great—was to reign, rather than govern, a system which invariably ends in making numerous enemies.

Tammerlane was born A.D. 1336, and died in 1405. From his earliest childhood he was a soldier. He appears to have been a leading boy at school, though we have no record that he was a bully, that most despicable and cowardly of all human characters. On one occasion, when the question was raised as to the best mode of sitting, young Timour replied that the best mode is on the knees, for "Mohammed has commanded, 'whilst in prayer, sit on your knees.'" In a life written by himself he says, "When we came out from school we began to play as children; but I, assuming the command, stood upon a high mound, and having divided them into two armies, caused them to fight a sham battle, and when I saw one of the parties worsted, I sent them assistance." Such was Tammerlane in his youth, not unlike Napoleon at the Military School of Brienne. The Mogul Emperor also seems to have possessed that stern obstinacy in after-life which so characterized the French Emperor, which his clever nephew seems, in some degree, to have inherited.

The reigns of Chengiz and Tammerlane form the most interesting periods of Mogul history, previous to the commencement of the Mogul empire in India, which began towards the end of the fifteenth century

(about 1498), when we find the Moguls fairly in possession of Hindustan. A grandson of Tammerlane's, by name Sultan Baber, founded this empire. Baber was a distinguished scholar, excelled in poetry and music, and wrote his own language with elegance and perspicuity. He was a model of virtue in that dark age, and is highly commended by the Persian historian, Ferishta. He died about 1530, and was succeeded by Humaiom, who was as unfortunate as his father had been the reverse. He died in 1555; and Acbar, his son, mounted the Mogul throne. Acbar, with judicious government, became one of the greatest of the Mogul emperors. To Akbar-abad, or Agra, your attention has been already drawn by another lecturer.* It was a mere village till the sixteenth century, when it became an imperial city; and it continued to be the chief seat of the Mogul government down to the reign of Shah Jehan, who, in 1647, transferred his court to Delhi, that is the new, or present city, called Shah-Jehan-pore—the City of the King of the World, the famous but now fallen Delhi, founded by Shah Jehan. Acbar reigned fifty-one years. It was in his reign that the overthrow of the independent sovereignty of Orissa took place (A.D. 1558). Towards the close of that century, the Mahomedans took entire possession, and did everything in their power to annoy the pious Hindus; and we now begin to picture in imagination a most ludicrous, though it was to them a most serious business, namely, that of the High Priest of Jagannáth,

* Colonel (now Major-General) Boileau.

with other zealous assistants, stealing away, in a covered cart, with three carefully wrapped-up images, to conceal their hideous treasures in the hills adjacent to the beautiful and picturesque Chilka lake, until a favourable opportunity occurred for again setting them upon their throne in the temple. From this petty warfare the much talked-of, but little-understood, pilgrim tax, which I have already casually mentioned, derived its origin. Selim, a relation of Acbar, next ascended the throne, under the name of Jehangir, which signifies "Conqueror of the World,"—a prince too much addicted to lascivious pleasures to do much good as ruler of an empire. In 1628 Shah-Jehan, his son ("King of the World"), ascended the throne; he was the tenth in regular descent from Tammerlane, which name I believe to be a corruption of Timour Lenk.*

As has been said, Shah Jehan founded new Delhi. Old Delhi, founded by the Patan kings, on the ruins of the Hindu city of Indraput, was no more. New Delhi was destined to stand by and look on while the English were being murdered in 1857. She has received her well-merited punishment; and, it is probable, only the great Nadir Shah's irruption brought the like of what was transacted in that city after its capture. Numbers of treacherous rebels, high and low, were tried by a special commission, and hanged. In the days of Jehangir and Shah Jehan, however,

* Timour is the Turkish name for Iron. Lenk (lung) is, in the Persian language, Lame.

they would, doubtless, have been "strung up" without trial by a special commission. But now, as after, our Governor-General, though India had been in jeopardy, tempered revenge with justice and mercy!

It was during the reign of Shah Jehan that Bernier, the celebrated traveller, made his tour of the Mogul empire, and of which, during its greatest splendour, he has left us the most interesting description in the world. The names of the famous Moguls, I may here mention, were generally allegorical, such as, Aureng-Zebe, "The Throne's Ornament," who was the fourth son of the great Mogul Shah-Jehan. The youngest was Morad Bakhe, "The Desire Accomplished." Noor Mâhil, "The Light of the Seraglio," was the name first given to the wife of Jehangir, but was afterwards changed to Noor-Jehan-Begum, signifying "The Light of the World," who, says Bernier, "wielded the sceptre, while her husband abandoned himself to drunkenness and dissipation."

Bernier considered India under the Mogul government as speedily going to ruin. Justice and impartiality did not exist. One of this traveller's anecdotes will illustrate the fact. A young man laid before Shah Jehan a complaint that his mother, a banian, was possessed of immense wealth, about 200,000 rupees, who yet, on account of alleged ill-conduct, withheld from him all participation. The Emperor, tempted by hearing of so large a fortune, sent for the lady, and commanded her, in open assembly, to give her son 50,000 rupees, and to pay to himself 100,000,

at the same time desiring her to withdraw. The woman, however, by loud clamour, again procured admittance, and coolly said :—“ May it please your Majesty, my son has certainly some claim to the goods of his father ; but I would gladly know what relation your Majesty bears to the merchant, my deceased husband, that you make yourself his heir.” The Great Mogul laughed heartily, ordered her to depart, and no exaction to be made !

As connected with the court of the Great Mogul at this time, I wish to give you a brief sketch of the Indian career of the famous Sir Thomas Roe, he being a splendid example of those men who are gifted with the great “ Anglo-Saxon virtues of energy and perseverance.” Sir Thomas,* after a voyage of discovery to South America, in which he was one of the first to explore the mighty river Amazon, in January, 1615, was commissioned by King James I. to be Ambassador to the “ Great Mogul, or King of India.” This was just fifteen years after the establishment of “ the United Company of London Merchants trading to the East Indies.” Many of us have been accustomed to limit our knowledge of the Great Mogul to having seen his grotesque likeness on a pack of cards, or hearing his name casually mentioned in song or story. But probably some of you are not aware that it was the insolence and rapacity of the Portuguese, which, being particularly obnoxious to the Mogul Government, led the great Oriental Court to favour the

* Born in Essex, in the year 1580.

presence of an English ambassador. The Portuguese had been signally defeated by our ships off Surat. And now the time had come to obtain more favourable terms of trade through means of a clever envoy; and at home, as I have told you, the royal choice fell upon Sir Thomas Roe. The King sent a letter to "Selim Shah (Jehangir) the Great Mogul," by Sir Thomas, "as also a draft of a treaty of commerce and alliance for the Mogul's acceptance and signature." I must give you the opening of the Royal epistle. "James, by the grace of Almighty God the creator of heaven and earth, King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, defender of the Christain faith, &c., to the high and mightie monarch, the Great Mogul, King of the Orientall Indies, of Chandahar, of Chismer (Cashmere), and Coruzan (Khorassan), &c., greeting," &c.

Sir Thomas landed in state at Surat in September, 1615. He was accompanied by the President and merchants of the factory. And now observe the phraseology of 250 years ago. We would say he had also a guard of honour of 100 men from the fleet. They, however, have it that he had "a Court of Guard of 100 shot" (*musketeers*); and, again, instead of the ships dressed with their gay flags saluted him as he passed, they assert that "the ships in their best equipage gave him their ordnance as he passed."

It was at Ajmere, in January 1616, that Sir Thomas was presented, in Open Durbar, to Jehangir, "the Conqueror of the World." He was allowed to salute as practised at the court of his own sovereign.

Jehangir, doubtless, even excused his taking off his boots, which was certainly not allowed to those who were present at the installation, in 1857, of the present Nizam of Hyderabad. The determined Sir Thomas had stipulated that he was "not to perform any prostrations or go through any degrading or undignified ceremony." This reminds me of the custom, that of taking off the shoes or boots before an audience with Majesty, observed with the King of Ava. At the end of the first Burmese war, the Embassy consisted of young Havelock (afterwards the great Sir Henry), Captain Lumsden, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, and others. The gallant trooper last mentioned, who wore jack-boots of fair dimensions, was of course loth to take them off; perhaps as much so as the Imperial Guard of Napoleon to be shorn of their splendour, when their long *queues* were ordered to be delivered over to the hands of the Paris barber. If I recollect right, he either *did not* or *would not* take off his boots. I forget whether the Golden Foot allowed his being presented with them on. The Burmese, I may mention, are of the Mongolian variety; but let us return to Sir Thomas Roe. Sir Thomas appears to have managed Jehangir with consummate tact and ability; and a more straightforward, enlightened representative of our countrymen, it would have been difficult to have found at that time. As man has often to have recourse to woman in cases of difficulty, so was he not above calling in the aid of

the beautiful, romantic, and talented "Noormahal," the Emperor's wife, to gain the objects of his mission. It took nearly two years to obtain the full confirmation of the treaty, with other most important privileges, all of which aided materially the rise of the glorious and munificent old Company, which has now passed away with that Mogul empire which was then near the "zenith of its prosperity and splendour."

In mentioning Roe, I have forgot to tell you anything about Coryate, his celebrated friend, whom he met at Ajmere on arrival. This indefatigable traveller, full of eccentricity, love of sight-seeing, and personal vanity, had excited the attention of Jehangir and his courtiers, who styled him the *English Faquir*. He was fond of notoriety, and having been eclipsed by his friend Sir Thomas, the great ambassador, he determined to bring himself to the notice of Jehangir by an address in Persian. The "Lord Protector of the World," was pleased with the erudite harangue, which he delivered with great emphasis, and presented the author with one hundred rupees, to assist his projected travels; "and," says Coryate in a letter to his mother, "never had I more need of money in my life than at that time, for in truth I had but twenty shillings sterling left in my purse." His Asiatic travels were very extensive; and his knowledge of the Indian vernacular truly wonderful. A story is told of him that there was a woman, a laundress, belonging to the Lord Ambassador's house, who had such freedom of speech that she would scold, brawl,

and rail from sunrise to sunset. One day Coryate “undertook her in her own language, and by eight of the clock in the morning so silenced her that she had not one word more to speak.” On a traveller mentioning to King James that he had met Coryate in Persia, the King remarked,—“Is that fool living yet?” Sir Thomas Roe had no mean opinion of him; but particularly offended his vain friend by, in a letter of introduction to the Consul at Aleppo, styling him “a very honest, poor wretch,” which remark was afterwards expunged. Sir Thomas finally left the country in 1619, after labouring greatly to the advantage of British dominion in India, particularly as regards his transactions with the Great Mogul. He is the ablest, and, perhaps, the first and greatest genuine pioneer of British enterprise in the East. Let us put poor Coryate in the second place, and conclude this digressive notice with the epitaph written for him by a friend, who styled him “a man of a very coveting eye, *that could never be satisfied with seeing.*”

“ Here lies the wanderer of his age,
 Who living did rejoice,
 Not out of need, but choyce,
 To make his life a pilgrimage.

“ He spent full many pretious daies,
 As if he had his being
 To waste his life in seeing!
 More thought to spend, to gain him praise.

* * * * *

“ Many the places which he ey’d,
 And though he should have been
 In all parts yet unseen,
 His eye had not been satisfy’d.

“ To fill it when he found no room,
By the choyce things he saw
In Europe and vast Asia,
Fell blinded in this narrow tombe.” *

Shah Jehan bears a good character, and was possessed of great talents and accomplishments. He was famous for his splendid family ; the sons were brave, and the daughters were beautiful and accomplished. Aureng-Zebe, the fourth son, being of a studious cast, and a man of business, was entrusted with an important share in the government of the Mogul empire by his father, who little suspected his ambitious designs. He became jealous of the power of his elder brothers, which they obtained during the sickness of their father. He gradually extended his ambitious views, which displayed great talent combined with hypocrisy ; till at length he defeated his father and brothers in battle, and gained the imperial power. Aureng-Zebe began to reign about 1658. He died at the age of ninety, in 1707. His character, by one writer, has been compared to that of Shakspeare's Richard the Third. He had frequently his “ winter ” of discontent, and could make, or thought he could make, even villany respectable. He somewhat resembled Richard in duplicity and cunning—features quite inseparable from Mogul character. During his reign the whole imperial force marched into the Deccan, the final subjugation of which was the grand object of

* For these particulars regarding “Roe and Coryate,” I am indebted to an admirable article under that title in the ‘Calcutta Review,’ No. 56, June, 1857.

his ambition. But it was not till upwards of a quarter of a century after (1720), that two of the Mogul race, the Nizam in the Deccan, and Saadut in Oude, had established independent kingdoms—the former nominally still existing. Next to Acbar, Aureng-Zebe is undoubtedly the most celebrated of the Mogul emperors in India. The rise of the Mahratta power took place during the reign of Aureng-Zebe. Sevajee, founder of the dynasty, whose great-grandfather was a Zemindar near Poonah, founded that enterprising but treacherous family which, from a small village, made Poonah a great and flourishing capital. The Mahrattas not only subverted the tottering empire of Mogul empire in Hindustan; but we know that they disputed with no contemptible skill the rise and advance of British supremacy. And, in 1857, the adopted son of the Peishwah, the vile miscreant, Nana Sahib (Nana Rao), was murdering the British, men, women, and children, at Cawnpore, after having flattered them like dogs, and enjoyed their society and confidence!

With the death of Aureng-Zebe, the glory of the Mogul empire in India may be said to have departed. From this period, to the time when Lord Lake, in 1803, with a victorious army entered the city of Delhi,—the ancient capital of the Pathan and Mogul empires,—India was mostly a scene of bloodshed and confusion. The British power was gaining its greatest height. Then it was the aged Mogul put himself under the protection of the British, and was compelled

to receive an annual salary. The name of the Great Mogul was all the vestige of imperial dignity left to the descendants of a race who once kept the Eastern world in terror. Like the incendiary's work of terrible magnitude, illuminating the heavens with destructive splendour, till the flames spread devastation all around ; so was the Mogul empire till the death of Aureng-Zebe : other adventurers then sought supremacy in the East, and rushed forward to quench the dying flame, till, of the mighty conflagration, the ashes alone were left. But in the eventful year of 1857, it seemed that the words of the poet were to be realized with the Moguls,

“ Even in their ashes live their wonted fires ! ”

The terrible details of the Bengal mutiny are yet fresh in the minds of all Indian residents, especially of those who were in the country while the awful events took place. Early in the above year, in the imperial city of Delhi—a city of more than one creed and more than one dynasty—in the palace of his ancestors, there lived, on a munificent pension paid by the British Government, Bahadur Khan, the representative of the great Mogul house; which once held all India under sovereign sway. The Brahman and the Moslem were earnestly turning their eyes towards him for the recovery of lost power. Prayers were offered up in the mosques for the restoration of the royal house of Delhi. We had had a century of glory. On the 23rd of June, 1857,* that glory was to cease for ever ! It was to be sought by others who thought

* Battle of Plassey, 23rd of June, 1757.

they had a greater right to it, but yet who, when they possessed it, could never keep it. The Mahomedan had lost his military, the Brahman his social sway ; and the desire to recover it was strong indeed.

In the month of May, 1857, as you know, Delhi rose in insurrection against us. The house of Tamerlane, it seemed, must either rise again, or fall for ever ! In this eventful year, too, during the month of June, the Mahomedans of Nagpore, “in conjunction with the irregular cavalry, were plotting to murder the whole of the European residents at Seetabuldee ;”^{*} and considering the small European force available— if a few European warrant officers of the Arsenal, and the European residents at the station can be called a force—the very ground we now stand upon was insecure. What strange events have since then taken place ! What a season of rebellion and anarchy we have passed through ! And what have the chief actors in the rebellion gained by it ? Simply disgrace or death ! There is something truly lamentable in the result which has been produced from ignorance of our resources, of the real stability of our power, and of the invincible courage of the British nation. And by none was this ignorance more manifested than by the wretched Last of the Moguls, and his vile advisers. The once “magnificent inheritance of the House of Tamerlane ” has passed away like a tale that is told. Only last year (1859), the last of the Moguls left India to take up his abode as a banished prisoner in Burmah. This is, per-

^{*} Hislop.

haps, the greatest blow to Mogul pride which has occurred since its empire became the "scourge of mankind." In a retrospect of 1859, we also find it noted that the complete suppression of the rebellion in India, and the failure of the rising in Borneo, have notably checked the aspiration of Mahomedans. Again, it would seem that France is arming for a general crusade against Islam ; and there is a manifest movement among the Mahomedans in Turkey, especially among those of the capital, "in favour of Christianity." We must all regret to have observed by the Overland Mail of the 28th of June (1860) the announcement of a great massacre of Christians in Syria—the land consecrated by so much that is great and noble—and that the Turks of Bosnia had commenced a crusade against them. Yet, notwithstanding all this opposition, although with so many millions of followers, is Islam slowly withering away. The Crescent must at no very distant period altogether disappear before the light of the Cross, in the same manner as all other heresies and mythological faiths shall surely disappear, before the power of that Great Religion "which is destined to supplant them all!" To bring about such a great end, ought we not to be zealous workers in the cause of educational enlightenment and civilisation? Ought we not to aid every scheme, however humble, for the improvement of nations perishing for lack of knowledge?

POSTSCRIPT.

THE NEW SULTAN.

Abdul-Aziz-Khan, Grand Seignior and Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, succeeded his brother, Abdul-Medjid-Khan, on the 25th of June, 1861. Some of the common sense of the old Eastern Moguls, appears to distinguish this potentate, who began his career in the days of "peace, retrenchment, and reform." How long he may be able to hold his own in Europe, need not be speculated on. The day when everything *Mahomedan* shall be driven back to the East, whence it came, may not be far distant; and civilisation may demand such a change! However, I shall here give a few notes, from a letter from Constantinople, published in 1861, which will show how the law of *progress* has even touched a Sultan! On one occasion, while examining the dockyard, he firmly declared that his intention was to increase the fleet. "It shall be done under protection of your Majesty's shadow!" was the answer, in Oriental style. "Do not talk of Majesty and shadow," said the Sultan, "but take notice of one thing, which is, that I am determined to have cannons, ships, and sailors, soldiers and muskets!" On another occasion, he spent not fewer than seven hours in inspecting the lodgings of the troops, the arms, clothing, &c. He even tasted the food prepared for the men, and said, "Is it always as bad as that?" giving orders at the same time that the rations should be improved.

His Majesty, it is said, has always taken great pleasure in agricultural pursuits. He personally superintended a large farm, which, on becoming engaged in the affairs of the State, he presented to one of his nephews, with the following remark:—"I give you this farm in order that you may cultivate it as I did, and that you may see how the poor man can earn his bread!" Like Peter the Great, then, at present, the darling object of the new Sultan appears to be the improvement of his marine. No doubt, like some other European sovereigns, his wish is like that of the immortal Czar just named, who, when a French mediator remonstrated with him upon the exorbitancy of his demands, replied, "I do not choose to see from my window the territories of my neighbour!" With crippled resources, however, the new Sultan, it would seem, is desirous of restraining his ambition, and turning his attention to the internal improvement of his country,

which will secure him popularity *until the end come!* Population of Turkey in Europe, 16,400,000; revenue, 11,400,000*l.*; debt, 32,800,000*l.*; army, say, 150,000.

I have heard it remarked, that it is the opinion of many of the Conservative party on the Continent—especially in Prussia—that, had Great Britain *not* gone to war with Russia, there would have been no massacre of the Christians in Syria! It is certain that many Turks stood aloof from saving the Christians in the most dastardly manner.

NOTES ON RUSSIAN INVASION OF BRITISH INDIA.

(FROM THE DIARY OF A COMMISSARY.)

ABOUT a week after the departure of the 3rd M. Europeans,* I found myself ruminating in a palkee, fairly on the road to Nagpore. Thoughts of the importance and responsibility attached to the appointment I was about to take up (Commissary of Ordnance), how I could best do my work for a most liberal Government—thoughts on a hundred other subjects; for one, had Russian intrigue with Persia anything to do with the mutiny of the deadly year now at its close?—naturally started to my mind. With regard to the appointment, I determined to do my best. Keep a stout heart, and I could do no more. How ambition does torture a man! And how few men propose to themselves a fame worthy of their ambition? To be a great political leader or a great commander, what ennobling thoughts! On this came the solemn remarks of Sir Henry Lawrence, on his death-bed, when, pointing out the worthlessness of all human distinction, he referred to his own success in life, and asked what was it worth

* December, 1857.

then?—Cæsar stabbed in the Senate-house; Fiescho* falling from the plank; Napoleon dying a banished exile at St. Helena (near which island the good ship ‘Windsor Castle’ is approaching—March, 1861—while I am transcribing my diary); Sir Alexander Burnes at Cabul. Such are a few of the most tragic ends of ambition. But what had I to do with thinking of such matters? I was simply an Ordnance officer, with very little chance of ever becoming a Burnes, a Lawrence, or a Neill!

The palanquin stopping beside a picturesque tank, by the side of which, not “an aged banian grew,” but other Indian trees, with rich foliage; after refreshing ablutions, and a quiet breakfast, an old note-book came to the front, in which I found written the following extract from Addison:—“Let the ambitious man consider, that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels.”

The question of Russian invasion of British India will ever give room for thought, at least until some mighty change has taken place; and it is the opinion of many that upon England’s policy in Central Asia

* “The ambitious man, that in a perilous hour
Fell from the plank.”—*Rogers*.

See Robertson’s ‘History of Charles the Fifth.’ A translation of Fiescho—an admirable study of an ambitious character—was made many years ago by my late brother, Alexander Laurie, Esq.

depend the destinies of the world. Twelve years ago I published some 'Political Speculations,' chiefly on the increasing power of Russia, which were well received. A very few years after, the Russian war took place. The remark had been put forth that Russia and the Great Powers would be the first cause of war; and it was so. According to some writers, the "coming struggle" is yet on the list. The Autocrat of Russia, when he shall have put all the nations of Continental Europe under his feet, is to turn his eyes eastward and long for Britain's empire in the East. He is the head of that nation which is to come to the East from his place out of the north parts. He is to be chiefly opposed by the merchants of Tarshish, with "all the young lions thereof," meaning the Honourable East India Company and their servants, for the inroad of the Autocrat having brought about the loss of Egypt has caused great fear in their minds.—

(Now "the young lions" have given way to the lion and unicorn.)—

The temporary conqueror comes, but "tidings out of the east and out of the north have troubled him." Still he lays siege to Jerusalem, and plants "the tabernacle of his place between the seas in the glorious holy mountain." Brother Jonathan sends us assistance from the shores of Columbia to aid in the common struggle. From across the Pacific comes a fleet of gallant vessels, "with the stars and stripes gleaming on every mast."—(After what we have now seen of Jonathan ('62), I trust we may do with-

out his assistance.)—The Anglo-Saxon race having met on the sacred soil of Palestine, are ready to fight beside the dark-eyed sons of Abraham, for to them the dawn of Zion's glory has come at last. The millions from Russia, aided by troops from oppressed and wretched Continental Europe, are on the other side. An awfully fierce battle ensues; the glorious ends are gained; for the Autocrat at Armageddon has been defeated, and is fallen, "fallen from his high estate!" There is something very grand and impressive about all this. It does seem highly probable that eventually all the glory of the world will be (it must be through the power of England) concentrated in the East, will return to the quarter whence it came, and, to bring about this glorious consummation, India must for ever remain ours, must be kept and defended at all hazards. Egypt, too, should be entirely ours, for there are other autocrats besides Russia in the world! Persia has been humiliated, and the cessation of hostilities with that country enabled the Commander-in-Chief to send back the European troops to India, with the chivalrous Outram and the stern Havelock to suppress the mutiny. Persia will not attack us in India single-handed; but it is said that "the present European complications will induce Russia to try to extend her authority over Central Asia, and, indeed, an expedition for '*purely scientific purposes*' has already reached the frontiers of Afghanistan." General Outram, in his despatches and letters, frequently alludes to Russian interference.

This interference was particularly manifested upwards of a quarter of a century ago, when the Persian Court openly avowed its claim not only upon Herat—that little independent state which has been so long the bone of contention* in Central Asia—but upon Candahar and Cabul. Urged on by the Russians, and entering into an alliance with the chiefs of Candahar, what was to prevent the Shah of Persia following the steps of Nadir to Delhi? Then, after Russian diplomacy, combined (as it ever is) with the most wily duplicity, set-off by a wonderful knowledge of languages; British remonstrance to the Russian cabinet; uncertainty as to the views of Dost Mahomed at Cabul; the mission of Captain Burnes to negotiate the free commerce of the Indus, whither he was sent by Lord Auckland; and Lord Palmerston's remonstrance to the Russian Government, in 1838, when Count Nesselrode reiterated his pacific professions, "disclaiming any designs upon India, as impracticable and inconsistent with sound and rational policy;" after all these varieties in the political art, came the Afghan war with which every reader of Indian history is so well acquainted. And now to keep closely and briefly to the question of Russian invasion of British India. For the sake of those who may have any fear for her future interests, and who are not exactly aware of how the thing *might* be effected, it may be stated that the first Napoleon did talk over the Emperor Paul to make an overland

* It was the Persian assault on Herat which caused the recent Persian war.

invasion. The French and Russian troops were to force their way through the kingdom of Persia. Thirty-five thousand French were to descend the Danube into the Black Sea; and then, being wafted across that sea and the sea of Azoph, were to march by land to the banks of the Volga. Here they were again to be embarked, and descend the river to Astracan, and from thence were to cross the Caspian Sea to Astrabad, where they were to be joined by a Russian army equal in force to their own.

It was thought that, marching through Persia by Herat, Ferah, and Candahar, the Russo-Gallic army might reach the Indus in forty-five days from Astrabad!* Here was a gigantic project, which, had not the two greatest European powers, England and France, resolved to aim a blow at the ambition and power of Russia, for anything we know, might have been attempted even in the present century. The arguments against the success of such a project are very strong—so strong, in fact (always supposing the Indian army to be kept up to the proper strength), that they ought to banish every idea of Russian invasion, by the above route, for ever from the public mind. But even allowing the want of success, the fact of a vigorous and prolonged attempt at invasion would paralyze India, and shake it nearly as much as another mutiny. But Russia must first conquer and annex Persia, in addition to Bucharia. She must advance her victorious banners into the mountainous

* See Sir Walter Scott's 'Life of Napoleon.'

defiles of Afghanistan : when this her extended empire has remained for several years, then, but not till then, we may be sure the star of Albion has begun to decline, and we may “tremble at the Russian name, and despair for British India.”

I recollect reading some years ago the remarks of scientific men of distinction on Central Asia, India, and the designs of Russia on those parts of the world. One of them thought that a Russian invasion of India was perfectly feasible. The great geologist and geographer, Sir R. I. Murchison, considered the idea as Quixotic. It was a physical impossibility. How could an army, such as would be required for the purpose, be exposed to the chance of a total want of provisions? Colonel Sykes condemned it as visionary and absurd. “If Lord Keane,” said the gallant and learned Colonel, “in the invasion of Afghanistan, backed by all the resources of India, in his comparatively short march from the Indus to Ghiznee, was compelled to put his troops upon half rations, and leave his battering train behind, owing to the loss of cattle and other causes, and would have been compelled to retire (so it is said) had he not carried Ghiznee by a *coup de main* ; then, by analogy, it is irrational to suppose a Russian army of 100,000 men could ever transport its ordnance and commissariat departments for a march of many months through sterile regions to India.”

This is the most practical view of the matter which can possibly be taken. But, resigning the Quixotic attempt by the route already described to temporary

oblivion, it is difficult to understand how a remote possibility of the Russians coming down upon us by way of Thibet and northern Burmah has not entered the minds of our geographers in Europe. But at present,* so far as man can judge, an invasion by either route is extremely improbable; so let us hope, in the meantime, that Russia may go on learning sense in Europe, and Persia continue to understand her position in Asia; that the balance of power may be preserved in the West; that peace may soon universally reign among mankind; and that our Indian empire, rising from difficulties like a giant with renewed strength, may flourish as of yore, proving itself to be, what it really is, the most wonderful and the brightest jewel in the British crown!

* March, 1861.

A P P E N D I X.

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I.

LAKES OF SWEDEN

THERE are many lakes in Sweden; but the Wenner, the Wetter, and the Mälar, are the largest and most important. The rivers Götha and Motala are, respectively, the outlets of the former two lakes. The Wenner is about 100 miles long, by nearly 60 broad, in the widest part; it contains many islands and receives numerous rivers. Its area in square miles is not less than 2135. Compare this with the area of the Dead Sea, in Palestine, 340; the Lake of Geneva, in Switzerland, 240; Como, in Italy, 54; Loch Lomond, in Scotland, 81; and we get some idea of the vast extent of Lake Wenner. The Wetter is nearly the same length, but its breadth is very unequal, and not exceeding from 6 to 26 miles. It is very deep, contains a few islands, and receives many small streams. The area of the Wetter, in square miles, is 840, more than eight times as large as Loch Neagh, the largest lake in Ireland, and about 100 times larger than the beautiful Lake of Windermere, in England! The storms which agitate these Swedish lakes, or small seas, are sometimes very considerable, demanding the utmost care in navigation. The Mälar is about 70 miles long by 30 broad in some parts,

but the breadth greatly varies. At Stockholm it communicates with the Baltic by two rapid currents. It contains a number of small islands, of which some are three or four miles in extent, and the area of this lake, in square miles, is about 760. The Wenner, above mentioned, I may also state, is the largest lake in Europe, next to Ladoga, in Russia, which is situated between the Lake Onega and the Gulf of Finland, and is 130 miles long, by 70 broad, with an area of upwards of 6000 square miles. Lake Ladoga is celebrated for its proximity to St. Petersburg.

II.

SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF SWEDEN.

A LETTER from Stockholm, dated the 12th December ('61), says:—"The King will, it is said, at the next Diet, have a bill presented, in virtue of which the succession to the throne may belong, to the female line when the deceased King has no direct male heir or brother fit to succeed him, as took place with Queen Christina, daughter of King Gustavus Adolphus. If such a bill is voted, the Princess Louisa, only child of King Charles XV., will succeed her father. This modification of the legislation, relative to the succession to the throne, has for its object to realize the Scandinavian union, by means of a marriage between the eldest son of the Prince of Denmark and the Princess Louisa of Sweden. In that eventuality, the Duke of Ostgothland, brother of King Charles XV., who is the zealous partisan of the Scandinavian union, will renounce the succession to the throne of Sweden for himself and his heirs. The Princess Louisa is now twelve years of age.

III.

A RUSSIAN WIFE SHOW.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from St. Petersburg, gives the following as one of "the peculiarities of Northern life." The scene is laid in the "Summer Garden," one of the most pleasant places of popular resort in that city, on Whit-Sunday afternoon—a festival "observed with scrupulous care," when "it is the custom to decorate the dwellings, boats, rafts, carriages, and church-doors, with branches of linden," and when in the old times the "Wife Show" was the great feature of the occasion:—"The wife show is now the last lingering relic of what was once a popular national custom. Here the sons and daughters of tradesmen were wont to assemble to select their partners for life. The girls would come decked out in all the ornaments the family could raise, and sometimes carrying in their hands a bunch of silver teaspoons, or playing gracefully with a huge silver ladle as if it were a fan; while the young men, also appearing to the best advantage, would stroll by them, and on seeing any young lady who particularly struck their fancy, would politely inquire about her dower from her parents, who invariably accompanied the blushing damsels. The custom so far exists in the present day that, had I been matrimonially disposed, I might have selected a wife without even the trouble of advertising, to say nothing of saving the time which the more conventional customs of my native land deem requisite for a courtship. Here comes a group attracting more than ordinary attention. They are candidates for matrimony—two young sisters, apparently about eighteen years of age. They are rather pretty, and quite elegantly dressed

in light colours, and wearing the little jaunty hats and feathers. Behind them come their parents and an old woman, plainly attired, but after all one of the most important members of the family. If a young man is taken with the appearance of the candidates, he will give the old lady's shawl a gentle pull, and they will together step on one side, and avoid the crowd by turning into one of the side walks. A conversation something like the following will ensue, it being, of course, understood by the parties that the young bachelor is wife-hunting:—Old Woman: 'Well, sir; what is your name?'—Young Man: 'Ivan Petrovitch, little mother.'—O. W.: 'Where do you live?'—Y. M.: 'In Gargarrovitch Street, No. 6.'—O. W.: 'You are well off?'—Y. M.: 'Yes; I get so many rubles from my little store in Grostinnor Diver, and have so much laid up. What's the name of the young lady—the one at the right, little mother?'—O. W.: 'You're not the first that has asked me that, for a finer young woman has not been on the Summer Garden for many a summer. Her name is Ekatarina, and her dower is so many rubles.' After some further cross-questioning the parties separate. In the evening the old woman states to the parents the various propositions she has received, and to the one who has the largest income a note is sent. If all his statements are found correct the thing is considered settled, and Ekatarina is married to Ivan with little more ado. She never thinks of objecting, and neither bride nor bridegroom have any idea of wasting time in courting."—*From 'London Journal.'*

After all, in our enlightened England, with so many charming young ladies, and manœuvring mothers, is not the "note" too frequently sent, or the "answer" given, to *the one* who has the largest income?

IV.

EUROPEAN ARMIES AND NAVIES.

THE following, according to the 'Almanach de Gotha,' was the state of the disposable land and sea forces of the great powers of Europe in 1861:—

FRANCE.—Army, on war footing, 767,770 men, 130,000 horses. Navy, 600 vessels afloat, building, and under transformation, carrying together 13,353 guns. Out of that number there are 373 steamers, of which 56 are iron-cased. The crews of the fleet, who, on a peace footing, amount to 38,375 men, may in case of war be increased to 60,000. The seamen forming part of the maritime inscription are 170,000 in number. The effective strength of the marines is 22,400 men in peace, and 26,879 in war. Custom-house officers or coast-guard, 25,500 men. (Army on peace footing, 414,868 men, 72,850 horses.)

GREAT BRITAIN.—Army, 212,773 men, 21,904 horses. Navy, 893 vessels, carrying 16,411 guns. The crews number 78,200 men, of whom 18,000 are marines and 8550 coastguard men.

RUSSIA.—Army, 577,859 men, regular troops, and 136 regiments of cavalry, 31 battalions, and 31 batteries of irregulars. Navy, 313 vessels, of which 242 are steamers, carrying together, 3851 guns. The Russian Government has also 474 vessels acting as guardships at different places and for transports.

AUSTRIA.—Army, 587,695 men. Navy, 53 steamers and 79 sailing vessels, carrying together 895 guns.

PRUSSIA.—Army, peace footing, 212,649 men; war footing, 622,366 men. Navy, 34 vessels, of which 26 are steamers.

ITALY.—Official effective strength of the army on the 10th June, 1861, 68 regiments of infantry, 26 battalions of bersaglieri, 17 regiments of cavalry, 9 of artillery, 2 of engineers, and 3 waggon train. Navy, 106 vessels, carrying 1036 guns. [The numbers of effective men in the army and navy, not being understood, are omitted.]

In September, 1861, Captain Petrie, of Her Majesty's 14th Regiment (employed on the Topographical Staff) delivered a lecture in Dublin on "The Armed Forces of Europe." The subject being one so full of interest, I give his valuable statistical information, although it is not so recent as the above. Changes are always taking place. While I am writing (January, 1862), the French army is reduced by 40 or 50,000 men. It is even more important to look at an armed force, not as it is, but as it might be when the blast of war is heard!

AUSTRIA.—The war establishment of the Austrian army, according to the organisation that came into force in April, 1860, is as follows:—309 battalions of infantry, 437,964 men; 41 regiments of cavalry, 60,110 men; 136 batteries of artillery, 27,176 men, 1088 guns; 2 regiments of engineers, 7460 men; 6 regiments of pioneers, 6858; 24 squadrons train, 18,204; 10 companies sanitary corps, 2550; staff corps, corps of adjutants, and general staff, 3889, total regular army, 564,211. Volunteer corps organized in 1859; 30,000; depôts and reserves of all arms, 103,751; gendarmerie, police, veterans, &c., 40,382. Grand total of forces, 738,344 men, 1088 guns.

PRUSSIA.—Infantry, Guard, 9 regiments, 28,674 men; Line, 72 regiments, 229,392; jager, 10 battalions, 10,480; total, 268,546. Cavalry, 48 regiments, 36,768; field jager and staff orderlies, 902; total, 37,670. Artillery, 9 regiments, 41,292 men, 1228 guns; pioneers, train, &c., 11,971 men; total field troops, 359,479. Depôts and Ersatz troops, 98,487 men, 216 guns; Landwehr and garrison troops, &c.,

261,126 men. Grand total of forces, 719,092 men, 1444 guns.

RUSSIA.—The army of Russia is so complicated in its organization that there would be considerable difficulty in making an exact analysis of it; but the numbers have been ascertained, with sufficient accuracy, to be on the present reduced establishment about 850,000 men. Of these the active army numbers 520,523 men, and 1160 guns; the rest are composed of disciplined Cossacks and of irregular troops.

FRANCE.—The infantry consists of 103 regiments of the line, each having 3 active battalions and 1 *depôt* battalion; 20 battalions of chasseurs, 3 regiments of Zouaves, 2 regiments of foreign infantry, 2 battalions of African Light Infantry, 3 regiments of Turcos or Tirailleurs Algériens. The artillery includes 4 regiments of horse artillery, with 192 guns; 10 regiments of mounted artillery, with 600 guns; 10 batteries of foot artillery, with 60 guns; 1 regiment of pontooneers, 6 squadron train, giving a total of 38,767 men, 37,954 horses, 852 guns. This is in addition to 15,000 men, garrison artillery, and the *depôts*, artificers, &c. The total number of guns that can be brought into the field, including the Imperial Guard, is 942, all of which are of brass and rifled. The Imperial Guard forms a complete *corps d'armée* in itself. It is composed as follows:—1 regiment of gendarmerie, 7 regiments of grenadiers and voltigeurs, 1 regiment of chasseurs, 1 squadron of gendarmerie-à-cheval, 6 regiments of cavalry, 15 batteries of artillery, 2 companies of pontooneers, 2 companies of engineers, 4 companies of train. Its total establishment is 38,060 men, 13,447 horses, and 90 guns. The official returns on the 1st of January, 1860, gave the total number of available men as follows:—Troops in France, 398,559; in Algeria, 83,782; in North Italy, 55,281; in Rome, 7904; in China, 5468. Total under arms, 550,994; men on *congé*, 64,471; reserve, 11,017. Grand total, 626,482.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Regular troops of all arms, 218,971 men, 30,072 horses, 366 guns ; British local and colonial troops, 18,249 men, 248 guns ; foreign and coloured troops, chiefly in India, 218,043 men, 58 guns ; military police in India, 79,264 men. Grand total, 534,527 men, 30,072 horses, 672 guns. Of these there are in the United Kingdom :—Infantry, Guards, 7 battalions, 6297 men ; line, 35 battalions, 33,105 men ; total, 39,402. Cavalry, Life and Horse Guards, 3 regiments ; dragoons, &c., 16 regiments, 10,560 men ; total 11,871 men. Artillery, Horse, 6 batteries, 1200 men, 36 guns ; field, 23 batteries, 5060 men, 138 guns ; garrison, 39 batteries, 4680 men ; total, 10,940 men, 174 guns. Engineers, 2316 ; military train, 1830 ; hospital corps, 609 ; commissariat staff corps, 300. Grand total of active forces, 67,268 men, 174 guns. Besides, there are the depôt establishments :—Infantry, Line, 126 depôts, 24,770 ; cavalry, 9 depôts, 396 ; artillery, 2975 ; total depôts, 28,141 men. Reserves available for the defence of the kingdom in case of war :—Pensioners, 14,761 ; militia, 45,000 ; yeomanry, 16,080 ; Irish constabulary, 12,392 ; volunteers, 140,000 ; total, 228,240 men.

V.

THE GERMAN-DANISH QUESTION.

THE following remarks, written about the end of November, 1861, as a letter to a public journal *—to which reference has been made in these pages—although rather *anti-Danish* in spirit, will assist the reader in forming an idea of both sides of the question. It would be sad, indeed, if diplomatic “communications” between Copenhagen and Berlin, after the passing

* “Germany and the Baltic (From our own Correspondent),” in ‘Caledonian Mercury.’

away, for the present, of an American, should lead to "a general European war!"

The Danish monarchy consists of what are called the Danish Islands and the Peninsula of Jutland, which together form the "Kingdom of Denmark;" but with these the Duchies of Schleswig, of Holstein, and of Lauenburg are united, to make what is considered to be "the Monarchy." Of the various portions of this monarchy, the Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg alone are included in the German Confederation, though it is maintained that Schleswig also was originally a German province, until it was conquered by the Danes in the ninth century. After that it was governed by Danish Dukes as a Danish possession, but with its own independent laws, until the year 1326, when it became vested as an hereditary fief in the Courts of Holstein of that day, though it was expressly stipulated in the charter for that purpose, "that the Duchy of Schleswig should never again be united with Denmark in such a way that one ruler should at the same time reign over both countries." This arrangement, it should be observed, was faithfully adhered to until the extinction of the Schleswig-Holstein dynasty in 1459, when the "Estates" of both Duchies made choice of King Christian I. of Denmark to be their duke, on the condition, however, that he should ratify and confirm all their privileges, which they took care specially to enumerate in the Act which recorded his election.

To these terms the King gave his assent, not only for himself, but for his "heirs and successors," who were to be bound by oath to conform to them; and every King of Denmark from that time has taken the requisite oath, with the exception of Frederick VII., the present King, who, nevertheless, on his accession in 1848, recognized the union of Schleswig and Holstein, though, in those revolutionary days, his Majesty was compelled by the mob of Copenhagen to grant his assent to the proposal which was submitted to him by his Ministers,

“ that the union of Schleswig and Holstein should be declared null and void, and that Schleswig should in future be a Danish province,” though his Majesty was at the same bound to admit “ that he could no longer be held responsible for the acts of his Government.”

These illegal proceedings of the Danish Ministry roused, as might be expected, the people of both Duchies, who speedily rose in open revolt, not indeed against the King, whom it was still their wish to retain as their sovereign, but against his Government and against the Danish people, who had displayed such enmity against them. In this step they were, in the first instance, encouraged by the German Diet, which had the effect, perhaps, of inducing the people of Schleswig-Holstein to go further than they might otherwise have done ; but it was not long before it was discovered that *all* Germany was not hearty in the cause, for Austria never marched a single soldier to their assistance before the latter end of 1850, and her object then was rather to compel the Schleswig-Holsteiners to abandon the war than to help them in carrying it on. Prussia was at one time then, as she is again now, believed to be enthusiastic in the cause ; but after what are now thought to have been little else than sham fights, she managed to slip out of the war, first by an armistice, and then by a separate peace, to which all the States of Germany assented ; and subsequently the resuscitated Diet at Frankfort so far changed their original tactics, that in November, 1850, they threatened the Schleswig-Holstein people with measures of “ execution ” against them as refractory confederates, unless they at once returned to their allegiance to the King of Denmark.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

I SHALL here give a few more historical and political notes on Holstein and Schleswig, or the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Oldenburgh, which originated in Christian the First.

We carry the controversy back to the days of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. The eldest sister of Charles was married to the Duke of Holstein. Oppressed by the King of Denmark, this prince fled to Stockholm and asked for assistance. Such oppression appears to have originated from the brotherly wish of Christian the Third to bestow a share of sovereign power on his brother Adolphus. And hence he divided with him the Duchies of Holstein-Gottorp and Schleswig, effecting what has been called “a whimsical kind of agreement,” which was that the descendants of Adolphus should ever after govern Holstein in conjunction with the Danish kings; that these two Duchies should belong to both in common, “and that the King of Denmark should be able to do nothing in Holstein without the Duke, nor the Duke without the King!” Of course such an agreement became a source of perpetual dispute—“the Kings always endeavouring to oppress the Dukes, and the Dukes to render themselves independent of the Kings.” The young King of Denmark, Frederick the Fourth, then, long after such a state of things had been established, was one of the three powerful princes who conspired to ruin Charles the Twelfth. He prepared to attack the Swedish monarch on the side of Holstein and Schleswig. Augustus, Elector of Saxony, at the same time, prepared to attack Charles on the side of Poland, with a view to recover Livonia and Esthonia from Sweden; and Peter the Great leagued himself with these allies. One of the last remarkable events of the great Czar’s life was the marriage of his daughter Anne (subsequently herself

Czarina of Russia), to the Duke of Holstein. Thus is this Duchy connected with the great names in the history of Northern Europe.

The King of Denmark being the present Duke of Holstein has given the question a different turn at the present day. It is no longer the Duke but the Duchy that gives trouble. And to relinquish all constitutional connection with Holstein would, doubtless, in some measure, bring peace in many quarters. Now we have the estates of Holstein, backed by the Germanic Confederation, actually hostile to Holstein's own sovereign and Duke, the King of Denmark. What next? may well be inquired by every true lover of national order and justice. But the King wisely seems determined that the freedom and independence of Denmark and Schleswig *shall* be established, whether the legislative connection (which seems to exist chiefly in words) with Holstein exist or not. A recent anti-Danish authority asserts that "the relation in which the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein *de jure* stand to Denmark is the same as that in which Hanover stood to England when princes of the House of Hanover sat on the English throne."

Alluding to the case of Denmark and the Duchies, he says that "the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Oldenburg has hereditary claims in the male branch, upon Schleswig and Holstein; but only one branch of that House has hereditary claims to the Kingdom of Denmark in male *and* female succession. When the male line in this branch becomes extinct, the Danish throne passes *de jure* to the female line, while the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein pass to the male line of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Oldenburg." The incorporation of Schleswig with Denmark, also of Holstein, by severing it from the German Confirmation, with a view to advancing the frontiers of Denmark to the Elbe, is said to be the policy of the Danish statesmen—and no very bad one, after all! Let Prussia try the eastern frontier at the expense of Russia!

WHO INVENTED THE STEAM-BOAT?

IN the course of my work this question is answered by giving the credit of the invention to Miller of Dalswinton. In 1787 the 'Bantling' was ready, the herald of those giants of steam locomotion which so elicit our admiration and wonder at the present day. I strictly adhere to what has been advanced with regard to the inventor; but, to my astonishment, while these pages were going through the press, a notice of a little work came under my observation, in which the existence of the "first steam-boat ever constructed," is attributed to the "invention of William Symington, civil engineer, Falkirk," "the father of steam-locomotion by sea and land." His first patent, it is said, was taken out in 1784. I am, as yet, only aware that, about 1802-3, a patent for a mode of propulsion by steam (it does not say of a boat) was taken out in Scotland, which in no way interferes with the credit due to the inventor of the steam-boat. The professional man of science, above named, doubtless, had his own inventions; but, as to the first steam-boat, I have every reason to believe, from all I have heard and read on the subject, that the man who struck out *the idea*—to which James Taylor, and Fulton, the American, also laid claim—was the country gentleman of universal knowledge, the ingenious and able mechanic, Patrick Miller. I should have said, struck out the idea in Great Britain (afterwards acted upon in America); for, after all, perhaps there is nothing new under the sun. Gunpowder in China and ordnance in India, thousands of years ago! The Romans, if I recollect right, had a paddle-wheel boat—the two paddles moved by handles through the sides. The invention of the steam-engine was effected step by step. The railway locomotive indisputably belongs to

Stephenson; but when even his originality of invention, like that of the great Watt, has been called in question, we may expect opposition to the fair fame of the inventor of the steam-boat.

INDUSTRIAL LIBERTY.

THE year 1862 will be one of the most remarkable in the history of Industrial liberty, which is making most decided progress in Europe. I read that, in this year, it will be established throughout the Danish territory. The great National Exhibition of the year, in London, will, doubtless, bring many a Northerner to our metropolis, who will return gratified to his colder and less favoured region, eager to compete with us in the arts and sciences. With regard to trade in Denmark, measures are now in progress for the creation of a fund to aid young workmen who may be unable to commence business "for want of a little capital."

The stolid Dane is resolved on enterprise in trade—the grand key to a nation's prosperity; and, while the Radicals of the North of Germany are busy thinking over a German Parliament,—how to get rid of all their separate petty rulers, and how to "get Schleswig-Holstein rent" from Denmark,—the sturdy sons of Scandinavia, while resolved to defend their own, seem bent on success in a far more splendid field than the political arena!

W. F. B. L.

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