A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE

CARRADINE

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A JOURNEY TO *Palestine*

BY

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A

JOURNEY TO PALESTINE.

CHAPTER I.

The Departure—The Pullman Palace Car—Southern Rivers and Slavery Songs—Central Depots—Ohio—City of Cleveland—Mt. Vernon—The Silver Key—The Hudson.

For many years I have desired to visit the Holy Land. While I realized the omnipresence of the Saviour, and that He was not to be confined to Jerusalem or Mt. Gerizim, and that His gracious presence made all places sacred, yet still the desire remained in the heart to see the earthly city of our God, and to tread the paths, ascend the slopes, and to stand in the places forever made peculiarly and tenderly sacred by the footsteps, and voice, and presence of Jesus, the Son of God. By a combination of providential circumstances the trip was made possible; and so, on Monday evening, June 23, 1890, I found myself bidding farewell to a band of friends who accompanied me to the cars to say God-speed at the beginning of a journey to last four months.

When Paul was "accompanied to the ship" by his friends, he was consigned to wind and wave and many perils; but the writer was left in the midst of all the conveniences and luxuries of a Pullman palace car. Cushioned seats; and mirrors reflecting at every angle; a snowy-aproned attendant awaiting orders; and an electric bell to summon him. These were some of the contrasting features that served to humble the writer as he recalled the much-suffering apostle. After a little time an inviting supper-table, with spotless cloth and shining silver-ware, is placed before the traveler, who, in spite of hunger, gives most of his observation to the flying scene outside the car window. Later on a pleasant bed takes the place of the table, and the utter dissimilarity to the Pauline experience is established. Surely, we say, the centuries are different, and the treatment of the preachers is different, and the life of a bloated bondholder is to-day fairly thrust upon the humble traveler. But, softly, let us not go so fast. "Things," said the poet, "are not always what they seem." The bill of fare is anything but a fair bill when the time of settlement comes. As for the bed, curtained as it was, in darkness it proved a stronghold for the mosquitoes that arose at once and claimed the occupant for their own. Rendered desperate by their attacks, the writer raised the car window, when, in ten minutes, he was reduced to the condition of

Pompeii, being covered with ashes and cinders from the Vesuvian locomotive. Let us now touch the electric bell, and bring the aproned servant to our relief. But he heeds not the touch. We ring again and again; but, according to Tennyson's "Mariana," "'He cometh not', she said." He never did come. We saw and heard others ring for him; but he never responded. If there is anything in the world a negro hates, it is a bell. Let the ladies speak awhile to this point. The electric bell in the Pullman is an innocent affair, a child-amuser, and a pretty toy; but for the purpose for which it was constructed, it is an utter failure and an useless appendage. Just a word more about this flying palace, and we leave it. The eggs gave out in Southern Alabama, the tomatoes in North Alabama, the ice was exhausted in Tennessee, and the lemons all departed in Kentucky. "Things are not what they seem," said Longfellow.

The names of our Southern rivers, as I have crossed the streams one by one, bring back to memory a number of what were called "slavery songs." The Tombigbee, the Tennessee, the Kentucky, and the Ohio each recalled one or more of these peculiarly pathetic melodies. A frequently recurring expression in them was "'Way down." 'Way down upon such a river; 'way down in such a State. Then came the words, "Toiling in the cotton and the cane." There were heart-break-

ing pictures of separated husbands and wives, and parted parents and children. A child is stolen from its Virginia home; a wife is carried "to Georgia to wear her life away;" a husband languishes in bondage "from the old Kentucky home, far away."

The Tennessee, the Ohio, the Suwanee, and other rivers, through the power of song, were made in their meandering to become frames of pictures of unutterable pathos and beauty. The balls and bayonets of 1861–'65 tore away the living painting, but the frames are still left; and I can never look at their pebbly edges and willow margins without thinking of the pictures which they once encased. As a child—although my father was a slave-owner—my eyes were often moistened under the influence of these songs of slavery. But my eyes were not the only ones that were wet. Tears dripped in many States and lands. And these tears meant revolution and deliverance; for when you see thousands of people grieving over a state of things, that means a coming social or moral upheaval; and when a nation gets to singing about its troubles, the day of redemption is nigh. When the Marseilles hymn leaped from lip to lip, and, we might say, *flowed* from eye to eye, a nation awoke from its long slumber and sprang into freedom. I am convinced that Song is one of God's mightiest agencies for the effecting of His purposes, and I feel

assured as well, that the songs of slavery, or the negro melodies did as much, if not more, than speech or book, for the preparing of the people for emancipation.

As I have studied the grand central depots that constitute one of the remarkable features of our large cities, I am more than ever impressed that here is one of the great needs of New Orleans. I know nothing that more impresses a traveler than the focalized travel and business seen at a great central depot. The constant arrival of trains from different quarters of the country, the roar of vehicles, the rush of constantly changing crowds of people, will advertise the city in the most forcible of ways. The Niagara distributed into twenty different channels would hardly be worth visiting; but the Niagara thundering away at one place attracts the nations. Let New Orleans gather up her railroad streamlets and pour them into her corporate lines, in the form of one great Niagara of a central depot. She will never regret it.

Crossing the State of Ohio, diagonally, to Cleveland on its northern edge, we were struck with the fact that we were never a single minute out of the limits of a field of wheat. The forms of Beauty and Prosperity were never out of sight in that wonderful State. It is a nation in itself. The country approximates my conception of English scenery. There are vast expanses of gently un-

dulating table-land. The crops are diversified, and, by their different colors, give a new charm to the landscape. The well-kept fences; the neatly-trimmed hedges, the cosy country homes, buried in orchards, or fronting spacious grassy lawns, and here and there spires or a belfry peeping above a distant line of trees, declaring the presence of town or village—all combined to bring England constantly to mind.

The city of Cleveland, situated beautifully, imposingly and advantageously by that inland sea, Lake Erie, is destined to municipal greatness of the first order. Ten miles away, as we approached over the level fields, we saw a vast cloud hovering over it. It proved to be the smoke of her multitudinous factories.

I am reminded here, that at a point south of Cleveland, several years ago, I deflected from my course on a Northern trip and looked in on Washington City and Mt. Vernon. The day before I started the dentist extracted an aching tooth. In some way I contracted cold in the lacerated spot and went North with the cup of physical woe full to overflowing. In company with seventy or eighty others, I took the steamer that drops down the Potomac every morning from Washington to Mt. Vernon, twenty miles away. Of all the people that ever visited the place, I think that I bore the most appropriate countenance. A pain that looked like the deepest sorrow was written on ev-

ery lineament of the face. At the landing we filed up the steep hill to the well-known tomb of Washington. One corpulent lady, just ahead of me, said in a loud voice, in the midst of her labored breathing, "Well, here is George at last!" I have smiled often since at this occurrence, but did not then. I knew but one thing, remembered but one word, and that thing and word was, Pain! And so I looked at the tomb of the "Father of His Country" with an agonized expression of countenance that was altogether misunderstood by the people around me, and, doubtless, obtained great credit for me in their minds. They thought I was taking the death of Washington very much to heart, or, perhaps, they supposed I might just have heard he was dead!

In making preparation for a distant journey, after having strapped and marked the baggage, changed greenbacks into circular notes, and armed yourself with a passport, I hear much of the need of carrying along a small silver key. It unlocks no trunk or valise, but opens things of far more delicate character and difficult management. It is said there is no escape from this necessity. The key has to be obtained, carried along, and frequently used. The prince in the Arabian Nights had something of the kind, and closed doors flew open, and what seemed to be blank walls, suddenly disappeared at the head of flowery avenues. The shut door and the blank, ex-

pressionless wall is one of the great troubles of the traveler. The silver key opens the one, and causes the wall to be full of expression, or, better still, to become a line of beautiful arches through which one passes unchallenged and even welcomed.

I greatly desired to be on the right side of the car as we rushed down the eastern bank of the Hudson River. From this coveted side you have a view of the river with its ship-sprinkled surface and city-dotted banks, ravishing to behold. Approaching a certain official with the request that I might be accommodated with a seat commanding this quarter of the landscape, I was made to feel that I stood in the presence of an American sphinx. But suddenly I remembered the silver key, and approaching another railroad employee, I inserted the wonderful little instrument, with the request that my seat might be changed. The transformation was marvellous, the sphinx melted away and left a smiling brother after the flesh. He looked upon me affectionately, he seemed to yearn over me—he changed my seat to the river-side of the car. (I understand that in the far East, that instead of silver, a copper key is used, with like remarkable results.)

So I had the pleasure of coming down from Albany to New York on the eastern bank of the Hudson River. What a panorama of beauty it presents to the fascinated eye! How History,

and Fiction, and Legend, and Poetry, and great characters and lovely scenery all come down together to its banks and wave their hands in greeting to the passing traveler.

Westward, some ten or fifteen miles away, tower, like a dark-blue thunder-cloud in the heavens, the Catskill Mountains. On the very top gleams the palace-like front of a great summer hotel that can be seen twenty miles away.

Still further away to the south is a distant range of mountains, the wavy outline of whose summit makes a perfect representation of a recumbent man. Think of a human figure outlined on the sky for fifteen miles. It looks corpse-like, while the mountains serve as the bier. The face, cold, grey, upturned to the sky, is to me like that of Washington.

Beautiful and palatial homes are sprinkled on both shores; while the towns and cities, descending from heights to water's edge, present, both day and night, a most striking appearance. The river itself is dotted all along its length with shipping and pleasure boats. The question arises in me, can the Rhine be any lovelier?

Yonder, on the right, at Newburgh, where you see the United States flag floating over an ancient-looking building, was Washington's headquarters. Lower down the river, on the western side, nestles West Point, the cradle of our military greatness. Washington himself selected the spot.

It is certainly lovely and commanding. The buildings and grounds are on a plateau half way up the tall bluff that faces the river. Further down still is Stony Point, which, if my historical memory is not at fault, was taken from the British by Gen. Wayne in a night assault. Up those rocky sides our men climbed and swept all before them. Strangely, there comes to my mind a verse, suggested by this incident of war. Let the young reader stop and memorize this stanza of a famous poet:

> "The heights by great men reached and kept,
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

Near this point Washington flung an iron chain across the river to stop the English fleet. They broke it easily, and called it "the American pumpkin vine." A little further down, on the eastern bank, we pass in a few yards of the place where Arnold and Major Andre had their midnight interview in regard to the surrender of West Point. How they whispered here in these dark woods together! No one heard them; and yet all the world knows to-day of that guilty midnight conference of wickedness. The leaves overhead sighed over the treachery; the boughs of the trees wrung and tossed their hands in horror, and flung the dark secret to the waves at their feet, and they, the waves, sped away with

the history of the act to an astounded nation. So truly did the night-whisper of Judas and the priests become a mighty voice that has filled the world. They thought no one would ever know of a thing whispered in the night! Here was a double guard or wall—a whisper and the night! They forgot that Jesus said, "There is nothing hid but shall be known."

CHAPTER II.

Danger of Foreign Travel to the Preacher—Sunday in New York —Dr. Lyman Abbott—Salvation Army—Money Question—Death of the Innocents—Riverside Park—Sleepy Hollow—The Grave of Irving—Site of Major Andre's Capture—Sunnyside.

It is unquestionably a risky thing for a preacher to travel abroad. I allude not to physical peril, for statistics inform us that more people are killed and hurt at home than in traveling.

I was thinking of another kind of danger altogether, the fact of impaired or destroyed usefulness. It has been noticed that in many cases foreign travel has led to the undoing of the preacher. The man beloved of the congregation who goes abroad never comes back. Some one else returns who bears a resemblance to him—but he is not the same. Or if he returns he brings Europe and Asia with him, and from this time on we deal with a foreigner and are kept busy looking at panoramas of the old world. The man's conversation is changed. Everything now reminds him of what happened in Rome or Venice. Every address or sermon is characterized by such expressions as, One evening while standing on the Bridge of Sighs—or, One morning while resting in

the shadow of the Pyramids, and so on endlessly.

The preaching becomes changed; the temple of Solomon is in a measure obscured or eclipsed by the Colosseum of Rome; Mt. Calvary disappears and Mount Blanc heaves in sight with its glaciers and avalanches. The Gospel is snowed under or covered with the sands of oriental deserts.

The social life is altered. The blandest of men after crossing the Atlantic become intolerant. Willing, before he crossed the ocean, to listen; after this performance he monopolizes every conversation. A large dinner-party is brought to dead silence, while a question flung along the whole length of the table about some trifling date or name of place, secures the wandering attention of the guests and permits the interrupter to take another—perhaps the ten thousandth—voyage back to the old world where many of his tired listeners devoutly wish he had remained.

The reader begins to see something of the peril alluded to in the opening sentence. Am I not right when I ask his best wishes to go out for me that I may return as I left, an unassuming man and willing to accord to my fellow-creatures perfect liberty of speech, and that in my sermons no Cæsar shall take the place of Scriptural characters, and that Calvary, "lovely, mournful Calvary," shall continue to tower above the Himalayas and hide the Alps, and be seen and felt in its beauty and power in the substance of every

conversation, in the heart of every prayer, and in the soul of every sermon until the end of life ?

I have reached the city of New York. The Sabbath is better observed in many respects than in New Orleans. There are more outward decencies, although it is far from being what it should. On side streets I saw many store doors open, and from my lofty seat on the elevated railway, as I went to church, I looked in through third and fourth-story windows upon scores and hundreds of operatives hard at work in shirt-making and tailoring establishments. My heart bled for them as I watched their stooping forms and pale faces.

I went over to Brooklyn to hear Dr. Talmage, but learned that he was absent on his summer vacation. What a kind congregation he has!—a trip to the Holy Land, and than a vacation granted upon the top of that.

From the deserted preaching-place of Dr. Talmage I walked down to Plymouth Tabernacle, Dr. Beecher's famous church. I discovered, to my surprise, that the auditorium was very little larger than my own at the Carondelet Street Church in New Orleans. There were cane seats attached to the end of each pew that let down, would have filled the aisles and increased by several hundred the seating capacity of the building; but they were not in use. The chair wings were all folded neatly against the sides of the pews awaiting the step and voice of another pulpit

giant before spreading themselves once more upon the air. The pulpit is made of olive wood brought from Palestine. The organ nearly touches the ceiling. The choir was composed of forty voices.

Dr. Abbott and the assistant, at half-past ten, stepped upon the platform and confronted a four-fifths audience. The assistant pastor prayed the opening prayer in the never-to-be-forgotten theological seminary accent. He asked the Divine Being to awaken the purity and holiness that lay dormant within us all!

Dr. Abbott is a man of about sixty years, slender, medium height, grizzled beard, narrow face and high forehead. His text was from the Revised Version, "In his temple doth every one say glory." He said that Nature was the temple referred to here. The discourse treated of Nature, and was a preparation of the congregation for the summer vacation. Dr. Abbott impresses you agreeably, but not overwhelmingly; he was scholarly, but not eloquent, while his pulpit movements are angular—not to say stiff. He labors also under this disadvantage, that the very memory of his illustrious predecessor fills the building, and as constantly, by swift mental comparisons, dwarfs the present incumbent.

He made a number of capital points. Said there were two ways of approaching Nature; one with the critical, analytical eye, and the other in

which the form and life of the Great Father was sought after. When, in summing up this thought, he said that when a man pressed his wife to his heart, that at such a time he never thought of the bivalvular action of the heart or circulation of the blood, I saw that he had his audience.

In the evening I waited on the ministrations of a young Baptist minister. The sermon was mainly an apology for taking a summer vacation; said topic not being without its interest to a Jonah fleeing from pastoral duty, who sat unknown before him. When he defined to the audience the multifarious labors of a preacher, he opened certainly some of their eyes. He mentioned, humorously, a department of labor described by the term Special Requests, well known to every minister. A few days before he had been written to from the West to ship a gentleman a hound by express; and a few days before that came from a distant State a request to please hunt up a stray lunatic on the streets of New York. The writer listened with a wondrous fellow-feeling, and knew that he could tell things of a certain nature on that line that would in no wise lower the interest, but rather deepen the surprise of the hour. The young preacher's power I soon discovered to be his deep love and sympathy for man, his burning earnestness, and the fact that he held up before the people a living Christ.

Monday night I visited one of the two places of

worship of the Salvation Army. It was a rough wooden structure, appearing, as they doubtless intended that it should, like a barracks. A detachment of ten occupied the platform, composed of two women, six men, a boy and a negro. The orchestra, so to speak, was made up of a piano, bass-drum, two tambourines, and clapping of hands together with the singing of the detachment. The meeting was presided over and led by a sweet-faced, black-eyed young woman who wore a black dress and a dark straw Quaker bonnet, over the top of which and coming down the sides was a broad red ribbon. She was a woman of manifest piety, showed marks of a fair education, and in the conduct of the meeting evinced herself full of resources.

The audience was made up of different classes —some being there evidently from curiosity; but under the earnest words of the leader and the martial-like melody of the hymns all were measurably affected. I had little conception until that night of how pleasantly such dissimilar instruments, as a piano, bass-drum and tambourine, could be made to agree.

The church money question I find to be universal. Let no heart-sick pastor at home, wrestling with the problem of church finance, feel that his difficulty is peculiar to himself and his people. In the walls of the wealthy Plymouth Tabernacle I heard Dr. Abbott request his deacons to post

themselves at the doors, and, basket in hand, to receive the collection that had been overlooked in the regular order of service. Then I heard one of these same deacons say to another, "That is right; let no one escape." As they spoke thus, it seemed to me that I was listening, as in a dream, to the utterances of Methodist stewards. At the Salvation Army barracks the leader announced a collection, and urged all present to give. Again my foot seemed to press my native heath. Sabbath night the Baptist preacher pressed upon his large audience the necessity of putting certain moneys in certain envelopes, and so doing through the entire summer; that a great strain and pressure of the financial kind was now being experienced by the church. As he said this I immediately felt at home! Nothing that he couldhave said, even to the calling of my name, could have made me feel so perfectly at ease, and invested my surroundings with such a delightfully familiar air.

Just now, in this heated spell, disease, like Herod of old, is hewing down the children of the poor classes from three years old and downward. Three hundred often in a week. One week saw five hundred white ribbons streaming from as many doors. As I sped along the elevated road one evening I saw a mother with her sick baby on the flat roof of a tenement-house in the crowded quarter. There she was, evidently, to give the poor little dying one a breath of fresh, pure air. My heart melted at the sight.

Riverside Park is situated in the north-western part of the city, upon a high bluff overlooking the Hudson river, and commanding a view, up and down, of that animated stream for many miles. The park is treeless, save where the brow of the hill overlooks the river, but it is beautifully swarded. From its center arises the tomb of Gen. Grant. There the dead warrior lies in state, guarded day and night by two policemen. The whole scene—the tomb remote from habitation of the living and the dead, the solitary coffin visible through the iron grating, the distant ships on the river, and the still more distant line of mountains —formed a picture of loneliness striking to the mind, and ineradicable. Certainly it seems that one of the prices of greatness, or even prominence, in this world is loneliness. The higher men rise the lonelier they become, and the solitariness follows even in death. The question arose in my mind, Was this a great man lying before me? Was this life an accomplishment or an accident?

Central Park is a rare stretch of physical loveliness. Two miles and a half long, and a half mile wide, with serpentine roads unfolding like silver ribbons through the trees, and with charming paths leading anywhere, everywhere, and suddenly bringing you into unexpected places of beauty, of cavern, glade, or lake side, you are constantly interested and charmed at every step. They have in the center of the park the obelisk

brought thither some years ago from Egypt; but to my eye it was as much out of place as the helmet of Richard Cœur de Lion would be on the head of a dry goods clerk.

That which most impressed me was that part of the park which has been trained to look like the forests of nature. Fully two hundred acres is like a sylvan glade or deep tangled wild-wood. The eye and heart fairly luxuriates on the scene. I thought, as I looked, that when men desire to give us things worth the seeing and worth the having, they have to go to God's works for a model. They obtained Gothic architecture by studying the splintered summits of the mountains. If they wanted an enduring arch, they fashioned one after the human skull. If they wanted a lighthouse that would withstand all the storms, they took the trunk of a tree for a model. And if they desired to delight the eye with a perfection of physical beauty in our parks, they did it not with avenue and colonnade, but by giving us in confused and yet delightful assemblage of rock, crag, leaping waterfall, glen and dark woods, a perfect representation of the Almighty's works in nature.

Sleepy Hollow, the site of the famous legend of Washington Irving, is located about a mile from Tarrytown, and Tarrytown itself is situated about twenty-five miles above New York, on the Hudson. Sleepy Hollow, opening on the Hudson and

running up the hills, is shaped like a curved horn or trumpet. In the broadest part, which is a few hundred yards wide and not far from the river, is the old church and bridge, by which and over which Ichabod Crane dashed in his endeavor to escape from the headless horseman. The church, which is a venerable structure of brick and stone and measures about thirty by forty feet, bears the hoary date of 1699. Just above the church is the dark clump of trees from which suddenly emerged the midnight spectral horseman.

As I looked at the places of which I had read frequently as a boy, it was hard to tell which were more real to me, the author of the legend, or the creature of the author's imagination, Irving or Ichabod Crane. Such is the wonderful power of Genius. It makes new worlds, fills them with new people who from that moment become as life-like as characters of history, indeed, in a sense even more, for the historical personage dies, but the character of fiction cannot be buried—he always seems alive.

There is an old graveyard in Sleepy Hollow that runs from the ancient church up the northern slope of the valley. In the center of this cemetery and commanding a view of the "Hollow" and the Hudson River beyond, is the burial place of Irving. It seems to me for several reasons to be the proper spot for his last resting-place. It is not far from his home, it is in the midst of

scenes made classic by his pen, and it is a place of great natural beauty as well. The marble slab at the head of the grave is not over three feet in height, but a large oak and beech blend their protecting shadows over the mound and give grace and character to the spot. I plucked a couple of daisies from near the grave as a memento of the man whose writings contributed so much delight to me in the days of my boyhood. It occurred to me as I left the place that "Sleepy Hollow" was a good name for a cemetery.

Major Andre was captured on the high road that runs on the crest of the Hudson River hills towards New York city. The arrest took place a mile north of Tarrytown. Since that time the town has not tarried, but gone forward until it surrounds the place of capture. Five or six handsome residences to-day look down upon the little valley in which over a hundred years ago the unhappy young English officer was halted by the cow-boys. Standing by the monument that is erected to their honor on the identical spot of arrest, I could easily recall the scene. The densely shaded road, the sloping descent of the same, the musing figure of the horseman, and the sudden rushing out of the woods upon him of his captors. They are now called and lauded as patriots, but at the time of the capture they doubtless had no higher object than the purse of the stranger. The scene that followed of the examination of

Andre's person appears in bas-relief upon the monument.

I was set to thinking by the guide's explanation of the word Tarrytown. He said that long ago the farmers used to visit the village, and drank so deep and drank so long, and so protracted their stay from home, that the good wives called the place Tarrytown.

O the Tarrytowns in the land!

Three or four miles south of the last named place is Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving. The house is a two-story stone building abounding in old-style gables. You reach it by a road descending from the high road on the hills and leading through a wild and beautiful glen. The house is on a plateau fifty feet above the Hudson, with the wooded hills towering in the rear. The side of the house is turned to the river, but from the gallery, that is touched by the lawn and shaded by a number of old trees, there is a commanding view up and down the Hudson for many miles that could hardly be surpassed for loveliness.

A large Newfoundland dog was walking about under the trees, with occasional meditative stops and glances into the far distance. From his dignified bearing you could tell that he felt he was well descended, or realized perfectly the honor and attention bestowed by the public upon the house over which he stood as a kind of guard and protector.

A nurse and two handsomely-dressed children in a distant part of the grounds gave a coloring of life to a picture, which otherwise would have been mournful in its loneliness.

As I glanced at the ivy-clad house, drank in the quiet beauty of the place, where smooth sward and lofty trees and hedges and stonewall all harmonized in a pleasing manner; and as I then turned and looked on the sail-besprinkled Rhine of America flowing past, and at the mountains in the far distance, I could understand why Irving wrote, and how he could write.

With the mountains voicing thoughts of eternity, the flowing river speaking of time, the bending forest whispering the secrets of nature, and all the beauties and solemnities of distant landscapes arousing the soul to appreciation and reflection—the mind must have been quickened, the heart must have been made to glow, and the pen was bound to move. It would have been wonderful if he had not written.

CHAPTER III.

The Ship's Departure—The Weather—Seasickness—Prominent People on Board—The Man Dr. Talmage Baptized in the Jordan—The Escaped Nun—Service at Sea—Fassnett Rock—Coast of Ireland.

FROM time immemorial it seems to have been the custom for an individual, in departing on a long sea voyage, either to burst out into spontaneous poesy, or, next best, to indulge in liberal quotations from the poets about the sea. Byron is most frequently called upon to assist the young navigator in relieving the soul of its pent-up emotions; while the great poet himself, on leaving England, cries out in rhyme:

> "'Tis done! and shiv'ring in the gale,
> The bark unfurls her snowy sail!"

Can any one tell me what the poets mean by "'tis done"? They all use the expression, and use it often. But whether it heads a sonnet or a poem of majestic length, the reader is always left to wonder and guess at the condition hidden back of this most indefinite phrase.

"'Tis done!" I cried last Wednesday evening of July second. But my "'tis done!" was no mystery, but meant that I had paid down sixty dollars for the privilege of sleeping in a box six

feet long and something over a foot wide for ten days, while crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

At half-past four of the afternoon above mentioned, the steamer *Bothnia*, of the Cunard Line, with three hundred passengers in the saloon, fifty in the second cabin, and one hundred in the steerage, swept out to sea. The scene at parting was striking in every respect; the smoking monster moved uneasily at her moorings, as if chafing and anxious to encounter the ocean's waves. There were final business transactions, the last freight rushed in, the late passenger, the chattering throng, the cries of cabmen, and the shouts of sailors. Above all, there were the farewells; some full of laughter and merriment, while others were tearful, and still others were of such a nature that I felt my own eyes filling through sympathy.

The pier was crowded with friends of the travelers, and spectators of the departure; and as the steamer swung off and away into the mid-stream of North River, with prow pointing to the bay, the pier became a snow-bank of waving handkerchiefs, answered instantly by a long line of white from the side of the vessel. And so they waved until distance blurred and then blotted them from the sight. Down we dropped into the bay, crowded with shipping; past Governor's Island, with its circular fort; past Jersey Heights, crowned with stately residences; past Forts Hamilton and Lafayette, with their frowning batteries; down

and out into the wide sea. Standing at the stern of the vessel, with my Bible resting on the taffrail, I read portions of God's Word, and saw America fade from the view.

Contrary to all expectations, we encountered rough weather the first day out. For two days we had, as the sailors called it, a heavy sea. One wave, dashing up on deck, washed the ladies right and left, while another, under a lurch of the ship, poured a torrent through the port-hole of my stateroom and deluged things generally. A heavy fog off the banks of Newfoundland encircled us —now expanding, and now contracting—as if undecided what to do with us. The fog-whistle sounded dolefully every thirty seconds; the rain dripped, or fell heavily; the smoke drooped out of the great chimney, and hung down like a wet banner, and then would break off in pieces, and be swallowed up and lost sight of in the encircling fog.

In the midst of this Neptune came aboard and swayed his scepter over the great majority of the passengers. This is only another way of saying we were seasick. Think of three hundred people all sick at the stomach at the same time! Happy the man who has a friend to hold his head! But friends are few at such a moment. Each man mourns to himself apart. As the song of "Bingen on the Rhine" says:

> "There was lack of woman's nursing,
> There was dearth of woman's tears."

The women at such a time as this have all they can do to nurse themselves. On account of the heavy sea, and many crossing the ocean for the first time, not a state-room but had its moaning inmate. I listened to the interjection "Oh!" intoned and accented in diversities of expression most remarkable. It sounded around me like the moans and cries of a battle-plain. Merchant, professor, preacher, clerk, artist, and mechanic were all on a common level now. Deep called unto deep. Author answered musician, and one another in a way not usual. Clergyman responded to layman in cries of nature that proved the homogeneity of the race. In the midst of it all a lady in the saloon, sitting at the piano, commenced singing "Annie Laurie." Her fine, rich voice filled the cabin, shaming many a prostrate man, touching the hearts of numbers with thoughts of home, and impressing every listener with the fact that there was one plucky person on the ship whom wind, and wave, and seasickness could not force down.

Was I seasick? you ask. Please don't mention it, but for two days I lay in my berth scarcely able to lift my head in silent misery. "What is seasickness?" I asked the ship surgeon whom I called in, and he told me that it was mainly a brain affection; that the condition and action of the stomach arose from sympathy with the nerve and brain.

Be it so!

In addition to the pain it creates, it intensifies greatly two of the senses. One the sight which takes note of the fact that the state-room, with its iron-plated ceiling, and seven by eight size, is like a burial vault, and that the berth only needs a glass cover to become a coffin. Next, the smelling power becomes acute, critical, discriminating, and analytical. It is well known that ships have a smell; but, being of a complex nature, it has puzzled many. I herewith hand the public the analysis, which I worked out while lying sick in my narrow berth:

Bilge water	10
Rats	05
Musty, wet carpets	25
Odor of old oil cloth	10
Dining-room smell	30
Kitchen odor	15
An indescribable smell that defied all analysis	05
Total	100

We have a number of notable people on board. Mrs. Barr, the novelist; Mrs. Lockwood, the superintendent of the Peace Department of the W. C. T. U.; Harry Paulton, the author of something, I forget what; Edith O'Gorman, the escaped nun; the man whom Dr. Talmage baptized in the River Jordan; and an ex-Governor of Wisconsin. In spite of their greatness, they live and move around like the rest of us. It would do the reader's heart good to see the ex-Governor of the great State of

Wisconsin reach across the table with his gubernatorial hand and help himself. The baptismal protege of Dr. Talmage is a queer genius. He told me, in conversation yesterday, that the baptism took place in an accidental way; that he always wanted to go under the River Jordan, and happening to meet Dr. Talmage (whom, I suppose, always wanted to put somebody under the Jordan), the submerging naturally and inevitably took place. The young man has achieved fame at the expense, not of blood or brain, but of a little water. Again and again he was pointed out on the ship, and will be till the end of his life, as the man whom Dr. Talmage baptized in the River Jordan.

The voyage over the Atlantic becomes unspeakably monotonous. The passengers resort to various expedients to kill the time. There were no glittering icebergs and spouting whales to be seen. Evidently they had been engaged by other tourists for the season in other parts of the world. So the passengers helped in various ways to annihilate the eleven days of the sea-trip. Mrs. Lockwood lectured twice; the escaped nun gave a private address to the ladies in regard to the convent life. In the midst of her speech she was rudely interrupted by a Catholic priest, who, thrusting in his head through a window, called the lady speaker a liar.

On one of the evenings the ladies improvised a

concert. Most of the gentlemen turned the upper deck-cabin into a regular pool-room, in which the speed of the vessel was made the fluctuating stock. Gambling has certainly taken hold of the nation. Into none of these places did I go; but, stretched in my steamer-chair, read all the day, or studied the ways and phases of the ocean. I was especially interested in the storm-petrel—a little bird with the size and movement of the swallow, that followed us across the ocean. I asked a sailor where they rested when they got tired, and he replied, "On the waves."

"But may not a fish take them under if they do that?" I asked.

"Oh!" replied the sailor, "they takes their chances."

Next morning I saw them resting on the waves. As their little forms were lifted up and down by the great rolling swell of the Atlantic, I thought what a grand cradle these birds have; and another thought, sweeter and better, was: He that feedeth the sparrow on the land, cares for, feeds, and protects these little birds far out upon the boundless sea. What a sermon those petrels preached to me that day!

On Sabbath morning I attended my first religious service at sea. An Episcopal clergyman officiated. The hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," sung very delightfully by a large improvised choir, went with word and strain directly to the heart.

A sunset in mid-ocean is hung up as a picture of unfading beauty in my mind. The broad crimson disc was slowly sinking in the waves, when suddenly a line of golden fire ran along the edge of a long purple cloud that just peeped above the horizon.

"Beyond the sunset's radiant glow, there is a brighter world, I know."

In spite of the changing colors of the sea, of occasional sails, and a few schools of porpoises, the days were long and the trip tedious. So when, on the morning of the tenth day, we sighted Fassnett Rock, the heart fairly leaped with joy. Fassnett Rock is fifty yards in diameter, conical in shape, and surmounted by a lighthouse. It was on this rock that the *City of Rome* struck a few weeks ago. Nevertheless, that same rock was to me like a lump of sugar broken off from the bed of Continental European sweetness, and placed there at the south end of Ireland to sweeten the waters there, and give a saccharine dash to the thoughts and emotions of land-sick men and women.

From this point we ran up the eastern coast of Ireland toward Liverpool, at a distance of three to six miles from the shore. Most agreeably was I disappointed in regard to the appearance of Erin. The island held me with an ever-changing, but never-failing charm. For miles I beheld such a scene as this: Bold, rocky shores, with precipitous or sloping hills coming down to the water's

edge; a long line of white surf foaming along the shore and leaping up high in other places, as if to scale the rocks; flocks of white-winged sea-gulls wheeling about with restless cries; yonder a ruined monastery, and farther still, and perched on a high cliff, the ruins of an old castle. Further up the coast the hills, covered with green, came with gentler and more beautiful slopes to the sea-margin. I could see through a glass that every square yard of their surface was under cultivation. A number of the hill-sides, from a variety of crops, and through the division of the fields into regular squares, had the appearance of a great natural checker-board. But whether at foot of cliff, or base of hilly field, the white surf beat all along the strand. One line in the "Exile of Erin" well describes it;

"In dreams I revisit thy *sea-beaten shore.*"

Many thoughts arose as I gazed upon this down-trodden country; and, by and by, among the thoughts came welling up the recollection of three Irish songs; beautiful and pathetic are they all. Two especially lingered with me—the "Exile of Erin" and "The Irish Emigrant's Lament."

On Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, our ship, after eleven days on the trip, made fast at the docks in Liverpool; and in a little while after my foot pressed the shore of the Old World.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Liverpool—The Sabbath—English Scenery—Gretna Green—"Maxwellton"—Ayr—The Birthplace of Robert Burns—"Bonnie Doon."

On sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, of July 13, I found myself whirling along the streets of Liverpool from the steamer, bound for a distant hotel. It was delightful to see the houses standing steady after watching the swaying masts and pitching prow of the vessel so long. It was refreshing to see people walk straight, and not in zigzag courses and sudden fetchings up, and equally sudden bearings off to leeward.

The streets were filled with people going to church, and the most delightful sight was frequently seen of the family group wending their way to the house of God. As my cabman drove rapidly along toward my distant hotel, suddenly, as we came near a church, a policeman signaled the driver, and made him walk his horse noiselessly by. I thought of New Orleans, where, between parrots, hand-organs, brass-bands, firemen's processions, and rattling cars, the minister at times cannot possibly be heard. One preacher in our city was much annoyed by a rooster that crowed vociferously and pertinaciously near his

pulpit window just after he would take his text and begin his sermon. The preacher earnestly entreated the lady owner to have the chanticleer removed, or silenced in some way. Her reply was that a man was a poor preacher who could not preach louder than a rooster could crow. O New Orleans! Thou Babel of multifarious noises on the Sabbath-day, draw near with a few of thy sister cities, and sit at the feet of Liverpool, and take the first lesson in reverence—viz., silence when the Gospel is being proclaimed. This English custom looks like a ray of the millennial dawn.

In the afternoon, hearing the sound of music in the large stone square in front of the hotel, and learning that it was a detachment of the Salvation Army, I went over and found about twenty holding service, with a considerable crowd about them. The men were in full uniform, the women were arrayed in quiet-looking Quaker bonnets and dresses. The instruments of music were those of a regular brass band. The collection was taken up in a tambourine. I shall always have a higher regard for the latter-named instrument from this time: in a sense it is redeemed. After several stirring hymns, and three or four burning exhortations delivered by the men, the detachment moved off to another part of the city. As they departed, with the flag flying and the band playing a sweet and soul stirring hymn, I noticed

as the strains died away in the distance that the faces of the dispersing men around me showed thoughtfulness and seriousness.

In the evening I walked over to attend service in a Wesleyan chapel in a neighboring street. I listened here to a plain-looking preacher preach a plain sermon to a plain-looking congregation in a plain-looking church. The minister in the midst of his sermon indulged in antiquated and indifferent witticisms; the people responded at once with a half-suppressed laugh. I could not muster up even a smile, but thought of the time when Wesley used to hold forth the word of God among these people, and when, instead of laughing, they wept and were cut to the heart. One-fifth of the congregation remained to the Lord's Supper, and after this some twenty or thirty of the membership took the small church organ and held an evangelistic meeting where five streets came together. This, I understand, they do every evening of the week.

The hour here for evening service in the churches is half-past six. At this time the sun is several hours high. Returning to the hotel from these double services I was attracted by the sound of singing above the rush of a great throng and roar of wheels on the street. On investigation I discovered that it proceeded from a blind man and his family, accompanied by his accordion, and assisted by his friends stationed in the crowd.

The voices were all remarkably fine. He would sing from the place where he sat, and his friends would respond from a distance of ten yards. The airs were all gospel hymns and melodies. The name of Jesus was prominent throughout. The effect was most gracious. Hundreds stood for an hour and listened. As I turned away I said in my heart: "Notwithstanding, every way Christ is preached, and I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

I left Liverpool on Monday. No travel for me on the Lord's Day, except upon the high seas. I was glad to leave. A man whose celebrity consists in his having amassed great wealth fails to interest me, a city whose fame is in its massive brick structures and swollen commercial size exerts no charm over me. But the literary man and the historic city bind me to them with hooks of steel. I feel their drawing and holding power. So I was glad to leave the endless stone streets and countless acres of brick houses of Liverpool. The scenery that greeted my pleased eye as the train sped up the western coast of England was just what I had expected. There were the meadows starred with daisies, cowslips, and buttercups; there were the well-cultivated fields, the neatly trimmed hedges, the distant town or hamlet, with the church belfry or spire just appearing above the encircling trees. I saw several old churches with graveyards by their side, situated as just mentioned, that would have perfectly met

the description in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." I noticed that few of the fields were more than four acres in size.

As we ran up through Cumberland and Westmoreland toward Scotland the fields became larger, the grain in a large measure disappeared, and the hills were covered with flocks.

The Solway River is a small stream to divide two peoples as widely different as the Scotch and English, and yet it is there for all that. The rivers in Caledonia, as is known, are small; we would hardly dignify them by such appellations in America. But though inferior in size, they lack nothing in beauty. The favorite poet of Scotland has written in rapturous terms of the Nith, the Doon, and the Ayr. I have seen them, and after seeing them I felt in my heart that he had not used a single extravagant term.

Gretna Green, just across the border, engrossed me for awhile. It looked quiet and innocent enough with its hamlet-like collection of houses. But what exciting scenes, what pale faces and beating hearts, what tearing of hair and fallings into swoons, what rushing of carriages and galloping of horses like mad, what wonderful episodes, it has seen. O, Gretna Green, how much joy and misery you have brought upon this world. And O, Gretna Green, just a word—did you get your last name on account of the character of the people that came within your gates to be married?

About twenty-five miles northwest of the border there is a little town called Maxwellton. It is now properly a suburb of Dumfries. I learned its name as I passed while admiring the graceful and beautiful sloping hills in that direction.

At the same time a Scottish gentleman sitting near me informed me that *braes* in Scotch meant hills. Like a flash I put the two together, and saw that I was looking on the place where Annie Laurie lived, or, nearer still, that the site of the song was before—

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie."

The next day, in another part of Scotland, I was told by a Scotch laborer that daisies are called *gowan*. So here was additional light thrown on the same sweet song—

"Like the dew on the gowan lying."

From Dumfries to Ayr, which is fifty miles northwest, the whole land is filled with tokens and memories of Robert Burns. He reigns in the west as Scott does in the east of Scotland. In Dumfries he spent the last few years of his life, and here he died. In the town of Ayr, or rather near it, he was born, and spent the first twenty years of his life. In Mauchline, midway between the two, he was married, and at Kilmarnock, near by, he published his first book of poems, that won him immediate fame.

I became so interested through various things told me of his private life that I deflected from

the straight line of my route, and ran down to Ayr. This town is on the western coast of Scotland, in a direct line with the Island of Arran. It looks out in its quaintness upon the Frith of Clyde, while the river Ayr rushes foaming through its center, and plunges with its swift current into the sea.

At nine o'clock in the evening I arrived; at half-past nine I was eating my dinner by a large window that looked toward the Frith of Clyde, and noticed that the daylight was still brightly shining. This peculiarity of the Northern day has struck me ever since I have been in high latitudes. There is almost no end to the day. I said to the waiter at my side, "What time does it get dark here?" "About half-past ten," he replied. Then he continued, "Nearly everybody goes to bed here at eight o'clock, and it is lonesome. The town looks like it is dead, sir."

I remembered as he spoke that a lady in New Orleans had lately asked me if there was not a place on the globe where the sun rose and set at the same moment. Verily, I thought, I am coming to the place! And if things go on after this fashion as I travel farther North, I may yet take the last beam of the setting sun and the first ray of the rising orb and tie them in a bow-knot over the hour of midnight.

Next morning as I was leaving the hotel on my sight-seeing excursion I saw my first Scotchman

in his knee-pants. I could not but ruminate, as I looked at the sturdy calves of the man, of the part that pants play in the civilization of the world—or, to put it more correctly, how civilization affects the length of the pants. There are some savages that hide themselves behind a little paint. Others, occupying a higher grade, have a waist appendage, or apron of cloth or leather. Then as we near the nineteenth century the pants unroll and drop to the knee. To-day the curtain is down to the foot-lights. The tendency of civilization is to lengthen the pantaloons.

Taking a cab I drove first to the birth-place of Robert Burns, about two miles east of the town. On my way I saw my first turf roof. At once I thought, what a capital idea for everybody. Let all who love the beautiful have a turf roof, and cultivate flowers all over the top of the house. Think of it, all ye who never did and never will sleep upon a bed of roses, think of sleeping *under* a bed of roses. I was also struck with the solidity and safety of the roof.

In a little while after we reached the boyhood home of the poet. Most of my readers are familiar with the low stone cottage, about twenty-five feet long and twelve or fourteen high. It also possesses the turf roof, and at the time of the poet's birth had but two apartments.

I stood in the room where the child of genius was born. It is about ten feet square, the walls

being of rough stone, the floor paved with like material, in pieces of irregular size, picked up doubtless in the fields; and the chimney, with a wide flaring mouth projecting far into the room, like the mud chimney of the negro cabin. In the corner of the room, in a niche six feet long, five feet high, and four feet deep, answering for a bed, Robert Burns first saw the light. Everything showed the poverty of the family.

How little did the mother think that day, as she heard the first cry of her babe, that the time would come that the poor, dimly-lighted room would become the cynosure of millions of eyes, and that thirty thousand persons annually would visit it, and stand meditating upon its rough stone floor, because of the child born to her on that morning

A number of interesting relics are shown in the building—the poet's table, candlestick, and several old letters. In the monument erected near by I was shown a Bible he had given Highland Mary. His first love was "Highland Mary," but he married "Bonnie Jean." So the world wags, "Few men wed their Highland Marys." In the poet's case death intervened, as is touchingly shown in his poem, "To Mary in Heaven."

Near by on the banks of the Doon is the Auld Alloway Kirk, where Tam O'Shanter saw the witches dancing amid the tombstones. I visited the ruined church and crumbling tombstones. A

garrulous old Scotchman showed me around the graveyard, and with a harsh, cracked voice, and full Scotch brogue, repeated copious passages to me from Tam O'Shanter, until I was glad to escape. I walked alone down the road where Tam fled for his life, and stood on the old bridge where the witches caught hold of his horse's tail. But I thought little of O'Shanter. My meditations and admiration were taken up by the "Bonnie Doon" which the old stone bridge spans; by the lovely landscape around, and by thoughts of him whose pen, like a magician's wand, has glorified this land, and centered the eyes of the reading world upon it.

"Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?"

It is as true now as then. The Bonnie Doon is a stream twenty yards in width, beautifully clear, with banks covered with grass to the water's edge and overhung with trees. It flows with most charming windings through scenery equal to the best in England. The meadows, fields, hedges, avenues of trees, hamlets, and old churches are all here, and strung together by the silver ribbon of the Bonnie Doon. I could not resist it, but climbed over a hedge and jumped down a steep place, and from the banks of the river gathered a handful of daisies, buttercups, and bluebells to bear away as a memento of the stream.

The visitor is reminded that from Ayr Edward

Bruce made his disastrous campaign into Ireland. He is also shown the place where Wallace set fire to the barns in which the English soldiers lay in a drunken sleep, this being done in retaliation for a massacre they had recently perpetrated upon a noble band of Scotch nobility. "The Twa Brigs of Ayr," with other interesting points, are also shown the tourist.

As I sped away northward at noon on the train, and noticed a party of men in knee-breeches playing golf in the fields, and as I marked growing on the banks the beautiful red and purple heather, I knew that I was in Scotland. Walter Scott used to get heart-sick for a sight of the heather in his protracted absences from the land he loved so well. I thought of him the instant my eyes rested upon the modest shrub.

CHAPTER V.

Glasgow—The Necropolis—Loch Lomond—On the Top of Ben Lomond—The Guide's Conversation—The Pony and Guide Lunch together on the Edge of a Precipice—Inversnaid—A Visit to the Cave of Rob Roy.

In Glasgow there is little to arrest the progress of the traveler. These things may be said of it, that it is the great ship-building city of Great Britain: It has a chimney almost as high as Washington's Monument, and it possesses an ancient cathedral built in the twelfth century. To me the most striking sight in Glasgow is the Necropolis. On a lofty, conical-shaped hill the cemetery of the city has been located. The tombstones cover the hill-sides, tier upon tier, and rank upon rank, like a white-robed army. The hill fairly bristles and glistens with marble slabs and monuments to the very summit, and upon the apex of the eminence towers high above all the monument of John Knox. When, at a distance, you look at the marble-clothed hill, it seems to the hasty glance a part of the city; but a second look reveals it to be the city of the dead. It is a striking and solemnly impressive sight. I toiled up the spiral ascent to the top, and sat down to rest and think under the shadow of the monument of

Knox. Next to a church, give me a cemetery in which to read, and meditate, and pray.

In Glasgow and the town of Ayr, I saw for the first time of my life barefooted white women on the streets; and I saw numbers of them. Verily I can see a new light on that sweet couplet:

> "Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
> And leave Old Scotia's shore?"

Another spectacle that impressed me more agreeably in the two cities mentioned above, was the way that women carry their babies. The mother wraps her shawl about herself and child in such a way as to make a nest for the little one in front. The shawl is not pinned, but in some ingenious way it is passed in and under itself so as to be self-confined, while it holds the babe securely. The strain is transferred thus from the arm to the back, and the woman walks erect as an arrow. Moreover, the folding of the wrap has, to my eye, all the lines of grace, while the baby, snug and comfortable, looks out serene and smiling on the world.

The Indian mother straps her child on her back, and goes bent forward along the road. The present matron of America hangs her child on one arm, and goes around inclining to one side, like the leaning Tower of Pisa, or like a bow when tightly strung. The Scottish mother is ahead of the females of ancient and modern America.

From Glasgow it is twenty miles by rail to Loch

Lomond. We passed the historic ruins of Dumbarton Castle on the way. As we drew near the queen of Scotland's lakes, happening to glance from my car window, I saw looming up before me, high in the heavens, a purple mass of beauty and majesty in the form of Ben Lomond. I recognized the mountain instantly from pictures I had seen.

An hundred tourists, myself among them, took a steamer at the southern end of the lake. Now, although the boat had abundance of seats, and we were all on deck, and there was nothing to keep everybody from seeing, behold! as soon as the steamer started, every living soul stood on their feet, and kept there as long as I was with them. Drawn by the beauty of the scenery, hungry to see all, "they would not down." The lake is twenty-five miles long, with a varying width of from one to five miles. A dozen wood-crowned islands dot, or rather gem, the southern part of the loch. The green-clad hills slope in graceful lines to the shore for the first three or four miles; then suddenly the mountains, in towering majesty, surround it, clothed in robes of royal purple, and with clouds resting on their heads as crowns.

At Rowardennan, half-way up the lake, I left the great body of tourists, and disembarked at the foot of Ben Lomond, in order to ascend to the summit. It takes two to three hours to ascend, and one and a half to descend. Procuring a guide

and pony, I sallied forth and up. And up it was. A dozen times I thought I saw the top, and as often another, and bolder and higher swell of the mountain greeted me. The path runs zigzag all the way to overcome the steepness. Half-way up a covey of grouse flew from the heather at our feet, and went skimming down the mountain-side. A few sheep scattered about were hard to be distinguished at first sight from boulders of limestone, which cling here to the face of the mountain in great profusion. The sheep seemed surprised to see us, and, after a swift, startled look, scampered off amid the rocks.

As we toiled upward the guide and I entered into conversation. He informed me that his wages was ten shillings a week. Think of it!—two dollars and a half a week, in which he is required frequently to climb to the top of Ben Lomond.

"Have you a family?" I asked.

"Yes; a wife and six children."

Again the song comes up:

"Will you go to the Indies, my Mary," etc.

I then begged him to ride, and let me walk some; but he wouldn't hear to it. After a little he told me that a few days before he had piloted a lady and gentleman up, and that the gentleman rode and the lady walked all the way.

"What!" I exclaimed, and then added, "They must have been husband and wife!"

The guide was not certain.

"Was the man from America?"

He thought he was.

"What excuse did he offer for riding, and allowing the lady to walk and climb a distance of five miles?"

"He said he wanted to keep his feet dry!"

Here I collapsed. I fell into a fit of musing about that precious man, with those blessed feet of his, that lasted a mile. I finally emerged from a brown study with the conclusion that he was already dry through and through. Heart dry, soul dry, the whole life and man dead and barren and dry.

The sensation of steadily rising higher and higher is peculiar. As you notice that the horizon is expanding, that the houses beneath you are getting smaller, and the clouds nearer, there is a combination of thrills that pass through the heart that leave a vivid and everlasting memory. Finally we reached the top—guide, pony, and myself. What a view! Some one says you can see half of Scotland from this peak. The summit is about twenty-five feet square, and level almost as a table. On the northern side the mountain falls away in a sharp, precipitous descent to the valleys beneath you. The pony walked to the edge of this side and began cropping the grass. (I was not on him then!) The guide sat on the same little plot of grass, and began eating his lunch of bread and cheese, with his legs dangling over the

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precipice, while he meditatively looked towards the North Pole.

It looked like he and the pony got up that special tableau to startle the traveler.

I shall carry through eternity with me the memory of the glorious view I obtained at noon, of July 16, from the summit of majestic Ben Lomond. Beneath me, and miles away, lay Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and four other lakes gleaming like burnished silver in the sunlight. Stirling and Edinburgh, fifty miles away, that can easily be seen from this point, were hidden by a falling rain that walled in the eastern view. Southward I could see thirty miles, and no farther, because of a vail of low-hanging clouds. But west and north mountains upon mountains, peak beyond peak, in wild and yet harmonious array, stretched away in the distance, filling the soul with awe and reverence. Great altars of God they seemed to be, with the mist of a perpetual cloud-like incense drifting about their sides, or hovering over their heads. I removed my hat and worshiped God in their company.

While lingering upon the fascinating spot, suddenly four English youths made their appearance, panting from their long, steep ascent. They were from Lancastershire, and viewing Scotland on foot. They remained only a few minutes, evidently coming up merely to say they had been there. Taking the southern side of the mountain

—which, although steep as the roof of a house, yet is less sharp in decline than the others—taking this side, and utterly ignoring the winding path, they went slipping, sliding and bounding down, followed by a large black dog barking after them in high glee. It looked like they would reach the bottom in fifteen minutes; but evidently they met with difficulties, for on reaching the foot of the mountain, one hour and a half afterward, I discovered that they had just arrived. I sat down with the ruddy-cheeked boy-travelers to dinner in the pretty flower-surrounded hotel at the base of Ben Lomond. The dinner was composed of salmon trout, roast beef and gooseberry pie. My! how those Lancastershire boys did eat. It did me good to watch them. They were a little embarrassed and amused at their own appetites, as I gathered from unmistakable Masonic signals that passed between them.

In the afternoon I took another passing steamer and pursued my journey to the head of the lake. I remained over night at Inversnaid, where I landed in order to visit the cave of Rob Roy. Many of my readers will remember Walter Scott's description of this cave in one, and, I believe, two of his works. It derives an added interest from the fact that Robert Bruce lived in concealment in it after his defeat at Dalree. The cave is on the eastern bank of Loch Lomond, one mile above Inversnaid. On leaving the hotel you plunge into

the woods at once. The right, or eastern bank of the lake at this point is exceedingly lofty, and in places precipitous. A wild-looking forest covers the sides. Looking up through the boughs of the trees you can see the tall cliffs hundreds of feet above you, crowned with huge masses of gray stone. At some period in the past the cliff above shook its head and shoulders, and sent down great showers of these limestone boulders all along the side surface down to the very water's edge. The path to the cave, one hundred feet above the level of the lake in some places, and hundreds of feet below the cliff, winds through the forest, in and around these great rocks, through dense thickets, over musical little waterfalls, and by banks lovely with the tints of myriads of wild flowers. I gathered a handful of these crimson, yellow, purple and white sylvan beauties that charmed my eye that evening, and that must have gladdened the vision of Bruce and his few noble followers when they trod this selfsame path to the cave. At last I reached it where the rocks were in wildest confusion, and where the mountains towered highest on the opposite side. Descending fully thirty feet amid the boulders, you turn to the left, walking on a narrow ledge around the jutting shoulder of a great gray mass of granite, and so come to the mouth of the cave. Truly it was a safe place. Fifty or sixty feet above the water, hidden among the

rocks, overshadowed and screened by the trees, it would have taken the sharpest of eyes to have found the place. I discovered it by the help of a guide! There is an upper cave, and fifteen feet lower another one, somewhat larger, which I explored, or rather examined, with lucifer matches. It is now not over ten feet square; but was evidently once roomier. Memory was busy in recalling the noble life and achievements of the fugitive king, who had once slept on the cold rocks at my feet. The reader will readily understand why this cave impressed me more than the palatial abodes of royalty to-day, and how the arch of this gloomy cavern spoke more powerfully to my soul than the parapet of castle and the lofty vaulting of cathedral. Quickly and willingly I bared my head here at the very memory of a great man, which thing I have never felt inclined to do to a merely rich man.

That evening, at the Inversnaid Hotel, I sat down with thirty ladies and gentlemen to a dinner consisting of eight courses. I had little appetite, and no sympathy with the social tomfoolery that was going on in connection with the dining-table. My thoughts were at the cave with the Bruce. I studied their faces, and again thought of him. I noticed their devotion to the bill of fare, and the abundance before them, and thought of the royal fugitive hungry in his cave. I saw that they knew how to eat! I remembered that Bruce

knew how to live, and to achieve. I pushed the contrast one step further: The world, I said to myself, has never heard of these wine-drinking human figures before me; but all the nations have heard the thrilling story of Robert Bruce, the man who arose from the cave on the shore of Loch Lomond to be king of Scotland, and the conqueror of the armies of England.

The hour of midnight finds me writing. The waves of the beautiful Loch Lomond break in twenty yards of my window. As I look out I can see the forms of Ben Voirlich, Ben Venue, Ben Crois, and other mountains, lifting themselves up in purple grandeur to meet and commune with the stars. Both stars and mountains are reflected in the Lomond mirror. A few miles away are the sites of the thrilling events so graphically narrated in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," while Wordsworth's poem of the "Highland Girl" was born by the side of the Inversnaid waterfall, whose murmur and musical beat upon the rocks I can hear as I write.

Under such an encircling panorama of beauty it would seem hard to sleep; but, wearied with two weeks' journeying, I say good-night to the fair scenes to which I shall soon say good-morning—

> "And, wrapping the drapery of my couch
> About me, lie down to pleasant dreams."

CHAPTER VI.

Loch Katrine—Stirling Castle—Battlefield of Bannockburn—Edinburgh Castle—Holy-rood Palace.

Loch Katrine lies at right angles with Loch Lomond—the latter running north and south, the former east and west. The traveler stages it five miles to go from one to the other. Loch Katrine is about nine miles in length, and the loveliest scenery is at the eastern end. Here, like an emerald gem upon the bosom of the lake, is Ellen's Isle. Ben Venue towers up on the south bank, and Ben Aan on the north shore. The island is between the two, and not sixty yards from the northern bank. It is about two acres in extent, and covered with trees. You get a glimpse, as you pass, of the "Silver Strand" where Ellen's boat landed at the Fitz-James interview.

The Trosachs is a wild, beautiful valley, running from Loch Katrine to Loch Achray. Let the reader turn to Scott's "Lady of the Lake" to obtain a description of this lovely glen. The tourist passes over twelve or fifteen miles of the deer chase so graphically presented in the above-mentioned poem. And it added greatly to the

charm of the stage ride, after leaving Loch Katrine, to identify the various points, with the guide book in one hand, and Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" in the other.

I came to Stirling by rail. The object of greatest interest in the town is the historic castle. From the depot there is a steady ascent through the city up to the castle gate. The information was here given me that the few times that this historic and royal fortress had been taken, it had always been captured on the town side. Here was food for reflection. The guide did not know how suggestive and significant was his speech. Somehow it is the town side I have learned to dread in a man's life. How many fathers, husbands, and sons are being captured and ruined on the town side. Let a double wall of defence be run there as has been done at Stirling Castle.

From the lofty walls on the northern side I was shown the battlefield of Stirling, where Wallace with ten thousand men, defeated the Earl of Surrey with a much larger army. The windings of the river Forth helped the noble Scotch leader to obtain the victory. From the east wall the prospect is simply glorious in its breadth and length, and in the panorama of fields, rivers, hills, and mountains in the far distance. Stirling Castle is a landmark that can be seen for thirty or forty miles around. I was not surprised now at recalling what was told me on Ben Lomond, that

on a fair day this castle could be plainly seen. From the south wall you can see in the distance, two or three miles away, the battlefield of Bannockburn. I could not help thinking how these castle walls, and the tops of the houses in the town of Stirling, were crowded with anxious observers of those two famous battles. What straining eyes, and white cheeks, and fervent prayers for son, and husband, and brother, and father who were in the conflict in the field beneath; and, besides this, the liberty of Scotland and their own lives were at stake. Yonder they could see the men falling to rise no more. Whose loved one was it? From the east wall you see near by the Grey Friars' Cathedral, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was crowned.

The castle is garrisoned by three or four hundred young Highlanders. They are dressed in the military Highland costume, bare knees and all. With quite a redundancy of color, they look like animated rainbows as they pace their beats, or move about the court-yard. Viewed from a distance, with kirtle, plaid, armor, and an immense black shako on their heads, they presented an alarming appearance; but when you get nearer the fierce-looking warrior, and give a furtive look up under the nodding helmet, you encounter the smooth face, and beardless lip and cheek of a boy of eighteen or twenty. There he was, trying to look fierce, and holding his gun as if the castle

was in a state of siege. I could scarcely restrain my smiles as I looked at the soldier-boy guard and at his three hundred companions. They are all boys and youths just enlisted, and they feel their importance, and have donned the war look in absence of war paint. I thought of the children at home, who, in their games, try to frighten their parents with sundry terrible faces and blood-curdling cries. I thought of the farmers quietly reaping in the fields in sight of Stirling. I had a vision of Peace and Plenty, with their beautiful arms resting on the hills, and, with cheek in hand, smilingly looking down on the sheltered land. And I thought of these fierce boys in the castle of Stirling, keeping watch over some old gray walls and towers that everybody has forgotten but the traveler and the reader of history. Hold fast to your guns, ye sons of Mars! Bayonet every rat that attempts to come in under the portcullis; look out some rainy, windy night for the ghost of James Douglass, who was murdered by James II. in yonder room and flung from the window into the court-yard; or, maybe, when the moon shines faintly through thin white clouds, you will see Mary, Queen of Scots, standing on the castle wall, wringing her hands over Scotland; or, perhaps, you will hear chattering voices coming up from yonder grated dungeon. If you hear or see anything, shoot your gun and fall back into the inner tower. Bar and bolt every gate,

and, at all events, hold the castle! But hear me, my young Highlander: Long before you will ever have the opportunity of sheathing your bayonet in human flesh, the gospel of our blessed Lord will have so spread, and will have such a grip on men's hearts, and consciences, and judgments, that war will cease, and that sword of thine will become a pruning-hook.

Taking a cab, I drove out to the field of Bannockburn. An iron grating and a large flagstaff mark the place where the Scottish standard was planted. By the spot I stood and took in the features of the battle-plain. Here is the gentle eminence upon which Bruce extended the lines of his troops for half a mile. At the base of it, two hundred yards away, is still flowing the little stream of Bonnockburn. It flows water to-day, but it ran blood on that day. It is only about ten or twelve feet wide. I went down and examined it. Just beyond the stream was the marsh in which the English horse became entangled; and to the right of that, as we stand looking south, is the field that Bruce had filled with pits, and that completed the confusion of the invading army. The marsh and field are now well-cultivated wheat fields; and, where the English fell and died in great numbers, I now see a score of reapers diligently at work. What a sight that English army of one hundred thousand men, spread out on the plains and hill-sides yon-

der, must have presented! Far to the left and to the south was pointed out to me the place where Edward's tent was pitched, and where he viewed the battle. To the right is the hill over which the camp followers suddenly appeared, to the final discouragement of the invaders. Then memory brought back the remarkable scene, when thirty thousand men knelt in prayer in one long line on this eminence, while the good abbot extended his hands and blessed them. Could such men fail? Would God leave such an army to defeat? Then I recalled Robert Bruce's address to his soldiers. And then I sang the beautiful and stirring song written by Burns:

"Scots who hae with Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to gloriour victory."

One of the loveliest pictures I saw while in Scotland met my gaze in the suburbs of Stirling, in the person of a little boy, about four years of age, standing on a fence blowing soap bubbles, and watching them float away and burst. As I passed in the cab I smiled upon him, and the little fellow smiled back, and turned to look after another bubble that he had just cast off. How interested he was, and what a bright, eager little face he had! He little thought or cared that the stranger who had just passed him prayed God to bless his future life. As I looked back at him,

the reflection came: Well, the world is doing just what that little boy is doing—blowing bubbles—there being this one difference: that the world cries when its bubbles burst and vanish; but the boy smiled.

Over the immense bridge that spans the Frith of Forth we next sped on our way to the ancient capital of Scotland. The Brooklyn Bridge is 3,475 feet long and 135 feet high; The Bridge of Forth is 7,295 feet long and 370 feet above the water level.

In Edinburgh we first visited the castle. This is built on an eminence even higher than that of Stirling Castle, being, as we were informed, five hundred feet above the level of the sea. There are seven gates to be passed before you get admittance into the castle proper. As I counted them, looked at the huge portcullis arrangement beside, and then glanced down from the lofty walls that crown the rocky and perpendicular crag to the street, over four hundred feet below me, I saw here was another impregnable fortress. The guide told me it always had to be starved into surrender. History speaks of one exception, and the case is told very thrillingly in one of Grace Aguilar's books, called "The Days of Bruce." How I pored over that book when a boy! Randolph, a gallant follower of Bruce, one dark night, with thirty men, climbed these heights that previously, on account of their loftiness and

perpendicularity, had been regarded as unscalable. It was accomplished through the leadership of a young man who had formerly dwelt in the castle, and who, from the ardent desire to visit his sweetheart every night in the town, found a way down the face of the precipice to the ground below. What will not love make a man attempt and achieve! He it was who guided Randolph and his small band up the face of the cliff, to the surprise and capture of the garrison.

Here I found another regiment of young Highlanders, looking, if possible, more bloodthirsty than the Stirling battalion. England seems to be having some difficulty in finding recruits for her army. The walls and street corners abound in flaming placards, offering great inducements to young men to enlist in the service. Pictures of gorgeously arrayed grenadiers, and helmeted and plumed dragoons, fill up the sides of the placard to assist the youth in coming to a decision. The promise of being taken into the civil service, after so many years is added by way of lagniappe. The pay per annum, while serving, is three pounds, or fifteen dollars.

High street, in Edinburgh, is interesting from one end to the other. I question whether another street in the world can group together as many historic places and objects of note. The Heart of Mid-Lothian is here, the Church of John Knox, the residence of the same apostolic man, the place

where the coronation of kings was publicly announced, the house where the first Bible was printed in Scotland, the houses of illustrious men, and, not least in interest, the stone pillar where scolding wives were once chained for a certain number of hours. I accepted the last piece of information with a certain amount of mental reservation. The guide spoke with some feeling on the subject. He regarded it as a good custom, and, in a word, I gathered from the little he said that there was an agitated family history at his home.

Holyrood Palace and Abbey made a profound impression upon me. The palace faces west, and, with its four-story front and four towers in a line, is a most imposing building. Although a number of kings and queens of Scotland have dwelt here, yet the mind singles out one above all, and keeps that one in memory all the time of the visit. I refer to Mary, Queen of Scots. Her rooms were on the third floor, as we say in America; but in the second story, as they call it in Great Britain. She had four apartments. One was her audience-room; back of that, and looking out of the front window of the palace, was her sleeping chamber. Two of the towers in front afforded her two other small apartments, eight by ten in dimension. Both of these small rooms opened into her sleeping chamber. One she used as her dressing-room; the other, which was in the northwest corner of

the palace, she kept as her private supping-room. This last room has no outlet except through the sleeping apartment of the queen. In this room occurred that famous supper scene which was so violently and suddenly interrupted by her husband, Lord Darnley, and a few other Scotch noblemen rushing in and murdering her favorite secretary, Rizzio, before her eyes. They dragged his body through her sleeping-room, stabbing the dying wretch as they went, then through the audience-room, and left him, with fifty wounds, dead at the head of the staircase. In her bedroom, and a few feet from the door of the small supper-room, I was shown another door opening upon a private staircase used by Mary, and up which the murderers came. What great people they were in those days for private stairways, and secret postern doors, and under-ground passages! The other end of this private stairway I afterward saw in a corner of the abbey, nearly a hundred yards away. Where else it wandered in the thick walls of the palace I could not tell. Doubtless the queen returned from her religious devotions in the abby thus privately to her room. I was shown her bed in the sleeping-room. I wouldn't have it if it was given to me. The mirror in which her beautiful face was reflected still hangs upon the wall. What a sad, careworn face it became afterwards! Her beauty was a snare to her and others, and led to the death of a number.

Chastelard, the nephew of Chevalier Bayard, became infatuated, and secreted himself behind the tapestry of her room. Her maid attendants discovered him, and on his repeating the offense, he was tried and beheaded. Bothwell blew her husband up with gunpowder, in order to marry her; and still others, on her account, came to an untimely grave.

In the audience-room the stormy interviews between herself and John Knox took place. Every time he denounced her worldly, or Catholic, course she would send for him, and there would be bitter upbraiding, ending with a shower of tears. Knox stood like the Eddystone Lighthouse; the water dashed in vain, and he shone on. On one occasion Queen Mary, in her indignation, sent him out in the ante-room to await her good pleasure. There he found himself in the presence of the "four Marys," her attendants and maids of honor. Without a moment's delay he turned to the simpering, bedizened girls of the court, and gave them a solemn exhortation and warning. How differently some of us would have acted! If we ever had screwed up sufficient courage to have rebuked the sins of the wealthy or of royalty; if even then we had been dismissed to cool the blood in an ante-room, and there found these giggling maidens, we would have said: "Fine weather we are having, ladies. I hope to see you out to our evening service at St. Giles.

We will not keep you long, and, beside, there is a lovely song service preceding the sermon. Do come." And so, graciously smiling, we would have bowed ourselves out, and left four immortal souls unwarned. This is just where comes in the difference between our spinality and the vertebral column of John Knox. And this difference, barely touched upon, explains exactly why the Scottish preacher has a great monument, and is known to the world, while some of us have none, and are not known or felt anywhere.

CHAPTER VII.

Melrose—The Abbey—Abbotsford—The Middle Ground—Auld Robin Gray.

MELROSE, fifty miles south of Edinburgh, is a small town of a thousand inhabitants, but rejoicing in a number of hotels with high-sounding and promising names. The title that drew me was the "King's Arms." I soon discovered that the landlord undertook several roles or disguises in ministering to the different wants of his guests. He answered the bell of the room, he stood behind my chair at the table, I saw him figuring about the little hotel-bar in a clerk-like way, and I had strong reason to suspect that he prepared the meal set before me. My dinner consisted of two dishes. I mention the dinner mainly because in the neighbor-hood of Walter Scott who never wrote a book without describing a number of meals in the most appetizing way. Oftentimes the Great Wizard of the North has made me hungry, so that I would have to lay down the book and go off for refreshment—this when a boy.

His favorite way was to introduce a tired, belated knight, who is ushered into the large din-

ing-hall of a castle, hung round with trophies of the chase, pieces of armor, and family portraits, and there would be placed before him "a half-demolished venison pasty flanked by a cobwebbed bottle filled with a golden-looking liquid." My dinner in the "King's Arms" was cold veal with mint sauce, and for dessert a sweet omelet. Was it that those two dishes were so superior, or was it that an invisible hand poured that rare sauce, hunger, over the food? The recipe of this dessert I will give to any lady who feels desperate in the attempt to please an exacting household.

Melrose Abbey was built in the twelfth century. Judging from the ruins it was beautiful as well as colossal. Two-thirds of it is gone, but the third left is larger than some of our greatest church edifices in the South. The nave is entirely gone, with the exception of a section of wall. The transept and chancel in some sort still remain, in portions of the wall, and in a number of lofty pillars that shoot up far above the head, and in the tombs that lie thickly under our feet. But most of the roof is gone, and the stone pavement has disappeared in wide spaces. Where once hooded monks chanted and walked in procession along rich aisles, and through the soft light of stained windows, I look up now, and behold the sky is visible; I look down and when I am not walking on tombs I find the grass under my feet. High up on the edge of the roofless walls I noticed several jackdaws chattering away among themselves,

while lower down some pigeons were cooing and apparently making nests in crevices not far from the vaulted passage in the wall along which surpliced choir-boys used to march and sing. Under the east window is the site of one of the most thrilling scenes in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," where the monk and soldier visit the crypt and open the tomb of Michael Scott, while the moonlight falls on them and on the face of the dead man through the panes of the window that is still left. Close by in the chancel is the heart of Robert Bruce. Sent to the Holy Land it was brought back, and in its silver case buried here. By its side is one of the monarchs of Scotland. Passing over a narrow, stone-covered place, between two pillars, the guide told me I had walked over seven noblemen. I comforted myself with the thought that they had walked when living over seven hundred seventy and seven people, while my stepping unwittingly over them when dead could do them no harm.

What a curious custom our forefathers had of burying the dead under the stone floors of the chancels and aisles of the churches. I little dreamed when I started what glorious and historic names, names that had thrilled me with their achievements by tongue, and pen, and sword, would literally leap out of the stones under my feet, and greet me as it were from the dust—the names of Addison, Knox, Massillon, Fenelon,

and others. It is a decided sensation to have your attention called to the fact that you are standing on the last resting-place of a man who moved the nations, or just as you have planted your foot down to see an illustrious name looking up into your face. Tennyson speaks in that strange poem of his called "Maud" about the feet of the living vexing the head of the dead. If he referred to this I have light at least on one line.

I was shown a postern door in the wall of the abbey communicating with an underground passage, that burrows its dark way to the river Tweed. By this secret route the monks could escape by boat when hard pressed. In the chancel I was shown an upright stone of several feet in height on which I was told that Sir Walter Scott used to sit when he visited the abbey. No sooner is the information given than down go a certain number and a certain set of tourists upon that stone. By repeated sittings they have already brought out a high state of polish, and a certain amount of wear. If they keep at it, the time will come when the aforesaid rock will be brought even to the ground and disappear, just as the great toe of the Apostle Peter in Rome is steadily vanishing under the repeated kissings of the faithful. What a strange ambition this is, to sit in the seat of the great. What a fearful contrast is instantaneously drawn!

Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, has been so often described that I will not undertake a needless task. Suffice to say that it is two and a half miles from Melrose in a northwesterly direction. The road leads through avenues of beech-trees, and lanes lined on either side with the blooming hawthorn hedge; then down near the banks of the Tweed, a stream of about twenty yards in width; and then up again and through smooth meadows, islanded with clumps of trees and dotted with sheep; and then through fields with soldier-like shocks of wheat; by a plot of ground where the crows were having a cawing assembly; past a grassy field where two or three horses were running races for their own amusement and enjoyment; so the road ran with varying charm until suddenly we looked down upon Abbotsford.

It lies a little below the road, between the highway and the river Tweed. Embowered in trees, pinnacled, tunneled, parapeted, and bewalled to an extraordinary degree, there is no other house like it. Designed by Scott himself, he succeeded in giving to a modern building an ancient look. We were carried through five rooms, among which was the library with its twenty thousand volumes, and the armory with its fine and interesting collection of every conceivable kind of warlike implement. Here we saw the pistols of Napoleon that were found on the field of Waterloo,

and also the gun of Rob Roy. The study, however, with the chair on which he sat, and the table on which he wrote, was doubtless the attractive spot to all in the house that morning. Here it was in this room looking south he wove the webs in which we and countless other wandering flies have been caught. His was the master-hand that so blended and twisted together the fiber of history and the thread of fancy that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. Fully twenty tourists entered the house while I was there, at a shilling apiece: this meant five dollars income for the family descendants. And so the travelers pour in continually, and with them a steady stream of silver currency that swells into the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars annually. The money that the great author strove to amass in order to save his property is coming in at last.

In passing out of Scotland the last impressive view had was of the hills and downs that like a great belt separate the two lands, Scotland and England. Thought was busy in recalling how often war, like a tide, had ebbed and flowed over this region; how armies would loom up on these hills coming from the south, and then at another time how the blue bonnets and highland plaid throng would surge down from the north upon the broad fields and meadows of "Merry England." Merry indeed! What a misnomer for a

land that has been as often shaken by foreign wars and convulsed with civil strife.

The bare low-lying hills, with their flocks and sheep-folds were more powerfully suggestive of another, simpler and more plaintive memory. I refer to the exquisite poem of Auld Robin Gray.

Written in Scotland by a Scottish woman and in a country like this, and, possibly, near this, I recalled with a new and increased interest the words:

"When the sheep are in the fauld,
And the kye are at hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane—
The woes o' my heart fall in showers from my e'e,
While my gude man lies soun by me."

The poem, when published, thrilled every heart, but the writer kept the authorship a secret for thirty or forty years. She then revealed it to Walter Scott. She attempted a sequel, but it did not take. Like Song-Replys, and volumes written in imitation of a striking book, it fell below the original.

The heart-broken but dutiful woman of the poem was best left as she was first introduced. If Enoch Arden had obtained his wife and settled down, the poem of Tennyson would not stir the reader as it does now. Evangeline leaves a great pain in the heart, but if she had overtaken her lover, not as many copies of Longfellow's beautiful conception would have been sold.

There is a frantic desire on the part of most

writers to marry everybody. You can see the sentences are all pointing, and the chapters are all swiftly rushing to this magical sentence of the conclusion, and "they were married and lived long and happily."

But if this is the way with the books, life itself fails to show that congenial natures always thus come together in wedlock. The books have one record, and life another. When a story is true to nature it thrills. The little poem of Lady Lindsay has moved a great multitude.

CHAPTER VIII.

Warwick—Kenilworth Castle—Stratford-on-avon—Oxford—Addison's Walk—A Group of Boys.

WARWICK, in the south of England, claims ten thousand inhabitants. Arriving at, or near midnight, I found the depot deserted by all but one man. Obtaining direction from a passing citizen, I sought a hotel several blocks away, but found it shut up, dark and silent. One street lamp, with its flickering light, revealed a bell-handle on the door. I pulled it heartily and stood listening to the clanging echoes which I had awakened in a distant part of the building die gradually away. There was no response. It is not an enviable experience to stand alone in a foreign country at the hour of midnight before a dark and silent house, where the bell only serves to arouse the barking of dogs and not the drowsy sleepers of the house. Here unquestionably I missed one of the golden opportunities of life of doing an appropriate thing. It occurred to me afterward, just as most good things do. Here I was between two famous old castles—Warwick and Kenilworth. The thought should have transported me into the age of knight-errantry as well as into its

spirit. With my lance (my umbrella) I should have struck the portcullis (the front door) until it rang again, crying out: "What, ho! sir knight of the castle (hotel keeper), what, ho!" And he finally, after much clanging of inner iron gates (creaking of doors) would have thrust his plumed (night-capped) head through an upper casement, and called out: "Now who be ye that wanders on the queen's highway at this unseasonable hour, disturbing the rest of her loyal subjects?" And I could have replied: "Fair sir—a wandering knight from the realm of Lottery-ana, commonly known as Louisiana, craves a night's courteous entertainment at your hands." But all this was not thought of until too late. And so the reception by and by was commonplace, and instead of being escorted into a large antlered dining-room *a la* Walter Scott, and confronted with the "venison pasty," we were led promptly and prosaically to a supperless bed.

Next morning, standing on a bridge that spans the Avon, we had a view of Warwick Castle. It might be called a river-glade view. Looking up the tree-lined banks of the Avon, you behold, a quarter of a mile away, and just where the river bends west-ward, the gray walls and massive towers of the castle. Embowered in trees, yet the turreted towers lift themselves above the tree-tops and greet the eyes of the beholder from afar. There are a number of historic incidents connected

with Warwick Castle, but the calm grandeur of the building, and the beauty of its surroundings made them take a second place in my mind at the time.

Not far away in the town itself I can see the spire of the church in whose crypt sleeps the body of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. How the graves of these prominent people are scattered. A man never knows where he is going to be buried if he is famous or infamous.

My landlord drove me out in a handsome two-wheeled vehicle to visit the ruins of Kenilworth Castle that are six or seven miles north of Warwick. The weather was biting cold. Think of it, that in July I had two buffalo robes over the lap, together with the protection of glove and overcoat. My landlord remarked, as we bowled along at a rapid rate through the beautiful English scenery, that it was an unusual spell of weather for England. I accepted his apology for his country. There was an apology needed. After awhile he remarked that he never had the least trouble in recognizing Americans, and that he knew I was from the United States the instant he heard me speak at the door the previous night. I begged him to tell me how he thus recognized me. "By your brogue," he replied. His words fairly knocked me into a brown study. In fact, these English people are continually throwing me into the deepest spells of thought. Now here I

had crossed the sea, expecting, and, in a measure, prepared to hear brogue from others, and yet before I have had the opportunity of fairly wiping the spray of the Atlantic from my face I am told that my speech—my speech that I had prided myself on for its true inflections and faithfulness to consonant and vowel sounds—that behold it was nothing but brogue! My meditation lasted a good while, and when I arose to the surface again, I came up bearing this conclusion with me: that every man's tongue, no matter how pure, is mere brogue to his brother dwelling across a national border.

My visit to Kenilworth Castle will always remain a beautiful but melancholy memory with me. It was formerly one of the largest and finest castles in England, was often the abode of royalty, witnessed a number of sieges, was possessed by a number of the lordliest men in the past, and was finally given by Queen Elizabeth to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Walter Scott, in his novel "Kenilworth," gives a description of one of three visits that Elizabeth paid to her favorite at this place.

Lordly and imposing once, it is a mournful ruin to-day, although there is a grandeur still left in the ruins.

One great tower in front—fully two hundred feet square, with walls fifteen feet thick—was built in William of Normandy's time. This is

WARWICK CASTLE

called Cæsar's Tower. Another tower to the right was built by the Duke of Lancaster. Still a third was erected at vast expense by the Earl of Leicester. This one stands back of the other two, fronting another way. There was a time when other buildings existed, and, connecting the three towers, formed a great quadrangle; but these structures, being of a lighter character, have all disappeared and left remaining the towers mentioned.

I climbed up the crumbling remains of steps and stone ledges upon the tower of Lancaster. I looked out upon cultivated fields, where in Elizabeth's time a lake, covering eighty acres, spread out to the side of the castle and washed its very walls. But Cromwell drained it and to-day not a sign of it is left. I next crept down a spiral staircase into the room where Amy Robsart was confined. With its one narrow window and stone wall it had the chill of a vault. I ascended again, and stood looking at what was once the great banqueting hall. The floor was gone, even the pillars that supported the vast, square, lofty room had crumbled away, but you could see the paneless oriel windows at the side, and the marks of the highly-ornamented chimneys left partially clingling to the inner wall. Here Elizabeth swept in her robes of state, here silk rustled, satin shone, swords clanked, wine flowed, wit sparkled, and beauty and chivalry congregated. Here Leices-

ter acted as the host of his sovereign, and doubtless knelt before her in ministering attendance as he did to her at the castle gate when she arrived. If he could have looked into the future and seen her leaving him to die in prison, would he have been as supple in knee and gracious in demeanor?

I looked next at the quadrangle, or court, that had seen the mustering of stern warriors, or the gayer sight of knights and ladies in bright array preparing for hawking, or hunting, or the tilt-yard; that had heard the yelp of hound, the blast of horn, the clang of trumpet, and had witnessed the running to and fro of squire and valet, and all the sights and sounds of a great castle. In that same court-yard, now grass-grown, I noticed a small flock of sheep quietly resting. On the ragged-edged walls of the towers around where once pennons and banners fluttered, I observed the marsh-mallow, and a sedge-like grass waving in the wind. And over the towers, and down in the court-yard, and about all the castle there reigned a silence and loneliness that could be felt. It was a silence that had a speech, and a loneliness that had a presence.

Stratford-on-Avon is a town of eight thousand inhabitants. A branch railroad from Warwick brings you to the place with many stoppages and a rain-bow-like curve. The scenery round about the place is strikingly English with its fields and meadows. The undulation of the land is so gen-

tle that you could not use the term hills even in courtesy in truthful description.

In this immortal place, made famous by the many-sided man, as he is called, is found the birth-place, the school, the home, and the tomb of Shakespeare. It is remarkable that here was his life begun and ended. He was born here, educated, married in the neighborhood, came back to it after an absence of years, lived here, died, and was buried. I know of no other instance like this among prominent characters, and it is a rare case with any man. Born in one place, we marry in another, live in a third, and die and are buried oftentimes in a fourth.

The return of Shakespeare from the great throbbing London to the quiet country town greatly impressed me. Was it that he was ignorant of his greatness. (?) The return looks to me like conscious defeat, and consequent sadness. If he could have foreseen the vast pilgrimage of admirers that annually visit this place he would have been astounded. I counted forty people in the house the morning I was present, and thus they came and still they come. The house in which the great dramatic genius was born is a plain two-story cottage. He was born in the second story in a room so low that I could touch the ceiling with my hand. The child outgrew the room and defies measurement. How strange and often how humble are the places in which the prodigies of the world first see the light.

The cottage of Anne Hathaway, his wife, is near the town. I did not visit it because of her shrewish memory. I gladly journeyed to this part of England to see the locality where lived and died a being whose lofty genius has stirred this generation, but I had no desire to look upon a place notable with recollections of a scolding tongue.

Before Shakespeare married the damsel, he, in a poem addressed to her, wrote wittily:

"Anne hath a will,
Anne Hath-a-way."

Written in jest at first, the lines afterward could have been penned in deep earnest. Tradition says that things were not comfortable at all times in the Shakespeare mansion.

How careful the matron of a house should be. Who can tell but the quiet husband who cannot be understood and who is the target of many a lingual arrow, may burst in greatness upon the wondering world, and then the sharpened curiosity of the nations will inquire insatiably into all the affairs and circumstances of home life, and as a consequence sundry infirmities of temper and certain peppery qualities of speech pertaining to the female head of the house might be revealed.

When Anne, the wife of William, closed the door and administered certain wifely rebukes, she regarded him as simply the husband of Anne; but he turned out to be Shakespeare! the literary

marvel of the world. And as the world insists upon hearing all that is said and done to its favorites and idols, behold! through the crack of the closed door the heated tirade of the woman has issued and been heard by pitying multitudes.

So Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, has become famous by certain lip-dressings she gave her philosopher husband. She little dreamed that her curtain lectures would resound through the world. When Mrs. Wesley practiced certain indignities and cruelties like hair-pullings upon her sainted husband, she little dreamed that the scene of privacy would be thrown out in strong colors upon the canvass of the future and gazed at in astonishment by the world.

Let certain wives call a halt, and consider their husbands afresh. It may be, the quiet that is so irritating to the bustling housekeeper, is the ponderings of intellectual greatness. The husband may be a genius. If so, look out, for the world will want to know how said genius was treated.

Shakespeare is buried in the church by the side of the river Avon. After standing awhile by the spot where his body sleeps, I went forth for a meditative walk under the trees. The massiveness of the cathedral, the lengthy avenue of lofty trees, the thickly populated cemetery, the quiet flowing past of the river Avon were felt by the mind to be proper surroundings. The voices of some young men rowing by on the river failed to detract from the solemnity of the place.

Oxford is about midway between Stratford and London. In this town of colleges I sought at once the help of a guide. The river Thames puts in an appearance here under another name. Upon this stream takes place the famous annual boat-race of the university. Such is the narrowness of the stream that the boats race in what might be called single file, the object being for the prow of one to touch the stern of another.

The spot where Latimer and Ridley were burned interested me far more deeply. A cross marks the place, and is to-day in the midst of a busy street.

Among other interesting localities I visited and threaded the silent shades of the famous "Addison's Walk." It is back of Magdalen College and remotely situated in the park owned by the school. The walk is about twelve feet wide and over a mile in length. The forest is on either side, while an avenue of trees, large in body and lofty in size, more directly shuts it in, and with its overarching boughs produces a shadow equal to twilight. The silence is unbroken save by the note of a bird, the rustle of a leaf, or the murmur of the brook flowing hard by. To this quiet, remote spot of sylvan beauty came the future classic writer so frequently, that it was called Addison's Walk. It was here that he separated himself from the throng and listened to voices that men cannot hear in the rush and din of the mul-

titude. It was here in this solitude he thought for the unthinking, and thought well, and prepared himself for life, so that when his life was over, and he was to be buried, men said that he ought to lie among kings and queens, and there amid them he sleeps to-day.

Every Methodist will readily realize with what interest I visited the college where John Wesley studied, and the one where in later years he was an instructor.

No true Methodist or Christian can visit unmoved this place where our church was born, and where began the greatest revival known to the world since the days of Pentecost. In the great dining-hall of Christ College, which is a portrait gallery as well of her distinguished sons, I looked in vain for the face of John Wesley. I saw other faces that we have never heard of on our side of the water, and not generally known on this side of the sea—but the face of the man who under God sent a thrill of life, and a wave of power over the churches of the entire world is not there.

Perhaps he did not cast out devils in the way some people desired; perhaps the people that followed him were not among the "chief rulers;" perhaps a prophet is not without honor save in his own home and country.

In leaving Oxford, and one or two miles south of it, I noticed from the car-window a group of boys in boat-uniform walking swiftly over the

fields toward the brow of a neighboring hill. With what an eager and assured air did they press their way along the path. The great object of life was evidently awaiting them. What they wanted was just over the hill. They had the thing tied, and it was waiting for them.

Ah boys! I thought as I looked sympathetically after them, you are mistaken, you are deceived—the thing you want is not over there, I have been over the hill myself, not once, but many times, and it is not there!

CHAPTER IX.

London—Spurgeon—Canon Farrar—Dr. Parker—St. Paul's Cathedral—The Whispering Gallery—On the Top of the Dome.

I ARRIVED in London late on Saturday afternoon. An arrival in London has always been and will always be an event in a human life, from the child of genius coming up as a poor, unknown lad to the metropolis to achieve fame, to the traveler with no ambitious intent, but who has heard all his life of the wonderful city. These poor lads were much in my thoughts as I drew near the great capital. How many went up and failed! Chatterton, the most brilliant of them all, died heart-broken or starved. Shakespeare, after staying awhile, went back to Stratford-on-Avon, the home of his boyhood. Perhaps he thought he had failed. Some few succeeded and remained. But they all felt the thrill of entering London. As the poet laureate puts it, while afar off upon the fields or roads, they

> "Saw in heaven the light of London
> Flaring like a dreary dawn."

Sunday morning dawned beautifully fair, and I sat down, so to speak, to a spiritual bill of fare

not to be had every day, or in every place, by any manner of means. I listened to the three great lights of London at 11 A.M., 3 P.M., and 7 P.M.

At eleven I directed my steps to Mr. Spurgeon's church, which I found was twice as large as Dr. Beecher's. I was escorted into the prayer meeting, held in a room back of the pulpit, just before preaching. One of the brethren, in the midst of a long prayer, called the meeting the center of power in the church. I had only been in the room a short while, but felt he was mistaken. Each succeeding prayer convinced me more than ever that the brother was incorrect. The center of power always means a glorious death to circumlocutory and mechanical prayers. In a few minutes more I noticed that Mr. Spurgeon was not present. An half-hour later I was listening to him as he poured a rich and unctuous gospel into the hearts of five thousand people. I knew then that the center of power was in Spurgeon. A man has to pray himself, and to pray much, and to pray mightily and importunately, to have power over the hearts and consciences of men. Nothing else will bring it.

Mr. Spurgeon commented on the chapter he read for thirty minutes, and after that preached forty minutes. But no one wearied. What a feast he gave us in Christ's first miracle in Cana of Galilee! Christ filled the discourse; was felt

in every accent of the voice, and looked out of every expression of the face. The man drew the rich provisions for us as if, like Joseph, he had been filling the store-houses of his mind for years, and there was no stint nor limit. And yet in the midst of the feast I looked down and saw two of his prominent members asleep! I was comforted for myself and my brethren in the ministry. The great orator shows signs of physical feebleness. He moved stiffly in the pulpit, as if he feared the awakening of slumbering pain. But his square English face was lighted up with God's own love and peace, and his intellect was as lordly as ever.

After the sermon he took up a special collection. An hundred wooden boxes were instantly passed down the aisles, and the rain of the pennies sounded like hail on the roof. I am convinced that the "collection" is an institution, universal and permanent.

At 3 P.M., I listened to Canon Farrar at Westminster Abbey. The subject was, "Saul Forsaken of God." It was a polished sermon, like the statues around him; but a great spiritual power was not there. Perhaps it may be difficult to preach among marble statues, tombstones, and cold gray walls. To hear the organ in Westminster constitutes an experience. The strain rises up into the lofty ceiling, eighty feet above you, wanders away from you down the long nave, comes sweeping back up the transepts, gets lost

among the many stone arches and pillars, and finally you hear it sobbing and dying among the tombs of dead kings and queens, and warriors, and statesmen, and poets, and preachers in the far distant parts of the building.

At 7 P.M., I heard Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple. He is a Congregationalist. He preached that night to fully four thousand people. Dr. Parker wears his hair rather long and flung back. He has a grand leonine face that, in the distance, reminds you of Dr. C. K. Marshall. His subject was, "The Boy Samuel," his ministering before the Lord, and yet "not yet knowing the Lord." He held up the words, "not yet," and drew forth thought after thought until the hearer was amazed at their number and appropriateness. Dr. Parker is fresh, original, forcible, and, at times, dramatic in tone and gesture.

My card secured me here, as elsewhere, immediate attention. Perhaps it was because of the "D. D." attached to the name. These lay brethren in England do not know how cheap a degree it is in America, and has come really to mean next to nothing. While in Mr. Spurgeon's church I happened, in speaking to one of the ushers, to say *Doctor* Spurgeon. He quickly replied, "He is not a doctor; he is only a teacher!" Here was rebuke, and here was food for reflection. Is a "D. D." one thing and a teacher of God another? Do we cease to become a teacher

when we attain unto this title? "He is *only* a teacher!" May the Lord grant us to be teachers, though we never have half the alphabet swinging, like a comet-tail, to our names!

Monday morning I ascended to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral to get my bearings and map London in my mind forever. On our way up I was stopped in the dome to hear a whisper one hundred and fifty feet away. As I stepped in the gallery that runs around the inner wall of the dome I noticed five gentlemen, on the opposite side, with their ears to the wall, while the guide, standing near me, was whispering the following information: "St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren. It required over thirty years for its completion. The paintings on the ceiling were executed by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The height is four hundred and four feet. The diameter of this dome is one hundred and twelve," etc. The gentlemen left, and I took their place, whereupon the guide bowed himself against the stone wall, and, in a whisper, which I heard distinctly over one hundred feet, said: "St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren," etc. As I left three gentlemen took my place, and I saw the guide go down for the third time against the wall, and impart the thrilling information that "St. Paul's Cathedral was built," etc.

My heart melted for the man. He spends his

life going over about a half-dozen sentences, telling people that this cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and that, too, in a whisper, with his mouth against the wall. Over and over he tells it. He told it, the day I was there, doubtless, a thousand times. He is still telling it, and will continue to affirm and asseverate that matter about Sir Christopher Wren to the traveling multitudes through the years. If he is a man of much nervous sensibility, there are, doubtless, days that he heartily wishes that Sir Christopher Wren had never been born. Suppose a book should be written of the sayings of this guide?

I remember a colored man who kept a coffee-stand in Jackson, Miss., by the depot. I was passing through the place when I had just entered the ministry sixteen years ago. It was then I first heard his voice crying out: "Hot coffee and cold cakes!" Four years after I passed through again, and he was still calling, with the exception that he had left off the cold cakes. Either he had met with business reverses, or was growing more sententious. Eight years passed away, and, as my train stopped at Jackson for a few minutes one night, the first voice I recognized was that of my colored friend, with his unwearied statement of "hot coffee." This spring, in going up to deliver an address at Oxford, a midnight stoppage of a few moments at Jackson was re-

warded with the sound of the voice of my old friend, still insisting that he had "hot coffee." These two words constituted the man's vocabulary. He was never heard to say anything else. To my knowledge he has kept it up for sixteen years. There have been wars and revolutions in distant States; great have been the changes in the business and political world; but he has not changed. Suppose a book should be written containing the sayings of this man, as a companion volume of the biography and speeches of the guide of St. Paul's Cathedral!

In a little while I stood upon the "golden gallery" that runs around the spire above the vast dome of St. Paul's. Byron alludes to the dome in one of his poems, where, after painting the wilderness of houses and forests of masts said above it all:

> ——"A foolscap's crown,
> And that is London town."

We are close by the ponderous bell that has been likened to conscience by some writer. It sends forth, at times, its deep solemn boom; but London, in the rush and roar of the daytime, hears and heeds it not. But at night, when the streets grow quiet, all hear it then. I can testify to both facts, and especially to the solemnity of its stroke at the hour of midnight. Writing in my room on several occasions until after midnight, and only three blocks away, I have come to know the iron voice of London's great cathedral.

Standing on the golden gallery, I observed that the river Thames, bending like a bow, divided London into two sections, north and south. Looking southward, I saw the Tower of London on my left hand on the east bank of the Thames, fully a mile away. To my right, two miles distant, was Westminster Abby and the House of Parliament.

Looking south again, I counted seven large bridges over the Thames. Facing north, many noted places came into view. Just beneath us is the Bank of England; a little to the left is the famous Newgate Prison; before us is the church on Cripplegate street, from which Mr. Wesley's father was ejected, and in whose walls Cromwell was married and Milton lies buried. Farther out still is the place where William Wallace was executed, and the martyrs burned. Away to the left are the palaces of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. The fog and smoke prevent our seeing more than two or three miles in any direction; but as far as we can see there are houses by the thousands and multiplied thousands—the view is that of a wilderness of dwellings.

Descending to the street, we find rushing through hundreds of channels, with impetuous force, great living streams of humanity. Streams mightier and more awful than Niagara and the Mississippi, in that they are living streams, shall live forever, and are rushing on to God and eter-

nity. May the Savior guide these streams, and bring them to swell the volume and add to the gladness of the river of life that is to refresh and bless this world, and glorify, by and by, the universe of God forever!

CHAPTER X.

Westminster Abbey—The Chapels and Tombs—Westminster Hall—The Tower of London—The White Tower—The Place of Execution—The Graves of Anne Boleyn and Catharine—The Beheading Axe and Block—A Visit to Gray's "Country Churchyard."

ONE of the first places a person desires to visit when in London is Westminster Abbey. The age of the building, its historical associations, its architectural excellence, and, above all, its being the receptacle of royal dust, and the dust of the great, and wise, and good of past generations and centuries make it to exercise a profound influence over the mind. The great columns of stone, rising to the loftiness of palm trees, and then branching out in ribs of granite over the ceiling, and interlacing, like the boughs of forest trees, is the first thing that strikes the eye. This is what is called groined vaulting. The idea was taken from the sight of an avenue of lime trees, with smooth, lofty trunks and with arching boughs, knit together at the top. I have been in a number of cathedrals, and I discover that this conception is in them all—an avenue of granite trunks and limbs overhead. When these great columns line the transepts as well, crossing the nave at right

angles, the feeling, as you walk amid their shadows, is not altogether unlike the sensation of wandering through mighty avenues of trees.

All along the inner walls of these cathedrals, and approching the nave or center aisle twenty or thirty feet, are chapels fenced in and hedged off, so to speak, from the main body in various architectural ways, and by works of art and monuments of different kinds. Here are the places, or in the crypts below, in which the mighty in deed and noble in blood slumber their long sleep. As I was entering one to see the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, my eye happened to rest upon the stone floor, when suddenly I saw blossoming under my feet the name of Addison! I was walking over his ashes, as thousands do daily. It looks like sacrilege; but it seems a custom here, and nothing is thought of it. In these old cathedrals you literally walk upon the dead. Think of walking down the aisle over the tombstones and ashes of twenty individuals and families before sitting down in your pew to hear the gospel!

From the tomb of Elizabeth I went into another chapel were sleeps the body of Mary Queen of Scotts. She was beheaded and buried in another part of England, but her son, James the First, had her brought here after he came upon the throne. Her tomb is fully as rich as that of Elizabeth. In this same chapel I saw all in a row together, on marble slabs in the floor, the names

of Charles the Second, William, and Mary, and Anne. Four sovereigns in a line, and no monument over their ashes save the slabs that cover their bodies! Again and again I was forced to pause or sit down by weight of meditation.

They all sleep well. And they get along better now than they did in life. The world was hardly large enough to satisfy some whose names I read here in stone; but a very small place now is sufficent to keep them. The oppressor and the oppressed, the murderer and the murdered, are here close together, lying under the same roof, and their ashes shaken by the deep-toned roll of the same organ, whose music crashes down from amid the granite pillars above, and fills the vaults below.

James the First has several children buried in one of the chapels. I was much touched with a verse that was carved on the headstone of one of them. I copied it with my pencil:

"She tasted of the cup of life,
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She put it meekly from her lips,
And went to sleep again."

I saw the empty tomb of Cromwell. After the Restoration his body was removed and burned, I think, while his head was fastened on a spike on Westminister Hall near by, and kept there for years. As I was looking at the tomb, several ladies drew near, of a rough pattern, and one,

with strong Hibernian accent, cried out in regard to Cromwell: "And was he buried here?—the writch!" Well for the great that they do not hear all that is said about them. How thankful all people ought to be that we cannot hear over a few yards, and that when we are dead we cannot hear at all!

In the chapel of Edward the Confessor I saw the chair in which the kings and queens of England are crowned. Underneath the seat, and plain to view, is the celebrated stone of Scone, upon which the Scottish sovereigns sat during their coronation. If any would like to know concerning the architecture of this same chair, I can briefly, but truly, describe it. If you have a closet at home four or five feet high, and two feet deep, just nail a broad plank inside at the proper sitting distance, and you have got the coronation chair of England.

In close proximity to Westminster Abbey is the House of Parliament, stretched in colossal proportions upon the banks of the Thames. Comparatively a new building, I was not so much interested in it; but was far more engrossed with a building in the rear, and now constituting a kind of ante-room for the parliamentary building. It is called Westminster Hall, and is replete with historic facts and thrilling events. It was for a long time the abode of royalty, and in it also Parliament sat for generations. In it Wallace was

condemned to death, and so was Guy Fawkes. It was on one of its gable ends that the head of Cromwell was exposed. In front of it Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded. You may be sure that it was an interested gaze that was cast upon the ordinary-looking and yet remarkable structure.

Another place I visited with profound interest was the Tower of London. This is fully three miles from Westminster Abbey, down the river. It is called the Tower, when really it is a cluster of towers. The central building, however, is the one that has given name and character to the place. Conceive a deep moat, and a lofty wall surmounted by, or rather built into a number of strong towers, and enclosing a piece of ground of several acres in extent. Besides this, there is an inner wall. From the center of this enclosed ground rises a rectangular, four-story building, sixty or eighty yards square, with a turret at each corner, and with walls fifteen feet thick. This building is called the White Tower. It was at one time a palace for the crowned heads of England, but was finally vacated by them for brighter and pleasanter abodes. It then became a prison for people of consequence, while under its shadow two places of execution were established, where the very best blood of England and Scotland was made to flow. It was in this central building that Sir Walter Raleigh was confined. And it was underneath the steps of the southern

stairway of this same building that the skeletons of the two young princes, murdered by Richard the Third, were found. A slab in the wall announces the fact. They were killed in what is called the Bloody Tower, but were buried by Richard, as described, in the White Tower. The place is now used as a garrison, while the apartments, and council chamber, and great banqueting-hall of a departed royalty, have been transformed into magazines, armories, and a museum containing antiquities, relics, and interesting objects of all kinds. Among the mournful and painful things to be seen, is the cloak on which Gen. Wolfe died in front of Quebec, a genuine thumb-screw, a model of the "rack," and the beheading axe and block upon which Lord Kilmarnock and others were executed. The axe has a blade eighteen inches broad, the headsman's iron mask is near it, while the block is hollowed out in front and rear for the reception of the breast on one side, and the drooping of the face on the other. This hollowing reduces the top edge of the block to a narrow strip of three inches in width, on which the neck is laid. On that strip I observed, with a sick feeling at the heart, two deep gashes in the wood. They needed no explanation!

Between the central building and the western wall, in almost the center of the court yard, is the spot where condemned females were beheaded. A stone slab marks the spot. Here Anne Boleyn,

and Catharine, and Lady Jane Gray were executed. I took a seat under a tree and gave myself up to reflection. I have walked amid so many sepulchres lately, and marked the spots signalizing so many cruelties and atrocities of men, that the soul was powerless to shake off a spirit of deep pensiveness. I conjured up the scene, as, one by one, at different periods, these lovely women stood there confronting the heartless crowd, the ghastly block and axe, the masked headsman, and the grave and eternity. How the innocence and helplessness of the woman appealed from the brutality and injustice of man to the merciful God! And how I feel He, in infinite pity drew near them at the trying hour!

In a small chapel, thirty yards from where I sit, lie side by side, the bodies of the two murdered wives of Henry the Eighth. Verily, when this same Henry entered at death into perdition, Satan felt moved to resign and give him the throne! I firmly believe that there are some men who actually startle and horrify the devils. I foresee a revolution and strife in hell, before which the Miltonic angel war fades into insignificance.

I remarked that only females were executed in the walls of the tower. The men were beheaded on Tower Hill, fully one hundred yards outside the walls. Lady Jane Gray and her husband were beheaded the same day. They were, as you

know, a devoted couple. He was confined in Beauchamps Tower, and she in an adjoining house. I was shown the window through which she was looking when she saw the lifeless body of her husband brought in from Tower Hill. As my eyes followed the pointed finger of the guide to the window, it seemed that I could feel, even then, after the long lapse of time, that gaze of unutterable agony. In a few minutes she was led to the block herself, and the husband and wife were reunited.

Has this chapter been of rather a gloomy nature? Then will I conclude it with a brief description of a visit I paid to "The Country Churchyard," where Gray wrote his elegy, and where he lies buried. The spot is thirty miles northwest of London, and about six east of Windsor. I went out in the evening, as being an appropriate time. Leaving the train at a town called Slough, I hired a cab and rode two miles to the immortalized place. Over a country of a table-like level, through pleasant lanes bordered with fields of grain, and by meadows on which I noticed grazing "the lowing herd," we went quietly and musingly along. By and by the road became lined with beech trees; then it turned down a lane thickly bordered with firs, and, bending sharply again, ran several hundred yards through an avenue of elm trees of largest size, whose interlacing boughs cast a deep, cool shadow underneath.

A little farther on, and the driver stopped at a closed gate in a hedge, over which I could see a meadow, some portions of a field, a clump of trees, and a church spire. The driver was not allowed to go farther, and informed me that I must pursue the rest of the way by myself. It was in perfect keeping with my feelings so to do. Taking the path, I walked over the meadow and stood by the gate, studying the features of the "country churchyard" before me. The enclosure is studded with trees, and is surrounded by them as well. A little to one side is the church building, a structure of dark stone, with Gothic roof, and with a large, square tower at its side, rising up, at least, fifteen feet above the edge of the roof. The tower is covered from top to bottom with ivy. It was from this ivy-mantled tower that the owl hooted to the moon in complaint. As I look, facing west, upon the scene, the church is a little to the right, while to the left hand, in the small yard, and but a few steps from the building, is the "yew tree" mentioned in the poem. The elms are more numerous.

"Beneath those rugged elms that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

It is all just as he wrote. Under the wide, drooping boughs of the yew tree I noticed not less than fifty graves. It is worthy of note that there is but one yew tree in the church yard, and if the poem is examined, it will be noticed that but one

is mentioned. This faithfulness to facts and correctness of description strikes the heart of the observer very gratefully. Turning your back upon the enclosure, and looking east, your eyes fall upon the scene that is described in the stanza beginning,

"Hard by yon wood."

Looking in several directions, you get views of open, grassy fields, over which the poet saw "the plowman plod," "the lowing herd wind its way," "the glimmering landscape fade," while his ear caught "the drowsy tinkling from the distant fold."

Certainly it is fitting that Thomas Gray should be buried in the midst of scenes whose quiet beauty he has made by his genius a priceless legacy to the world. He lies in a tomb by the side of his mother, near the church, between "the yew tree's shade" and "the ivy-mantled tower."

I have never left a place with greater reluctance than this. The rooks were cawing on the tree-tops. The sun was going down in the west. It was at such an hour that Gray viewed the scene, and, walking about in the gloaming, moulded the lines of such unparalleled melody and beauty. I walked away, and lingered, turning often to take one other farewell look. And so I finally left the place; but in my soul I bore away the lovely scene with me as a precious possession forever.

CHAPTER XI.

The English People—The Accent—"I beg pardon"—Hotel Waiters—Rosy Cheeks—Ecclesiastical Titles—Bunhill Fields—City Road Chapel.

These English people are constantly throwing me into brown studies. So let it be however, for it is good to have the thinking faculties in lively exercise. Dickens was much amused at American manners and customs, and puts down the result of his observations in "American Notes," and "Martin Chuzzlewit." He did not seem to realize that the shield had another side, and that the sword he wielded, called national criticism, had a double edge, and, struck up by an American arm, might be made to fall with tremedous force upon the ways of Old England. If we grant that Great Britain, in its laws, customs, manners, and people has reached perfection, then are we all wrong in Columbia. The great novelist measured us by an English standard; but is the measure a right one? The time is coming when we will have given us by some American child of genius a book called "English Notes," and national criticism will be seen to possess a double-

edged blade, or more properly, the peculiar back action of the boomerang.

Certainly such a writer, however otherwise he may be embarrassed, will never know the embarrassment of lack of material. And yet even such a book would not prove that we as a people are blameless, but the two books together will teach a fact which is daily being impressed upon me more and more as I pass through the land, and that is that the nations are laughing-stocks to one another. France smiles at Germany, to which the land of the Fredericks responds with a guffaw of reciprocal amusement. England lifts its eyebrows at America, to which the States might reply with a smile that could spread into the neighborhood of both ears. I have more than once felt the twitching of my risible muscles in looking at the garb of some Syrian street peddlers in New Orleans. I little thought that the day was coming when my long linen duster would create greater attention and amusement in certain parts of Switzerland where snow abounds and dust is not an affliction. A great fact underlies in this homely illustration.

All I insist upon is that England shall not feel that she has the laugh to herself. If she knew her faults, she would say: Save me from the American laugh that could arise with the thundering roar of a Niagara, and come rebounding upon me from such sounding-boards as the Alle-

ghanies and the Rocky Mountains. And yet I was told in New York that we have there a host of servile imitators of England, and that the younger part of the community push the matter to such an extreme that if they hear that it is raining in London, at once the young men of New York roll up their pants and hoist an umbrella.

In addition to features of greater moment many lesser things struck me while in England. One was the English accent. To obtain it requires first that a man should contract a bad cold in the head, next that there should be a rigidity, if not paralysis, of certain throat muscles and vocal chords; then let him labor for chest notes, banish from the face all appearance of animation, and doing these things he will have the appearance and rejoice in the lingual excellence of the subject of Queen Victoria.

Another thing that immediately arrests attention is the unwearying, perpetual, and everlasting expression, "I beg pardon." If you look at an Englishman hard, he says, "I beg pardon." If you address him, and he does not catch the sense of the speech his invariable reply is, "I beg pardon," with a rising inflection on the pardon. Whether he hears you or not, and no matter what you ask, before the Britisher gives satisfaction, he draws his little verbal scimitar and plunges it through the ear into the brain centers, made exquisitely sensitive by many previous

stabs. While in England I had my pardon begged, on the average twenty or thirty times a day, until one unfamiliar with the custom would have supposed that I was the most injured and trampled-upon individual in the land.

I was struck with the way that England thrusts forward her servants ; and, in the person of the gentry, retires in the background. In nine cases out of ten the coachmen and footmen are finer looking men than the masters they drive, and always better dressed. The custom of the gentleman driving his own servant, which custom in America we are rapidly imitating, adds to the effectiveness of the picture in a most decided manner. If we look farther we find all the hotel waiters arrayed in black broadcloth, with swallow-tail coat, vest cut low to reveal a great expanse of immaculate shirt, with deep Byronic collar. Most of these waiters wear side whiskers, and the last one of them looks in his dignity and gravity as if he were the Prime Minister of England. By long contact with men of the world they actually acquire an ease of manner that is superior to many of the people they wait upon. Besides this, in all countries there are different table customs and proprieties peculiar to each land. These being often unknown to people thoroughly genteel, and who are perfectly at ease under any circumstances at home, give the waiter the advantage of superior knowledge in one di-

rection at least, over the majority of those whom he serves—an advantage which he feels and doubtless enjoys.

Now see the conclusion that has strangely thrust itself upon me from viewing these things,—viz., that a stern kind of justice, a leveling fate, or a law of compensation, is at work in the servant world. The man is a servant, but he is better dressed than his employer, has easier manners, and, to crown all, is driven out by his master for an airing every evening. The master is so busy managing the horses that he cannot see anything; but the servant sits back and enjoys the scenery and, in fact, all things.

Another thing to which I must call attention is the rosy cheeks of the women of England and Scotland. The fame of the blooming countenance of females in Northern latitudes has reached us of the South by song, poem, and pen of the traveler. In the innocence of my heart I thought that the rosy cheek was a kind of facial adornment that belonged perhaps to a certain nation—that it was a beauty monopoly, and that the rose on the face blossomed from certain qualities and excellencies beneath the skin. It was therefore with a certain degree of regard that I noticed the facial bloom around me in landing on the shores of the Old World. But I went across the water to investigate and learn in all directions; so I turned upon the phenomena before me the

eyes of an honest critic and a truth-loving philosopher. Some are genuine, but in a number of instances I saw that the roses are due to the bleak winds that abound in certain latitudes for half, or more than half, the year; the bloom arises often from a chapped skin and is rather an external application than a beauty developed from within. The ear, crimsoned by a bleak, north wind, is a quiet illustrator; while repeated Boreal smitings on the cheek irritate or affect in some way the veins and skin and leave a lasting scarlet tinge. All this is for the comfort of the pale-faced daughters of the South.

Again, certain ecclesiastical titles provoke thought. A priest in the Church of England is Reverend, a Bishop is Right Reverend, and an Archbishop is Most Reverend. Ponder the titles, and see in what direction do they point. Is it an increasing or decreasing lustre? Is the last expression in the superlative degree, or is it the abbreviation of the word almost? If I am Reverend, and after that become Right Reverend, am I not losing ground? In a word, according to the titles, are we coming out of the big or the little end of the horn?

I listened one Sabbath afternoon to one of these ministers of the Established Church intone the service in Westminster Abbey, and if there had been a half-dozen candles burning I would have supposed that I was in a Roman Catholic church.

O what a humiliating conception of Christ's and the Apostle's manner of conducting religious services. Here is a rising and falling voice, confining itself to two notes, and with a sound that is a compound of a whine and moan, chosen as a vehicle to bring to my heart and understanding the blessed truth of God. Nor is this all; the rising and falling whine-moan was perfectly unintelligible. For all I could tell, it might have been a collection of the veriest nonsense. Would the soul feed on such food? Could it do so? Think of John or Peter or Paul whining away in the pulpit after such a fashion. May the Lord pour out a spirit of common sense upon certain branches of His Church! Rome patterned after pagan worship, the English Church is modeling after Rome, and certain of the American Churches are drawing from the faded design in England, which is itself a copy of a copy of a copy.

I turn to a pleasanter theme. One of my afternoon trips in London was devoted to a visit to Bunhill Fields and City Road Chapel. I think the place is two or three miles north of the present center of London. The Bunhill Fields Cemetery is on the left hand of City Road as you go out, and the chapel is on the right hand, and directly opposite the cemetery. The latter place, which is a large square enclosed by an iron fence, is white with tombstones. They are of a very plain character, and show the effect of the sun and rain

and wind of centuries upon them. The grave of Mrs. Susannah Wesley is near the center. It is marked by a plain slab five feet high, while the grave itself is now even with the earth. In addition, a modern walk passes over a fourth of her grave. Near her resting-place is the tomb of Richard Cromwell, and a little farther the vault of John Bunyan. Across the main dividing walk are the tombs of Isaac Watts and Daniel DeFoe. Very willingly I paused by the graves of these three last-named men. Here I was personally indebted to men whom I never saw. Across the long sweep of years and decades they had stirred and delighted me. DeFoe had charmed my childhood with his "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan had impressed me religiously in my boyhood, and Watts with his lovely and beautiful hymns had enriched my Christian manhood.

City Road Chapel, so familiar in name and history to the Methodist reader, sets back twenty yards or more from the street, with a few trees of moderate size in front. The sexton admitted me into the plain, unpretentious building. The first impression that was strangely made on me as I looked around was that the brethren prayed long prayers here. Did the reader ever see a church that looked that way? If not, he has an experience or sensation awaiting him. My informant told me that the audience is not a large one, although I could see it was a roomy church, seat-

ing doubtless, with its spacious gallery, fifteen hundred people.

I was invited to walk up and stand in the round, lofty pulpit, in which Mr. Wesley used to preach, but I declined with thanks. I have not the morbid desire to sit in the chairs or stand in the pulpits of great men. I saw a dozen men sit in Shakespeare's chair in Stratford-on-Avon. They also dip by thousands in the chair of Walter Scott. Alas for them that genius does not ascend through and from a leather cushion or a piece of polished plank. The contrast presented to the mind at such a time is damaging to one of the parties. I preferred to stand off and view the place where this holy man of God, full of the Holy Ghost, so preached the gospel that the hearers often fell like dead men around him. O that the purity and piety and power that dwelt in him might abide upon us all at this day.

In the rear of the chapel stands the tomb of Mr. Wesley. I bent my steps in that direction. You approach by a narrow yard on the right side of the church. This yard was bedecked with bed and table linen waving in the wind. I fervently wish that the parties who hung out these household banners had been blessed with a certain amount of proper sentiment, and a realization of the fitness of things. Emerging from this canopied side-yard, I came into the rear of the church, which I found to be a square court about thirty

or forty yards each way. The place is filled with tombstones. In the center is that of Mr. Wesley, and near him are the plain tombs of Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke, and Richard Watson. I lingered here as long as I could, and as I turned away my thought was that these four truly great men have not such sepulchers as I saw at Westminster covering men who had nothing but their titles; but in the morning of the resurrection there will burst forth a glory from these four graves, before which the splendor of Westminster, and the magnificence of London itself, will pale into insignificance. God's time has not yet come, the day of His people is yet to dawn.

Mr. Wesley's house is nearer the street than the church, and is on your right hand, as you stand facing the chapel. I was shown several pieces of his furniture, and I was struck with the taste of Mr. Wesley, and the richness and genuineness of these articles themselves. The founder of Methodism seemed to desire but few things, but these few he wanted solid and good. He had but two spoons, but they were both of silver. On the inside of the doors of his desk were the pictures of a dozen of the prominent Methodist ministers of his time. He cut them out of magazines and books, and pasted them with his own hand where he could see them. His room was a back room on the second floor. The front room he gave to his mother. Opening into his bed-room is a

closet or dressing-room, in which he had a small writing-table, and where, doubtless, much of his praying was done. His bed-room is decidedly small, being not over ten feet square, if even that large. I remember noticing that the door could not be fully opened if a bed stood in the corner opposite. Here stood out to my mind one of the innumerable acts of self-denial that marked his life. The large pleasant front room was given first to his mother, and, after her death, turned over to some one else. I felt that here was holy ground, as, with uncovered head, I paused a few moments in the bed-room. Here he read, and prayed, and composed his sermons; here he thought and planned for Methodism; here he rested from his long, exhausting journeys, and here finally he died. It was in this room that, just before his spirit sped its way to heaven, he uttered the memorable words that have gone all over the world. It was a sentence of pure gold, akin to inspiration, and outweighing the globe with all its values: "The best of all is, God is with us."

CHAPTER XII.

Lingual Difficulties in France—The Cafes—Vendome Column—Louvre Palace and Tuilleries Gardens—Sainte Chapelle—Palace of Justice—How the Lawyers Dress—Notre Dame—The Sabbath—Mission Work in Paris.

The experience that comes to one in landing in a foreign country, where an unknown tongue is spoken, is peculiar, and not one of unmixed enjoyment. As the white chalk hills or cliffs of Dover sink beneath the horizon, the English language, except in sporadic cases, goes with them, and as the foot presses the soil of France, and the ear takes in the rapid clatter of tongues from under moustached lips, the traveler begins to feel his loneliness and his comparative helplessness in a forcible way. Henceforth signs and gestures must be depended upon, while the tongue that has been so often relied on, and has answered to a thousand demands, is now relegated to a long rest. It can do little or nothing more. It is, so to speak, laid on the shelf; or, more elegantly, it lies down on its velvety cushion, leans against two shining rows of ivory, while the eyes and ears stand guard, and do what they can for the resting

monarch. Whenever this reposing monarch, or member, arose and asserted himself in France, he got into trouble. Scores of times, full of self-confidence, he sprang up with a bound and rushed forward into the verbal affray; but as often he sank back, discouraged, disgusted and defeated.

On one occasion I adopted the happy expedient of speaking very volubly in English, *with a strong French accent.* A very common mistake! What happened then? Just this: that the descendant of Charlemagne turned and poured upon me such a flood of "*omnia Gallia,*" without its being "*divisa in tres partes,*" that I was almost lifted from my feet. We parted, both being thoroughly mystified. But one feeling of exultation I bore away with me was, that if he had mystified me, I had also thoroughly confounded him.

After being in Paris a couple of days I became bolder in regard to my lingual surroundings. So I stepped out to purchase some candles one evening, neglecting to obtain the French phrase from the hotel clerk, who spoke English. Entering into a store that contained a little of everything, I asked the female shopkeeper for a candle in plain Anglo-Saxon. She smilingly proffered various articles. I shook my head and fell back on my French accent. She grew more animated, and dived into her show cases for things I never dreamed of, nor would ever need. The battle became more interesting. It was impossible to tell

which side would finally win. Finally a brilliant idea struck me. Raising my hand, I scratched an imaginary match in the air, and applied it to an equally fanciful candle. Her face at once lighted up. I thought I had conquered, when, lo! she stooped down and, from a shelf near the floor, lifted and handed me something that looked like the machine that is used for wooden scroll-work. I took a seat in despair. Then she smiled and I smiled. Then I left. She looked foolish, and so did I, and felt foolish besides. Further down the street I entered a shop where the owner understood English; but I was nearly an hour in getting the candles.

The first thing that strikes the tourist in entering Paris is the *cafe* system. The pavements are fairly lined with small tables and chairs, where the people are eating ices and sherbets, drinking wine, or partaking of their meals, according to the hour of the day. At night especially, upon the larger avenues and the boulevards the throng of laughing, chatting, drinking, eating people at these little white-topped tables is simply immense, requiring a most sinuous course in some places for the pedestrian to move along. Sunday night, as I passed to and from church, the crowd was, if possible, even larger. Vehicles of every description were flashing hither and thither up the broad thoroughfare; merriment and conversation rose and fell like waves along the pave-

ment, crowded with nicely-dressed men and women; wine glasses were clinking, and through the leaves of the overarching trees the electric light and the moonlight, in strange companionship, fell in checkered, quivering light and shadow upon the sitting and moving groups beneath. These scenes on the week nights declare powerfully the absence of the home-life in Paris; but when beheld on the Sabbath, it teaches something sadder and more awful still, and that is, a city without God. It needs no prophet to affirm, after beholding such scenes and others of a darker nature, that, as a people, they are yet to taste in judgment "the wine of the wrath of God." God vindicates his holy day and law, and history is one long confirmation of the fact.

One of the first visits I paid was to the Vendome Column. It is about two or three blocks from the river Seine, on the upper or eastern bank. The column stands in a square, through which only one street passes, from north to south. It was constructed out of fourteen hundred cannon taken from the enemies of France by Napoleon. This was one of the best things that Bonaparte ever did, to change implements of war into an inoffensive pillar of iron. If he had taken fourteen hundred more of his own and built another column, then would he, indeed, have been famous. When the Communists, in 1871, with cable and windlass, pulled it down, it was broken into fifty-six different

pieces ; but the government has had it all recast, and so the monument stands as it did in the time of the great Emperor.

The Louvre Palace is near by, and situated directly on the bank of the Seine. It occupies three sides of a long square ; not such a square as we have in New Orleans, but one equal to six of ours. The unoccupied, or western, side was finally filled up by the construction of the Tuilleries Palace. It was in this last-named building that Napoleon lived. It was destroyed in 1871 by the Communists, and a few years ago the ruins were all removed, and the vacant space is now beautified with flowers, walks, and statuary.

If a person stands in the center of the broad walk of this garden and looks west, he will be in a line with some beautiful, wonderful, and historic objects. Back of him will be the vast Louvre Palace ; back of him, only nearer, will be the place where the beautiful Tuilleries Palace once stood ; in front of him is the broad graveled walk, one hundred feet wide, that divides the old Tuilleries gardens—part of it in flowers and statuary, and part of it in trees. Farther still in the distance you see two great fountains ; beyond these an obelisk of Egypt, standing in the center of the Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine once did such dreadful work ; still farther on stretches the Champs Elysees, a beautiful avenue of a mile in length ; and finally, at the end of the avenue,

and closing the view, the arch of Triumph, erected by the great Napoleon. I stood and looked in the direction I have indicated one Saturday evening, near the hour of sunset. He who could not think and feel under such circumstances could properly be wondered at.

Half of the Louvre Palace is occupied by government offices, and the other half is used as a museum. Here are antiquities and relics beyond number, statues by the hundred, and miles of paintings. I walked, looking at them until I was weary, not in eye so much as in feet. I was shown the window from which the Bourbon king fired on the Huguenots, and in full view of the window is the tower whose bell gave the signal for the massacre to begin.

In the church called Sainte Chapelle I stood examining the stained windows for which it is famous, when my attention was called to the fact that under the stone slabs where I stood were the bodies of Massillon and Fenelon—one the most eloquent, and the other the holiest man that ever lived in France. With what sudden interest did I look down, and how careful and reverential became my steps. No one ever here seems to mind walking on sepulchres ; but, for my life, I cannot get accustomed to the practice.

The Palace of Justice, where all the courts are held, and where the lawyers congregate and perambulate in a large, central marble hall, next

claimed my attention. I noticed that every one wore a black cap similar in shape to the tourist or traveler's cap, and a black gown that descended to within four inches of the floor. As soon as a lawyer arrives he doffs his shining beaver, or more ordinary-looking hat, and dons at once the cap and gown that await him in a general dressing-room in the hall. The custom struck me as most excellent. It was not only a very becoming costume for every one, but it gave a magisterial look, and, above all, obliterated the distinctions of wealth declared by clothing. I could not help but think that when these lawyers arose to plead their cases in court, the fact that all were alike in dress must necessarily have a good effect on jury, and even judge. A lawyer's shabby coat sometimes hurts him in the United States; but such a thing cannot happen in Paris very well, because of this happy expedient.

The church of Notre Dame is on the Island of Paris. It faces west, with two great square towers in front. The vaulting of the nave is one hundred and ten feet high, supported by seventy-five large pillars. You can get some idea of the size of this cathedral when I tell you it can accommodate a congregation of twenty-five thousand people. It was this church that in the Revolution was changed into a Temple of Reason, and surmounted with the figure of a woman. Napoleon restored it as soon as he came into power. It was in this

church that the Corsican was crowned emperor of the French by Pius; or, rather, he crowned himself, inasmuch as he took the crown from Pius and placed it on his own head, and then turned and crowned Josephine with his own hand. What a stir and talk this act must have created in Paris and Rome and all the world! I looked with great interest on the spot which I had often seen in pictures. The paintings were faithful, for the whole place was familiar to my mind. The three chairs, in which Napoleon and the Pope and Josephine sat, are still there; but the glory and pageantry of that day is gone, and the Pope and the Emperor and the Empress have moldered into dust and ashes. Very brightly did the light fall through the stained glass upon them on this day of triumph. I saw the light descend like a golden glory, and fall with almost perpendicular ray upon the same place. But the kneeling figures were not there; and of all the twenty-five thousand people who filled the place at the time, and gazed breathlessly upon the scene, not one is left. Is it not pitiful to see men greater than all forms of material, strength and magnificence, passing away, while such things as chairs and walls and stone pillars remain?

The next day was the Sabbath. On that day I cease traveling and sight-seeing. The time is spent in my room, and in attendance upon as many church services as I can well manage. In

the morning I attended service at Notre Dame. There were two hundred people in an auditorium that seats or accommodates twenty-five thousand. Let the brethren that pine over empty pews take heart. Handing a church functionary two sous for the privilege of sitting near the chancel, I took a seat and endeavored to draw good from what was going on. The organ pealed away up somewhere among the pillars, the priest ah'd and oh'd his way along in the intoning, the little boys rung the bells; a good deal of stooping, bowing, and walking about took place; some rapid responsive reading in Latin between the half-dozen priests in the chancel, and then all was over. The priests and little boys in white glided noiselessly away, and disappeared in a spectral manner among the granite columns and monuments and statues of the shadowy cathedral. Then a man in uniform came and closed the chancel gate with a bang that filled the church with echoes; and the congregation melted away. A few remained, staring vacantly at the silent and deserted altar. They looked dazed, or may be they thought the little boys would come back and ring their bells once more. But they did not—for the show was over.

I tarried with the few for another purpose. The followers of Peter had not fed the sheep that day. We were still hungry. A tinkling bell does not satisfy the soul; and worship in an unknown tongue, and that a dead tongue, does not profit

says the Bible. But the Lord said to the Samaritan woman: "The time is coming when men shall worship the Father everywhere." And so I opened my Bible, and in the dim light of the cathedral read the Word of Life and rejoiced in the presence and fellowship of the Savior.

In the evening I went to three distinct religious services. Mr. McAll, who has about forty mission stations in Paris, is now away for two month's rest and recreation. The Congregationalist church is also doing a good work in the missionary line, while the Wesleyan Methodist Church has, at least, twenty mission stations in this great field. I was struck with the intelligent audience at one of the latter-named places.

The Congregationalist minister informed me that the one method open to them of saving the people of Paris is through pastoral labor and personal contact, and then drawing them into halls of religious worship. No street meetings of a religious character are allowed in Paris. To attempt a harangue of this kind on the street would quickly result in arrest and imprisonment. And so the work will be long and difficult, necessarily.

Meantime the vast audience we crave to save sits Sunday evenings on the brilliantly lighted boulevards, laughing, chatting, smoking, and emptying wine glasses, while the churches are empty, the holy day of God desecrated, and Eternity forgotten.

CHAPTER XIII.

Napoleon—His Tomb—Pantheon—The Morgue—The Place De La Concorde—Names that are Misnomers—Pere La Chaise—The Bastile—The Eiffel Tower—An Evening Scene.

This entire land speaks of Bonaparte, at least to the traveler. Whether one hurries through France on the flying train, or tarries in Paris, the most prominent figure of the past is felt to be that of the Corsican. He has projected himself into the present and impressed his personality on this country in a most remarkable way. As you glance down the long broad thoroughfares seaming the land, you see him in fancy leading a group of horsemen, himself far in the front, with head slightly bent, with knit brow and compressed lip, while the hand jerks impatiently at the rein as he sweeps along. Again on yonder eminence we behold another group of stalwart-looking men in uniform standing near and about one of small figure clad in gray cloak and three-cornered hat. The white clouds drifting on the horizon answer in the mental picture for the smoke of the distant battle-field.

But oftenest do we see him in Paris, not only

in painting and statue, not only in the letter "N" that we find in many places, but through the magical power of association. The very names of streets and buildings are able to bring him up.

The banks of the Seine recall the time when he, in a fit of despondency, meditated taking his life by plunging in its waves. The sight of the libraries bring to mind the pale young student, who for long months sought their quiet shadows, and filled his capacious mind with knowledge of every kind, so that when his country called for such a man, he was able to stand forth and say, I am ready.

Within one block of my room is the street where he directed and discharged his cannon upon the mob, and France for the first time heard the voice and tread of her future master. Works of art by thousands in galleries, and playing fountains, and stately columns, and majestic arches, and radiating boulevards all alike speak of the great first Napoleon.

The Hotel des Invalides is now his last resting-place. At 12 o'clock every day a cannon is fired close by in the barrack yards. So that the sleeping body of the Emperor still feels the vibration of the sounds of war. The roar of cannon was to him in life a well-beloved voice, so that the daily regular boom of the great piece of artillery is a fitting and appropriate sound, although now it is a requiem. The magnificent sarcophagus

that contains his body, rests in the center of a circular crypt of polished granite, that is twenty feet in depth, and nearly forty in width. As I leaned on the encircling balustrade and looked down at the sleeping dust, I recalled a line of a song composed in his honor many years ago, a song, by the way, of great pathos and beauty—

"No sound can awake him to glory again."

The cannon sends forth its heavy boom every day, the building trembles under the discharge, the body of the dead man quivers, but the eyes refuse to open and the sleeper slumbers on, awaiting the voice of the Son of God, who alone can awake the dead.

I observed that Josephine was not by his side. As the divorced wife she could not be, nor did he deserve to have her there. She rests, I think, at Malmaison.

Very wide apart, I notice, are the tombs of people who were very close to each other in life. This separation of the graves of loved ones is one of the sad features of this world of ours. Mary of Scotland is in London, while her husband sleeps in Edinburgh. Queen Elizabeth rests in Westminster Abbey, and the man she loved is entombed in Warwick. The graves of almost every household offer a study here, and a most pathetic study at that.

The tombs of three of Napoleon's brothers,

Jerome, Joseph and Louis, are to be seen in room-like recesses close by. He lifted them into prominence in life, and continued to do the same in death. How often we see a large family upheld and held together by a single member. It was so in the far distant days of Joseph in Egypt, and will continue to be so, I suppose, until the end of time.

The fickleness of the Parisian populace is proverbial. Perhaps no one sight so forcibly brings the thought back to mind as the contemplation of the statue of Marshal Ney. At one time he was a demi-god, and fairly worshiped by the people, then he was shot, and then after that his statue was erected upon the spot where he was executed.

I have been much struck with the street statues of this city. As I looked into the history of the men who were accorded this honor I made this discovery, that the method of Paris is, either to kill a man and then make a statue of him, or make a statue and then kill the man. If choice had to be made here some people might feel a little puzzled and reasonably ask for time.

I visited the Pantheon. This is built in imitation of the structure in Rome that bears the same name. It is used as a burial-place of the mighty dead of France. Victor Hugo has thus been honored.

A feeling of a conglomerate character swept

over me as I overheard a young traveler of undoubted country air say very earnestly to another person, standing near, "that Victor Hugo was a very fine old man!"

Fortunately the great author was dead. For some minutes I walked on through the building with a feeling in my heart that found expression in the mental whisper—O fame!

The walls of the Pantheon are being covered with paintings of colossal size. The history of Joan of Arc is thus powerfully and felicitously represented in four scenes: The Call to the Life Work, the Warrior, the Crowning of the King, and the Death of the Martyr. They all hold the visitor with a deep fascination.

Not far from this spot is a picture representing the beheading of St. Dennis. The saint is portrayed with bent body and on his knees, in the act of picking up the decapitated head with his hands.

Although the painting was intended to be very solemn and awe-inspiring, it really requires an effort to keep from smiling! for as the saint holds his head before him in his hands it looks for all the world like he was gazing at and examining it microscopically and analytically for his own amusement or information, through his shoulders.

Near by St. Dennis, and on the ground lies a man who has suffered decapitation likewise, and

whose head rests several feet away from his body. A gentleman near me of an inquiring turn of mind turned suddenly to the guide and cried out: "I say, how is this? Here is St. Dennis beheaded and yet picking up his head, and here is another man who has lost his head, and yet he is lying still with his head by him—how do you explain that?"

"Oh," replied the guide, "St. Dennis was a saint and could pick up his head; but this other man is a poor devil of a fellow and had to leave his head on the ground!"

The laugh went up from the crowd. I looked at the guide, and he had turned, and with his shoulders shrugged to his very ears, was walking away with his arms extended like the wings of a bird.

"Bravo!" I mentally ejaculated; here is a stab at Roman Catholic folly in the heart of Catholic France, and by one of her sons. A few more blows like that, a little more blood-letting like that, and the victory of common sense and truth is bound to come."

The Morgue is a ghastly place to visit. With no feeling of vain curiosity, but actually with a shrinking, reluctant spirit I entered the building. You pass in from the street through a door into a passage that runs parallel with the sidewalk. The inner wall of the passage is made of glass, and on the other side of the glass, ranged in a row, stare

at you the suicides of the week. These were not all the self-inflicted murders, but were simply those who have not been recognized. On a placard on the wall I read the names of twenty. Eighteen of the twenty were men. Women with all of their physical weakness, and in face of the fact that they are constantly called the "weaker vessel," can endure much more suffering than the *strong* sex. With all of the bitterness of poverty and consequent hard work, and with all the unkind treatment, in addition, coming from the hands of brutal men, it is a rare thing for a woman to commit suicide.

The bodies are placed here for identification. And I could not but reflect, as I tarried for a moment in the sad place, upon the agonizing scenes that had there transpired, as wife or mother recognized suddenly and, it may be, unexpectedly the face, cold in death, of husband or son. Poor, giddy, wine-drinking, pleasure-loving, Sabbath-breaking Paris continues to lead all the other cities in the matter of suicides.

The Place de la Concorde is a large stone-paved square at the head of the avenue called Champs Elysees, and near the river Seine. It was in this square that the guillotine was erected and employed so busily in the time of the Revolution. Here Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette and Madame Roland and a host of others met untimely deaths. The blood of the best and noblest in

France poured here in torrents. Here women knitted as they watched the flash of the descending blade of the guillotine, while the mob raged and roared like wild animals, as head after head was lifted up, and one victim after another stepped from the cart to the platform of death.

And yet they call this spot the Place de la *Concorde!*

What a way men have of misnaming things! What is in a name after all? Certainly some of them sound like a sarcasm—a ghastly piece of irony. Take the word gentleman; is he always a gentle man? And the word nobleman; O how noble are some of the nobility! Dwell a moment on the term "Good Queen Bess." As the reader recalls her paroxysms of anger, her inordinate vanity, her imprisonment of people, and the deaths she had inflicted, the words Good Queen Bess become a fine piece of satire! May we all be saved from such goodness! Henry the Eighth was called the Defender of the Faith. What faith? Doubtless the faith he had in himself; for if he ever had any other, it does not so appear in his life. And here right before me is a place that will be forever remembered for its scenes of discord, strife, and bloodshed; and, behold, it is called the Place de la Concorde!

Pere-la-Chaise is the famous cemetery of Paris. The Prince of Wales remarked after his visit to America, that almost the first thing said to him

on reaching one of our great cities would be, "Have you visited our cemetery?" In absence of historic places, this was the next best thing that a young nation could offer.

In Pere-la-Chaise there is history as well as tombstones. I was told that here was one of the last stands made by the Communists, and that they fought desperately to the very end in the midst of these graves, and even in the tombs themselves. In the southern part of the cemetery is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. I was informed that two hundred thousand people visit it annually, and that the younger class keep it supplied with flowers. As I was looking at the recumbent figures carved in stone I saw a lady connected with a traveling party stoop and pick a sprig of grass that grew beside the monument. The little occurrence, done quickly and with evident embarrassment, showed an amount of morbid sentimentality and a certain lack of moral fiber that was surprising, at least, to one individual.

The Bastile as the reader knows, is no more. The spot is now marked by a large square, from the center of which shoots up a monumental shaft one hundred and fifty-four feet in height. Many of the stones of the ancient prison have been built into the bridges that cross the river Seine; the dungeons have been filled up, the chains are gone; the key, a thing of most enormous size, I saw at

Mt. Vernon on the banks of the Potomac; so that the prison is pretty effectually scattered. But all the razing and removing of this building of horror can never obliterate from the minds of men the memory of the scenes of suffering and torture occurring on this spot for centuries. Much as we know of these dark transactions of the past, how little really of the full history do we know. The unwritten and unknown records of the Bastile transcend conception.

The Eiffel Tower was of course ascended. Think of standing on the top of a slender spire nearly one thousand feet high, which an excited fancy would have you believe is bending and swaying in the wind. The traveler may leave his hotel with the full intention of mounting to the dizzy summit, but when he reaches the base of the tower and looks up, he has to go through sundry additional process of mental bracing and determinations of will. Some, I doubt not, turn back at this point, and many have to be encouraged. One lady after considerable delay took a hesitating and woe begone seat in the elevator with the solemn words: "Well, if I must, I must!" Later on she ejaculated to her son, a lad of fourteen: "Come here, my son, and sit close to me." The husband, a patient-looking man was not invited to a like proximity.

There are three stops or platforms connected with the tower. From the the third and last is

obtained the lofty and wide-spread view for which the structure is famous. It is said that it commands a prospect of fifty miles. Paris lies like a map at your feet, while the Seine unrolls like a silver ribbon in the midst of an emerald landscape and finally disappears in the far distance.

Such, however, is the great height of the tower, that the inequalities of land in and about Paris, and that gives it much of its charm, are literally flattened out and lost to the vision. A view of the city from a lesser altitude is more correct, satisfying, and beautiful. This outlook can be had from the Trocadero Palace.

I have often heard people say that whenever they stood upon very lofty places they felt a strange and almost irresistible inclination to cast themselves down. So far from this being the case with the writer he was distinctly conscious of both a desire and determination not to do any such foolish thing, but to remain on the platform and when he returned, to come down by way of the elevator.

A man seen on the ground from this height is a small sized spectacle never to be forgotten. As I looked down and saw a black dot moving about on the earth's surface with two little specks alternately appearing and disappearing under the dot, I said, as I recognized the dot to be a man and the specks to be legs, is it possible that such a tiny creature as that could ever inspire fear in the

breast of anything! A great courage seemed to arise within me, as I contemplated the human ants rushing around one thousand feet below me. Perhaps it was the distance that inspired the courage, but the wonder, nevertheless, arose that I should ever have dreaded those insects in the dust. Then came pity for them in their low estate, and so by and by I came down and stood with them and was like them once more. On the whole I prefer the horizontal view of my fellow-man. It is best every way. You can see into his eyes, and all but hear the beating of his heart. The lofty observation of men has been the trouble of the world, and will be, I fear, for generations to come. It is very difficult to recognize a man, and what is in a man from altitudes of any kind. May we all come down from Eiffel Tower, especially those of us who are called to the work of the pulpit. The people will be very glad to see us; and all of us who come down will be glad, now and forevermore, for the descent. I have remembered very clearly for years the description given of a certain minister, that he "was invisible six days and incomprehensible the seventh." He certainly must have been on Eiffel Tower. Let us all descend, even though we have to jump the distance. If we will not come down, may a kind Providence knock us down, and keep us among the people where we belong.

An evening walk by the banks of the Seine and

a meditative pause in the square at the head of the Champs Elysees marked the close of my last day in Paris. The Arch of Triumph loomed up in the distance against the sunset; the roar of the city came with subdued sound through the Tuilleries Gardens in one direction, and from over the river in another; the avenues were alive with equipages that flashed along; pedestrians were thronging the beautiful walks of the park; children were sailing their boats in the miniature lake, or strolling with their nurses under the trees. It was a scene of life and gayety; and yet the feeling left in the heart as I turned homeward was one of melancholy. Several causes conspired to produce this, but the one that predominated, was the thought that this busy, beautiful, populous city was without God.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Scene in Belgium—Cologne—The Rhine—The Vineyards—The Ruins of Castles—The Legends—Col. Somebody—Bingen-on-the-Rhine—A Moonlight Scene on the Rhine.

I left Paris on the 8 o'clock morning train for Cologne, on the Rhine. In this journey you pass through the breadth of the kingdom of Belgium. A hard-worked looking people meet the gaze whenever and wherever you look. We ran for miles on the banks of the river Meuse. Mountainous hills descend at some places very steeply to the river's edge. Running up the hill-sides were cultivated farms, divided into squares by hedges. The unconscious arrangement gave to these farms the appearance of pictures painted in living colors, set up in frames and leaned against the walls of the mountains. What a wonderful picture gallery that river valley was for awhile!

From Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne, all in Prussian territory, the country was one waving mass of golden grain, with gleaners in the field, and loaded wagons moving along the tree-skirted roads, with villages and spires in the distance, and in the remote distance ranges of purple hills shutting in the immense plain.

We arrived at Cologne at or near 7 o'clock in the evening. There are two things to be done in this city that sits on the western bank of the river Rhine One is to get a bottle of cologne, not because that it is especially needed at this place, but because here is the fountain-head of that famous perfume, Another thing to be done is to visit the great cathedral. It is a gothic structure, and by its size and beauty deeply impressed me. As I entered the building at 8 o'clock in the evening, I found the vast space within almost filled with a worshiping throng. A dim, weird light from a few lights struggled with the shadows of the temple; the great columns of stone lifted themselves up until they were fairly lost in the darkness of the lofty ceiling; a great crowd of people stood or knelt all about the building, every eye being on the priest who was literally enveloped in a cloud of incense arising from the altar; the music came from an unknown, undiscovered spot. It was from above, among the stone pillars; but whether from the chancel, or from the right transept or the left, or from the end of the nave, it was impossible to tell. How the Roman Church calculates upon the effect of all these things—the gleaming row of candles, the mysterious bell, the clouds of incense, the majestic pillared roof, the architectural magnificence, the distant music from above; the flitting, bowing, white-robed figures in the altar, and, over all, the dim, mystic light

peculiar to the cathedral! It was a scene for a painter.

Not all of the Rhine is beautiful; but that portion which lies between Bonn and Bingen constitutes the part that has figured most in song, poem, fiction, and book of travel. Taking the steamer at Cologne, and going up as far as Mayence, over an hundred and twenty miles away, you see it all. I was reluctant at the beginning of the voyage to yield the claims of the Hudson River; but before the journey was completed I had given the palm to the Rhine. The advantage of the latter is in the length of the mountain panorama, and in the castle ruins that crown the crags all along. Then there is such a delightful combination of the ancient and the modern, of wild nature and nature tamed. The harvests wave in the sunny fields, the sail gleams on the river, the vineyards clothe the mountain-side, and the ruined castle sits on the jutting crag. Industry leans on its reaping-hook in the field, and History looks down upon you from the beetling rocks of the mountains that tower above you. Nature has three vails that she is fond of using, and which she employs with marked effect on the Rhine. She has a silver vail for the valley, a purple one for the hills, and a deep blue one for the mountains.

I was much impressed with the old castles. Their strength and beauty of situation would strike the most careless observer. Some are half-

way down between the crest of the mountain and the edge of the river; others are perched upon the highest point, and stand with outline against the sky, noticeable for miles down the stream. The wonder was, how they could ever be taken by any kind of military assault. The castle of Drachenfels has been immortalized by an English pen. I cannot refrain from quoting the verse that appears in "Childe Harold:"

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine;
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose fair white walls along them shine,
Have showed a scene which I should see
With double joy, wert thou with me."

At Coblentz the "Blue Moselle" empties into the Rhine. It is a river that has a charming song composed in its praise. The strains that I had heard as a boy were sounding in memory the whole evening. Just opposite Coblentz is the fortified heights of Ehrenbreitstein, called the Gibraltar of Northern Europe. From the waves of the river to the topmost rocks it is a mass of walls and towers and battery-crowned plateaus. It is said that a most exquisite view of the country is to be had from the summit of the castle. Traveling on a short schedule, I could not stop, though my eye and heart hungered to do so.

The vineyards constitute a most remarkable feature of this beautiful river. The slopes of the hills and the sides of the mountains are literally covered with them. In some places the mountain declivity is so sharp that it has to be terraced all the way down. At one point I counted twenty-eight or thirty distinct terraces. It is easy to imagine what a pleasing spectacle it presents.

The legends of the Rhine are almost as numerous as its vineyards. A book containing a number was offered for sale on the boat; but I had indulged sufficiently in that lore as a boy, and I also had a few in condensed form in one of the books I had with me. I give, in a few brief words, one of them. The sentences in parenthesis are my own, with the desire to throw additional light on the authentic and interesting record.

A certain lord, living in yonder castle to the right, had a daughter. (Oh, these daughters!) And she was lovely. (Of course.) About this time there came along a young wandering knight. (A kind of mediæval tramp.) He fell in love with the daughter, and she with him. (All this was a foregone conclusion.) After a few months of lover-like happiness he went off to fight the Moors in Spain. (All of which was wrong. What had the Moors done to him?) In one of the battles he was wounded, and being left on the battle-field, was thought to be dead; and such a report came to the ears of the lovely daughter. At once she

was plunged into despair, and immediately took the vail and became a nun. (This was extremely precipitate ; she should have waited until the arrival of the evening mail.) The young wandering knight was not killed, as reported, but wounded. (If he had been a settled, industrious landholder in the neighborhood, he would have died ; but, being a kind of military tramp, he recovers.) Hastening back from the gory field, he finds, to his consternation and grief, that his lady love had taken the irrevocable vow of the nunnery ; whereupon he spends the rest of his days leaning on and over the castle parapets of stone, looking down upon the convent that contained his lost treasure. (This morbid, unhealthy, useless piece of inactivity convinces me that had this young man lived in the present century, he would have been addicted to playing accompaniments on the piano, and writing bad poetry of a sentimental character.) Finally the young knight died. (Of what complaint is not mentioned in the legend ; but I suspect that he caught cold sitting so long on the stones.)

And now the young people rave over the one arch of the castle that is left. What mental conclusions they draw I leave to each reader to imagine; but the moral I draw from the legend is that you never know what young people are going to do.

Still farther up there is another ruined castle

where formerly dwelt seven lovely sisters. (This being four or five hundred years ago, there is no possible way of disproving the fact that all the sisters were lovely.) Having very large estates in addition to their beauty, they had quite a number of suitors. (Comment here is superfluous.) But these sisters did not desire to marry. (Perhaps they saw the men were after the land and money.) Anyhow, when compulsion was brought to bear upon these seven females in regard to matrimony, the legend relates that they drowned themselves in the river Rhine. (I have seen women who felt like drowning themselves for having married, but none affected like these Rhinish sisters.) The legend goes on to say that forthwith there came up above the surface of the river seven rocks, into which form the rocky-hearted sisters were transformed. (On reflection, this was not such a change after all. Nevertheless, it was a warning to other females who, since that time, have been more tractable. Think of it!—seven sisters kill themselves rather than get married. Their race is perished !)

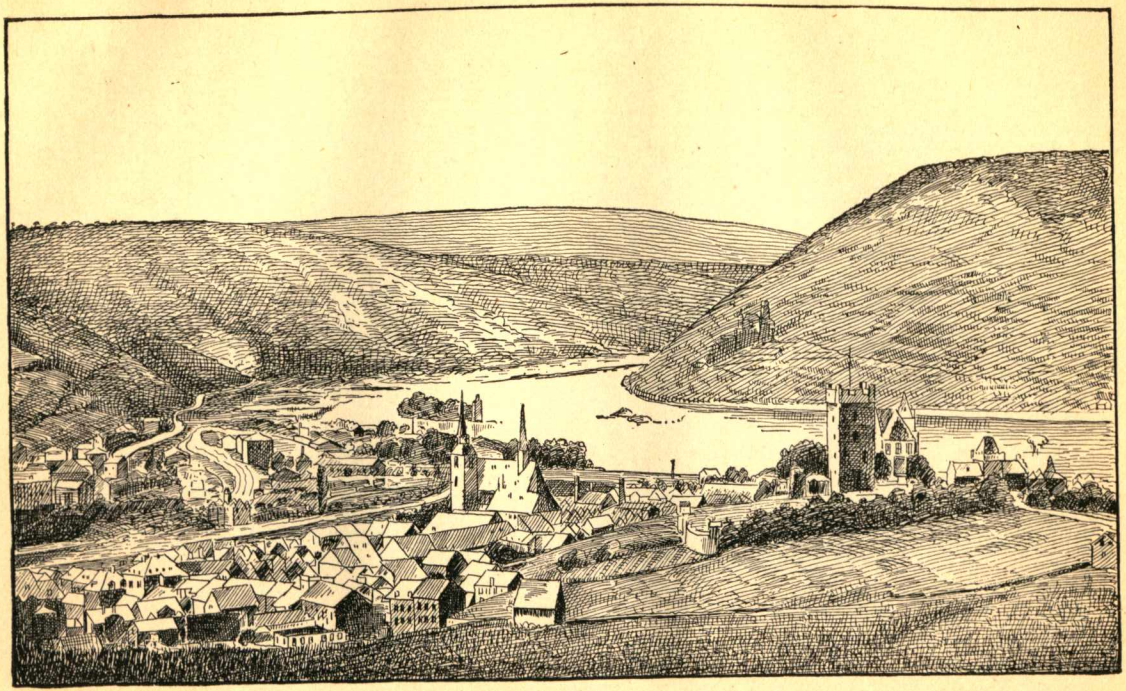
In the journey up the Rhine there are occasions when, through the stoppage of the boat a few minutes, or from some features of the landscape being less striking, the passengers take note of each other, and exchange hasty salutations and a few words of pleasant remark. At one of these times I was introduced to a Col. Somebody, whose

name I forgot in the multitude of famous people who are out in force this year. This colonel was Lincoln's law partner, and wrote a life of the dead President. He quite enchained me with scraps of Lincoln's early history, and with the account of the capture and death of Booth, his murderer.

Bingen is reached about half-past seven in the evening. It lies on the west bank of the Rhine, at the foot of lofty vine-yard clothed hills. Directly across the river the mountain-side is terraced and vine-clothed down to the water's edge. It is a lovely place, and recalled to me with deeper appreciation the song by Mrs. Norton, of "Sweet Bingen-on-the-Rhine.

After passing Bingen the mountains seemed to become weary with having entertained us so long; and so, with graceful poise of their beautiful forms, they swept off to the right and left for a distance of several miles, and stood looking back at us through their dark blue vails, and over their rounded, sloping shoulders. Thus coquettishly left, we pursued our way between level shore-lines that remind me greatly of the Mississippi. Then lights began to twinkle here and there on the river from fishing-boats, and the stars came out overhead, and the trees stretched in spectral lines on the shore, and then the moon rose in cloudless beauty and poured a flood of liquid light on the distant mountains and fields and the broad flood of the river. And then a little while after

the lights of the city of Mayence came into view before us, and the beautiful dream-like trip on the Rhine was at an end.



BINGEN ON THE RHINE

CHAPTER XV.

Railroad Speed in Europe—Baden—Switzerland—Lake Geneva —In the Alps.

It took nearly a whole day of steady traveling on the cars to get through one of these European States, or Kingdoms, that measures about one hundred miles long and fifteen wide. It required over two days' travel to pass through the borders of three of these Empires, aud yet one of them rejoices in the dimensions just given, and another is only half as large. Certainly if their languages were no greater than their lands, I would drop off the cars at one of these stations, master the tongue before lunch, and come on again in the afternoon train. And yet, we see, over two days were consumed in passing through three of these Rhode Islands of Europe.

How does such a thing happen? The reply is that the inhabitants of these countries, not willing that travelers should get over their borders before breakfast, and desirous, at the same time, of impressing the tourist with a sense of vastness as to the land, have adopted several happy expedients, all of which consume time, protract the

journey, and give the idea of largeness to the country. One method is to change cars frequently. In the United States you can travel thousands of miles without leaving your seat, but in crossing the wide domains of Hesse, all of twenty-five miles in breadth, three distinct trains received my wearied body. Another method is slow running. Again and again I have been forced to smile at the recollection of remarks made on the superior swiftness of Continental trains. A third method is many stoppages. Sometimes it seemed to me that the sight of a man's hat or the smoke from a chimney was sufficient to make the train blow for a landing, and when it landed, so to speak, what a rushing about over nothing, what clamor and vociferation and tread of feet and protracted staying over an empty depot, or a platform in a country field. The fourth method is seen in the solemn, deliberate, and protracted departure of the train from the station. In America off we go, like a bird on the wing; but in the Empires I speak of you could almost write a preface to a book in the time they take to—let me say—*launch* a train. First, after a greater and longer stir over a little baggage than you would see in one of our large central depots, the station-master rings a large bell; a little while after the conductor blows a shrill whistle three times; then the locomotive gives a loud scream; fourth, the station-master rings the bell again; fifth the conductor gives another twitter of his

whistle, and as the train starts a railway official near the switch blows a horn! What else happens after that I do not know. Perhaps they keep it up until they hear we have reached the next station. However, it produces solemn feelings in the breast of the traveler, as the deliberate and reluctant send-off is somewhat suggestive of doubts upon the part of the railway officials, as to whether we will ever be heard of again. Anyhow, and above all, the idea of vastness and importance to these Rhenish realms is made to loom up before the mind of the American traveler.

But if they are small, these countries are lovely. The State of Baden lingers as a beautiful picture in the mind. It lies a narrow slip of land between a range of mountains on the east and the river Rhine on the west. Between these two natural borders I traveled for an hundred miles in a plain or valley waving with harvests, sprinkled with orchards and vineyards, and alive with gleaners in their blue smocks, while wagons heaped high with golden grain stood in the fields or were driven along the tree-lined roads to the distant village. The people live in villages and spend the day in the fields. Often I saw the young babies near the roads and under trees while the mother and older children toiled near-by cutting down or binding up the grain. Everybody works in these lands, and no one labors harder than the women. Many a heart-pang did I feel as I saw them, in Scotland,

France, Germany, and Switzerland, doing a work that only a man should do. The fields are laid off in strips twenty feet wide and several hundred long. No two lying side by side belong to the same man, although one man may own twenty of them scattered in different parts of the field. This fact gives an endless diversity to the crops and lends a peculiar charm to the field landscapes.

In Switzerland my eye was constantly enchained and delighted. There is something about this land that constantly brings up the thought of Scotland. They certainly touch each other in a number of similar points. The people of both nations are hardy and industrious, they are both liberty-loving people—the William Tell of one answers to the William Wallace of the other; both have beautiful lakes, and both magnificent mountains. But the mountains of Switzerland surpass those of the other country. The utterance of two names will at once convince, these names being Jura and the Alps.

The houses of Switzerland are unique. They are generally two or three stories in height, while the roof first projects from the sides of the house and then comes down protectingly within a few feet of the ground. It reminds one forcibly of a motherly old hen extending her wings over her brood.

It was in this land I saw one morning a dog hitched to a cart, and doing effective service. This

is certainly a redemption of dogs. Think, ye, political economists of America, of the wasted dog-power that lies at your door snapping at flies, or roaming the streets at night making the hours hideous. This working of dogs will settle more than one problem. It will certainly give rest to the sick and nervous; for if the dogs are put to hard labor in the day they will be too tired to "return in the evening and make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city."

In this land I also saw a woman geared after a fashion to a hand cart. This I felt was not a redemption of woman. How this hard toil takes out the womanly graces and beauties of the sex! The very structure and form of her body shows that she was never made for war and laborious toil. May the Savior lift up these hard-worked daughters of the continent!

On Friday morning I had my first view of the Alps. The Jura mountains on the right and the Alps far away to the left was a heart-stirring spectacle. An equally fascinating sight awaited me. For several hours the train had been sweeping along, when suddenly it came out of a tunnel and turned sharply to the right, the Lake of Geneva, thirty miles long, six miles wide, and three hundred feet below us, burst on the sight. There it was, looking like a picture, shut in by towering mountains, with cities gleaming in the sunshine on its banks, with its hill-sides covered with

vineyards, with its waters as blue as the heavens, and with a single white sail on its bosom.

We ran along the northern bank for thirty miles, drinking in the unsurpassed beauties of this polished mirror of nature, that has for its frame the lofty Jura Mountains on one side, and the still loftier Alps on the other.

I stopped at Geneva; beautiful for its situation on the southern end of the lake, and famous as the dwelling-place of Calvin and Rosseau, and more generally known as the city of watches and music-boxes.

Near the great stone bridge that spans the Rhone in Geneva I had my first view of Mont Blanc—forty miles away. A silvery, wavy line just above the horizon, and coming to a shining peak or summit, was all that I could see of the monarch of mountains. Other mountains are clothed in blue, but Mont Blanc has lifted its head into the regions of eternal snow, and now surveys the kingdoms around through all the seasons and through all the centuries with a crown of glittering crystal and a robe of immaculate white. He never lays aside his crown, or changes the color of his royal garments.

In approaching Italy through the western Alps I was reminded by the locality that through these defiles and over these mountain ranges Hannibal and Napoleon had marched with their armies. I complacently contrasted the different ways of ap-

GENEVA AND MT. BLANC

proach to Italy—the hard way they had, in blasting rock, bridging streams, wading snow-drifts, and avoiding avalanches; and the pleasant mode of transportation I enjoyed, seated in a cushioned compartment, with open windows, through which I could observe the scenery as the train sped along.

A little while after these reflections and pleasing conclusions the news reached us by telegram that near Modan an avalanche had fallen, or landslip had taken place, and the road was torn up and washed away for half a mile. So it proved; and at three o'clock in the night we were all disembarked, or rather disentrained, in a wild mountain pass, and, luggage in hand, the passengers took up the line of march along the gorge by the side of a rushing mountain stream. The moon was almost overhead, the Alpine Mountains towered all around us, their summits and sides bathed in light, while their bases were in deep shadow. One lofty peak that shot from our feet far above us, and that had helped to do the work of destruction, looked under the moonbeams, which fell upon it, like a mountain of silver.

As I glanced back at the straggling line of pedestrian travelers I saw that we were not so much unlike Napoleon and Hannibal after all. Our crowd by a stretch of fancy might have stood for one of the advanced lines, if not the skeleton of the army, in full retreat.

I shall not soon forget the night-walk of a mile amid the Alps. The winding and shadowy defile, the torrent leaping down the valley as if it heard the voice of the sea calling it, the snow-topped mountain peaks lifted high in air, and the moon flooding the scene with liquid silver, made a picture so fair that I framed it, and have hung it up on the walls of Memory, there to remain.

We were detained only a few hours, and next morning plunged into the Mt. Cenis tunnel, eight miles long; and then after twenty or thirty miles more of wild and beautiful mountain scenery we entered upon the fairy, sunny, and luxuriant plains of Italy.

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrival at Venice—The Gondola—The Canals—The Streets of Venice—San Marco Square—A Night Scene—The Campanile—St. Mark's Cathedral—The Healing Statue.

I always desired to approach Venice by sea, and in the evening. I had read in some book, the name of which I have forgotten, of some travelers rowing by gondola to Venice, and, as they approached the bespired and bedomed city near the hour of sunset, there came to them over the waves the sound of distant church bells. Then these words were clinging to me :

"'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep."

But, instead of evening, I arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning ; and instead of the approach to the city by boat, the cars now carry one over the lagoon that separates Venice from the mainland by means of a railroad bridge four or five miles in length.

But this is the only change. The long, black railroad line that goes from Venice to the shore

has not the arterial capacity to bring back continental life in sufficient force and quantity to change the city of the Doges. The cars only bring you to the border of the city, where Venice sits, birdlike, upon her one hundred and seventeen islands. The song which I heard as a boy—

> "Beautiful Venice, Beautiful Venice,
> The Bride of the Sea"—

can be sung as truly now as then.

In a few minutes I was in a gondola, gliding up the canals to the hotel The bells were ringing in different directions, and their sound, floating up these channels of water was sweet and musical.

The gondola soon enchains the eye. It is a long, narrow boat, twenty-five feet in length, and three or four in width. The high-peaked prow bears a broad battle-axe, which looks formidable, but is quite harmless. In the center rises a canopy of white or colored cloth, or a miniature cabin of wood painted black, latticed on either side to exclude the gaze and to receive the air. The stern, which ends sharply like the prow, is decked over from gunwale to gunwale for the distance of four feet. On this little platform the gondolier stands and propels the boat—not by sculling or rowing, but by a method seen nowhere else than in Venice. An oarlock, one foot and a half high, rises from the right gunwale of the boat, and five feet from the stern. The gondolier, with his face to the bow of the boat, rests his oar in the lock, and

pushes the handle from him, while, with a dexterous side movement of the paddle, he keeps the boat in line. There is no serpentine track made, but a swift and straight movement. The motion delightful, and the sensation of gliding swiftly and noiselessly past doorways, up canals, down between endless lines of overhanging houses, under arches and bridges, is one delightful from the novelty and reality. The noiselessness is a striking feature in the gondola trip. The boat makes scarce a ripple, and the people in it keep silence. A luxury of stillness and dreaminess falls on the person indulging in the ride. Yonder is a young lady floating by, reading under her white canopy; yonder goes a gentleman smoking; others are silently looking out as they glide past. The only sound is the occasional dip of the oar, or the voice of the gondolier, calling out in warning to one another. Behold me, on this and two other occasions, shaded by a canopy, and resting on soft cushions, gliding up and down the canals of this wonderful city.

One of the great charms of Venice is its deliverance from many city noises. No deafening rattle and roar of cab, and wagon, and heavy dray. Here is a city whose streets are made of water, whose carriages are boats, and whose dust is the rippling waves.

As you go about in the gondola, the first and last impression made upon you is that Venice is

a submerged or overflowed city. The feeling, or rather the appearance, is that the water has rushed over the streets to a considerable depth, and everybody is now in boats from sheer necessity. As one goes up and down these canals there is scarcely a sign of the stone pathways and lanes that traverse Venice in every direction. All you see are arched bridges of stone, over which you notice people occasionally flitting, coming from unseen depths on one side, and disappearing into unseen depths on the other. Then, again, you see very few people at their windows and doors. This gives an appearance of forsakenness to the city, and adds another peculiarity that helps to make it unlike all other communities in the world. Let it not be supposed that Venice is sparsely settled. On those house-covered islands swarms a population of one hundred and forty thousand people. Let it not be supposed, again, that Venice has no thoroughfares but her canals. Of these canals she has one hundred and fifty, crossed by as many bridges ; and these water avenues go in every direction, with all the windings and twistings of a serpent. But in addition, Venice has a number of lanes (I cannot call them streets) that wind and wander through the city, in a manner equal to the canals. They do not run by the side of the canals, but cross them by the stone-arched bridges. They are paved with stone or asphalt, and are from six to twelve feet wide. Fancy these

streets, with houses on each side six stories in height. The least excitement on these liliputian boulevards creates a perfect jam and blockade.

Merceria street is the main boulevard and business thoroughfare. It is twelve feet across, and its course is like a zigzag bolt of lightning in a cloud. But it is a fascinating street for all that. If the pedestrian will look up at the upper-story windows as he perambulates these little thoroughfares he will discover where a good many of the people are.

Venice has, perhaps, some eight or ten squares. They are quite diminutive, not at all attractive, but seemed to be placed here and there through the city in order that the inhabitants may come out occasionally, and turn round, and stretch their arms, and take one good, long breath. The great square of the city, famous and popular, is the San Marco Piazzo. This is located in the southeastern corner of Venice ; is two hundred yards long and about one hundred wide. The east side is formed by St. Mark's Cathedral and the Palace of the Doges, while the other three sides are shut in by great palatial blocks once occupied by the nobility, but whose arcades are now filled with stores and cafes. Fanned by the breezes of the Adriatic, whose waves roll in thirty or forty yards of the place, and visited four or five evenings in the week by the military band, which plays deep into the night, the San Marco Square is the most

popular promenade and resort for the Venetians. In passing through the place on several evenings I was confident five or six thousand people were before me.

One night scene remains as a striking picture in my mind. The square was crowded with thousands. Dark-faced Italian men, and black-eyed women of Venice, with bare head, and with mantilla and fan, were standing, sitting, or walking in every direction. Hundreds of people sat at little tables, that were encroaching far upon the square, eating ices and sipping wine. A high wind was blowing in from the sea, clouds were scurrying across the face of the sky; but it seemed only to add an impetus to the scene of life and gayety going on in the plazza. The military band, composed of sixty or seventy instruments, stood in a large circle in the center, playing a piece that for wierdness and melody and minor chord thrillings, I have no descriptive word. The faces of the musicians were almost entirely concealed by the heavy feather plumes that drooped forward, and moved and fluttered in the night wind. The shadowed face was in keeping somehow with the music. It was a strain made up of dirge-notes taken from winter winds, and cries of lost birds, and moans of long waves breaking on barren and uninhabited shores. It finally seemed to me to be a lament over Italy. Poor Italy! Poor priest-ridden, poverty-stricken Italy! Just as it seemed

that all hope was gone, the music suddenly changed, and burst forth into new measures, and began to walk up an ascending stairway of joy and triumph. I saw in the strain that spring had succeeded to winter, that somebody had found the birds, and that a whole colony of people had settled on the uninhabited shore. I saw that the long night was over, that the sun was rising, that people had returned from long journeys, and everybody was shaking hands.

As I walked back to my hotel I prayed in my heart that Christ might be the hope of Italy, and that He alone may be the cause of its joy and triumph, if triumph and joy it ever has.

Just in front of St. Mark's Cathedral rises the Campanile, a tower of three hundred and twenty feet high. Napoleon Bonaparte rode on horseback up its peculiar plane-like steps to the top. What a man he was for going up high, and then coming down again! What was true of the King of France in the select poems of Mother Goose, is true of its Emperor as well. Not being an emperor, I ascended the thirty-six inclined planes to the summit of the tower on foot. What a view! The Alps robed in purple in the west. In the north the railroad, like a black cord or cable, ties us to the European shore, to keep us from floating away. To the south swells the Adriatic Sea, over which the fleets of antiquity sailed, where Cæsar came near drowning, and over which Paul

was taken as a prisoner. To the east the Adriatic still. And Venice is at our feet. Yonder winds the Grand Canal, like an inverted letter S, through the city, dividing it in two parts. Midway its extent springs the white arch of the Rialto, a bridge made out of a single block of marble. The surface of the canal is covered with gondolas moving swiftly in every direction.

As we notice the city, at a distance of five miles from the land, rising up, Venus-like, from the sea, we begin to see how impregnable it used to be in the Middle Ages from its situation, while its fleets swept, eagle-like, and like mother-birds around it in defense.

We paid a visit to St. Mark's Cathedral. Poets and sculptors and painters and imitative Americans rave over the beauty of the building. It is, beyond question, lovely. Ruskin, in his Stones of Venice, may be consulted by the curious. The floor of the cathedral was thrown into undulations by an earthquake years ago. The solemn handwriting of God is allowed to remain. The church custodians claim to have under the altar the body of St. Mark. As they are certain about it, I did not investigate. In a corner of the church is a small black statue of the evangelist. I saw four men rub their hands over it, and then rub their bodies in various places. Each man had his afflicted spot. As they did this they dropped a copper coin into a box near the statue, in pay-

ment of the homeopathic cure. The fourth man rubbed the statue vigorously, and then as earnestly rubbed a portion of his body just beneath his chest, which convinced me that his misery was altogether abdominal. He next felt in his pocket for his centime, and behold! the penny was not there. He looked dismayed and a trifle foolish, and then slowly departed. Here comes up some interesting questions. Would the tutelary saint heal on credit? Would the statue part with its healing gratuitously, considering the circumstances? Or did the statue let out its pain-easing power, ignorant of the fact of the man's impecuniosity? If we could have followed that man and found out how his pains were, doubtless these solemn and important mysteries might have been explained.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Shops—Palaces—Worship with the Waldensians—The Doges—Nuptials of the Sea—Venetian Power—Lions Mouth—Bridge of Sighs—The Prison.

THE shops and stores of Venice are quite small, many of them being about twelve by fifteen feet. The storekeepers have struck upon the happy expedient of lining the walls with mirrors which, while brilliantly reflecting the light, also create the delusion that the room is double its actual size. Yet even with this fanciful enlargement the whole affair looks very much like playing at storekeeping to the American eye. That is until you come to settle your bills with them, and then you find there has been no playing in the matter.

The ancient palaces of nobility abound. What with the action of the water at the base, and the effect of the centuries on the walls, the observer is not much impressed with their magnificence. When we stand within, however, and glance at the painted and sculptured ceiling, the niches for statuary, and the mosaic floors, something of the old-time grandeur is realized.

Before these palaces on the Grand Canal stand

a row of colored posts, placed in the water, and only a few feet from the main door. The rank of the inmates is declared by the color and peculiar striping of the post. The recollection came at once to me of the streaked and striped barber poles that abound in the United States. Who can tell but our first tonsorial artists were ex-patriated noblemen of Venice!

Many of the palaces have passed into the hands of tradesmen and hotel-keepers. It is, I doubt not, very soothing to the democratic spirit of the commoners of America and England to sit, eat and sleep in these patrician halls, and moralize about the decay and fall of aristocracies, oligarchies and monarchies.

On Sabbath evening I worshiped with the only Waldensian Congregation in the city. They met in a large upper room of one of the ancient palaces. The audience numbered about thirty, and there was a remarkable absence of unction. It was hard to realize that these people were the religious descendants of the church that in the dark ages withstood Paganism, Romanism, and all other isms of evil in the world. Both, the congregation and the palace in which they assembled, have lost their ancient glory. Time was when the Waldensians had no roof over their heads and lived in the mountains and fields, and great was their spiritual glory and power; but to-day I find them ensconced in a palace and their glory and

power are gone. Few churches can stand being comfortably housed, and none can flourish in a palace. The cloud of Israel that once rested on the Waldensians has moved on and is settling to-day on a people working for God in the streets and the fields. It is wonderful to see what the church of God can do for the world's salvation so long as it is turned out of doors. For instance the Apostolic Church on the high roads and the high seas; the Waldensians and the Albigensians in the mountains; Methodism in the mines of Cornwall and fields of England; and the Salvation Army in the streets of our great cities. Put the church in cathedrals and palaces, and at once and invariably she loses her power.

It was on the same evening when searching for the Waldensians that as I was approaching one of the diminutive openings, called squares or plazzas in Venice, that my attention was attracted by the terrific bawling of a fruit-vender; such vociferations I never in any circumstances heard surpassed. Judging from his cries one would have supposed that he had a ship-load of fruit and vegetables; but when I drew near I discovered to my amusement that on a little table before him he had a single water-melon cut up into a dozen longitudinal slices. This was his stock; and all that tremendous fuss and noise was about and over this. Other venders around had more goods than himself, but he swept be-

yond them all in stentorian yells! I thought of a certain preacher in a certain preacher's meeting, who on every Monday morning boasted so much of his large prayer-meeting, that my heart in listening to him fairly sank with discouragement. It was true that I had a large prayer-meeting, but this brother bawled so much, and hallooed so loud over his water-melon that I went down one night to see it, and also to learn the brother's methods by which he attracted such a crowd. To my amazement I discovered that his meeting was not as large as my own.

Some people are given to bawling. Some people are given to bawling over a very little.

I have known certain individuals in my life to halloo louder over a few slices of water-melon, so to speak, than others did over an entire water-melon patch!

When a boy I used to pronounce the word Doge of Venice, the dog of Venice. The impression then in the mind was that the august head of the commonwealth flourished under a title thus spelt and pronounced. After coming to years of manhood, and finally visiting the City of the Sea, I discovered that I was not far wrong. More than one Doge could have had the last letter very properly omitted from his official name, and been well described in that portion of the word which remained. As the civil, military, and ecclesiastical head of the State, and given at one time unlimited

power, the Doge was not slow to take advantage of the position, and so swept on with a high hand until there came the inevitable uprising of an opposing sentiment, and he was suddenly curbed and restricted and finally made a mere figure-head, as has been done before, and will be done again, to all tyrants and oppressors.

Much has been sung and written about the nuptials of Venice to the Sea. It was a wonderful scene made up of a sunlit sea, sweeping fleets, fluttering pennons, imposing ceremonies, and the Doge in gorgeous robes casting the begemmed and flashing ring into the Adriatic. Much needless pain has been felt by the economic heart at this annual loss of a valuable gem. The fact was, as I am informed, that the same ring was cast every year into the sea. A fine net placed skillfully at the stern of the vessel under the waves, received the glittering treasure when it was flung down so freely, and held it safely for its owners. After the deluded public had disappeared the gem was slipped from the aqueous finger of the Adriatic, stolen in a word from the maritime spouse, and kept for a similar annual occasion. This is not the first or last thing of the kind beheld in the world.

As one ponders the pages of history he is convinced that no one can be trusted with unlimited power. We rail at the tyranny of kings, but it has gone to record that when the people have the

dangerous possession of absolute supremacy, they do just the same. Power is so intoxicating in its nature, so self-exalting, man depreciating, and reason-dethroning that few or none can possess it and be just, and remain unchanged. It has been tried with kings and parliaments; with nations and cities; with triumvirates, decemvirates, and councils of one hundred, three hundred and five hundred; with one person and the whole people; with laymen and preachers; with the State and the Church; with senators of Rome, warriors of Sparta, nobility of France, commoners of England, and merchants of Venice—but the result is always the same. Unlimited power granted for a lifetime upsets poor, weak man and makes him arbitrary, unjust, oppressive and cruel. Evidently the movement of God in Providence is to take this most dangerous trust, called power, and so divide it between the nations and parties and classes that the people may walk unimpeded by chains and fetters, and that the world may retire at night to sleep soundly and rest undisturbed.

The Venetian government was as great a despotism as any that has afflicted the race of man. The fact that the rulers were merchant noblemen did not make their dynasty less dreadful. Human nature is the same in all ages and countries.

As an evidence of the fearful power in Venice and the dread in which it was held, it is related that a man received the following laconic missive:

"The climate of Venice is unhealthy for you." At once the man fled from the city for his life without stopping to carry with him a single article of property or to say farewell to a soul. He knew that life-time imprisonment or death was under this sententious line.

But besides this there are unmistakable evidences of the old-time power and tyranny. One is the "Lion's Mouth." This is now simply a slit in the wall, five or six inches in width and one in depth. A written communication dropped into this slit fell into the chamber of the "Council of Three." If the letter contained charges against any one in Venice, the result would be the immediate disappearance of that citizen from the walks of life. The fact that the written suspicion or charge was not signed did not take from it its potency. Surely this room would be like heaven; and the slit in the wall like the doorway to heaven, to that class of writers who love to sign themselves anonymously and whose joy it is to thus invisibly afflict their fellow creatures. Another evidence of the ancient tyranny is seen in the Bridge of Sighs. It is to-day the most pathetic of structures to the eye. The Bastile of Paris or the Tower of London do not affect you as powerfully. The very name is repeated with a sigh. The step comes to a halt upon the summit of the covered arched way, while reveries of most melancholy nature steal over the mind.

Still another sign of the past is the prison at the farther end of the Bridge of Sighs. The cells of midnight blackness, once seen, can never be forgotten. In a narrow passage I was shown the spot where the prisoners of state were beheaded. The stone block which received the victim's head, and the groove in the wall for the descending blade are still there. A small door near by opens just over one of the lagunes.

What sorrowful and blood-curdling scenes have taken place in this little passage! I could see again the masked executioner, the silent guard, and the presiding official. I could see the flickering lights, and ghastly moisture on the walls, and the palid prisoner as he stood helpless before the instrument of death. Let him scream aloud if he will, no one could possibly hear him through the thick walls that shut him in. It is not known in Venice what has become of him—it may be that he is forgotten. In five minutes more the decapitated body will be stowed into a sack, thrust through the little door in the wall, dropped into a waiting boat on the canal, and rowed out to sea and sunk with weights to the bottom.

And so they sleep by thousands in the depths of the blue Adriatic, and the secret of the crime and death sleeps with them. Oftentimes they stir uneasily, as if they would arise and come back to the streets of Venice and proclaim aloud to the world the false accusation, the kidnapping, the

long, unjust imprisonment, and the awful, solitary death. The limb moves, the hand is lifted as if the sleeper was arousing himself, but it was only the movement of a wandering wave, and so the skeleton lies down again amid the sand and shells and coral of the ocean floor. There is but one who can awaken them, and when they hear His voice in the morning of the Last Day they will come forth, and with them volumes of unwritten history. Nothing shall be hidden that day; the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, men shall be rewarded according to their deeds, and these sleepers in the sea shall obtain justice at last, and find mercy, perhaps, for the first time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rome—The Colosseum—The Forum—Palaces of the Cæsars—The Appian Way—The Tombs—Ecclesiastical Rome—A Night-Visit to the Colosseum.

It was nearly 11 o'clock at night when our train began to enter upon the Campagna that engirdles the city of Rome. A stoppage of a moment enabled me to raise the window and look out on the night. A lofty hill rose up in the dim distance; the sky studded with quiet stars seemed to touch its summit. The barking of a dog from the distant hill-side just reached my ears. Somehow the sight and sound struck in on the mind harmoniously with the occasion. In another moment the train was rushing through the darkness and barrenness of the Campagna. I remembered that this malarial and comparatively forsaken plain was once densly populated. Where once buildings and waving harvests were seen in every direction, to-day ruins, the remains of a vast aqueduct system and tombs, meet the eye. How can one account for its forsakenness, and this disease that now so broods upon it that the shepherds at the approach of summer hastily gather their herds and retire to

the mountains? How much is owing to the neglect of man, how much to the scourge of God? As I leaned my head near the window listening to the rush of the wind, I peopled the plain with the armies of Hannibal and Cæsar and Charlemagne, and Attila with his horde of Northern savages. It was their legions in rapid advance or tumultuous retreat that I heard in the air. It was their trampling, the beating of millions of feet that hardened the plain; it was their pitilessness which had brought the judgment of a rocky and blistered land to a country once fertile and beautiful.

So I mused on as the train sped like a thing of life through the darkness.

In a little while we saw in the distance the light of Rome reflected in the sky, and shortly afterward paused in the heart of the seven-hilled city.

It is something of an experience to pass the first night in a city where the Cæsars ruled; where Paul lived two years; from which has proceeded the most monstrous system of religious error; and about which the Lord Jesus said so much in the book of Revelation. Very naturally I read for my night and morning lessons the Epistle to the Philippians, and the second one to Timothy, both written from Rome.

Some one divides the city into three parts, viz., ecclesiastical, modern and ancient Rome. The first, in the form of St. Peter's, the Vatican and

its dependencies, lies on the west bank of the Tiber. Ancient Rome, by which we mean the Pantheon, Roman Forum, Palaces of the Cæsars, the Colosseum, and other ruins, is on the eastern shore. Modern Rome is between the two, and has beside gone eastward of the ancient city, so that the ruins to-day stand encompassed by the modern buildings of the capital of Italy. Coming upon these ruins suddenly at the turn of a street, or built partially into a modern dwelling, they strike the eye and memory with the force of a blow. Neither do they look in keeping with the nineteenth century surroundings. A feeling of sadness comes over one whenever they are seen. An octogenarian in the midst of a merry band of children; an Indian warrior standing on the streets of Washington; a visitant from another world speaking an unknown language, and looking into our homes; all these are but steps by which you mount up to a faint realization of the impression produced upon the mind by these gray, moldering arches, walls, and pillars built two thousand years ago, as they are encountered in the neighborhood of streets and squares that are imitating the brightness and flashy splendor of the boulevards of Paris. It is like having a skeleton lay his hand upon your arm, or look with cavernous eyes upon you. It is a most forcible reminder of the change and decay and ruin that time is certain to bring. If Rome in its massive-

ness went down, what is to become of the cockle-shell cities of to-day.

My first visit was to the Colosseum. So deeply was I interested that I paid three visits to this world-famous structure. It is the acknowledged largest ruin in the world, and yet it was not that fact that flung such a spell over me. It is difficult by any array of figures to convey to the reader the proper conception of the magnitude and sublimity of this building. After saying that it is eliptical in shape, over six hundred feet in length, five hundred in width, and one hundred and fifty-six in height, one still cannot by a mental process do the great amphitheater justice. But when you stand in the center of the arena and look up, counting five galleries as the eye ascends, one rising above the other with scores of rows of seats, all ascending in an unbroken line to the edge of the topmost wall, and accommodating ninety-three thousand people—then the size colossal breaks upon you! It is well called the Colosseum.

The arena in which the gladiators fought, and in which thousands of Christians were killed by sword and wild beast, is nearly one hundred yards long and sixty wide. The wall that surrounded it, from the top of which the seats of the spectators began, is about twenty-five feet in height. As I stood there I conjured up the scenes of agony that had transpired there for centuries.

I thought of the crushing sense of loneliness and helplessness that swept down upon the heart of the doomed Christian when led into this arena to die. He heard the dull roar of lion or tiger behind yonder iron-barred cell; in another moment he saw the animal leaping toward him; he glanced up and saw one hundred thousand faces looking down upon him, and their countenances were harder and more pitiless than the face of the animal rushing upon him. One moment to look upward, one cry to the Christ who was also murdered, and then the tearing of flesh, the cracking of bone, the swimming of the vast audience before the dying eyes, and then a mutilated, unconscious body upon the sand, with white face upturned to the sky. This is only the beginning. New victims are brought in singly, in groups, and as families. The spectacle must last for hours, and when the odor of shed blood becomes offensive to the royal and patrician smell, then fountains of perfumery cast their jets high in the air. There beneath us is left the remains of the ingenious piece of mechanism. What kind of people were these Romans! On the right hand close to the arena is the place where the Emperor sat; just opposite to him were ranged the vestal virgins; in the topmost gallery sat the people. And yet when the gladiator looked to see if he should spare the man at his feet, the emperor and the people and the vestal virgins would unitedly give the signal to

kill! High and low, church and world, agreeing on murder.

Again and again, as I have journeyed over this land of Italy, I have asked myself the question, What is the cause of these naked fields, these half-cultivated lands, these mountains scraped bare, this pauperism and ignorance and error that abounds? Why is it that Italy, in many respects, does not measure up to her sister kingdoms? Standing in the Colosseum, part of the answer came to me. He who has not yet finished paying the Jew for what he did to his Son, is still settling an awful account against this land for the precious Christian blood that was shed on this spot before me for three hundred years! Verily Rome, whether pagan or Catholic, is, as God says about it, "drunk with the blood of the martyrs."

My next visit was to the Roman Forum. This famous spot is being brought more and more to light. The place where Cæsar walked, and Cicero delivered his masterly orations; where the voice of Cato was heard, saying Carthage must be destroyed; and where Mark Antony made the great, and for all I know the only speech of his life, was covered up all through the Middle Ages with the rubbish that had accumulated for centuries. The ancient pavement lay forty feet beneath the the present city level. A few columns protruding through the ground located the place. In this century the work of excavation began, and

THE ROMAN FORUM

the result is now before the traveler, in a deep trench an hundred yards wide and two or three hundred long, which has brought to light arches of temples, bases of columns, foundations of palaces and basilicas, and a quantity of statuary. It certainly stirs the blood of the professional speaker to see the remains of the rostrum where Cicero stood and swept his audience before him, and where the mighty questions of the world at that day were debated and settled. Who also would not look most earnestly at a point just opposite, where Antony (or Shakespeare) made that celebrated speech over the dead body of Cæsar? On the spot where the body was burned, afterward a temple to Julius Cæsar was erected. The foundations now seen in a half-dozen hillocks, is all that is left of the edifice. Very near to the latter-named building are the ruins of the Temple of Vesta. In the floor is the spot where the perpetual fire was kept burning. It was all out when I saw it, and the virgins and their successors gone. They that turn the thumb downward, crying out "*Habet*" to the gladiatorial executioner, must pass away, and their fires be put out in darkness.

The palaces of the Cæsars profoundly interested me. They both encircle and crown the Palatine Hill. This hill, one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Tiber, is loftier and broader than I had imagined. The palaces, or rather

ruins of the palaces, of Caligula, Tiberius, and Augustus, are built closely against the northern side of the hill, and may have projected above the summit. The Palatine was thus inlaid or fronted with marble palaces. On the top, which is several hundred yards in diameter, I find gardens, ruins, and broken statuary. On the eastern edge of the summit is the palace of Julius Cæsar, which evidently was one of the costliest and handsomest of all. I walked through his dining hall, music-hall, and Nympheum, and moralized to the extent of a volume. He certainly felt the Capuan touch of wealth. The poor and hardy young warrior fought valiantly in the midst of a thousand fierce-eyed Gauls, but after luxuriating in Egypt and on the Palatine, a flabbiness came to the muscle, a weakness to the nerve, and he went down almost without a struggle deserving of the name before the wild, excited blows of a few Roman civilians.

Coming to the northern edge of the Palatine and looking northeast a quarter of a mile we see the tower of the Golden House of Nero, where he surveyed his burning capital to the sound of his violin. The tower is left, but the fiddle and the fiddler are gone. Directly north of where we stand, and only four hundred yards away, is the Capitoline Hill, famous for the Senate House of ancient Rome. Just at our feet, and lying between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, is the Roman Forum.

In the afternoon I drove out on the Appian Way, through the gate and beyond the old walls of Rome. The remains of that famous road are plainly to be seen. The interest born in my heart for this ancient national thoroughfare arose from a single verse in the scripture, in which we are informed that Paul came along this road as a prisoner to Rome. One or two miles from the city, where the driver turned into a little inn hard by to water and rest his horse, I strolled down the road, and seating myself on one of the old Appian blocks of stone, read the latter part of the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts. I could see the gate and wall distinctly, and the Appian Way leading with a direct course toward them and disappearing in the city; and then imagination caused Paul and his companions and guard to pass by me. That he had been discouraged I know from the fact that when a few Roman brethren met him farther away down the road, it is said, "he thanked God and took courage." That he was resolute appears in one of his letters: "I must see Rome also." From this very point I doubt not his eyes saw the gate and distant city. What must have been his thoughts, and what a spectacle to heaven and earth and hell he presented. I see him nearing the city, and now he is at the gate, it opens, he passes in and is lost to view. One man gone to confront a million men! What cannot and will not a man do who loves Christ as

Paul did, and who is full of the Holy Ghost? Many great men had gone through that gate—Cæsar, Pompey, Marius, Sylla, Antony, and Octavius—and yet never before or since has a greater man passed through that archway than a man named Paul, who, in the year 63, entered footsore and weary, unknown and a prisoner into the city that was then the recognized ruler of the world. There was no revolution. Take courage, my brother. He did not win Cæsar, but he gained Cæsar's household. He did all, and accomplished all God desired him to do. "My bonds are manifest in the palace and in all other places." Who can tell how much is behind these words? Anyhow, he wrote to Timothy that he had "finished his course."

Modern Rome failed to impress me agreeably. It is a feeble imitation of Paris. The sight really jarred upon me as does the spectacle of a jocular preacher, or an aged person indulging in the pranks of a child. The minister should always be the recognized man of God; let a sweet dignity clothe the old; and let Rome be marked by solidity and grandeur of structure rather than by flashiness of shop. The long centuries and the grand events back of her seem to demand this.

As a specimen of the mixing up of the ages, the conglomeration of architecture and the triumph of the new over the old, I saw one day a modern house perched on the top of a tomb built long be-

fore the dark ages. The mausoleum in this instance was a massive wall, circular in shape, and twenty or thirty feet in height. The nineteenth century contribution to its top by no means added to the appearance of the sepulchre, but suffered itself by a damaging contrast. The foundation was grander than the superstructure. So great and strong are these sepulchres that more than once they have been used for military purposes. The Castle of Angelo is well known to be the tomb of one of the kings, transformed into a fortress.

Of course I visited St. Peter's. Fortunately I was not overwhelmed with awe, nor struck dumb with astonishment. The view from the dome of the ancient city at my feet, the yellow Tiber flowing past, and the blue Mediterranean in the distance were scenes far more congenial to my feelings.

The Vatican, the palace of the Pope, has something over eleven thousand rooms; and yet the prelate is not happy. He seems to want more space. He claims to be the Vicar of Christ on earth. What a startling difference between the two is suggested by the sight of the Vatican. The one said long ago: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." The man who claims to be His representative in the world has a palace that is a vast fortune in itself, whose long halls are filled with statuary, whose walls

are lined with paintings, whose rooms cannot be counted, and whose doors are carefully guarded day and night by gorgeously uniformed companies of soldiers.

I saw a cardinal richly robed and in his carriage with liveried coachman and footman on his way to call on the Pope. Again by very contrast I saw the Man of Galilee on foot amid the hills of Judea and traversing the long, hot roads of Samaria.

I have no heart to write of the things seen and heard in Ecclesiastical Rome. This is the grand gathering place of relics and traditions. Bones and falsehoods abound. This is one place where the ear gets heartily wearied of hearing the word saint. The dead saints are here in force. They line the galleries, look down on you from the top of buildings, stare at you out of canvass, and pose rigidly before you in marble. They settle like a cloud between the mind and heaven. They come as a vail between the soul and Christ. Intended by Catholic invention to be an assistance, they have burdened the religious soul unnecessarily, and robbed Christ of His glory as Mediator and Intercessor. Many of them died in profound ignorance that they were saints. Are not acquainted with the fact yet, and, what is more, will never find it out.

The impression that the traveler gathers from statue, painting, book, and lip, and carries away

with him from churchly Rome is that St. Peter is undoubtedly the greatest being in heaven and eternity. It is no extravagant speech to say that the Son of God Himself is overshadowed in Rome by him. From the statue whose foot is being worn away by repeated kissings, to the vast building that bears his name; and from the many paintings where the figure of the apostle is central and commanding, to the glances and prayers that are being constantly directed to him—the fact is painfully manifest that Peter is again thrust in between the Savior and His divine work and glory.

No one can look at the paintings that contain the figures of our Lord and Peter without seeing to what great advantage the apostle is made to appear. The glorious manhood of the Lord Jesus never appears, but he is invariably drawn with drooping figure and lifeless or melancholy face; while Peter stands out from every work of art an embodiment of manliness, courage, and noble triumph. Even in the famous picture of "The Judgment," by Angelo, and where you would expect the Savior to be the most prominent figure, behold! St. Peter is there again the main man and actually seems to be directing and controlling the tremendous events of the day.

What a holy sorrow would fill him in heaven, if he knew of these Romish follies committed in his name. The real Peter who in humility was crucified head downward, by his own request,

would be the first to protest against this unmerited, anti-scriptural, and sinful exaltation of himself in the church.

At 9 o'clock at night, while reading and meditating in my room, a great desire to visit the Colosseum by night came over me. Taking a cab, I drove to the ruin, and leaving the vehicle and driver on the road, I entered the dark and shadowy building alone and walked to the center of the arena. I had not the moonlight to illumine and glorify the place, but the somber night to deepen its solemnity. The sky was studded with stars. One beautiful planet hung tremblingly upon the broken edge of the southern wall. At one moment the place would be as silent as the grave; in the next it would be alive with echoes. The Colosseum sits alone in a valley between the Esqueline and Cœlian Hills, and the sounds from distant streets of horses' hoof and human voice came through the many openings of the walls and produced a hundred rattling echoes among the walls around and in the vaults below. It would have seemed to the superstitious that the multitudes who had gathered here in the past centuries were assembling once more. Again I conjured up the scenes of the dark past; again I saw the hundred thousand faces looking down into the arena; I saw the helpless Christian victim; I saw and heard the spring and roar of the wild beast; I saw the waving sword of the gladiator about to be

sheathed in the heart of a dying saint; and then! those sudden echoes that filled the building! was it the voices of an invisible audience in the seats above me in the dark, crying out "*Habet!*"

I left the building with a great awe upon me, and with a realization of those days of trial and horror to the church, that I never could have had from any amount of reading in my quiet study in New Orleans.

I returned to the hotel by way of the Forum. I looked across the empty place toward the palaces of the Cæsars that skirt the edge of the Palatine Hill in that direction. A dozen street lamps have been stationed at regular distances around the side of this hill in front of the ruins. For what purpose I do not know, for that part of the city is completely deserted. But the shining of these lamps upon and through the doors and broken walls of the palatial ruins produced the strangest effect. It seemed as if the palaces were full of light; as if their old-time masters had returned and were holding high revel in their courts, after an absence of two thousand years. And so, like Nehemiah, "I went up in the night and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned; and the rulers knew not whither I went or what I did."

CHAPTER XIX.

Naples—Its Beauty—Its Social Extremes—The Elevation of Snap-Beans—The Naples Donkey.

THERE is a saying to this effect: "See Naples, and then die." I have seen the city, and I have no intention of departing this life. The meaning of the proverb or saying, is, that after you look on Naples you have beheld the loveliest city and the most charming combination of sky, sea, and shore on earth, and that now you might afford to cease to live. You could die saying that nothing so beautiful is anywhere else to be beheld.

This city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, sitting on an amphitheater of hills, and coming down by steps of terraced gardens and streets, to touch the blue, semi-circular bay at its feet, is a beautiful spectacle. Nor is this all. The city wears a diadem of stone on her forehead, called the Castle of St. Elmo. On its right cheek is a dimple called the Island of Ischia, and on its left cheek another dimple named the Island of Capri. At night she throws a cluster of brilliants on her neck, and the Mediterranean Sea forgets to storm in looking far off upon her beauty, while the

mighty Vesuvius, as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, calls the attention of the nations to her as they pass by in distant ships, saying: "Behold the beautiful city of Naples!"

I arrived at midnight, but, before retiring, stepped upon the balcony in front of my room to feast my eyes with a night view. The hotel at which I stopped stood on the highest street, and so, from my position, I overlooked the city below and the quiet bay. Glancing to the left, I saw what I desired. Vesuvius was there, lifting up his tall form, with a dark, feathery plume blown back from his head, while he fastened one eye upon Naples. "I am here," he seemed to say. "Yon towns at my feet are asleep: but I am not asleep. My eye is upon you all." Is it not wonderful that the towns and cities can sleep, while that red, angry eye is looking down the mountain-side upon them?

The expression, "A palace and a prison on each hand," is the statement of a fact not peculiar to Venice, but seen everywhere. In no place have I seen wider extremes than in Naples. The west end of the street that skirts the bay has the gardens and drives, where the wealthy congregate; and the east end of the same avenue will show you multitudes of barefooted men and women toiling laboriously and painfully for a scanty living. I looked into the streets where they live, and for darkness and narrowness I have

never seen them surpassed. Men, women, children, donkeys, baskets, and I know not what, are crowded away and back in these cracks of walls, which they compliment and dignify by the name of streets. The people are scantily and meanly clothed, the men are burned brown; the women have turned yellow, and the children beg vociferously and pertinaciously.

Such a sight as I saw one morning at an early hour I can never forget. Troops upon troops of people flocking into Naples from neighboring villages and the country with their fruits and vegetables, or coming to work in factories or workshops. How poor they looked! What a hard, bitter struggle life seemed to them! My heart ached as I looked at them packing their loads, pushing their carts, and driving their overburdened donkeys along.

In the various cities in which I stop, I put the question: What is being done to save the people and bring them to Christ? I investigated the matter in Liverpool, London and Paris, in Venice and Naples. In some places I find a great deal is being done; in others, next to nothing. And I also find, from what my eyes see, that there is work for ten thousand more missionaries than we have in the field. About twenty or thirty Italians I found at religious service in the Wesleyan Chapel on Sunday morning. How long will it require to take Naples at this rate?

Dropping into a Catholic Church of moderate size to see if any of the people were there, I found it filled with the hard-working class of the narrow streets, and all staring for dear life at the altar. It is remarkable how Catholics stare at the chancel. It is all the more surprising when we remember there is only a bowing man there, and a little boy ringing a bell. They have seen the performance a thousand times, and yet, with hungry look, they still gaze. How I trust that out of the pulpit jargon and altar genuflexions they, through God's mercy, will get something for the soul.

One of the institutions of Naples is the donkey. He abounds here, but cannot be said to flourish. Many of the poor people own one, and it is amazing to see what they put on that poor, diminutive animal to bear, or hitch to him to draw. I have seen a family of five or six sitting up on a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a donkey that looked little larger than a Newfoundland dog. And at other times I have seen him so covered up by huge panniers, filled with fruits and vegetables and other merchandise, that you could see nothing but his ears and tail. A crowning indignity done this long-suffering animal is that his owner generally grasps him by the tail. I watched to see the reason, and soon discovered that the peasant used it as a kind of rudder, with which to steer the living craft. Almost any hour you can hear

them lifting up their voices on the streets; and when a Naples donkey lifts up his voice in real earnest, then let Vesuvius look to its honors as a thunderer. If Mt. Vesuvius should burst forth into an eruption, and one of these Naples donkeys should bray at the same time—well, let us not think of such a catastrophe!

These Italian people who move on hotel planes are great for long dinings. To please them possibly, the courses are multiplied until the consumption of time in such a way becomes a positive affliction as well as a sin. Moreover, their courses amount to very little. There are never more than two dishes to a course, and oftentimes not more than one. So a hotel dining is really, after all, nothing but a few dishes strung out for more than an hour, the clatter of many clean plates, the whisk of napkins, the running of waiters, and a bunch of tooth-picks.

The other day, while at the dinner-table, a silver-covered dish was brought to me containing one of the courses. On removing the cover my eyes fell upon a double handful of snap-beans! Not so much as a piece of meat to rest their heads upon, or under which to coil their long, lean limbs.

Now, suppose the reader had known in early life a poor, obscure, ordinary youth, and in traveling, should suddenly find him in the company of the nobility passing himself off for some great

one. The feeling would be one of surprise and amazement on addressing him, or even beholding him. Thus was it I looked on the snap beans. I mentally ejaculated, "Why, Snap Beans, I know you! I know how you are regarded in America, and your social standing there. You know that very few of the high-born care for you, and that your true place there is on a tin plate in the kitchen with the servants. And yet here I find you here lying on a silver dish and passing yourself off as somebody. Why, Snap Beans, thou friend and acquaintance of my boyhood, how did you get here, and how did you manage to fool these European people?"

Snap beans as a course for dinner! Whenever people begin to live for the stomach they at once go into all kinds of absurdities. There are follies and ridiculosities of table manners and bill of fare. In the dethroning of Reason and Conscience, and the enthroning of the Stomach, we may look for absurdities. The brain that is left is racked for table novelties and culinary inventions. The result is often such as to excite the whole family of risible muscles.

Then I have noticed that when a people swing like a pendulum between the two thoughts, what new things shall we eat, and how much shall we eat; when they spend much precious money, and much still more precious time, in feasting, and in a general deifying of the stomach, such people

are getting at a place where God knocks them down with His providences and tears them to pieces with His judgments. The Bible says it is so, and History confirms the saying.

CHAPTER XX.

Pompeii — Its Temples — Public Buildings — Dwellings — The Street of Tombs—The Meditative Statue—The House of Diomede—The Ascent of Mount Vesuvius.

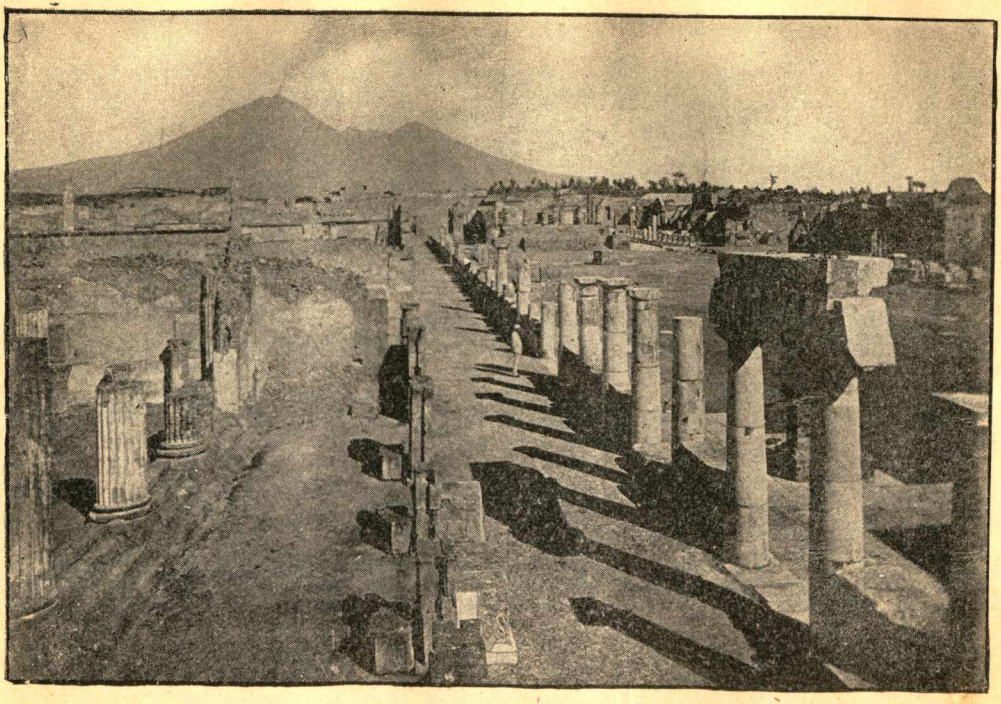
Of course, I visited Pompeii. Let us get our local bearings. Mt. Vesuvius is ten miles east of Naples, and Pompeii is five miles southeast of Mt. Vesuvius. They are all nearly in line, and all three are on or near the Bay of Naples. Taking an early morning train, I ran along the shore of the bay, reaching the station in less than an hour.

One hundred yards from the station is the Sea Gate of the city of Pompeii. It was through this gate that thousands rushed in the direction of the Bay of Naples, which is, perhaps, not over a half-mile away. I pause a moment at the gate to say that Pompeii, at the time of its destruction, was no mean city in size, wealth, and importance. Its population at the time was about thirty thousand. It had a large trade by sea, was surrounded by a most fertile country, and was the abode of wealthy people, and even visited by royalty. It had been almost destroyed in A. D. 63 by an earthquake,

but had recovered from this disaster, and the city was more richly and beautifully built than ever, when in the year 79 it was overwhelmed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. There was first a fall of hot, suffocating ashes to the depth of three feet, and then a prolonged pouring of *rapilli*, or red-hot pumice-stones, on the doomed place to the depth of seven feet; then more ashes, and then more stones, until the city was covered. Two thousand people were destroyed.

The city of Pompeii is one mile long and a half-mile wide. It was surrounded by a considerable wall, and had about eight gates. Not quite half of the city has been as yet exhumed. What we see of it shows a town most compactly built, having a large population, and abounding in wealth and luxury.

At the entrance of the Sea Gate is one of the ancient buildings now turned into a museum. Many curious things pertaining to the buried city are here exhibited. In glass cases are the figures of a number of men and women whose bodies were discovered in various places in Pompeii, and preserved by a method familiar to the reader. With one exception, their petrified positions and attitudes show horror of mind and agony of body. The one exception is that apparently of a middle-aged man. The features and lines of the face are very plain, and show unmistakable calmness. His head rests on his left arm, and he seems to



POMPEII

have accepted his fate and laid down to die. The body of a dog is a picture of physical agony. His legs are thrown upward and bent; his head twisted under his body, as if biting at the fire that was consuming him. His skeleton was found tied to the door of a man named Orpheus. How the howls of that confined dog pierced the ash-laden atmosphere, and added another sound of mournfulness and terror to the already overburdened and horror-stricken night. Just beyond is the body of a young woman who has fallen upon her face, apparently to hide from her eyes the dreadful sights of the hour.

Pursuing my walk up one of the streets, I came to the southwest corner of the town where laborers are engaged in the work of excavating. It was there I saw distinctly the different stratas of destruction that fell on the town as they appeared in the banks upon which the spades of the workmen were employed.

There are a number of public buildings that were not only large, but elegant and beautiful. The Basilica, or Temple of Justice, has a breadth and massivenesss, even in its ruins, that deeply impresses the beholder. The Forum is worthy of the name. The size of the marble columns, the paved court, the life-size statuary, now deposited in the museum at Naples, show that this place and other similar public places were and of what architectural excellence and artistic taste these

people were possessed, while the inhabitants of Great Britain were wearing the skins of beasts, dwelling in huts, and worshiping in a rude way in the center of twelve upright stones.

The public baths are similar to those of to-day. There are hot and cold water-pipes, marble bath-tubs, marble fountains, steaming-room, and sitting-room, while wine shops and resturants are just across the street. You find wine shops at almost every corner. They are easily recognized by a front stone counter, in which still stand large jars and receptacles for the wine. Ashes, to the depth of five or six inches, now lie in the bottom instead of the lees of the liquor.

The Temples of Venus, Jupiter, and Mercury, are all impressive by their size and remains of former beauty. The Temple of Isis is here with the rest. On this altar was found a sacrifice just deposited, when the sound of doom put an end to the service.

The houses of wealthy men abound. I saw no homes of the poor. As I went through a number of these reputed abodes of the rich and noble, and saw the remains of marble fountains, the mosaic pavements, the walls richly colored or covered with paintings, the marble pillars and the small but beautiful rooms opening on the inner court, in whose center an ornamented fountain played, I saw there was no mistake about the tradition of the wealth of the place; and when, afterwards,

in the museum at Naples, I saw the pictures and statuary and articles of various kinds that came out of these homes, there was not left the shadow of a doubt in my mind about the luxury that once filled these homes, and that made this city remarkable. There are some things I saw in Pompeii that I cannot speak of; only there are unmistakable signs that declare that the place was as generally corrupt as it was beautiful and luxurious. Long before I left the city I saw why the fire of Vesuvius had fallen on this particular part of the plain. There are some sins upon which God always rains fire. The offense of Pompeii was seen in more than one sin. Even at this distance of time four or five of the most wrath-provoking are perfectly manifest.

It is a mistake to suppose that the houses were of one story. The numerous staircases all over the city show, at least, two stories, while the house of Diomede as clearly reveals a third floor. These upper stories were, doubtless, constructed of wood, and perished under a conflagration created by the red-hot pumice stones.

The amphitheater that Bulwer speaks of is empty and desolate; but solemn, majestic and imposing.

The Gate of Herculaneum, as it is called, opens on what is called the Street of Tombs, that stretches beyond the city walls several hundred yards. All had to be exhumed. Just outside the gate is the

doorway in which the Roman sentinel was found dead at his post. It was the doorway of a tomb.

Looking down the avenue of tombs, I beheld a sight which affected me strangely and sadly. Fully two hundred yards away, almost at the end of the street, a marble statue was leaning against one of the tombs on the right hand, and looking toward the gate where I stood. The right cheek of the statue was resting lightly on one hand upraised to the face. The position was one of waiting and meditation. The eyes were fixed upon us where we stood. It looked as if it was expecting us, and was waiting to welcome, or to invite us to a final resting place in one of the tombs. The utter loneliness of the street, coupled with the desolation of the city, greatly heightened the effect of the strange spectacle.

Near the end of this street is the famous house of Diomede. The cellar is the strong point of interest with the tourist. I was much surprised at its shape and extent. It is fully ten or twelve feet in width and equally as high. It runs west fifty yards, and then, with another sharp turn, runs east the same distance. It is located under the flower-garden, and connects with the house at two points by a gradual rise in the floor. This was the wine cellar of Diomede, and the jars are still seen in ruinous condition, or with their imprint against the walls. The cellar is pierced with a number of small square apertures for the re-

ception of air. Through these the ashes and suffocating fumes entered in destroying power upon those who had fled here for refuge. In this cellar the skeletons or bodies of fifty-eight people were found. The impression of the figures of some, with their clothes wrapped about their heads to keep out the hot ashes and air, is plainly seen on the wall against which they leaned. A man with a ring on his hand, and holding a key was found near the door. Close to him was his slave, bearing a box of jewels. But the servant and key and precious stones availed nothing at such a time. There is an hour when men and money can do nothing for us. That hour is when God "looks on the hills, and they tremble ; when he touches the mountains and they smoke ;" and when he rises in his omnipotence to shake terribly the earth.

Mt. Vesuvius is five miles from Pompeii. Taking a guide and two horses, I had a wild gallop over the plain and fields toward the smoking volcano. What a gallop it was, through dusty lanes, and wide-spreading vineyards, and queer-looking villages with high stone walls, over whose top peered and clambered the boughs of all kinds of fruit trees ! The half-naked children rushed out at our coming, crying out for money in shrill tones, while more than one old peasant woman dropped distaff and spindle, and gazed after us as we went clattering by. We had no time to tarry,

for it takes several hours to climb Vesuvius, and it was now in the afternoon. As the guide and I swept on, vineyards followed upon vineyards. As we began to ascend the mountain, they actually became more luxuriant. The black ashes and cinders seem to be the soil in which the vine can best flourish. The wine, I understand, is very strong. The fire of the mountain, I suppose, has has stolen into the grape. You climb more than one-third of the height of the volcano before the grape-bearing vine ceases to follow you. Further along we began to encounter lava beds. Remarkable when first seen, they became more wonderful in appearance the higher we ascended. Conceive of a vast level field, across which runs a strip of plowed land, say fifty or a hundred yards wide. But this plowed slip has been thrown up by plows that can cast a furrow fifteen or twenty feet high, and leave clods as big as a hogshead. Think of an ebony river churned by a cyclone into wildest confusion, and then its black, convulsed waves suddenly turned to stone. I saw every conceivable fantastic and horrible form in these lava rivers that poured down the sides of Vesuvius, and were arrested midway. Implements of war, human forms twisted in agony, and serpents folded and knotted together.

Two-thirds and more of the distance up, the guide came to a halt in a wild, rocky spot at the foot of the cone proper. He remarked that the

rest of the way must be pursued on foot, as it was too steep for the horses. At this juncture four men presented themselves, and offered to carry me up in a chair. Their price staggered me, and I said "No;" I would climb the rest of the way. Faithfully did I try, sinking in the ashes several inches with each step. High above me loomed the mountain, and desperately did I surge for an hundred yards to gain the top unaided. To my surprise, the four men toiled along by my side. It actually appeared that they believed I could not make the ascent. In fact, that was just what they believed and knew. They had seen hundreds do as I did that afternoon. It was of no avail ; I had to give up, with breath and strength gone, and the head of the volcano still high in the air. At once they placed me in a chair, to which two handspikes were nailed, and I was lifted up thus, throne-like, on the shoulders of four stalwart men. And then how *we* climbed ! And what an experience it was to be going on the shoulders of four men up the steep side of a roof four thousand feet high, whose eaves overhung Italy and the Mediterranean Sea, and the chimney at the top on fire !

At last we reached the summit, and stood in twenty feet of smoke that boils up from the crater. Around the crater there are two lips, each one fully thirty feet high. The outer one is twenty feet off from the danger spot ; the inner one over-

hangs the fire, and has rattling upon it a constant shower of stones thrown from beneath. Every minute or so there is a deep explosion in the crater, and a shower of black rocks are hurled two or three hundred yards in the air, and come rattling down, some in the gulf, many on the inner lip of the crater, and some on the outer lip where we stood. I had not the very blissful experience, in company with the guides, of dodging and retiring precipitately several times from these stones.

What a view bursts on the charmed vision from this lofty place! What reflections crowd on the mind while you linger at the top, or descend the steep sides of the cone, and the gentler slope of the mountain proper! The city and Bay of Naples are westward, and just beneath you. The Mediterranean is outspread in its calm blue beauty; a dozen populous towns are at the base of the volcano; houses and vineyards clamber up its sides, as though it was perfectly harmless. A vast plain, dotted with houses and towns, amid which I notice the ruins of Pompeii, and covered with orchards and vineyards, circles around three sides of Vesuvius, and stretches away in the distance till shut in by a lofty range of mountains that makes a fitting frame for so large and lovely a picture. At the foot of this fire-breathing monster in the town of Terra del Grecco, fair and flourishing, and yet it has been destroyed seven times by this volcano at whose feet it now confidingly nestles.

How strange it is that men will believe in and cling to the thing that destroys them!

I gave a farewell look and descended. This has always been a wonderful spot. Capua, where Hannibal's soldiers were changed to the nature of women is close by. I took in the soft beauty of the landscape, the fertility of the plain, the slumber of the ocean, and the swoon in the air. I remembered the fire of the grape, and the warmth of the sunbeam, and I began to understand the meaning of the word Capua as Hannibal saw it; and I also think I saw some of the circumstantial causes that developed finally into the overwhelming ruin of Pompeii.