

OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE,
PRINCIPALLY IN
FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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P R E F A C E.

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

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

Reasons, both of a public and a private nature, induced me to postpone, for a time at least, the publication of my Eastern journal, and to prepare for the press

a brief account of some parts of my tour in Europe, with notices of prominent topics of interest at present attracting the attention of the world. These are offered to the reader in the present volumes. At a future time, I may present to the reader the observations referred to on Eastern topics, in which, certainly, my own feelings are much more deeply interested.

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

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

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

Dickinson College, April, 1844.

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¶ We regret to say, by an accident not within our control, that the engraving of the "*Mer de Glace*" cannot appear in the work without postponing its publication, though it is referred to in the text.

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NEW-YORK TO PARIS.

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

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

We sat down to our first dinner at sea full of life and gayety. I need not tell the reader what a change came

over the spirit of our company when our gallant vessel began to mount the waves, and descend from their crests into depths from which the inexperienced passenger felt an involuntary apprehension she could never rise again. Laughing eyes became mournful enough, and jolly faces were lengthened into dolorous visages, as one by one my companions sought the sides of the ship, and looked wistfully into the sea. Inexorable Neptune demanded his accustomed tribute. One of my young friends obeyed at one gangway, while Professor L—— answered at the other. My time came late ; but, alas ! when once arrived, it never departed. I shall never make a sailor. There was a little coterie of French men and women aboard, whose mercurial temperament was proof against sea-sickness, and expended itself in laughing, dancing, and every form of merry-making. I envied them most heartily.

Trifling incidents are important to the passengers in a ship, amid the irksomeness and monotony of life at sea ; but such as happened to us can afford little amusement and no information to my reader. Besides, I trust he is bound, with us, for Europe, and I doubt not he is anxious to catch the first glimpse of the Old World. Well, then, while we were at tea on the evening of the 14th of May, the mate came into the cabin, and reported to the captain, " A light, sir."

" Where away ?"

" Off the leeward bow, sir."

" Very well."

Quickly we were all on the upper deck, straining our eyes to see the light which the sailors could easily discern. The darkness increased, and in a few minutes we could distinctly see the double-headed Lizard lights on the coast of England. They sent a thrill of pleas-

ure through our hearts which we could not repress. My young friend S—— waxed eloquent. "There," said he, "sleeps quietly in his sea-girt island, the Lion of England, that has guarded so long his ocean-home from the foot of the invader; and under whose protection the arts of Peace and the institutions of Religion have so long and so wonderfully flourished." Next to his own country, it seems to me, an American must look upon the home of his forefathers with the most intense delight. Such was our feeling, though we had only seen the gleam of a lantern from the barren coast of the Land's End.

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

delivered them, we walked into the custom-house, passed through a cursory and civil inspection, and left our luggage to be opened and examined in our presence the next morning. We then hastened to the Hôtel de l'Europe and engaged our rooms.

My first conversation here, with the *female* director of the hotel, was rather amusing. Informing her that we desired dinner, she inquired, "*à quelle heure voulez vous diner, monsieur ?*" I replied, "*à huit heure, madame,*" pronouncing the word *heure* so openly as to be mistaken for *jour*; and she asked again, "*à quelle heure, monsieur ?*" looking intently into my face, as if she would read my meaning. Not noticing the peculiarly close sound which she gave to the word *heure*, I replied as before. Utterly surprised, she gazed at me as if she were absolutely feeling for my meaning; until at last it flashed upon her, when she burst into a hearty, pleasant laugh, not at my mistake, but at the ludicrous idea of dining on the *eighth day*, and then repeated several times, "*à huit heure, monsieur, huit heure, huit heure,*" uttering the word so as to draw my attention to it and correct my mistake. I felt that I was instructed—not ridiculed. By-the-way, I may remark that the French rarely laugh at errors of pronunciation, which are generally irresistible to Englishmen. They either do not notice them at all, or correct them with a kind politeness. As to the French language itself, I am satisfied that no man who learns it after twenty can pronounce with Parisian accent, whatever else he may do.

In a few minutes we sallied forth to see the town. First impressions are not to be trusted, I am aware; but as the appearance of the population struck me most favourably in many respects, I shall do no harm, in this instance, by recording them. Coming immediately

from New-York, I could not but remark the contrast, in point of physical health and vigour, between the crowds you meet in the streets in that city and the swarms that we now encountered in the streets of Havre. Their elastic movements, fine, fresh complexions, and well-developed persons, betokened high health and great enjoyment of life. Doubtless this superiority of *physique* is to be attributed to their cheerful way of living, in which *business* is not the sole object, as with us, and to their constant exercise in the open air—men, women, and children. In this, our first walk, the bulk of the population seemed to be in the streets, enjoying their cheerful promenade not only on the sidewalks, but in the middle of the most crowded thoroughfares. Everywhere we saw boys and girls, from five to fifteen years of age, running, romping, jumping the rope, or trundling the hoop. The women were generally without bonnets,* to which habit, keeping the head cool and well aired, their abundant and beautiful hair may perhaps be attributed.

We were struck also with the richness and variety of the articles exhibited in the numerous shops. The shops themselves are much smaller than is common with us. In every case except one (a watchmaker's), they were attended by females; and, indeed, almost all the minor kinds of business seemed to be in the hands of the *beau sexe*. I stepped into a barber's shop; a man shaved me, but a woman, sitting at a little counter in the hall, received the ten sous; and when my friend called at the watchmaker's for his watch, which he had left for repairs, a female took the money. So, on entering the reception-room of our hotel, we were receiv-

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

ed by two very well-dressed females, of easy manners, one of them quite pretty and interesting. They seemed to have the chief direction of affairs throughout the house, except in the *salle à manger*, where male servants were in attendance. It is worth while to remark that these female traders, hotel directors, etc., are generally women of mature years, and not inexperienced girls, as is commonly the case with females in similar employments among us.

I pass over the matter of custom-house business and passports, with a few remarks to the reader who may design to travel. Your luggage is taken from the ship to the custom-house, where you appear at the time appointed for its inspection, and unlock your trunks. The officers then examine them, more or less particularly according to your appearance and conduct (as I judge), and then pass them over to a porter to be conveyed to your hotel. Your passport is delivered, on landing, to an officer, who takes it to the police-office, where you obtain a new one, to Paris, for which you pay two francs. You take this new passport, in which your person is minutely described, to the proper office on your arrival in Paris, where it is retained, and the original one with which you entered Havre restored to you, *viséd*, as it is called, by the authorities of the capital. It is well to have it signed also by our minister at Paris. With this you can pass throughout the kingdom, exhibiting it when called for; and you should always keep it about your person, as it must be *viséd* at every frontier, and perhaps oftener.

It is well known that the French labourers eat but little animal food, and yet they are remarkable for physical strength, of which I had a striking instance this afternoon. I saw one of these men carry an ordinary

bale of cotton, resting on the back of his head and on his shoulders, several yards to a wagon, ascend a ladder, and throw it on the top of two tiers of bales which he had already carried up. I supposed it to weigh four hundred pounds; a by-stander said five hundred.

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

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

ed with gardens, which rise in terraces one above the other. It is called the Côte d'Ingouville.

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

Historical associations crowd upon one in this *voyage* to the ancient capital of Normandy. Every height has its legends and stories. The Romans left here the traces of their powerful dominion. It became the prey of the piratical hosts of Scandinavia, who ravaged the coasts of England, Holland, and France in the ninth century. In the indolent reign of Charles the Bald, they penetrated into the very heart of the country. At length, in A.D. 912, the Norwegian Rollo ascended the Seine, and obtained from Charles the Simple a cession of part of Neustria, which he called *Normandy*. Rollo married a daughter of Charles, received Christian baptism in the Cathedral of Rouen, and became the first Duke of Normandy. It was annexed to England when William Duke of Normandy obtained the English throne in 1066. This fair region was long the battle-ground of France and England. No wonder, then, that we were eager to behold every storied spot on the beautiful Seine.

We glided directly across the river to Honfleur, an ancient town, formerly of great importance as a seaport. Its old and now ruined walls withstood the sieges

of the English in the fifteenth century ; and large fleets formerly issued from its port, now choked and deserted. The rise of Havre completed its ruin as a seaport, and its population of 17,000 is now reduced one half.

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

The first well-preserved monument of the Middle Ages which we saw was the castle of Tancarville, on our left, at the edge of a beautiful bay extending up into the mouth of a valley in which lies the village of the same name. It is celebrated in feudal history for the quarrels between its chamberlains and the neighbouring lords of Harcourt. There is a tradition, too, of the unfortunate love of Arthur and Louise, ward of Alfroy, lord of the Eagle Tower. The young man, in the garb of a minstrel, was taken into the service of Alfroy, and thus enjoyed opportunities of intercourse with the fair Louise ; but he was finally betrayed to Alfroy, and had to escape for his life. He went to Palestine as a warrior, carrying with him a handkerchief

which Louise had given him wet with her tears. Alfroy had set his heart upon the virgin, and kept her confined in the Eagle Tower for months, without making any impression in his favour. Wearied with her resistance, he at last, one morning, told her that she should be his bride that night; and to crush her hopes of Arthur, suddenly presented the handkerchief, stained with blood. The maiden fell and expired.

A little above Tancarville, on the same side of the river, is Lillebonne, the *Juliobona* of the Romans, in whose vicinity the remains of baths, aqueducts, and a theatre, attest the residence of that wonderful people. East of the village stands a ruined castle, in which it is said that William the Conqueror proposed to his barons his plans for the conquest of England. From this point onward, almost every hill and every village had its story of some remarkable event or great name, so that our memory and imagination were kept continually on the stretch. I do not expect my reader to take the same interest in these scenes; but I cannot forbear to mention Caudebec, which deserves to be noticed from the singular beauty of its position, and, indeed, of the town itself. The river describes a semi-ellipse above and below the town, whose graceful chapel, with its Gothic spire, was pronounced by Henry IV. the finest he had seen.

ROUEN.

The clock of the steamer struck ten, and we were approaching the ancient capital of Normandy. The boat had just rounded one of the sweeps of the river and turned her head eastward, when a well-defined, tapering pyramid shot up in the distance, apparently to the very clouds. It was the new iron tower, now near its

completion, of the Cathedral of Rouen. In a few minutes the whole city was disclosed, and we shortly afterward reached the quay. We were greeted in English by the commissioner of the Hôtel de Rouen, which is just opposite our landing-place. The sound of our own language, amid the incessant French babble that surrounded us, was like order out of chaos. We were soon comfortably installed in our rooms at the Hôtel de Rouen.

A word on the management of these hotels and the general style of their accommodations. On arriving at any of the principal provincial towns, you are saluted by the *commissionaires* of the various hotels, each of whom, of course, endeavours to secure you for his own establishment. If he succeed in taking you home with him, he becomes your cicerone during your stay, and shows you all the lions of the place, for which service you pay him at pleasure, although I infer, from a charge in my bill at Havre, that you pay for the office whether you employ the officer or not. You enter the hotel by a broad and high archway (*porte cochère*) leading into a court, accessible to carriages. On one side of this court is an office for the *concierge*, or porter; and on the other the *bureau*, with a small counter, at which you generally find two females, who superintend the establishment. You pay regularly for nothing but your room and the service of the *fille-de-chambre*. As for meals, you may regulate them at your own option, breakfasting at any hour, and dining either at the table d'hôte, at a fixed price, or at a *restaurant*, paying for what you require. For breakfast of coffee, bread, and butter, you pay a franc and a half; if you add eggs or a steak, half a franc more. The public table at dinner is well supplied with meats, fish, fowl, &c., brought on in

regular courses ; the dessert is sparing. An hour and a half are generally spent at the table ; but, of course, you can rise when you please. The chambers are neatly kept and well aired. The floors are laid in hard wood or neatly paved with red brick, and generally have no other carpeting than a small rug by the bedside. The bed itself is a luxury. Your room is always furnished with a chest of drawers, and a secretary with writing materials. As for the cost of travelling, my observation satisfies me that, apart from the expense of locomotion, it is greater than in the United States. For the dinner of which I have spoken, without wine, you pay about seventy cents in Havre, and about ninety in Paris.

Most American travellers pass directly from England, by way of Dover and Calais, to Paris ; and thus miss the sight of one of the finest portions of France, and certainly of her most interesting city, next to Paris. Rouen lies on the north bank of the Seine, over which is thrown an elegant suspension bridge, lately erected. There is also a bold stone bridge of massive masonry, completed in 1829. The city is divided into the Old Town and the New by the *Boulevards*, a fine wide street, nearly encircling the city, planted with trees on each side, and affording a pleasant drive. Many towns on the Continent have these delightful avenues, formed by levelling the ancient walls (*boulevards*), which are not only a great addition to the pleasure of the inhabitants, but also indicate a more valuable improvement in the state of society. In some European cities, the ancient boulevards are not removed, but simply levelled at top, planted with trees, and converted into public walks and drives. In towns upon the frontiers, or on the coast, as at Havre, they are kept in good repair, in obedience to the maxim, "In peace prepare for war," a

maxim which we shall never follow in the United States until we get a sound drubbing from England ; when, of course, we will set to work in earnest, come out of the strife victorious, as we have done twice before, and then, at least for one generation, keep our forts and navies in order, even at the expense of a protective tariff.

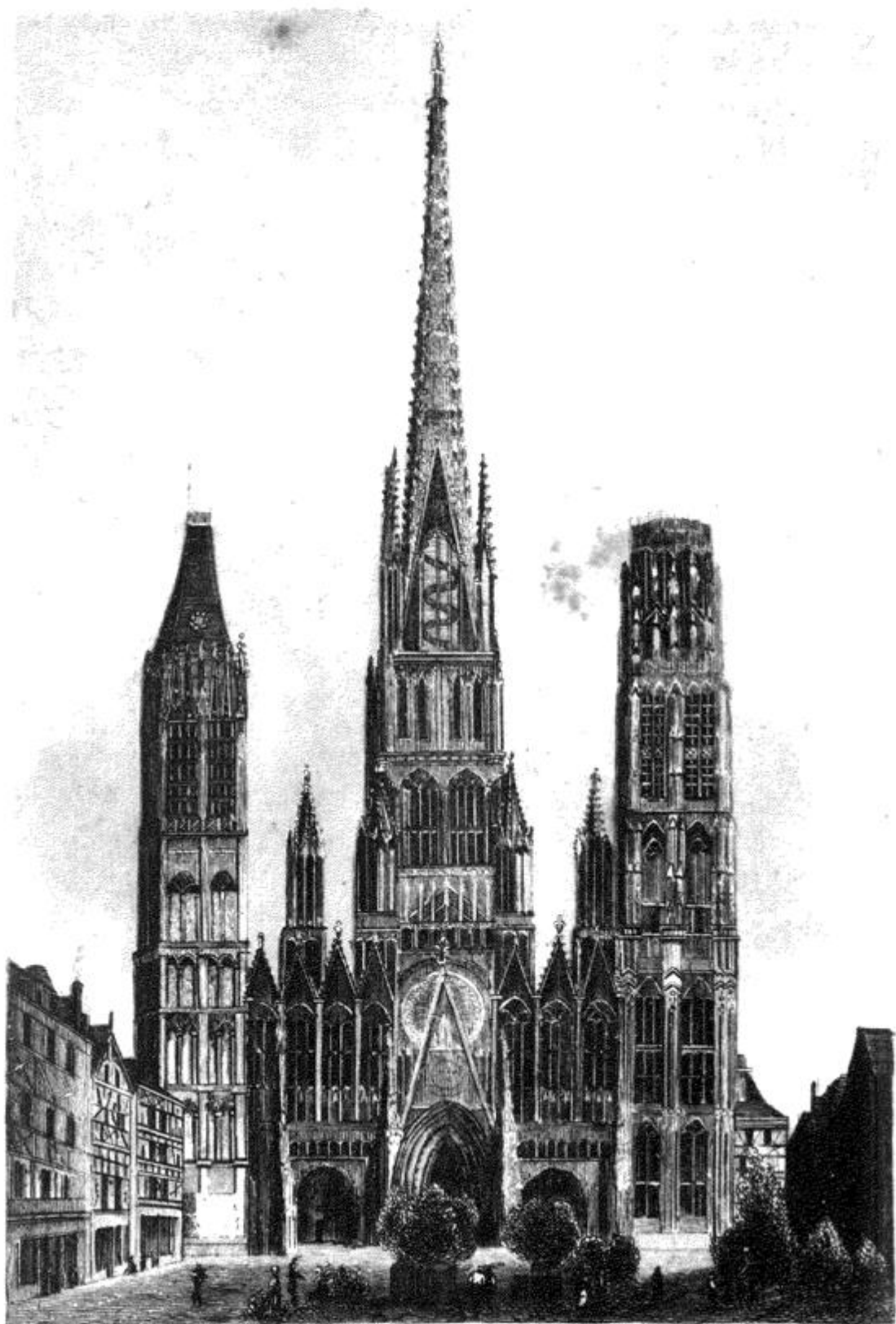
Except along the quay, the houses of Rouen, within the Boulevards, are old and poorly built. The streets are narrow, crooked, and without sidewalks ; the pavement, of square stones, declining to the middle of the street from the houses on either side. Of the quaint old houses themselves, an American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

from our country ; and the home trade of the place is greatly facilitated by daily lines of steamers to Havre and the railroad to Paris.

The appearance of the French at home, thus far at least, was different from what I had anticipated. My early notions had led me to expect gayety and frivolity of manner as a general characteristic ; but I found people quite as sober and discreet in their movements here as at home, and exhibiting quite as little pretence in dress and equipage. As a general rule, we do not see in America the best of the French, or of any European nation. It is natural it should be so. Those who have prudence and skill are well enough off at home, and do not need to emigrate ; while the imprudent, the unfortunate, and the desperate go abroad to mend their fortunes. Of course there are many exceptions to this remark ; but it contains the rule. The mass of the people here do not appear in as good condition as at Havre, and yet I have not seen a consumptive countenance, or heard a noticeable cough, in either place, either in the street or in the churches.

There are many memorials of antiquity in Rouen, but the Cathedral stands pre-eminent among them. Of the wonderful exterior of this vast pile I shall attempt no description, referring the reader to the accompanying plate, from which he may obtain a tolerable idea of its magnificent proportions, recollecting that the breadth of the edifice is over one hundred feet, its length nearly four hundred and fifty, and that the pyramid upon the central tower will, when finished, reach an elevation of four hundred and thirty-six feet, only thirty-eight feet less than that of the Pyramid of Cheops. Part of the foundations of this immense mass were laid in the third century. The erection of the present edifice was com-

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CATHEDRAL.(ROUEN.)

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menced A.D. 1200, with funds contributed by John Lackland, king of England, and completed in the sixteenth century.

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

I visited the Cathedral several times—twice on occasions of worship. No provision is made for the accommodation of worshippers, as with us, by fixed seats or pews; the floor, with the exception of the choir, being an unbroken pavement of broad flag-stones, neither smooth nor well joined. In different parts of the building are large stacks of rude chairs, such as we see in

our Western cabins, which on Sundays and holydays are ranged in rows or groups for such as choose to occupy them. A woman comes round at some time during the service, and receives your *sous* for the use of the chair. A plate is shortly after carried round, for general contributions, by an official in surplice and black gown, accompanied by an officer in uniform, with sword and cocked hat, and carrying a long silver-headed staff.

We had the fortune to have the church to ourselves on Saturday, when the priests were performing service, assisted by a company of little boys, and accompanied by the organ. The service was performed in the nave of the church, which is enclosed by a strong, high iron railing. The fine voices of the priests and boys, with the loud peals of the organ, reverberated from the thousand arches of the splendid temple with grand effect. On Sunday we attended high mass, when the service was more imposing in itself, and was heightened in effect by the presence of a multitude of worshippers. Thousands were standing and sitting in the church, until, at the tinkling of a little bell, the vast multitude bowed down simultaneously, with a subdued and heavy sound, some humbly upon their knees, on the cold stone pavement, while others leaned their rude wooden chairs forward, and, standing at the backs, knelt upon the lower rounds, resting their heads upon the tops. The greater number arose, and stood or sat during the progress of the service; but here and there one, more earnest than the rest, continued kneeling. A very decent woman near us remained so long upon her knees, and seemed so much excited, as to draw from one of our company the remark, that she looked much like a mourner at the altar of a Methodist church.

When the priest had consecrated and partaken of the wafer, and drunk the wine, the iron gates of the choir were opened, and, to my great surprise, only two women of that vast multitude presented themselves at the altar to receive the sacrament. I was struck with the small number of men present: with the exception of strangers, there were not more than one to every twenty females.

The stained-glass windows of the churches of Rouen are singularly perfect. I had formed no adequate conception of these from what I had read, and had thought but little of their origin and design. Perhaps we are too apt to refer such things to caprice and superstition, forgetting that no usage can subsist for ages that has not some foundation in reason or adaptation to the wants of society. Can we not account for the statuary, the bas-reliefs, and the stained-glass windows of the Continental churches by the same causes that gave rise to the *Biblia Pauperum** in England, in the early part of the fifteenth century? Books were scarce and dear, and what there were the *people* could not read. It was necessary to devise some means by which the mass might acquire at least a rude knowledge of the facts of Scripture history, and none was so likely to be successful as the representation of such facts in visible forms, striking to the eye. Indeed, no other means was possible, so long as the people were unable to read. Now, what the rough woodcuts of the *Bible for the Poor* were to the English peasantry, the stained windows of cathedrals and churches were to the French, and, perhaps, in a still higher degree. It must be recollected that

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

these windows are not merely of *stained glass*, exhibiting beautiful colours, but that the staining forms a picture more or less perfect, one large window, in general, being appropriated to a single subject. Thus, in the left aisle of the Cathedral, we find two windows representing the life of Joseph; in another, the life of John the Baptist; and, on the opposite side of the choir, the Passion of Christ. Many of the others represent the lives of saints, to be sure, as well as events in Scripture history; and, doubtless, there is sufficient proof of superstition among them. The paintings, bas-reliefs, and statues are all memorials, however, either of facts in the Bible or traditions in the Church. Thus, the whole edifice is an open volume of religious history; and, turn where you will, your eye falls upon a page of it, legible, too, by the most ignorant boor. Every column, every altar, every projection, has its story to tell. If you go without, and gaze upon the complicated pile, amid the mazes of its inextricable details, your eye falls upon niches, corners, points, and pinnacles, ornamented with images of apostles, saints, or, more frequently than either, of the Virgin and Child. And while these representations tended to produce many erroneous and superstitious notions, they also gave a currency to the real facts of Scripture history, and fixed them in the minds of the people with a vividness and reality that could have been secured in no other way in those days of deplorable ignorance. Even at the present day, perhaps, the mass of the people here are in that rude stage of civilization in which the senses alone can be successfully appealed to. So long as they will neither read nor think, it must be almost impossible to overthrow this splendid system of religious forms, which takes their senses captive by its gorgeous ceremonies,

its pompous worship, its magnificent cathedrals, consecrated as it is by the recollections of a thousand years.

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

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

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

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

On that part of the deck where the sarcophagus had rested, we saw a black marble slab with this inscription:

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

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

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

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

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

The course of the river is marked by the same sudden bends as below Rouen, and the scenery is equally

diversified and delightful. You glide along through verdant meadows, sometimes between chalky cliffs, passing village after village in rapid succession the entire distance from Rouen to Paris. The tall chimneys of St. Sevre tell you of its steam-engines and manufactories, while farther on begin the rocks of Orival, rising like tombs built in the hillside. A number of rude huts are clustered under the cliffs, and half way up the steep appears a little Gothic church imbosomed in walnut-trees.

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

All along the river are to be seen large *batteaux*,

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

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

CHAPTER II.

PARIS.

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

Two or three of our trunks were opened at the Railway Dépôt, but as nothing *eatable* was found in them, the rest were left untouched. Our party, six in number, took two carriages from the dépôt, and in a few minutes entered a wide avenue, brilliantly lighted and thronged with people. There were thousands of them—walking, chatting, standing at the magnificent shop-windows, and sitting in front of the cafés, eating ices and sipping lemonade or coffee. We were in the *Boulevards*, of which all the world has heard. We quickly turned to the right into the Rue Richelieu, and were set down at the Hôtel de Paris. A parlour, with a suite of rooms for four, were offered to us here at twenty francs a day, and rooms for two, in the story above, at eight francs. We remained for the night, but set off next morning to obtain permanent lodgings at a more moderate price. There was no lack of rooms in the great city, for it was not the *season*, and the world of fashion had fled to the country, so that we saw on every side placards inscribed *Grands et petits appartements meubles a*

louer, présentement. After various applications, I decided to make use of a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Toase, Wesleyan missionary in Paris, and accordingly called on that gentleman, who kindly walked out with us, and soon secured all that we desired. We obtained apartments for six, with a parlour, all neat and well furnished, for 475 francs a month, in the private Hôtel Tronchet,* Rue Tronchet, a new and well-built street, running north from the Church of the Madeleine. Here we soon made a contract with *madame*, who managed the business with much tact and talk, but very politely, and we entered at once into our lodgings. On this and other occasions we were indebted to the kind offices of the Rev. Mr. Toase, whose polite attentions to our party I take great pleasure in acknowledging.

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

The first thing that strikes a stranger on entering a restaurant is a well-dressed woman, often young and handsome too, who occupies a seat covered with velvet, fine enough for a throne, behind an elevated desk with a marble top. She is the presiding genius of the place, and attends to its affairs, receiving strangers, directing servants, and arranging accounts, with a grace and promptness that no human being but a French woman could attain. You select a large or small table, according to the number of your company, never sitting

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

down with a stranger, and you may choose it in such a position as will suit your humour. If thoughtful, you can get a quiet corner and ruminate at pleasure: if a *gourmet*, there is a secluded nook in which your attention will not be diverted from the pleasing task before you: if gay and cheerful, you select a table near the window, looking out upon the square adjoining, or the palace opposite. The bill of fare (*la carte*) is presented to you, with the price of each article affixed, and whatever you order is brought on as you desire it, and you pay for it by the *carte*. Such a dinner as is served up in one of our best hotels in Philadelphia or New-York, will cost you about six francs.

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

These establishments are frequented by ladies as well as gentlemen. In the best of them I saw well-dressed and well-behaved ladies, either alone, or in company

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

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

Strolling down the Rue Royale to the spacious Place de la Concorde, I plunged into the crowds which rolled in vast tides through the Place westward into the Champs Elysées, and followed the avenue towards the Triumphal Arch. The spectacle from the Place was indeed magnificent. On one side was the grand Obelisk from Luxor, eighty feet high, a memorial of ages lost in the beginnings of time, on which the gay and mighty of that land of wonders had gazed for centuries ; and now there were gathered round it the busy and laughing throngs of to-day, in a land whose existence was unknown to its sculptors. Dispersed through the Place were groups of statuary and allegorical figures representing the principal towns in France. Two magnificent fountains, perhaps the finest in the world, were throwing up their jets

into the air from the mouths of spouting dolphins, swans, and fish held by swimming Nereids and Tritons. On the east, the garden of the Tuileries; and stretching away to the west, the forests of the Champs Elysées, intersected by a broad avenue. In every direction, as far as the eye could see, glimmering through the trees, and flashing away along the avenue towards Neuilly, were the brilliant gas-lights of palaces and theatres, and the moving lanterns of a thousand carriages. Entering the Elysian Fields, I found them filled with tents, booths, and tables of all kinds and sizes, where you could purchase every variety of trifling articles. The refreshment booths were stocked with tempting eatables, but in hardly a single instance did I see wines or liquors for sale. Most of this traffic is in the hands of women. I noticed one man with a very primitive kind of shop: four candles planted a few feet apart in the ground, forming a square, in the midst of which he had an array of canes exposed. I was soon in the midst of the grove, and out of hearing of the bustle of the city, but its crowds were around me on every side, walking, talking, and laughing, yet in all the throng no disorderly or indecent movement could be seen. All seemed to be contented and joyous. Farther on were roulette-tables, at which well-dressed people were playing for cakes, which they distributed to their children. Again were men, women, and children, riding gayly, round and round, full of glee, on flying horses attached to a circular framework. Everybody was abandoned to enjoyment.

Through the whole of this walk, until my return to the Place de la Concorde, there was no disorderly noise, no shouting, no fighting, no drunkenness; but vastly more quiet and order than is seen in our country on any gala day, when the multitude pour out

into the streets of a city or into a county town. How is all this to be accounted for? A great deal of it is doubtless due to the strength of the government, everywhere exhibited, and to the ubiquity of the police, whose efficiency everybody knows; but there might be many violations of decency and propriety that could not demand the intervention of the police, which yet never take place. The people behave as well, so far as any interference with the rights and comfort of their neighbours is concerned, in these varied and unchecked amusements of a Sunday in Paris, as our people do in going to and from church at home. The truth appears to be that the mass of this mercurial people will be satisfied if their senses can be gratified with fine shows, fine gardens, theatres, and music; and the government wisely provides this national taste with the means of easy gratification. All the museums of painting, sculpture, etc., as well as the palaces, with their magnificent grounds, are accessible, free of charge, to the mass of the people, particularly on Sundays. At the same time, the King is doubtless endeavouring to cultivate a sense of religion in the nation, to enlarge trade and manufactures, and to promote all the arts of peace. Civilization in France is in debt to him. Well has Louis Philippe been called the Napoleon of Peace. More than once has he had it in his power to set all Europe in a blaze, and few men, at the head of the French nation, could have withstood the temptation; but he preferred, *for reasons of his own*; the peace of the world and the physical and pecuniary prosperity of his people.

THE NAPOLEON-COLUMN.

Among the first objects that attracted my attention in Paris was the Column of Napoleon, in the Place

Vendôme, surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of the Emperor. The figure rests in an easy posture upon the right foot, with the left free and a little advanced. The Emperor is represented in his ordinary military surtout and cocked hat, with a spyglass in his right hand, hanging down by his side, and the left hand thrust into his doublet. There is an air of great dignity and decision in the attitude; and the countenance is steady and benevolent, looking calmly down upon the capital as if he were yet the master-spirit of France. And who shall say that he is not? His colossal statue, which originally surmounted the column, was hurled to the ground in 1814 with great indignity; France would not be satisfied until a finer one was placed upon the summit in 1833, in presence of the monarch and his family. Napoleon died in exile at St. Helena; France would not be satisfied until the remains of her greatest man were brought home to her bosom by a royal prince, and laid to rest, under the sanction and in the presence of her King, in the Hôtel des Invalides, amid the veteran remnants of his victorious legions, who now find a home in that noble retreat. The government of Charles X. attempted to destroy all that Napoleon had done, to obliterate the memorials of his fame, and to eradicate his name from the hearts of Frenchmen; Charles X. was overthrown by the revolution of July. Louis Philippe, as I have said before, does not try to stem the tide, but turns it to his own advantage.

The column itself is of the Tuscan order, copied from Trajan's pillar at Rome, but of larger dimensions. The base is about twenty-one feet high, and perhaps twenty square, the shaft twelve feet in diameter, and the whole elevation 135 feet. It is covered with bas-reliefs in bronze, made out of 1200 pieces of cannon taken from the Rus-

sians and Austrians. But the reader will care more to inquire what this splendid column means, and what story it tells to the millions that gaze upon it. The Austrian and Russian ministers might answer, as they drive past in their splendid equipages; but they do not care to reply. It tells of the disgrace of their arms, and the humiliation of their power in 1805, by a series of victories unparalleled in the history of the world. Ask the Frenchman what it means, and he will point you to the inscription on the capital:

Monument élevé à la Gloire de la Grande Armée,

PAR NAPOLEON LE GRAND:

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

An old soldier who had lost an arm in the wars of the Emperor gave us lanterns at the door, and we ascended the column by an interior winding staircase of 176 steps. From the summit is the best view of Paris that I obtained; and if the reader will follow me, he shall have an idea of the prominent points as well as I can present them. A little to the northwest, the magnificent Church of the Madeleine presents its side and front ranges of Corinthian columns. Casting the eye far away westward, across the green forest of the Champs Elysées, you see, rising prominently above all other objects, the celebrated Arch of Triumph, erected by Napoleon at the Barrière de Neuilly, which limits the city in that direction. Diminishing the range of vision, you behold, in the same direction, nearer at hand, the upper half of the Egyptian obelisk in the Place de la Concorde; still nearer, the dingy dome of the Church of the Assumption; and then, beyond the winding Seine,

the fresh-looking portico of the Chamber of Deputies, fronting the river, with the adjacent gardens and Palace of the Bourbons. Farther south, you see in the distance the dome of the vast Hotel of the Invalids; and far to the southeast, the still more striking dome of the Pantheon, the most elevated object in the city. In this direction the eye rests at last upon the village of Vincennes, with its chateau and forest; to the left of which, on a green wooded hill, sloping towards the city, appear the tombs and monuments of Père la Chaise. Carrying your view round to the northwest of the cemetery, the most striking objects are the two lofty towers of the new Church of St. Vincent de Paule; farther north of which the sight is limited by the unsightly hill of Montmartre. Having this bird's-eye view of the circuit of the city, your eye rests upon the grand objects nearer at hand—the gardens and Palace of the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the Gothic towers of Notre Dame. Let the reader imagine these various striking edifices, towers, and palaces, not as single distinct points in long, straight streets, with numerous ranges of low houses, as if cast out of the same mould, like the blocks in Philadelphia, but as rising above a confused ocean of roofs and houses, of all forms and sizes, with all possible varieties of chimneys, pipes, and flues, and he will have some conception of the panoramic view of Paris from the Napoleon-Column.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

On the 31st of May, by the kindness of Mr. Ledyard, our Secretary of Legation, we received a ticket of admission to the *Chamber of Deputies*, whose sittings are held in the buildings of the Palace des Bourbons, on the south bank of the Seine, opposite the Place de la Con-

corde, with which it is connected by a bridge. In front of the northern façade is a portico of twelve Corinthian columns, which is a fine enough looking object of itself, especially when seen from a distance; but as it is out of proportion with the rest of the building, and leads to no entrance, its effect is disagreeable. After passing through extensive gardens on the west of the palace, along the river, which form pleasant walks for the members and for the public, we entered by a side door in the portico, through a hall, into the gallery of the Chamber. It is semicircular, like our Hall of Representatives at Washington, except that there is no lobby behind the speaker's chair, which is placed in the middle of the diameter. The seats rise rapidly, in amphitheatre form, to the back range, which rests against the wall at an elevation of about ten feet from the plane of the floor. On the left of the speaker is a statue of Order, and on the right one of Liberty. Over the head of the latter are the words "27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830." and directly over the speaker's head, in gilt letters, on the wall, "Charte de 1830," under which, in a recess about twenty feet square, is a fine picture of Louis Philippe taking the oath in presence of the deputies, containing over two hundred figures. Among them I recognised Lafayette. The floors of the Chamber are neatly carpeted, and the seats and walls covered with crimson cloth and gold. A range of twenty-four marble Ionic columns, with bronzed capitals and bases, runs round the Chamber, supporting the ceiling. Each member has a neat mahogany desk, the front of which forms the back of the seat before him. As for the deputies themselves, I thought them not at all remarkable in appearance, except one, who reminded me strongly of Mr. Webster, both in his countenance and action. There

was no excitement in the debate while I remained—if, indeed, there can be excitement where men mount a tribune to read long essays for speeches. This is the general practice here, though a few of the leading men sometimes speak extemporaneously. The clerk, contrary to all our notions of propriety, read with marked emphasis and much gesticulation. The spectators' gallery is handsomely fitted up, and will accommodate about seven hundred persons. Tickets of admission are easily obtained.

Our friend, Rev. Mr. Toase, kindly gave up an afternoon to us, and we drove out, under his guidance, through the *Barrière de l'Etoile* to the Bois de Boulogne. I have already spoken of the *Champs Elysées*, but was not then aware that the grounds extend entirely to Neuilly, a distance of four miles from their eastern extremity at the *Place de la Concorde*. These groves are intersected everywhere by walks and avenues, and interspersed with cafés, hotels, ball-rooms, and theatres. It is nearly all public property, and is open to all classes of pedestrians, from the prince to the beggar, and to every variety of conveyance, from the royal carriage to the market-wagon. Some parts of the Bois de Boulogne are so densely filled with trees and an undergrowth of brushwood as to be almost a wilderness, and in these secluded spots is the favourite duelling-ground of Frenchmen. The practice is much less common here now than formerly, certainly far less so than in some parts of the United States: it is also less fatal, as swords are used instead of pistols. The government is spoiling, for the present at least, the beauty of these enchanting retreats, by opening quarries for the erection of the chain of fortifications by which Louis Philippe is now encircling the city.

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

JARDIN DES PLANTES.

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

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

The *Menagerie* is one of the most extensive in the world, and the most complete in its arrangements. The tame animals are kept in parks, round which visitors

can walk, with a building annexed to each, into which the animals retire at pleasure. Besides these, there are receptacles for wild beasts, the first of which that we examined was the Palace of *Lions*, formed of a range of strong cabins, divided longitudinally into two sets of apartments, the inner being appropriated for the feeding and rest of the beasts, and the outer being strong cages defended by iron bars in front, where the animals sun themselves. The large family of *monkeys* are well accommodated in a stone edifice, having in front a circular cage of some fifty feet diameter, provided with galleries, ropes, and ladders, on which these active performers exhibit themselves, much to the amusement of the crowd. In the Palace of the *Birds of Prey* are specimens of every variety of eagles, hawks, and vultures. Beyond these, we passed some of the parks of tame animals, giraffes, elephants, camels, goats, sheep, zebras, deer, antelopes, ostriches, cassowaries, and, indeed, as many varieties as we can well suppose Noah carried into the ark. We went on, through enclosures of fruit-trees and hot-beds, towards the rising ground, on which are erected the magnificent conservatories. Between these is a path leading to a little elevation, called the Labyrinth, on the ascent of which our attention was arrested by a noble Cedar of Lebanon, four feet in diameter at the base, which was planted here more than a century ago by Jussieu. Spreading its broad branches nearly at right angles to the trunk, it forms a beautiful pavilion almost impenetrable to the sun and rain. The branches are not crowded together, but shoot off from the trunk on all sides in rings far apart, and the foliage develops itself upward, while the smaller limbs project laterally and form a spreading fan, whose upper side is like a level carpeting of smooth leaves, on which one

might desire to lie down and rest. It appeared worthy indeed to be the emblem of the majesty of Israel. Not far from the cedar is the tomb of Daubenton, indicated by a granite column rising from a base of mineral specimens, erected by the naturalists of France.

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

ALMA PARENS RERUM.

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

In a building to the west of the enclosure is the *Museum of Comparative Anatomy*, which fills fifteen rooms. The admirably scientific arrangement of this vast collection is due to the labours of Cuvier. The specimens are grouped so as to present the common resemblances on which the divisions into genera are founded, and the particular differences of species at one view, affording great facilities for study and comparison. The most interesting room is that devoted to human skeletons, in which are skeletons and skulls from almost every nation and tribe under heaven, arranged with a view to the most ready comparison. You are struck with the broad, full breast of the Englishman; the narrow chest, and comparatively low forehead, of the Italian; the projecting lower jaw and retreating forehead of the New Zealander; the prominent mouth, tapering chest, and sunken temples of the Egyptian. There is also a large collection of monsters and *lusus naturæ*. The wax preparations are very numerous, and the best that I have seen. There is a room expressly devoted to Craniology, in which plaster models of skulls are arranged with such taste and skill as would delight a phrenologist. Certainly these specimens would lead one to believe that mental endowments may be measured by the form of the head. That of Bacon is majestic: a high, ample forehead, gently-closed lips, and the countenance indicative of strong and profound thought. Next to it is the head of Voltaire; small, but regular; low in the forehead, full in the region of the ears, closely-compressed lips, and the expression precisely what we should look for in the countenance of the prince of *persifleurs*. Rousseau comes next, a placid, benevolent, sorrowful expression.

The *Museum of Mineralogy and Geology*, beyond all

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

Nothing interested me more than the noble statue of Cuvier. It stands on a base about five feet high, in his

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

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

In returning from the Jardin des Plantes, we stopped at the Luxembourg Palace to visit the *Chamber of Peers*, then in session. The chamber itself is semicircular, like that of the Deputies, except that behind the President's chair is a deep recess, presenting over his head a semicircular canopy, supported by eight columns with gilt bases and Corinthian capitals. The gal-

lery is divided into compartments for the different classes of visitors ; I entered that of the Diplomatic Corps, as I had a ticket from the American Legation. The peers wear a uniform coat of blue cloth, with standing collar, and cuffs covered with gold lace. Some had decorations : a star of silver, and, in a few cases, two stars of gold on the left breast. They were generally advanced in life, and some of them quite venerable : altogether, they make a good impression on the stranger. There was no debate during our stay, the Chamber being occupied upon the details of the Budget, which they talked over in free conversation.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS.

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

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

AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE :

characteristic of the present purpose of the edifice, which is designed to be the Westminster Abbey of France. The interior of the building is in the form of a Greek cross, over the centre of which rise three concentric domes, built one within the other. Through an opening in the lower one, perhaps twenty feet in diameter, may be seen a magnificent fresco painting on the concave ceiling of the second, quite two hundred feet above the pavement. In the centre of the dome the sun himself

seemed to send forth living pencils of light, illuminating the whole pavilion. In the fullest blaze of light appears the name of God in Hebrew characters, while in the midst of the rays, strongly illuminated, is seen the descending form of St. Genevieve, patron saint of Paris, who was buried here in 512, in a church built on the spot by Clovis. On her right is represented the conversion of that monarch, who bows his head in reverence, while his queen points him to the descending saint. The next group illustrates the glory of Charlemagne, whose left hand is raised, supporting a globe surmounted by the cross, emblematic of his career as conqueror of the nations for Christ. Before him sits an angel holding a cross, around which several barbarians are kneeling: over the head of one of these is an open chart, with the word SAX inscribed in large characters, indicating his triumph over the Saxons, and their forcible conversion to Christianity. The next group represents Louis IX. kneeling towards St. Genevieve, with an expression of pious confidence, his queen beside him, with her arms crossed on her breast. A sentiment of grateful, humble piety reigns throughout the picture. The remaining space is devoted to Louis XVIII.

Our attention was now directed to four allegorical paintings on the pendentives of the dome, in the form of spherical triangles, over the corners of the nave. They represent France, Death, Justice, and Glory embracing Napoleon. The conception of each is happy, and the effect very impressive. I shall attempt no description of them, merely noticing that of Death, which, on the whole, seemed to me the most masterly in design and effective in execution. The group does not strike you at first. The prominent form is a majestic female, whose commanding figure fills the eye, while

the subordinate features are dimly discerned ; but as you gaze intently, they come out upon the canvass, the bat-wings of the Angel of Death appear, and the steady glare of her eyes, and the fearful expression of her mouth, fill you with dread. You now notice, for the first time distinctly, that her left hand is placed strongly upon the breast of a manly form that has fallen backward, while her right is stretched out over a dim, wavy cloud, which seems at first almost impalpable, but gradually becomes more and more distinct, until a human form is fully developed. Then first the leading idea, that of a departing spirit taking its flight to the invisible world, seizes the imagination ; and as you cast a glance upon the wretched mother who clasps her infant to her bosom just below the vanishing ghost, you shudder in the presence of the Angel of Death. It was a relief to turn away from this oppressive vision.

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

now equivocal. It was originally built for a church, but has changed its name and character several times; and if ever the Catholic religion should gain its former influence over the French government, the worthies now interred here will probably be *depantheonized*, as were Marat and Mirabeau. The bodies of some are interred with their friends, while their hearts are deposited here in sculptured urns.

ABATTOIRS.

One of the most excellent of the municipal arrangements of Paris is that which prohibits all private slaughter-houses, and provides extensive buildings completely arranged for the purpose. There are five of these *abattoirs* at different extremities of the city, and they contribute vastly to its health and cleanliness. They are due to Napoleon, who ordered their construction in 1809. The finest and most commodious of these is the *Abattoir de Popincourt*, which we visited. It contains twenty-three piles of buildings in a large open space, enclosed by strong walls. Some of these are appropriated as slaughtering-houses proper, others for rendering tallow, curing hides, &c. The courts are well paved, and the premises supplied with abundance of water. At the grand entrance are two bureaux for the public officers, whose duty it is to see that every animal is in good condition before it is slaughtered, and to inspect the meat before it is sent into the city to be retailed from the shops. About four hundred of these shops are to be found in Paris; they are frequently front rooms, in the most crowded streets, the meat hanging at the door, in pieces of every size, temptingly clean, as, indeed, are the shops themselves. They are generally managed by women, at least so far as the

buying and selling are concerned.* The best beef is worth from fifteen to eighteen cents a pound, from which the prices of other meats may be estimated. The veal of Paris is said to be the best in the world, and I am inclined to think so, if the delicate cutlets off which I dined to-day are a fair specimen. But French *science* can make almost anything edible more palatable than good meats are in other lands.

HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.

The *Hôtel des Invalides* is a vast and splendid establishment, where the worn-out soldiers of France are maintained in comfort at the public expense. It is situated on the south bank of the Seine, opposite the Champs-Élysées, and the enclosure occupies some sixteen acres of ground. Within its walls are domiciled most of the remnants of the Republican and Imperial armics. They are gradually disappearing, and with them the military spirit of the nation. Under the sway of her peace-king, France thinks more of advancement in wealth and in the arts of peace than of the glory of war. Within the precincts of the Hôtel des Invalides, however, military forms are kept up, as well as military feeling. The great portal is surmounted with cannon-balls, and on each side are ranges of iron and brass pieces, taken in the grand campaigns of the Empire. The three thousand inmates are in the regular service: officers wear their uniforms and swords, guard is mounted, and military duty in detail performed regularly.

* I find in Galignani's Messenger, June 7, 1842, the following paragraph: "The consumption of meat in Paris the last month was 6332 oxen, 1408 cows, 6,823 calves, and 37,739 sheep; being an increase of 583 oxen, 1459 calves, and 4919 sheep upon the number consumed in May, 1841." At this rate, the consumption per annum, in round numbers, would be about 90,000 cattle, 80,000 calves, and 145,000 sheep.

We were sad and amused by turns, to see these veterans, many of them without a leg or an arm, hobbling through their martial exercises. Yet, it is a wise and happy arrangement. They believe themselves still in the service of France, though it be only in making a show of guarding their own hôtel, and they are preserved, by their daily exercises, from the *ennui* of entire idleness. In the party on duty, I saw a fine-looking black officer, minus a leg, but with a soldierly demeanour, and appearing well in uniform. There are nearly two hundred officers here, from a marshal of France down, all paid and maintained according to their rank.

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

themselves; and some of these, in their little gardens, display much taste and skill. One had made of shells and coarse mortar a model of the passage of the Alps: another, the crossing of the Bridge of Lodi: another, a fortress in Spain, where the veteran himself had lost an arm. Everywhere were little statues, crowned with fresh flowers: all representing the man of their love—Napoleon.

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

The crowning interest of this magnificent establishment is the tomb of NAPOLÉON, in the chapel of St. Jerome. In reaching the chapel, we had to cross the body of the church, under the dome. Some of us forgot to take off our hats on entering the rotunda, until two of the old warriors, standing as sentinels at the tomb, a hundred and fifty feet off, reminded us of our negligence in a quick, loud tone. Of course we obeyed. Hastening across to the chapel, we approached the iron grating that cuts off access to the sarcophagus, and stood within a few feet of the ashes of the hero. I felt a sensation of awe such as I had never before experienced in presence of the living, or among the remains of the dead. Upon the marble lay his crown, his sword, and the hat which had pressed his manly brows at Eylau. On the top of a marble pyramid, at the head of the tomb, some fifteen feet in height, is the majestic eagle

of France, with wings outspread, as if looking for the resurrection of the mighty man beneath. The chapel of the tomb is richly hung in velvet, and a dim, cold light comes through the ground-glass windows above. We held our voices in the great man's resting-place. Many came while we were there, but none who did not gaze with reverence on the tomb of him who had broken up the despotic institutions of a thousand years, and changed the face of Europe and the world.

IRISH COLLEGE.

After an interesting visit to the *Manufacture Royale des Gobelins*, I drove to the Irish College, in the Rue de Fourcy. A letter of introduction from the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, of Philadelphia, procured me a kind reception from the worthy principal, Dr. M'Sweeney. Entering the great door, which leads (as in all French houses) into a court, I ascended to a fine, well-furnished suite of apartments, where I was introduced to Dr. Kennedy, Bishop of Killaloe, in Ireland, who is a gentleman of much intelligence and refinement. After some conversation, I readily accepted Dr. M'Sweeney's invitation to partake of their college dinner. We talked of the condition of the college, the Catholic Church, and the United States, with freedom on both sides, but with the distinct understanding that any use whatever might be made of our respective communications on these public topics. Both gentlemen believed our government too complicated to work well; and thought that difficulties must arise from the separate claims of the states, and the demands of the General Government. I found, too, that they had the opinion, generally prevalent in Europe, that we shall be soon involved in trouble by the slave question. Without pretending to palliate the evils of slavery, or

to keep out of sight the real difficulties of the subject, I endeavoured to remove some false impressions from their minds in regard to the general condition of slaves in America, and to show them that anything in the shape of actual collision between the North and South, on the subject of slavery, must be very remote indeed. Speaking of emigration from Europe to America, they remarked, that it was the policy of the English, and some other European governments, to transfer their surplus population to our shores. This is well understood in Europe, and we are beginning to understand in America how worthless a great deal of this *surplus* population is. I know well that it must be the true policy of a new country like ours, with a vast unimproved territory, to encourage the coming of industrious and respectable emigrants from all the countries of Europe, and that much of our best population is constituted of these excellent elements. But the influx of the most corrupt of the population of Europe into the American States is a very different thing, and one whose evil results can hardly be calculated. We may pride ourselves on giving a place of refuge to the oppressed, and a home to the industrious poor of the Old World; but we shall find little honour or profit either in permitting our country to be the common receptacle of her paupers and criminals.*

Our conversation turned upon the present condition of England, which my intelligent friends regarded as critical beyond all former precedent. They instanced the general distress of the people, and spoke with seriousness of the recent attempts upon the queen's life. I

* "Quenisset, whose sentence of death was commuted into perpetual banishment, is, according to report, about to be transported to America."—*Galignani*, June 10, 1842.

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

Dinner was now announced, and we proceeded to the *salle à manger*. When we entered, the students, about one hundred in number, were seated at three tables. Each had on a close black cap, and the ordinary priest's robe. We took our seats at a table placed for the professors at the upper end of the hall, at right angles to the students' tables. There was no conversation; but a young man was standing in a high pulpit, about midway of the hall, reading in a monotonous tone, first a religious lesson, then some verses of Scripture, and, finally, a violent and exaggerated account of

* Recent developments in the Episcopal Church in the United States confirm the sagacity of this opinion.

the persecutions of the English Catholics during the reigns of Elizabeth and Anne. After the plain dinner of the students was over, the Principal dismissed them, with the benediction, and they retired, not without directing some curious looks at our end of the hall. We remained to enjoy our very good dinner, and neat dessert of cakes and fruit.

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

We had an interesting talk upon the condition of Ireland; but I defer any remarks upon the subject at present, as I hope to see the Emerald Isle for myself, and to have the pleasure of accepting the cordial, thoroughly

Irish invitation of Dr. Kennedy, to visit him at Killaloe. I parted with these gentlemanly, intelligent, and, in general, liberal-minded men, with the greatest kindness of feeling, I trust, on both sides.

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

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS—CHURCHES AND WORSHIP.

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

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

vices to this population of a million. It falls very far below the accommodation afforded in our cities; though something is to be conceded to the successive services and congregations in Catholic churches, as already explained.*

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

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

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

de Lorette, mark the prevailing taste of the present day. I shall present a brief account of Notre-Dame, as a specimen of the old churches, and the Madeleine as the finest of the new.

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

The historical associations of Notre-Dame are full of thrilling interest. Here, in November, 1793, was enacted that blasphemous farce, which astonished all Europe by its impious absurdity. A courtesan, named

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

The Church of the Magdalen is in the boulevard of the same name, opposite the Rue Royale. Its history is curious. A church was ordered to be built here by Louis XV., and the first stone was laid in 1763. The Revolution of 1789 suspended the work. In 1808, Napoleon determined to pull down the work of twenty-six years, and erect upon the site a *Temple of Glory*, in honour of the Grand Army. But many of Napoleon's

plans, and this among the rest, were arrested in 1813. Louis XVIII. recommenced the building in 1816, designing to finish the church to receive the monuments of his family, and to be dedicated to the Magdalen. It remained for Louis Philippe to complete the unfinished work of his predecessors, in this case as in many others.

The building is after the model of the purest Roman temples. It stands upon a platform twelve feet high; and its external dimensions are one hundred and sixty feet by three hundred and thirty, including the magnificent peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns, each sixty feet high and six feet diameter. The southern pediment is adorned with an alto-relievo representing the day of judgment, in which the Magdalen figures, strangely enough, as a suppliant at the Saviour's feet. Passing from the majestic corridor of the double range of columns at the southern front, through the massive bronze doors, we entered the body of the edifice, and found it totally different from most great Catholic churches. It is not divided into nave and aisles, but forms a vast hall without windows, receiving its light from openings at the centres of three fine domes that form the interior roof. The walls are splendidly adorned with paintings, and the roof with a profusion of sculpture and gilding. The floor is entirely of marble, in compartments of various figures and colours. There are no pews, but thousand of plain split-bottomed chairs, such as have been before mentioned. The principal charm, doubtless, of this grand edifice, is its noble exterior. I visited it almost daily during my stay in Paris, and never could be satisfied with gazing. It was with real, almost painful feeling, that I looked upon it for the last time.

WORSHIP.

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

To the true Catholic in France, as in all other Catholic countries, the church is a sacred edifice; and his reverence for the consecrated house is far more profound than is usual among Protestants, especially in America. The rich adornments, the painting, gilding, marbles, sculpture, have not only their natural effect as works of genius, but are invested with an ideal sanctity as parts of the Temple of God. The services of worship, also, seem to be entered into with more depth and seriousness than with us: each good Catholic believes himself assisting in the mass, which he understands to be a real repetition of the sacrifice of Christ for men. And when the priest elevates the Host so as to be seen by all the multitude, they adore it as the real body of Christ—as God. Especially impressive are the occasions when the Host is borne by a prelate at high mass. Three or four youths, dressed in white, and swinging

silver censers which diffuse clouds of incense around, precede the prelate, who is supported by four priests, bearing a splendid crimson canopy over his head, and attended by little boys, who scatter rose-leaves profusely over the floor from their white aprons. A chasm is opened in the mass of worshippers as the Host advances, and the crowds bow down in silent adoration as it passes by them. It is difficult for a Protestant, unaccustomed to the pomp and pageantry of the Catholic service in Europe, to conceive of its power over the imagination and feelings of the multitude, nay, even of cultivated minds, educated in the midst of these magical associations. Luther says of himself, that while walking next the Host in a procession, "the thought that the Lord in person was present suddenly struck his imagination, and so overawed him, that it was with difficulty he went forward; a cold sweat came over him; he staggered, and thought he should die in the agony of his fear." What, then, must the illiterate multitude feel, whose faith obeys implicitly the impressions made upon their senses? And in cultivated minds, in proportion to the natural feeling of the individual, and the depth of his belief in these representations, will be the intensity of his devotion under their influence. Nay, even for an enlightened Protestant, there is an elevation and majesty in many of these forms, pressing into their service as they do the mighty influence of the higher arts, filling the eye with images of beauty, and the ear with the richest tones of harmony, that enchain his attention, and captivate his imagination.

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

VOL. I.—G

Paris, June, 1842.

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

plicity, spirituality, and intellect of heaven. But it effectually carries away the senses captive.

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

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

over the great altar, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, and joined in the praises of God.

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

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

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

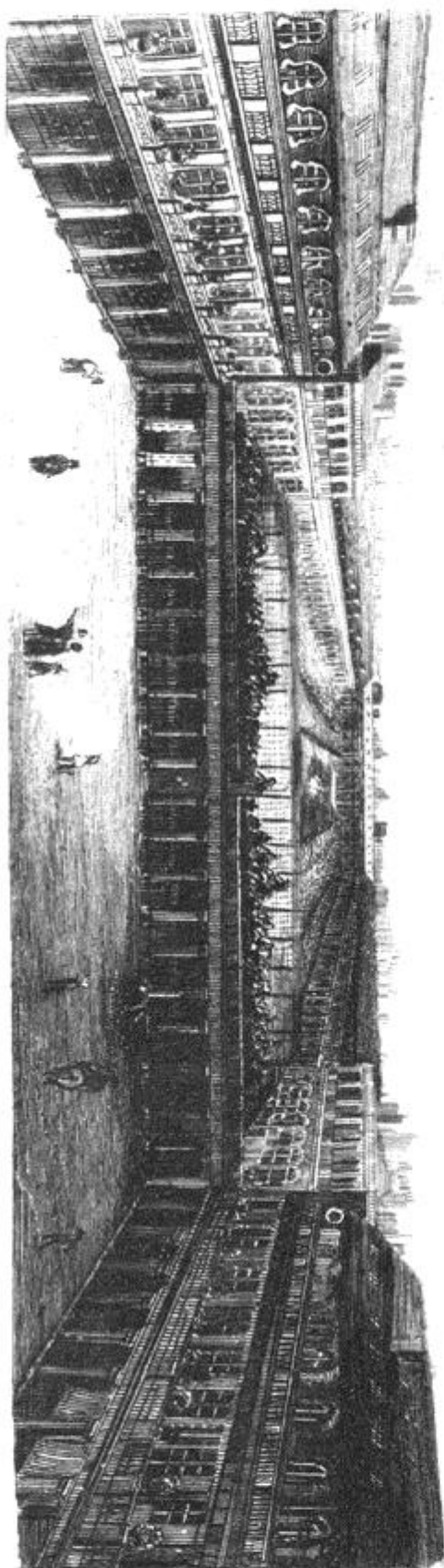
My observations to-day have satisfied me anew of the power of the Roman Catholic religion to impress the great mass of the people. I believe it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to overthrow it, unless, as before the Reformation, the priesthood should become openly and scandalously corrupt, and the power of the Church be prostituted again to the purposes of political ambition. And yet, I am just as well satisfied that the influence of these ceremonies does not reach the heart, and beget saving faith in the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, if, indeed, it produces genuine repentance. The services, from beginning to end, are calculated to strike the senses and captivate the fancy, and, doubtless, are so intended. They certainly produce the sentiment of reverence and devotion at the time, and this is taken for religion; but there is no "joy and peace in the Holy Ghost." They cannot bring the heart into communion with God, so as that it may be conscious of its acceptance and peace. The sacrifice of the mass and the office of the priest intervene between the sinner and his God, and he is taught to believe they are necessary to his salvation. He knows not to come directly and "make known his requests to God in prayer." The ceremonial arrangements, the captivating decorations of the church, and the intervening office of the priesthood will not allow him to draw near, with full assurance of faith, "unto the throne of His heavenly grace." In this simple, momentous fact, consists the transcendent superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic faith and worship. Yet I am obliged to say, speaking after the manner of men, I have no hope of the purification or overthrow of Catholicism in Europe, except by the general diffusion of education among the people; and I must add, if every intelligent American Protestant could see Europe as

she is in this respect, he would not complain of any tax to support our system of common schools, nor refuse his voluntary contributions to the support of the higher institutions of learning. I hope to be able to speak hereafter more confidently of the prospects of the Roman Catholics and Protestants in Europe, when I shall have seen more. But I regret to say, I am too well satisfied that the Catholics believe their power in Europe is returning to them; and the Protestants have occasional apprehensions, it is true. The nuncio of the pope at the French court, but a week since, declared to a distinguished American his full conviction that the disastrous period of the Reformation was drawing to a close; and pointed to *Puseyism* in England for proof, and said one third of the English clergy were Catholics in heart, and more than a majority of the talent was on their side.

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PALACE ROYAL. (VIEW FROM THE SQUARE.)



PALACE ROYAL, VIEW FROM THE COURTS.

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CHAPTER V.

PARIS.

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

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

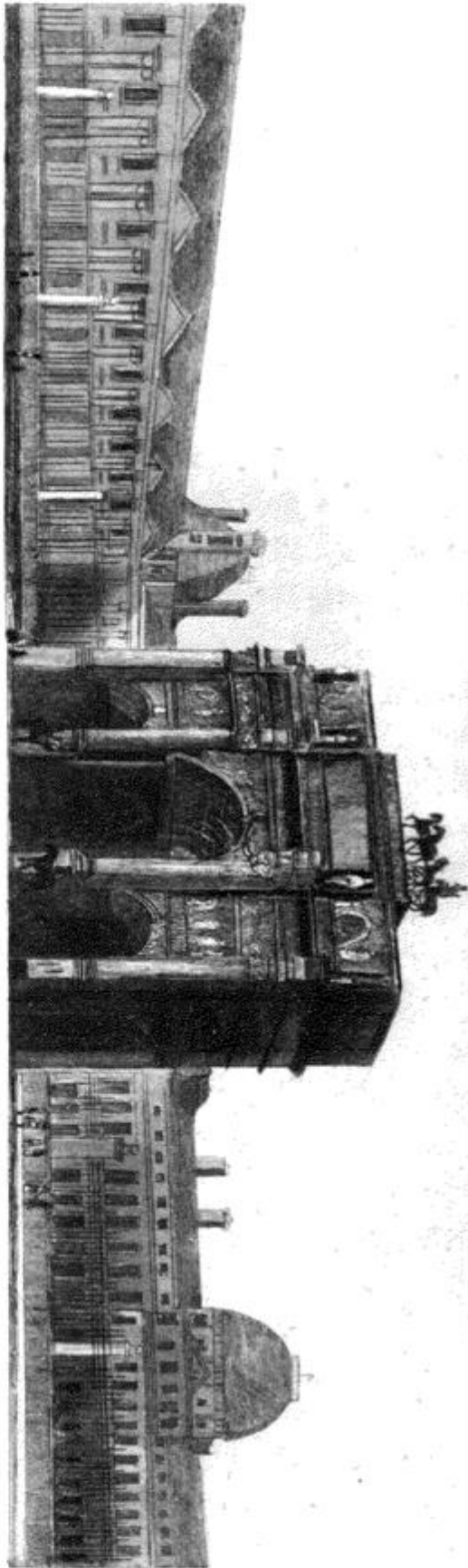
Passing through a wide portal in the west side of the quadrangle, you enter the *Place du Museum*, which

* It is hoped the reader will get a tolerable idea of this part of Paris by following this description, with the accompanying *plan* of the fortifications of Paris.

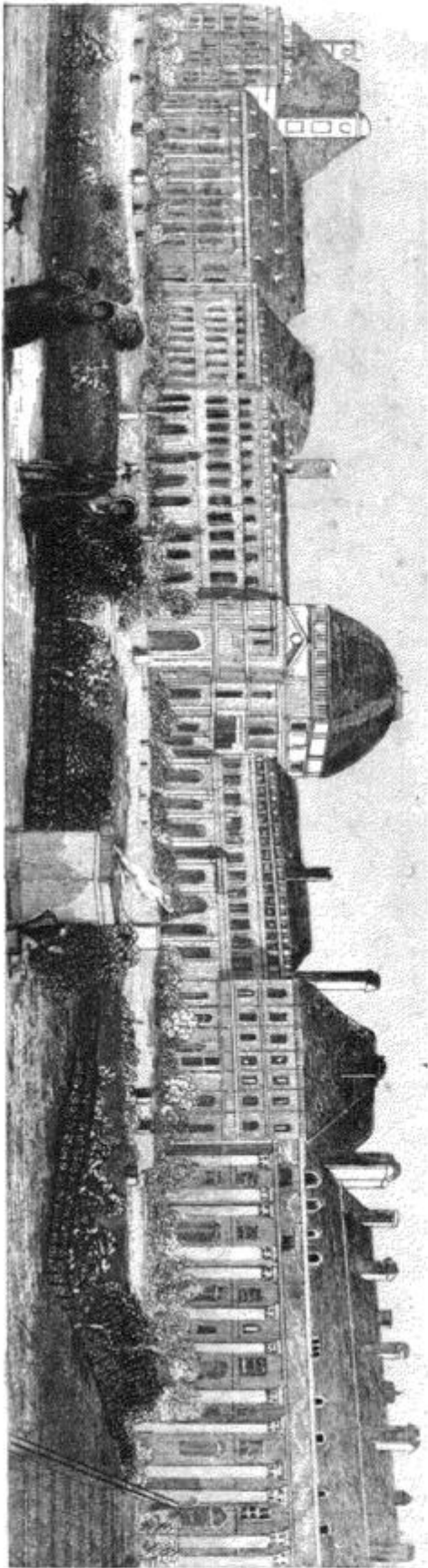
opens into the *Place du Carrousel*. These, taken together, form a space some six hundred feet wide, and twelve hundred long, enclosed on all sides by the noble ranges of the Louvre galleries and the Tuileries, except on the north, which cannot be completed until some old houses are taken down. When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

But let us return to the *Place du Carrousel*, and continue our walk. It is separated on the west side from the Court of the Tuileries by a fine iron railing with three gateways. Opposite the middle gateway, at a few feet distance, stands the *Triumphal Arch* erected

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PALACE OF THE TUILLERIES, (VIEW FROM THE PLACE CARROUSSEL.)



PALACE OF THE TUILLERIES, (VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.)

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by Napoleon to commemorate the campaign of 1805, the principal events of which at Austerlitz, Ulm, Vienna, are represented in bas-reliefs over the archways. The Arch is surmounted by a triumphal car drawn by four bronze horses.

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

Walking still westward, you emerge from the grove into the *Place de la Concorde*, a brief account of which has already been given; and through which your way is uninterrupted to the *Avenue des Champs Elyseés*, along which you hasten, between its forests of a mile in length, to the Triumphal Arch at its extremity. Art and Nature have conspired to give it a worthy location; as it stands upon the highest ground within the Paris basin, and can be seen from all quarters within and without by the long avenues that terminate upon it. The Arch was originally projected by

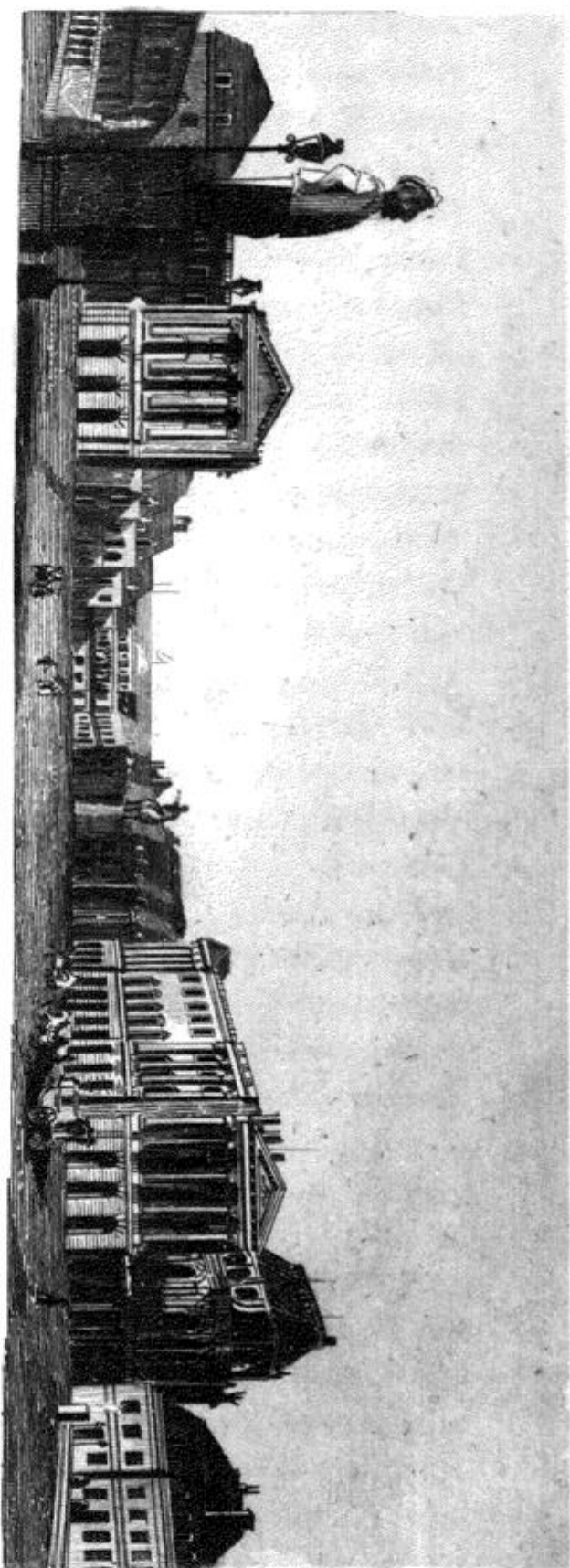
Napoleon, after the brilliant campaign of 1805, but was not commenced until 1810. Suspended at the Restoration, the work was resumed in 1823, but with an entirely different destination from its original one. Charles finished no monuments for Napoleon—he preferred, rather, the destruction of those that already existed; so this Arch was to be finished in honour of the victories of the Duc d'Angoulême in Spain! The revolution of 1830 frustrated this design, and Louis Philippe, with his usual sagacity, determined to complete the Arch after the original plan, and make it a grand national work. In 1836 it was finished. The whole height of the structure is one hundred and fifty-two feet, its width one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and its depth sixty-eight. A description of the allegorical and historical sculptures which cover this splendid monument, and tell of the hundred victories in which France conquered Europe, would be as fatiguing to my reader as to myself.

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

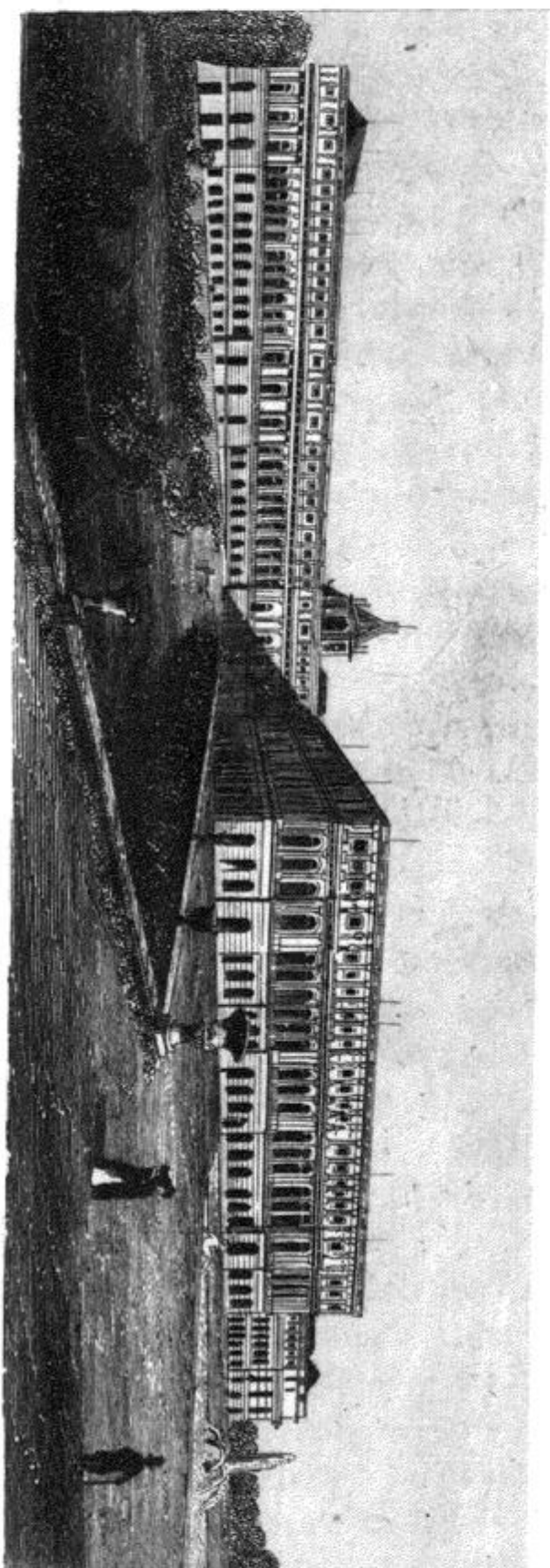
VERSAILLES.

A history of the numerous palaces of France would teach the reader the expenses of monarchy, as well as convince him that no kingdom in Europe has been adorned with so many magnificent royal abodes as the French. About the middle of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV. became tired of St. Germain; and, perhaps, his youthful mind was fired with envy upon his visit to

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PALACE OF VERSAILLES. (VIEW FROM THE TOWN.)



PALACE OF VERSAILLES (VIEW FROM THE PARK.)

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Fouquet, who had just completed his unrivalled chateau and grounds of Vaux; and he determined to build a palace and create a court that should attract the admiration of Europe, and become the "centre of the politics, arts, literature, and refinement of the civilized world." For this purpose he chose the gently-elevated and undulating grounds in the hunting-forests about twelve miles southwest of the capital, where his ancestors used to pursue the chase, and where his father had built a plain lodge of brick, in which to rest and recreate himself amid his sports. This unpretending chateau became the nucleus of the palace, and a small portion of it is yet preserved, and visible amid the numerous courts, wings, and pavilions of Versailles.

Louis had the good sense to employ Le Notre to lay out the gardens and grounds, and Lebrun to paint the apartments, having had evidence of their genius in the decorations of the Chateau of Vaux. In order to obtain ample room, the surrounding domains were purchased, until the whole, gardens, parks, and forests, expanded to a circumference of some sixty miles, with villages and agricultural grounds interspersed. Hills and ridges were created, levelled, or elevated; and valleys excavated or filled up as was required, to perfect the landscapes. At the foot of the declivity which sunk down to the east from the elevated plateau on which the palace was to stand, a town was laid out, and lots were given away for the most trifling consideration to attract a population of wealth and taste, whose existence must depend on the presence of the court. The reader may conceive somewhat of the extent and prodigality of this court when he remembers that a town of 100,000 people sprung up as if by magic, adorned with public squares, fine private hotels, and a number of public in-

stitutions, among which was a royal college. To keep up the idea of Versailles being the centre of the great world, wide and magnificent avenues radiated from it in the direction of the great capitals of Europe. To a great extent the grand monarch accomplished his design, and for many years politics, arts, literature, and refinement received their impulses from Versailles.

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

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

in large golden letters, "*A toutes les gloires de la France*," which indicate the new destination of the palace and grounds under the reign of Louis Philippe.

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

opera hall of equal dimensions ; while within the vast pile are guard rooms, where half a regiment was sometimes on duty, and the *grand commun*, where three thousand servants were formerly accommodated.

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

The magnificence of the interior decorations were equal to the grandeur of the external plans, and the expense of keeping up such an establishment has deterred

all the sovereigns from residing there since the Revolution. Napoleon dared not encounter the expenditure. I shall not refer to the history of Versailles, to the stirring events which are connected with every room, hall, and closet, from the time of Louis XIV. to the irruption of the populace of Paris into its unrivalled saloons, at the commencement of the Revolution. Its decorations were then much mutilated and despoiled, and for many years it was not much more than a magnificent remembrancer of the mighty tyranny of the past. It was reserved for Louis Philippe to change its destination; to devote its interminable grounds and beautiful statuary to the recreation of the people who had placed him on the throne; to restore, at his own private cost, all the apartments and halls to their original condition and splendour; to add some additional piles to complete the whole, and then to collect and arrange within its saloons, apartments, and halls, all that the arts have produced to illustrate his beautiful France, and to inscribe upon its imposing front, "*A toutes les gloires de la France.*" And truly all her glories are here; as you may see in ever-during marble, or on the speaking canvass, the principal events in the national annals, and the portraits of all the kings and great men of France, from Pharamond to Louis Philippe: you may see in order the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., XVI.; the brilliant epoch of the Revolution; the victories of the Republic; the campaigns of Napoleon; the events of the Empire; the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and the government of 1830. And so vast is the collection, that it would require months to read and comprehend them all; and the whole is considered the property of the nation. These are the things which make France a unit, and this unit everything to a Frenchman.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS.

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

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

I passed some pleasant hours in the *Musée de la Marine*. Besides drawings of ships, sails, masts, and everything connected with naval affairs, it contains exquisite models of all forms of vessels, French and foreign, from the complete full-rigged ship down to the smallest parts of the structure, exhibiting the different kinds of naval

architecture in every stage of the process of constructing the vessel. Here, too, are models of the principal towns containing maritime arsenals. They are on a large scale, and show every street, house, garden; all the public walks in the town and environs; the dock-yards, ships on the stocks—some just begun, others half finished, others launched; even the materials for ship-building are there, and all so naturally given, as to form and colouring, with trees waving and flags flying, that you see the whole as if you were on the spot, and better too. So we saw L'Orient, Rochefort, and Brest without the trouble of going there. There is in this museum a fine series of busts of French naval commanders.

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

terials refused to body forth his thought. Others could be seen standing near their finished pictures, and watching, with anxiety, the countenances and remarks of the spectators. Though they affected indifference, you could not fail to detect them.

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

But in the Gallery of *Modern French Art* all is different. You read here *la renaissance de France*, the ideas that caused and those that have sprung from that regeneration. Here are no exhibitions of the religious sentiment, but of war, science, classics, arts. When Europe was ruled by the Church, she produced the Spanish gallery. France disavowed both Church and

religion, and produced this modern French gallery. But Providence has wisely ordered that society cannot rest in extremes: hence the conservative parties in politics and religion; and hence, too, even modern French art, since the Revolution of July, has been employed to a great extent in decorating the churches and in copying the religious pictures of the old masters.

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

sculptured in bas-relief with flowers and fruits. The maid cannot draw water from a fountain without beholding a representation of some of

The fair humanities of old religions :

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

I paid a number of visits to the Royal Library. Without detaining the reader with the vicissitudes of its history, he may form some conception of the wealth of this vast repository when I tell him that it contains over a million of printed volumes, to which about fifteen thousand are added annually at the expense of the government ; near a hundred thousand manuscripts ; as many coins and medals ; and engravings innumerable. If there were nothing else in Paris, the Royal Library would be enough to attract visitors from all the world. As description here would be useless, indeed impossible, I will not attempt it. The collection is open to ordinary visitors two days in the week ; to authors and

students daily. Every convenience is afforded them: chairs, tables, inkstands, ready; attendants at hand to procure any book that may be called for; and all this, according to the usual liberal policy of the government, without fee or reward.

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

“M. Franklin n’oublie jamais aucune partie où M^d. Helvetius doit être. Il croit même que s’il était engagé d’aller à Paradis ce matin, il ferai supplication d’être permis de rester sur terre jusqu’à une heure et demi, pour recevoir l’embrassade que elle a bien voulu lui promettre en le recontrant chez M. Turgot.”*

This is the same Mad. Helvetius, widow of the atheistical philosopher, who so horrified Mrs. Adams by her freedoms with Franklin at a dinner-party in Paris, as well as by her “dirty silk handkerchief, and dirtier gauze.”†

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

† Mrs. Adam’s Letters, vol. ii.

CHAPTER VII.

PARIS.

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

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

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

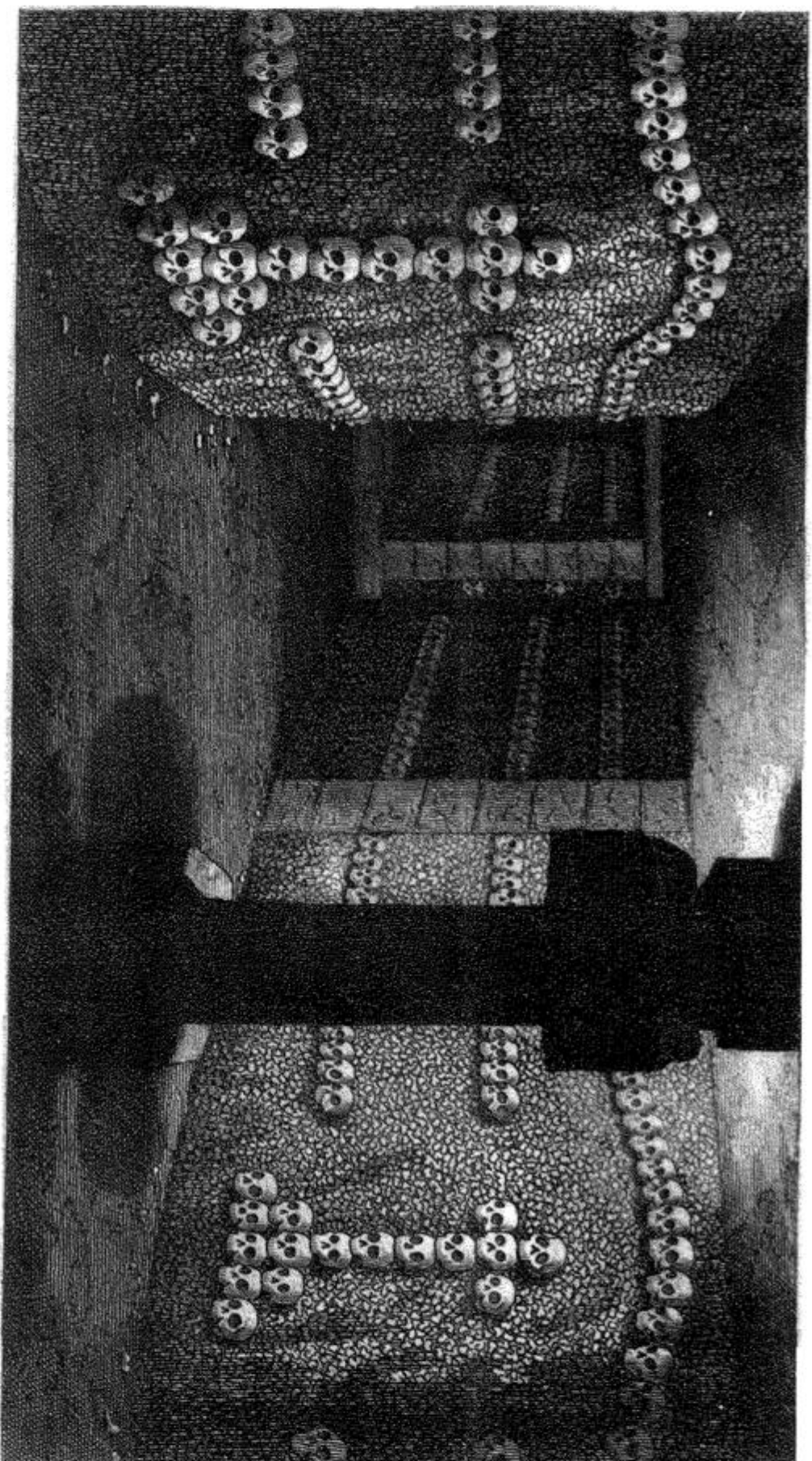
Accordingly, a few days after, the permission came, with the note, "M. Durbin pourra se faire accompagner par quatre amis." But Mr. G., of New-York, desired also to be of our party ; so, here were *five* friends instead of four. What was to be done ? We concluded to repair to the spot at the appointed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

That part of Paris which lies upon the south side of the Seine is the oldest ; and, from time immemorial, the stone for building was obtained from quarries lying under the city, principally under the faubourgs St. Marcel, St. Germain, Chaillot, and St. Jaques. It is supposed that the excavations extend under one sixth of the city. Many years ago it was found necessary to prop the quarries in various quarters, and they are yet considered dangerous to the parts of the city above them, as one or two houses have fallen in of late. The suggestion of converting them into receptacles for the dead was made by an officer of police, I think in 1785, and it was favourably received, from the necessity of removing the vast accumulations of bodies from the cemeteries of the city. It was finally decided that the remains of the millions that had passed away from the capital during ten centuries, should be removed to these subterranean abodes. The rubbish was removed, pil-

lars were built up in solid masonry, and particular portions separated from the rest by strong doors, with locks, to serve as the first receptacles. A consecration took place, with imposing religious ceremonies, on the 7th of April, 1786, when the removal from the Cemetery of the Innocents began. The work was performed at night: the bones were conveyed in funeral cars, followed by priests chanting the service for the dead, and were precipitated down a perpendicular shaft into the quarries below. The contents of other cemeteries were soon placed in the Catacombs, which were rapidly augmented by the massacres of the Revolution.

A little building is erected outside the Barrière d'Enfer, in which is the opening of the principal shaft. We descended by ninety steps, and found ourselves alone in the caverns. Following our guide about twenty minutes, we came to a strong door, each side of which was ornamented with pillars of Tuscan architecture. Over the door is the inscription, *Has ultra metas requiescunt beatam spem spectantes*. Our guide opened the heavy door, and, as it grated on its hinges, I felt an involuntary shudder, which was not quieted when we passed the threshold and found ourselves surrounded by walls of human bones, which the glare of our tapers showed to be regularly piled up from the floors to the roof of the quarries. The bones of the legs and arms are laid closely in order, with their ends outward, and at regular intervals skulls are interspersed in three horizontal ranges, disposed so as to present alternate rows of the back and front parts of the head; and sometimes a single perpendicular range is seen, still farther varying the general outline. Passing along what seemed to be interminable ranges of these piles of human remains, we came to several apartments arranged like chapels, with

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S.H. Gimber. sc.

THE CATACOMBS.

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varied dispositions of the piles of legs, arms, and grinning skulls. Here, too, were vases and altars; some formed of bones entirely, and others surrounded with them. On many of these were inscriptions, generally of a religious bearing. How new, how strange were the associations of the place! Over our heads was rolling the vast tide of life in the gay and wicked city; its millions of inhabitants were jostling each other on the high roads of business and pleasure; while here were the remains of four times their number lying in silent, motionless piles, in the depths below! And we, the living of to-day, were standing among the dead of a thousand years, in the quiet bosom of our mother-earth. Religion, too, had thrown her rays of light into this empire of Death; and we read, in an inscription before us, the sure word declaring that even this universal empire shall be broken: *They that dwell in the dust of the earth shall arise, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.* On a stone pillar near by is the admonition so generally unheeded, but here irresistible, enforced as it is by the mute, but eloquent evidences around: "*Remember that thou art dust.*" The inscriptions "*Tombeau de la Revolution,*" "*Tombeau des Victimes,*" over two chapels, built up with bones, tell of the days of strife and blood between 1789 and 1793; and here are the remains of those who perished in their frightful massacres. Altogether, the effect of the place, and its associations, was oppressive in the extreme.

It was pleasant to find in one of these lanes of the dead a deep well of living water. It lies immediately in the gangway, and is defended by an iron railing. A little farther on, too, were a number of gold-fish sport-

ing in a pure spring, about fifteen inches deep, with a clean, pebbly bottom.

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

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

I must not entirely omit *Père la Chaise*, although frequent description has, perhaps, made it familiar to most of my readers. This finest of the cemeteries of Paris, perhaps of the world, lies on the slope of a beautifully-wooded hill on the northeast of the city, about three miles from its centre. The grounds formerly belonged to a community of Jesuits, of whom *Père la Chaise*, confessor of Louis XIV., was Superior. He had a beautiful chateau erected upon the highest ground, called *Mont Louis* in honour of the king, which was said to be the centre of Jesuitical power and intrigue in France. After the suppression of the order, this property changed hands several times, and was finally bought, by order of Napoleon, and converted into a

cemetery. The arrangement of the grounds was intrusted entirely to Brongniart, who accomplished his task with remarkable taste and skill. In matters of this sort we might learn a lesson from the French. If a fountain, a monument, a palace is to be erected, or a garden laid out, they commit it to the charge of one artist, and not into the hands of a mongrel committee, as is generally the case with us. No one can wander through Père la Chaise without seeing, indeed, that no ordinary artist presided over its arrangements. Such natural features of the place as could be made subservient to the main design, were retained. Cypresses were thickly interposed amid the shrubbery of the chateau; winding paths laid out in every direction; and along their borders, and among the shrubbery, are endless varieties of flowers.

The tombs and monuments are of every variety of taste and style that affection, vanity, or ostentation may dictate. Many of them are pure, chaste, and appropriate; others assuming, absurd, and even ridiculous. One of the most striking is that of Abelard and Heloise, the ill-fated lovers, whose genius and story of guilt, penitence, and constancy, have perpetuated their names. Its roof is arched and supported by fourteen columns, under which is the figure of Abelard in a recumbent posture, with the hands joined upon the breast; and by his side that of Heloise. This tomb seemed to be more visited than any other in the cemetery; the grass was worn with the constant tread of pilgrims, and the tomb itself covered with garlands, fresh and decayed. Many of the other tombs are miniature chapels, in which the survivors often worship. We looked into some of them, and found them furnished with chairs, crucifixes, lamps, tapers, &c. Flowers are generally planted

round the tombs, or kept in vases and pots upon them, and regularly watered by persons employed for the purpose.

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

When I was leaving home, a widowed friend had requested me to find out the grave of her youthful husband, who died a stranger in Paris, and bring her back a rose, a flower, or a spire of grass from his resting-place. I promised her to do so; and looked for the English quarter of the cemetery, naturally supposing that I should find the tomb of the American stranger among those of his fatherland. There were many noble English names, but none of historical celebrity, and

* Has the Duke of Wellington ever visited it?

we passed them rapidly by ; until at last one of my companions cast his eye upon a group of neat, plain tombs, and saw "Baltimore," "Philadelphia," "New-Jersey." Here I soon found the tomb for which I had been in search, by the inscription, "W—— W. M——, Counsellor and Advocate at the bar of New-Jersey, in the United States of America, died in Paris, July 24, 1825, aged 29 years." A vigorous maple is springing at the head of the tomb, and will completely overshadow it. I plucked some tender leaves and spires of grass (no rose or flower was there), to convey to his widow and orphans at home ; wreathed round the urn, with my own hands, a rich, green garland from the boughs which shaded it ; went on my way with sadness, and returned from this city of the dead to the busy abodes of the living—within the walls of Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL VIEW OF PARIS.

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

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

through the city. It is subject to floods, being sometimes low enough to be forded, and at other times rising some sixteen or eighteen feet.

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

The houses are uniform only in colour; in which respect there is no difference but that which time produces; the hue being white or dingy, according as the buildings are new or old. They are built of the calcareous rock which underlies the whole Paris basin; it is quite soft when taken from the quarries, but hardens by exposure. There is no *prevailing* style of architecture, either in public or private buildings; but every-

where an abundance of ornament. You see no smooth dead walls, or square plain windows, or uniform rows of buildings, such as the tiresome blocks and squares often seen in American, and even in English cities.

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

A comparison of the general aspects of a French and American town would illustrate, in no small degree, the difference in the sentiments and feelings of the people. In the former, every man consults the glory of the *nation*, and is content to be homeless almost himself, so she be adorned in splendour, and admired by the world. In the latter, each consults *himself* and his own personal comfort and respectability, caring little for the state only so far as she subserves his own interests. Hence, in France, noble edifices and magnificent museums, guarded by gens d'armes, stand as monuments of national glory, visited by Frenchmen with pride, and by all the world beside with admiration, perhaps with envy; while in America, taste and wealth are displayed in private dwellings, not in public grounds, buildings, and museums. In the one case, the *state* is glorious; in the other, the *people* are independent and happy. In the first, the prevailing sentiment is

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

the state ; in the other it is the individual. Neither system is perfect. If in Europe the individual is merged in the state, in America the state has hardly a substantial existence. The evil tendencies of this prevailing sentiment are already exhibiting themselves. We are more anxious, it seems, to pay our individual debts than those of our governments ; and many of the people, obviously, do not feel the obligation of the latter as they should do. In Europe, on the other hand, whatever else suffers, state credit is kept inviolate.

The *Octroi*, at the gates of the city, will awake a stranger's curiosity ; especially if he be passing out by the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, of a fine afternoon, about six o'clock. He may there find scores of carriages, splendid equipages with outriders, fiacres, cabriolets, neat or shabby, all waiting, with market-carts and wagons, to pass the inspection of the officers, whose duty it is to see that nothing edible or taxable enters the city clandestinely. Prince and peasant, citizen and stranger, are alike subject to this inspection. I saw, one day, a poor woman entering the barrier with a wallet ; the officer opened and examined it. On another occasion, he thrust his long iron feeler into a load of hay in every direction, to see if there was not a sack of flour, a bundle of tobacco, or a live calf concealed under it. This *octroi*, or custom-house, is found at every gate ; and every article of food that enters pays a duty so high as to make a marked difference in its price within and without the gates. These duties for 1840 amounted to about eight millions of dollars.*

Evidences of the prosperity and rapid growth of the capital abound on every side. Whole districts are

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

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

CHAPTER IX.

MORALS OF PARIS.

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

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

“VERSAILLES RACES, THIRD DAY, JUNE 5.—The company was brilliant and numerous, the weather delightful, and the running of a fair average character. The course presented a very animated appearance, the circuit beyond the enclosed space being lined with a mul-

titude of pedestrians, and the interior being occupied by a host of equestrians and carriages. The tribunes were also crowded with fashionables."

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

I visited the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*, in the Rue d'Enfer. No institutions divide the opinions of travellers in France more than these Foundling Hospitals, which exist in several parts of the country. A stern moralist, regarding their little inmates as the fruits of illicit love, and the great number of them as an indication of its astounding prevalence, will be apt to look upon the system with horror and indignation. A practical man, regarding society *as it actually is*, and inquiring how it may best be improved, and the maximum of good obtained with the minimum of evil, will perhaps come to a different conclusion. He will see in the institution the means of preserving a vast amount of human life, and of diminishing a vast amount of suffering. Beyond all question, it sprang originally from the purest sentiments of humanity and religion. Its founder, St. Vincent de Paul, commenced his labours by seeking out the abandoned children of the city, in order that they might be taken care of, supported in their childhood, and virtuously educated. In the chapel of the Hospital you see his statue, with a foundling just taken up in his arms. Certain it is that infanticide has been prevented, to a very great extent, by this institution in

Paris ; and that the extent of that crime has fluctuated with the facility of depositing children in the Hospital. Under certain new regulations, adopted in 1837, it is not so easy to obtain admission as formerly ; fewer children have been received, and infanticide has increased. Whether this result will be permanent remains yet to be seen.

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

I learned at the office of the Hospital that the average number of children daily received (for a few years past) has been nine, giving 3285 per annum. There were about a hundred in the buildings at the time of our visit, most of them sick, as the healthy ones are sent off into

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

It is stated in an authentic document, that of thirty thousand births in Paris in 1836, one third were illegitimate; a sad index of the extent of licentiousness, even apart from the public vice of the city. The latter is enormous, both among the higher and lower orders. It exists under two distinct forms: the first under the regulations of the police, by means of a system of inscription and regular examination; the other, clandestine and beyond the control of the law. The registered and unregistered prostitutes are about equal in number. The French boast of the superior wisdom of their laws on this subject, but without good reason, except, perhaps, in one single result, the superior external decency of the capital. Open immodesty is exceedingly rare in

the streets of Paris. I never saw an instance of the unblushing shamelessness, the utter degradation that shock the stranger in the streets of London at almost every step after nine o'clock at night. Indeed, though I have not the data for a complete comparison, I am inclined to believe that the amount of real licentiousness in London is fully equal to that of Paris, while in point of external decency there is no comparison.

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

the moral atmosphere. Within a certain limit, such will be their tendency; and that tendency is already perceptible.

No one enters France without visiting Paris; and it is from this commanding position that observers from abroad generally take their view of the country. Yet, although it may truly be said, with reference to politics and science, that *Paris is France*, I think the remark does not hold true, to the same extent, in regard to morals and religion. The religious sentiment was never extinguished in the provinces, as it was in the capital, even during the darkest days of the Revolution. In one respect Paris is more like ancient Rome than any other city, perhaps, in the world; it is the receptacle of all the inflammable and dangerous elements of European society. The rich of the surrounding nations go to Paris for pleasure, and seek most of their pleasure in vice. The centralization of the government of France concentrates its principal functionaries in the capital. The principal youth of the country, as well as many from abroad, resort to Paris for their education; while thousands flock thither for employment in shops, warehouses, and offices. From sixty to eighty thousand troops are always present in the city and its vicinity. The desperate in fortune or the ruined in reputation resort thither, the former to prey upon society, the latter to retreat from it and sink deeper in iniquity. These various classes, with that portion of the native population which is corrupted by them, form the immoral elements of Parisian society. There are broad lines of distinction between them, and yet the influence of the different classes upon each other is sufficiently obvious, and there is far more of inter-communion among them than is known in England. Ordinary crimes against society

are visited with the same penalties here as in other civilized countries; a felon or a murderer is as odious as in England. But it is not so with licentiousness; the most subtle, and, ultimately, the most destructive of all crimes. As the guilty mingle in the circulation of that society to which they may belong, from the higher classes in their salons to the grisettes in their milliner-shops and workrooms, without acquiring immodesty of manner or materially diminishing their *respectability*, the general tone of society is more or less corrupted; yet under such conditions that vice wears an air of refinement, and obtains an indulgence in public estimation that can be found nowhere else. To some extent, without doubt, this toleration of vice is diffused in the provinces.

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

ever blessings may have resulted to France and to Europe from the Revolution, it has left behind it the terrible, yet, it is to be hoped, transient curse of general immorality.

The position of woman in France is to be taken, lastly, into the account in any inquiry into the causes of her moral condition. The French woman is altogether a different being from the dependent, retiring, domestic women of England and America. She is trained, by her education and the habits of society, to take part in its movements. In our country it is rare to find a woman interested in politics, acquainted with trade, or even active in religion, beyond its mere devotional exercises. Indeed, it is not *ladylike* (such is the phrase) to know anything about these matters. All this is false and foolish enough, and the French woman knows it to be so. But she goes too far on the other side. Not only is she prepared to talk with her husband upon the prosperity of his trade, or upon the affairs of the nation, but she aspires even to manage the one and have some hand in the other. She is a *man of business*, or a politician. For ages the influence of women has been powerful in the politics of France; but, since the Revolution, under the influence of the doctrine of universal equality, with which the mass were then thoroughly indoctrinated, she has influenced society more than ever. In consequence of this state of things, she has lost that delicacy of feeling, that shrinking from the public gaze, that characterize English and American women. She is not, like them, confined in conversation to the narrow range of fashionable small talk; but, unlike them, too, she is ready to enter into *any* conversation. She is less dependent, but more masculine. She has more knowledge, but less virtue. The result is, that in approach-

ing the level of the other sex in influence, she has approached it also in vice. She asks of them more respect for her talents; they grant it, but deduct in proportion from their estimate of her virtue. A less rigid purity is demanded of her than in other lands where she avoids this constant contact with the busy life of men. In England and America licentiousness is tolerated among men only: the woman whose character is darkened by a single stain, is separated from the virtuous of her sex as a leper; but in France there is the same, or nearly the same, toleration for her errors and frailties as for the vices of the stronger sex. Guilt, known, acknowledged guilt, does not always expel her from society.* Of course the vice loses much of its turpitude in popular estimation, and, indeed, comes to be regarded almost as no vice at all.

Some have supposed that one great cause of this peculiar state of society in France is the system of *marriages de convenance*, which are generally contracted by parents, or even by the parties themselves, in view of the eligibility of the match, and with little or no regard to the affections of the parties. Undoubtedly this system, which lays out of the case the only enduring bond of conjugal life, a genuine, devoted, personal affection, contributes largely to the delinquencies of the middle and upper ranks; while, at the same time, the toleration which is extended to those delinquencies facilitates the acquiescence of the parties in these advan-

* The known licentiousness of the royal family of England, of the Duke of York, of George IV., and of William IV., is a deep stain upon the moral character of that country. The *Fitz-Clarences*, some of whom are peers of the realm, are the children of William IV. by Mrs. Jordan. Were the aristocracy of England to be judged by the standard of *royal* morality, we should conclude that their French neighbours would not lose much by comparison with them.

tageous, *loveless* marriages. It is not so fearful a thing for a woman to marry a man that she does not love, if she can afterward have a lover if she pleases. There is a tacit warrant in the system to each of the parties to follow their own inclinations, within certain limits. At the same time, they are scrupulously faithful to the worldly interests of their families. A woman who would think nothing of a *liaison*, would yet shrink with horror from an elopement. The honour of her husband, the education and establishment of her children, are sacred objects to her; and there is nothing that she would not do or suffer to promote them. She believes that her attachment to her lover is by no means incompatible with her duty to her husband. It is, indeed, a strange state of society, and mournful as it is strange. The reader may find difficulty in comprehending, and more in believing it, so repugnant is it to the ideas and habits which enter into our education. Long may it remain so.

I have already remarked that public prostitution is legalized in Paris by a regular system of registry in the office of police. Without entering into farther detail, I may be permitted a word of remark in regard to the effect of such legislation. Although the Frenchman will say that the law does not authorize the vice, but simply regulates what society, as he says, necessarily allows, it is beyond dispute that the very fact of its being brought under the wing of the police, and regulated as are the markets and highways of the metropolis, gives the *sanction* of government to the vice. The authority of law steps in to break down that acute and profound sense of morality which in America and in England banishes from society, without the possibility of restoration, the female who has committed decidedly one false step.

The French government has recently shown how well it understands the power of such a legal sanction, by breaking up the licensed gambling-houses of Paris. The public sense of morality is necessarily brought down by public trafficking with vice. Whatever apparent advantages may attend it, its effects upon the national character must be evil, only evil, and that continually.

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

The influence of some of the peculiar usages of the Catholic Church, the celibacy of the clergy, auricular confession, absolution, and indulgences, upon the morals of society, cannot be noticed at length in this place. How powerful this influence must have been may be judged from the number of ecclesiastical persons, male and female, all unmarried, that formerly lived in the bosom of society in France. At the time of the Revolution, including the inmates of the monasteries and nunneries, there were 114,000 such persons. Taking the population at thirty-two millions, this would give one such person for every 280 in the kingdom, men, wom-

en, and children; and if we deduct the children under twelve years of age, the ratio would be very much greater, say one ecclesiastical person for every 175 of the adult population. In the language of St. Paul, "doth not nature teach" what must be the result? And the fact that these 114,000 ecclesiastics were all of the respectable classes from their profession, and many of them gentle, or even noble by birth, will readily suggest what must have been the insidious influence of their delinquencies on the upper classes.

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

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

I have said nothing as yet upon the modern literature of France, nor can I now do anything more than allude to a subject so vast and so important. There is a new drama and a new literature, whose essential characteristics are smartness, shallowness, and licentiousness. To those who are acquainted with the

subject, the mention of such extravagant depravities as the *Lucrece Borgia* and *Le Roi s'Amuse* of Victor Hugo, and the *Antony* of M. Dumas, will be enough. If the character of the audiences that nightly throng the theatres of Paris is to be estimated from that of the stage scenes which they not merely tolerate, but applaud to the echo, they must indeed be sunk in the very depths of moral degradation. This would be, perhaps, unfair. But yet the drama in any country is at once an index and an instrument of the popular feeling, at least in a very large portion of the community; and the modern French stage speaks as ill for the morality as it does for the taste of the Parisians.

A far greater influence is wielded by the novel-writers of *la Jeune France*; a large and increasing class, who pour out streams of defilement uninterruptedly, to gratify and corrupt the popular mind of the country. This is not the place for an exposition of the lewdness and vulgarity that teem in the pages of Dumas, Paul de Kock, Raymond, Balsac, and, perhaps worst of all, of Madame Dudevant, who, under the soubriquet of *George Sand*, has attacked the institutions of society, the foundations of morality and religion, in a series of powerful novels, in which the grossest pictures of licentiousness abound, and whose tendency must be unspeakably demoralizing. Their staple materials are adultery, murder, rape, incest, and suicide! One of the most popular and least offensive of these writers is Eugene Sue, who is said to receive a franc a line for a tissue of extravagances and atrocities which he is now writing under the name of the *Mysteries of Paris*, in almost daily numbers for the *Journal des Débats*, a political paper of much reputation in the capital. The hero of this tale is a German prince who lives in Paris, and

goes into all the vile places of the city, the prisons, the low taverns, the gambling-houses, to do good! The heroine is a girl whom he accidentally finds at a miserable tavern, the resort of thieves and cut-throats, and who, notwithstanding the most degrading associations of debauchery and crime, is a model of modesty and virtuous feeling! Chapter follows chapter with amazing rapidity, filled with robberies, murders, and crimes of all sorts. Such is the fabric of one of the most *moral* productions of one of the most moral of the new school of Parisian novel-writers.*

Enough has been said to show that the moral condition of France is indeed deplorable. But is there no improvement? Is there no prospect of greater improvement? Doubtless there is, especially in the middle and upper walks of life. The family of the present king is a model of virtue, it is said. And though there is no court influence now, such as formerly existed in France, and though Louis Philippe himself is perhaps the most unpopular man in the kingdom, it cannot be but that the peace and happiness of his domestic life should make an impression upon the public mind. There are other favourable influences at work. The diffusion of moral and religious knowledge through the schools, the returning sense of religion in the nation,

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

and the increasing energy of Protestantism, are all encouraging elements. The rapid distribution of real property under the present laws, which prohibit partial entail, dividing the property of a deceased person among all the children equally, the increase of wealth among the business classes by the renewed activity of trade and manufactures, and the diffusion of the comforts of life among the peasantry, who are gradually becoming proprietors of the soil, will tend to elevate and refine the mass, by creating for the French people what we call *home*, the true safeguard of virtue and nursery of piety.

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

VOL. I.—L

CHAPTER X.

RELIGION IN FRANCE.

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

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

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

The total number of the Catholic clergy in France is

about 42,000, including three cardinals, fourteen archbishops, and sixty-seven bishops. To these may be added 8500 theological students, intended for the priesthood. The number of convents for nuns of different orders is about 3000, and the number of nuns about 24,000; there are also in France establishments of monks of La Trappe, Carthusians, or Chartreux, Capucins, Benedictines, and Jesuits, besides the priests of St. Sulpice. Of the ministers of other religions, there are 411 Reformists, or Calvinists, of whom 90 are presidents of consistories; 230 of the Confession of Augsburg, or Lutherans, of whom six are inspectors of dioceses, and 31 presidents of consistories. The English churches in France have at least 40 ministers, including a bishop residing in Paris. There are also eight Jewish rabbins, and of other denominations 86. At the time of the Revolution the total number of ecclesiastical personages was 114,000, including 19,000 regular clergy, and 32,000 nuns of all orders. Their annual revenues amounted to 72,000,000 francs, and the tithe to 70,000,000, giving a total of 142,000,000. In the budget of the Minister of Public Worship for 1842, which amount to 36,391,000 (little more than one franc per head on the total population), the salaries of the cardinals and prelates of France are estimated at 1,017,000; the total expenses of Catholic worship, at 34,251,000; Protestant ditto, 1,033,000; Jewish ditto, 90,000. The present number of curés or rectors is 3301, of whom 2527 receive a stipend of 1200 francs each, and the rest 1500 each. The number of desservans or curates is 25,368, whose salaries vary from 600 to 800 francs per annum, not including parochial contributions."

The reader will not fail to notice the great diminu-

tion in the number of Catholic ecclesiastics and the expenses of the Catholic worship since 1789.

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

1. That there is a returning sense of religion spreading throughout the country is manifest from the increased attendance on public worship in both Catholic and Protestant churches. Some late Protestant travellers appear to have fallen into the same mistake in regard to the former, into which I was led at Rouen, from attending some of the masses on Sundays, and finding comparatively few persons present. The Catholic services for the day consist in a series of masses, each being a complete service in itself, lasting from thirty to fifty minutes. The times of these masses are fixed, and hence one congregation assembles, say at six o'clock in the morning, another at seven o'clock, a third at eight o'clock, and so on until one or two, and sometimes until five or six o'clock P.M. Thus one church receives

eight or ten congregations during the day, or even more, if there be a large number of priests, as each priest is bound to perform the mass at least once on Sunday. Thus, if only 500 persons attend each mass, and there be ten masses a day, 5000 persons have attended in the same church on the same Sunday; and Dr. M'Sweeney remarked to me that sometimes as many as fifteen masses are performed on a Sunday in the same church. High mass is performed at the principal churches at eleven or twelve o'clock, and is generally well attended. On high occasions and festivals, when sermons are preached, especially by some of the Catholic clergy who have become *popular* in Paris, the churches are crowded with the *élite* of the city. That any preacher could become popular in Paris, that it could become the *fashion* to attend any church, is a sure indication of a great alteration in the feelings of the people. To be sure, the proportion of females to males in all the congregations is very great; but it is no small thing to find even the gentle sex inclined to devotion in a city so thoroughly irreligious as Paris was a quarter of a century or less ago.

2. The policy of the government in repairing and decorating old churches and building new ones is another indication. Immense sums were expended on these objects during the Restoration; and Louis Philippe has not been niggardly in regard to them. But another feature of government policy is of far more importance, viz., that in the system of public education which, however it may have hitherto failed in diffusing primary instruction among the masses of the French people, has yet been steadily advancing in character and usefulness, religious instruction constitutes an essential ele-

ment. This holds good of the primary and secondary schools, and of the Royal Colleges.*

3. It is obvious that the general tendency of the government of Louis Philippe, as well as of popular feeling, so far as a revival of religious interest is concerned, is to strengthen the Catholic Church. Though we have had many cheering instances of conversion to Protestantism from the bosom of the Romish Church in France of late years, it is yet true that, in the language of the charter of 1814, "the Catholic religion is the religion of the state." It is strongly intronched in the hearts of the French people; coming down to them, as it has, with the associations of a thousand years, and interwoven with the growth of their arts, their literature, and their civilization. They see, far more clearly than the other Catholic nations of Europe, the gross errors and abuses that have accumulated in the popish system; and they recognise more willingly than others the want of spirituality in the Church. But yet their national pride would be shocked by a total overthrow of the religion of their fathers; and their vanity would never allow them formally to change one form of Christianity for another. True, in the vigorous language of Napoleon's proclamation after the ratification of the Concordat of 1802, "an insane policy sought, during the Revolution, to smother religious dissensions under the ruins of the altar, under the ashes of religion

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

itself;" but that insanity only succeeded in banishing religion for a time from the cities and large towns; she still lived in the hearts of the people of the rural districts, and lingered about their altars. Napoleon saw that the feeling of the people demanded Catholicism; he saw, too, that religion *must* exist, and determined that it should exist under the control of the state. He established Catholicism by the Concordat; not the splendid, powerful, opulent Catholicism of the Old Régime, but a Catholicism with its revenues curtailed, its independence shaken, and its power over the state annihilated. Under the Restoration, of course, the Romanists looked up; but yet the charter of 1814 allowed "every man to profess his religion with equal freedom," which was a great step in the progress of religious liberty.

The Revolution of 1830 was supposed to place Protestants and Catholics upon a more thoroughly equal footing in regard to religious liberty. Its charter reaffirmed the articles of 1814, that "every person may, with equal liberty, profess his religion and obtain for his creed the same protection;" and that "the ministers of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, as professed by the bulk of the French nation, and those of other Christian sects, may alone receive salaries from the public treasury;" while the sixth article, declaring "Catholicism to be the established religion of the state," was suppressed.

But the actual administration of the government has not been in accordance, especially of late years, with the liberal provisions of the charter. We have no right to object, perhaps, to its efforts for the promotion of the Catholic faith, professed, as is truly stated in the charter, by the bulk of the people of France; but it has

gone so far beyond this in its treatment of Protestants, as to show very clearly that it desires to strengthen itself by a closer connexion with the clergy of the Catholic Church, and that it is willing, in order to secure their powerful support to the fullest extent, to use the authority of the state to prevent the growth of Protestantism. It usurps an authority over Protestantism which it would not dare to exert over Romanism. It lays troublesome obstacles in the way of the building of new churches and the formation of religious societies by Dissenters. Indeed, the great principle of its policy seems to be, that *Protestantism shall not advance by encroachments on Catholicism.*

Many have looked to M. Guizot for political influence in favour of Protestantism, and with good reason. Himself a Protestant, educated at Geneva, a man of the most enlarged views and extensive knowledge, and, therefore, fully acquainted with the vices of the Romish system, it has very naturally been supposed that his powerful influence in the state would be exerted in favour of the pure and intellectual religious faith that he professes. But, in fact, it is not so. Able statesman as he is, he has looked at this question simply as a politician, and, on political grounds, has decided in favour of Catholicism. His policy may be summed up in these words: "I desire the continued peace of France, and will not favour any measures that tend to invade it. France needs repose, and repose is incompatible with religious proselytism. Therefore, I will not countenance any measures of Catholics to convert Protestants, or of Protestants to convert Catholics. It is the true business of the clergy of each religion to increase the knowledge and elevate the piety of their own people, not to make proselytes from others. The two

churches must go on harmoniously together." Such are the views of the great *Protestant* statesman of France, expressed, in substance, as he himself has given them. Let it be observed that they are not founded upon any confidence in the Catholic faith on his part—for he himself has declared it to be fitted only for mental imbecility—but upon the ground that Catholicism is already the religion of the people, and that, in a political point of view, it would be unwise to attempt its subversion, or even to disturb its reign. I do not attempt to justify M. Guizot's views, believing them, indeed, to be unworthy, not merely of his Protestant feeling, but of his statesmanship; but they are apposite to my present purpose, as showing the general state of public feeling in France, and the action of the government in view of it, which is, as I have said, to divest Protestantism of its aggressive character, and to make use of the Catholic religion as an instrument of government.

The recent movements of Louis Philippe in support of the Roman Catholic missions to the South Sea Islands give a clear indication of the tendencies of the French government. Let it be recollected that the king is himself a Romanist, and that his wife, who exerts a strong influence over him, is devotedly attached to popery, and very accessible to the priests, who are said, indeed, to have obtained entire control of her mind. A speech of M. Guizot, in the Chamber of Deputies, in reference to the forcible establishment of Romanism in the Sandwich Islands, gives lamentable evidence of the subserviency of that minister's religious opinions to his political views. It is thus quoted in the *New-York Observer* of September 16, 1843: "M. Guizot disavowed the idea of propagating religion by force of arms; but he added, that the French government must follow with its regard, protect, sustain the Catho-

lic missionaries. 'I see not,' he said, 'why France should not become, in the limits I have mentioned, to the degree that I have pointed out, the *protectress of the Catholic religion in the world: this belongs to her history, her tradition, her situation*. She is naturally called to it; it is what she has always done, consulting her dignity as well as her power; I see not why she should cease to do it now.'

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

of Christ. It is not impossible that the apparent tendency of the English Church to return to the imbecile Romanism of the Dark Ages may be counterbalanced by the progress of reformation in Spain and France, and that the latter country may yet become the "Defender of the faith" once delivered to the saints.

5. But it is chiefly among the Protestants of France that the religious revival of the last few years has displayed itself energetically. The Protestant population numbers about two millions. The number of ministers in the national Protestant churches is about seven hundred: a small number in comparison with the tens of thousands of the Catholic clergy. Yet, small as it is, not half of the number can be considered evangelical. A large proportion of the Reformed clergy are lost in a frigid Socinianism or a semi-infidel Rationalism; and these, instead of aiding the progress of pure religion, look with jealousy and distrust upon all evangelical movements, and, indeed, would arrest the progress of religious liberty sooner than that genuine Protestant doctrines should become generally influential. But, within the period mentioned, evangelical Protestantism has advanced with rapid strides. The Evangelical Society of France, which has its seat in Paris, was established for supplying pastors and teachers to neglected districts, and for promoting Protestantism generally; and its energetic labours have been attended with great success. It has sent preachers, teachers, and *colporteurs* into almost every section of the country, besides educating a number of young men for the ministry, and in various other ways diffusing the light of truth. A Tract Society and a Foreign Mission Society also exist in Paris. Associations have been organized in Geneva, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Lyons, Lille, Strasbourg,

and Brussels, for the purpose of sending out evangelists to preach the Gospel, and colporteurs to distribute Bibles, religious books, and tracts. The results of these, and other efforts put forth by Protestants in France, have been gratifying in the extreme. "In a land where, fifty years ago, Christianity was abolished, and the Bible openly condemned to every indignity, and then to be burned, more than *two millions* of copies of the sacred volume, in whole or in part, have been distributed within the last few years; and in a country where this blessed book could with the greatest difficulty be found in the great bookstores of the capital twenty-five years ago, it is now to be seen in almost all the book-stalls of the city."* A thirst for the Word of God has been excited among the people. It comes to them with that most attractive of all charms for a Frenchman, the charm of novelty; and they *will* read it. Large impressions of the sacred book have been issued by various publishers in Paris, not on religious grounds, but as a mere matter of pecuniary speculation: a sure index that the taste of the people for the Bible is on the increase.

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

* Fourth Annual Report of the (American) Foreign Evangelical Society, 1843.

are now issued in Paris, and some of them are conducted with distinguished ability.

It is to be remarked that nearly all the energy of French Protestantism has been infused into it from abroad. Much is due to the evangelical ministers of Switzerland, to whose enlightened and persevering labours, indeed, we may ascribe the greater part of the work. The Church of England has done something; and most valuable assistance has been rendered from America, chiefly through the agency of the Foreign Evangelical Society, an institution that does credit to the zealous body of Christians who are principally instrumental in sustaining it, and is deserving of a far more extended support than it receives. The interests of Protestantism were largely promoted by the indefatigable labours of the Rev. Dr. Baird, who resided several years in Paris. But I think it no injustice to say, that as the efforts of the Wesleyan Methodists were commenced at an earlier period, so they have exerted a stronger influence in evangelizing the French Protestant clergy, than any others, except the ministers of Switzerland. "Many of the most active of the faithful servants of Protestantism received their first spiritual good under the earlier preaching of the Wesleyan Methodists. The indirect result of their labours has doubtless been, in many cases, the conversion of the ministers themselves, and, of course, the great renovation of their people. Some few of the ministers, especially those who are not adherents of the doctrine of Calvin, are not backward to acknowledge this, and still affectionately co-operate with the missionaries at this day."*

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

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

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

ceremonies of its worship, resembling more the superstitious rites of heathenism than the forms of a spiritual devotion, are contemptible in their eyes. If *this* be Christianity, they can never be Christians. But they are beginning to learn that this is *not* Christianity; and many of them are in a strange, uncertain, hesitating condition of belief; not papists, not infidels in the strongest sense of the word; but having no fixed opinions, indeed, attached to no belief or disbelief. A truly lamentable condition; but yet not without hope. It cannot be said that the infidelity of Voltaire or Diderot would be better than present Catholicism; but it can hardly be doubted that the nerveless infidelity of the present day in France, viewed in its relation to the Roman Catholic system and to the progress of Protestantism, is one of the elements that afford us room to hope for the purification of the former and the progress of the latter.

From what has been said, the reader may infer my opinion that the day is far distant when the Roman Catholic religion, by name and in form, will be uprooted from the soil of France. Its dangers, at all events, are from within more than from without. It is now committing one error, which may lead to others, and cripple its energies more than any other cause, viz., allying itself, as closely as possible under the laws of France, with the Papal power. The people of France will never submit to this connexion in its full character, as it was in the palmy days of the Papacy.* But the Papacy itself is too wise to carry this point too far. Should the Cath-

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

olic clergy of France commit no great error ; should they continue to improve in moral character and in attention to the spiritual wants of the people as they have done ; above all, should they so conduct their movements as to avoid making any *political* question between themselves and the government or people of France, they have a fair field before them, and, to all human appearance, they will remain masters of it. But other elements may impel them to internal reformation, as well as external. If Protestantism is true to herself in France, she may make an impression *now* upon the unsettled mass of opinion in that country that may tell with tremendous power upon the Catholic Church herself. And without attacking that church, there is, in the general mind of the country, a vast field open to the energy of Protestantism, which it may cultivate with all its industry, and with great prospect of success. So far, then, from discouraging the Evangelical party in the Reformed churches, and the various Protestant missions in France, I would urge them to redoubled activity, and exhort the Protestant world abroad to aid them in every possible way. In Protestantism is the leaven which must leaven the whole lump. Let men of *talent* be sent into France, as well as men of piety ; let them operate upon the public mind as only men of talent can, by the press, in the pulpit, in society ; let them devote themselves to the work of rebuking the vices of the age, and of teaching the truths of the pure Gospel, instead of attacking Catholicism. The government will not oppress them ; if it should, the worse will it be, before long, for the government, and the better for them. Let the self-denying, apostolical men already at work in France, the Monods, the Marzials, and their worthy coadjutors, be encouraged by the sympathy and assistance

of Protestants abroad. And though pure principles may not advance with revolutionary rapidity, we have good reason to believe that a sure and steadfast progress may be expected.

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

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

But, though the usefulness of British Methodism in France may be fully acknowledged, I am convinced that it labours under many embarrassments from which an American mission would be free. The deep national antipathy of France to England operates, doubtless, as an obstacle to the British preachers. Their adherence, too, to the forms of the Church of England—even to the prayers for the Queen—in the Wesleyan chapels, must operate against them. But an American finds no enemies in France, at least among the *people*; there is, indeed, no word that will recommend him

* Fisk's Travels, p. 80, 84.

more strongly, in general, than the name of his country. Our form of worship, too, in its chaste simplicity, is as far removed from that of Romanism as that of the severest Independents, which is an additional recommendation, in view of the classes of society on whom we must chiefly operate. And, without disparagement, I think I may say there is decidedly more life, energy, and *onction*, as the French call it, among American than English preachers.

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

May I not, therefore, renew the earnest suggestion of Dr. Fisk, that an American Methodist mission should be established in France? Let it be commenced in Paris, with the erection or purchase of a suitable building for a church. Let the mission be intrusted to an able and judicious superintendent, to preach in the church in Paris to the residents and strangers of American or English origin. Let him have an assistant, who shall preach in French, and superintend also a

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

CHAPTER XI.

GOVERNMENT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lafayette's proclamation concluded with these words:

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

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

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

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

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

While these circumstances show the ground on which the liberal party gave their confidence to the Duke of Orleans, they have also been seized upon as proof of a long-cherished expectation on his part that the crown of France would, under the influence of revolutionary principles, be transferred, sooner or later, from the elder to the younger branch of the house of Bourbon. Of this there can be little doubt. Indeed, it was so natural a desire, under the circumstances, that we should consider it strange if he had not formed it; certain it is, at all events, that the ruling powers of the country, from 1793 to 1830, looked with suspicion upon him and his family. An Orleans party had always existed in France, powerless, indeed, during the Empire, but strong, and always increasing, during the feeble yet oppressive sway of the Restoration.* Lafitte, especially, long be-

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

"At present we are inclined to think that the general voice of the discontented would be for the DUKE OF ORLEANS, and that his appointment to a limited monarchy would satisfy a greater majority of all parties, and

fore 1830, had been known as a partisan of the Orleans faction, and Lafayette, Casimir Perier, and Benjamin Constant were among the personal friends of the Duke. On the breaking out of the Revolution of July, he secreted himself to avoid an arrest by the ministry of Charles X., who issued a warrant for his apprehension; and also, his friends say, to avoid the offer of the throne from the revolutionary party. This was mere affectation, at least after the complete success of the people was known. Many messages passed between Lafitte and Neuilly before anything was known to the public. At last, on the night of the 30th, he read the proclamation, naming him lieutenant-general of the kingdom, by torchlight in his park, and set off at once on foot for Paris. His partisans in the city had not been idle. Placards were stuck up all over Paris, with such inscriptions as "the Duke of Orleans is a citizen;" "the Duke of Orleans was at Jemappes;" all tending to conciliate the people by identifying the Duke with liberal principles. His own proclamation on the 31st contain-

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

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

For a short time after his elevation, the personal conduct, and, to some extent, the foreign policy of Louis Philippe, were in accordance with his own declarations and the views of those who placed him on the throne. The "citizen king" walked about Paris, conversing freely with the citizens, and occasionally even joining in the chorus of the Marseilles hymn. He encouraged the revolution in Spain, and sent money to Valdez and

Mina; he favoured the risings of the people in Italy, caused arms to be collected at Lyons and Grenoble, and assisted the patriots to escape to the Alpine frontier; he declared, in his speeches to the Chambers, that the "fortresses in Belgium should be demolished," and that "the nationality of Poland should be preserved." Beyond all question, then, the first movements of Louis Philippe were in accordance, at least in semblance, with the views of the liberal party, who insisted, in the language of Lafayette, that "whenever the right of sovereignty was claimed by any people, the intervention of foreign powers in the affairs of that people should be considered as a declaration of war against France."*

But it very soon became apparent that all these movements, instead of being dictated by a strict adherence, on the part of Louis Philippe, to the principles of the Revolution, were only parts of a skilful game which he was playing to secure the recognition of his dynasty by all the powers of Europe. The supplies to the Span-

* This was, I think, an error in Lafayette and his compatriots. They should have been content with establishing the liberties of France upon her own soil, and counted on the influence of her example to disseminate liberal principles in other countries. They should not have proposed to propagandize Europe, and thus provoke a combination of the other powers against a government conducted on their principles; but simply should have declared their purpose to make France free and prosperous, to which, if the other powers objected in the form of a declaration of war, they would have become the aggressors, and the battle would have been fought on the frontiers, and under circumstances that would have enabled France to have stood against the world. The *people* of Europe, and especially the people of England, could not now be brought to sustain a war simply to maintain legitimacy. Thence the different governments found it convenient to acknowledge the Revolution of July, though it was an obvious abandonment of the very ground for which they so long fought Napoleon, and which they established, as they supposed, by the battle of Waterloo, and the restoration of Louis XVIII. Thus the great fundamental principle of popular liberty, viz., that the supreme authority emanates from the *people*, is completely established in Europe by the Revolution of July

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

The foreign policy of Louis Philippe was a bitter disappointment to Lafayette, and the movement party in general, and they did not hesitate to declare their feelings. Lafayette remonstrated with the king often and earnestly, reminding him of the principles of the Revolution, and the obligation that rested upon him to carry them out. He insisted, also, that the work of reform in the government should go on, that the hereditary peerage should be abolished, and that the elective franchise should be extended to a greater number of the people. But the policy of the king was settled.

He was determined to remain at peace with Europe, and to shape his foreign policy so as to secure it at all events; and he was determined that no farther changes in favour of popular rights should be made in the institutions of the country. The abolition of the hereditary peerage was indeed accomplished in 1831, but it was in spite of the most strenuous exertions on the part of Louis Philippe. He became restiff under the urgent appeals and advices of Lafayette, and at last fairly turned his back upon the man to whom he was indebted for his throne. He felt that the influence of Lafayette was too powerful, and determined to rid himself of the encumbrance. A resolution was passed in the Chambers, declaring the office of commander-in-chief of the National Guards incompatible with the welfare of the state, but continuing it during the life of Lafayette: a measure without doubt instigated by the King to accomplish, by an indirect movement, what he did not dare to undertake openly. It had its effect. Lafayette resigned, much to the relief of the King, who nevertheless uttered many hypocritical regrets upon the occasion. Of course, Lafayette was thrown fairly into the opposition. But Lafitte held office some months longer, until his patience was exhausted; and at last, finding that the King had received despatches from Austria, which were not communicated to all his ministers, he resigned. Thus the two prominent men of the Revolution were alienated from the government, and with them the feelings of the people. France saw that no advancement of liberal principles could be expected from Louis Philippe except what he dare not withhold; and the dissatisfaction soon became universal. The first popular outbreak of any importance in the capital took place at the funeral of General Lamarque,

June 5, 1832, and was not quelled without great carnage. Louis Philippe showed his respect for the Charter, by placing Paris in a state of siege, even after all danger from the tumult was over; a measure which added greatly to his unpopularity. My readers are familiar with the repeated attempts that have since been made against the King's life, and which have compelled him, whenever he goes abroad, to go in a bullet-proof carriage, surrounded by dragoons. He has lost the confidence of his own people, and gained the support and sympathy of foreign governments; so that we have now the singular spectacle of a close alliance between the *government* of France and the cabinets of the other great powers, especially England, while the *people* of France cherish deep hatred towards the other nations, England in particular. Louis Philippe has no confidence in the people, nor the people in him. But they know that, in a strife with him, they must make their account to contend with the great powers of Europe, whose settled policy is, that France shall not be the propagandist of liberal principles throughout the world.

It may appear surprising to some of my Republican readers that France, after a successful revolution in favour of liberal principles, should so suddenly reconstruct the monarchy; but the circumstances of the Revolution explain it sufficiently. Although discontent had been long fermenting in the capital, the movement of July was an unpremeditated resistance to the despotic ordinances of Charles X. promulgated on the 26th, and had no reference to the succession of any prince; so that, upon the abdication of Charles X., France was without a government, and no party had organized itself to construct one. There was imminent danger of civil

war. The Legitimists could not proclaim Henry V., for France had declared irrevocably against the elder branch of the Bourbons; the Bonapartists could not act, for the young Napoleon was in Vienna, and, besides, was unpopular in France on account of his Austrian education; and the Liberal party feared to name a Republic, in view both of the internal condition of the country and the certainty that such a movement would array all Europe in arms against France. The happy device of creating a constitutional monarchy by *the will of the people*, and surrounding it with Republican institutions, acted like a charm; and the Orleans party were prepared with the *man*: a Bourbon, but not of the dethroned family; of royal blood, but of Republican education; willing to accept the throne, but to accept it as the national gift, and thus to recognise the will of the people as the basis of his authority. On these grounds it was offered to him; on these grounds he received it. Immediate action was necessary to restore public quiet; there was no time to complete a constitution: the existing charter was recognised, and a mere programme agreed upon at the Hôtel de Ville, involving the chief elements of reform necessary to perfect the new arrangements of the government.

The great error of the Liberal party was in allowing the establishment of the throne before the complete adjustment of the constitution; but, as the principles of the Revolution were well understood, they trusted to the honour of Louis Philippe that, as soon as order was fully restored, those principles would be carried out. With the return of order, however, came the consolidation of his government at home and its recognition abroad. He now found it convenient, first to explain away the programme of the Hôtel de Ville, then to

deny that such an understanding of principles had ever existed, and, finally, to fall back upon the *Charter*, as the limit of popular institutions. The changes of the 7th of August were, of course, adopted by the king in accepting the Charter; beyond these it is his settled policy that there shall be no extension of public liberties, while in the actual administration he imposes public burdens and restricts personal liberty, perhaps more grievously than was possible under the Restoration.

Occupying the throne without the affections of the people, he directs his efforts unremittingly to the strengthening of his government and the establishment of his dynasty, applying to this object the untiring energies of a powerful mind, the resources of France, and his own enormous private fortune. His whole domestic and foreign policy harmonizes with his great purpose, and is executed with admirable skill. With a knowledge of the character of the French people almost equal to that of Napoleon, he flatters and feeds such elements of it as will not interfere with his own policy, while he carefully and systematically represses the rest. The taste of the Parisian populace for public amusements is fully gratified: the opera and the theatres are assisted from the public revenues; brilliant fêtes are given on Sundays at the various palaces in the vicinity of the city; and, on stated days, all the public museums and galleries are thrown open to the citizens. No sentiment is more universal in France than admiration of Napoleon and respect for his memory, and Louis Philippe is wise enough to take advantage of it. He has not only permitted all the monuments of the Empire which existed at his accession to remain, but has finished, according to the original designs, those which were suffered to stand incomplete

during the Restoration, and restored those which had been appropriated to other purposes. The Arch of Triumph, which preserves in sculpture the victories of the Great Captain; the column in the Place Vendôme, from which he looks down upon the city "that he loved so well;" the magnificent Mausoleum in the Hôtel des Invalides—all exist under the policy of Louis Philippe, and serve to identify it with the period of the greatest glory of France.

I have before remarked, that the principal support of Louis Philippe in France lies in the manufacturing and commercial classes. By his encouragement of trade and internal improvements, as well as by the preservation of peace, he has formed a strong party in his favour of manufacturers and traders, whose whole political creed is, "*Let us buy and sell, and get gain; let us be secure in our possessions, and we will support any government under whose shadow we can enjoy them.*" The constant effort of his system is to repress the military spirit of the nation, and to divert its love of glory into the channels of the arts, trade, and manufactures: objects praiseworthy, indeed, in themselves, but designed by him only to extinguish the chivalrous love of liberty, and incline the nation to rest under the sway of a strong government, that he may secure the succession of his family.

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

THE ARMY.

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

* The regular army of France, in 1841, was composed of 425,909 men and 93,819 horses.

THE POLICE.

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

The number of the police, in all the departments of the service, is never made known by the government. The Memoirs of M. Gisquet, late prefect of police, state that in 1832 there were *eleven hundred and forty officers* employed in the prefecture at Paris, besides the patrols, inspectors, and visible agents of all sorts, including the Municipal Guards, a corps of 2600 infantry and 600 cavalry, all picked men, whose barracks are to be seen in different parts of the city. And in addition to all these is the far more terrible agency of the *invisible* police, consisting of paid spies, who visit all public places, hotels, and brothels ; and a class of whom, formed of debased or impoverished members of respectable and even noble families, mingle unsuspected amid the throngs of the drawing-rooms and soirées of the capital. Says M. Gisquet, "I have had, in the character of secret agents, some persons who occupy a distinguished rank in the world. It is well to have them in all classes of the population ; but those belonging to good society are obtained with difficulty, and often require their assistance to be paid for above its utility. Often,

in society, a simple remark, made by a person who does not know all its bearings, furnishes a precious insight. Whatever may be people's rank or habitual reserve they may let a word or two escape them which will lead to the track of some secret intrigue." According to the same authority, it is the particular business of a class of secret agents, *since the accession of Louis Philippe*, to collect a minute history of the lives of all persons who have figured in political affairs, to be kept among the archives of the police. This list, at the time of M. Gisquet's retirement from office, contained the names of *twelve thousand persons*.* Surely, Louis Philippe must have been taking lessons of the Jesuits!

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

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

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

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

As if fortune delighted to play into the hands of Louis Philippe, the excitement that prevailed in France a few years ago in regard to what was called "the Eastern Question," enabled him to secure a measure which he had long desired without success—the *Fortification of Paris*. The war party gained the ascendancy; and though the King dissented earnestly from their views, the nation, reviving all its old and inextinguishable hatred of England, clamoured for war; and M. Thiers succeeded in inducing him to make preparations on a grand scale, by including in his (M. Thiers's) arrangements the fortification of the city, the darling project of the King. The minister demanded it of the Chambers as a protection to the capital, making the necessity of it apparent from the campaigns of 1814 and 1815:* the King desired it as a means of security against the populace of Paris, in case of a formidable rebellion. An ordinance was immediately issued for its commencement, and in the session of 1841, in the height of the war-fever, the Chambers passed the necessary bills for its continuation.

The plan of the works comprises two distinct features—a continuous enclosure, bastioned and terraced, around the whole city, with a line of wet ditches in front, and a system of detached fortresses, fourteen in number, outside. The system of detached forts was not prominently presented to the view of the public in the original exhibition of the design, and as the regular

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

“zone or belt” of fortification would enable the city to make a successful defence against almost any invading force, and, at the same time, threatened nothing against the people, there was little opposition to its erection. But when the war-fever passed away, and all thought of invasion was at an end, it was not long before the true character of the works, and the design especially of the *detached forts*, began to be penetrated. Since that time the works have advanced with unexampled rapidity, amid the fears and threats of the people of Paris, and with continually increasing opposition in the Chambers. None of the oppressive acts of Louis Philippe have excited so deep and wide-spread dissatisfaction, and it is more than likely yet, that the destruction of the detached forts will be to Louis Philippe what the taking of the Bastille was to the unfortunate Louis XVI.

The reader will observe, by inspecting the accompanying diagram, the bastioned wall surrounding the city marked strongly in red, at different distances from the present *octroi* wall. He will perceive, also, the detached forts scattered outside the walls, marked in different colours, with their names affixed, and a circle, described round each fort as a centre, in the same colour. The space in each circle is entirely commanded by the fort which is its centre, the circumference marking the greatest range of the cannon. By observing the intersections of the different circles, it will be seen that the forts, taken together, will command every street, place, and house in the capital, except a space (indicated in the diagram by a common colour) containing the palace of the Tuileries, the gardens, and a passage leading from the palace towards St. Germain. By this passage, should the fortresses fall into the hands of the people, or the troops in them take the popular side in an insur-

rection, the King might escape from the city under a strong escort. But so long as the forts are in his possession and the garrisons faithful to him, he has entire control of the city, which could not hold out long against their destructive fire. Or, if the forbearance of the government should spare the city a bombardment, it could, having entire command of the environs and villages for several miles around, effectually cut off all communication with the country, and thus reduce the place to submission.

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

FRUITS OF THE REVOLUTIONS.

Has France gained nothing by her two Revolutions? Yes, immensely, and Europe has gained with her. The first Revolution broke up the feudal tenures and church properties,* and destroyed the ancient rights and privileges both of the nobility and ecclesiastics, and thus prepared the way for the entire destruction of the privileged classes, and the distribution of real property more generally among the people: it quickened the popular mind all over the Continent; broke up the slumber of ages, and taught men to think of their rights; produced constitutions, or promises of constitutions, for most of the nations of Europe, and everywhere extended popular liberty by meliorating the administration of government, and by establishing its dependence upon the opinion of the people, thus sapping the foundation of that most flagrant of political impostures, the doctrine of legitimacy. But the first Revolution, from the very necessity of the case, was bloody and terrible. The evils under which France had groaned were too fearful to admit of anything less than a most fearful reaction; the abuses of the old régime had ground humanity out of the hearts of the miserable masses of the capital, and

* According to an old work (*Le Cabinet du Roy*, quoted by Linnæus, *Notitia Regni Franciæ*, Strasbourg, 1654) the property of the Church in ancient France consisted (with the exception of the *foreign* clergy) of 180,000 fiefs, 249,000 farms, 1,700,000 acres of vineyards (besides 400,000 acres from which they received a third or quarter of the wine), 600,000 acres of unoccupied land, 135,000 of ponds, 900,000 acres of meadow land, 245,000 water-wheels in flour and paper mills, iron-works, &c., 1,800,000 acres of woods, 1,400,000 acres of pasturage. The greater part of the soil was also subject to the tithe of the clergy, and there was not a patch of ground on which there was not a mortgage, rent, or religious foundation (an annual tax of from 5, 10, to 15 sous for a mass, a burning lamp, &c.), even the royal domains were not exempt.—EN. AM.

it could not be expected that when they took power into their hands, they should use it with humanity. But the excesses of the Revolution, justly chargeable upon the atrocious oppressions that caused it, were laid to the charge of Liberty, and the oppressors of Europe took advantage of the slander. The young Republic, with almost frantic energy, armed against the world, and conquered. But the general diffusion of a military spirit was the result, and the nation, wearied with internal discord, gladly obeyed the strongest, who rose to power as the representative of the nation, and maintained himself upon his giddy elevation by a career of victories that throws the names of the Old World conquerors into the shade. Napoleon was driven, partly by his own ambition, and partly by the mad opposition of Europe, especially of England, to a severity of government, almost throughout the Continent, which enabled the great powers, after the disastrous winter of Russia had destroyed his Grand Army, to rouse the *people* of Europe for the first time against him. The issue could not be doubtful. But when the people had conquered, the rulers snatched from their hands the rewards of victory so freely promised to them, and so dearly bought with their blood. The Congress of Vienna was coolly dividing Europe among its masters; the Bourbons were playing their old game at Paris, when Napoleon returned from Elba amid the acclamations of a willing people, and the imbecile representatives of Legitimacy fled before him. At Waterloo British soldiers fought to sustain a worn-out dynasty, and Prussians regained the half-lost battle, to secure, as the issue has shown, the thrones of European despotism. But though a Bourbon was again king of France, the days of '86 had gone forever: the France of 1815 was not the France

of the old régime ; and the administration of Louis XVIII. was compelled to adapt itself to the new spirit of the nation. Liberal principles had been everywhere diffused, and the general mind could not be made to go backward.

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

The sound seeds of the Revolution had time for a more healthy growth during this period of peaceful prosperity ; public education was extended, and liberal principles entered largely into the formation of a new and better public opinion. The population of *La Jeune France*, grown up since 1815, had come fully upon the stage by 1830 ; and the ordinances of the Polignac ministry roused its spirit—a far different one from that of 1789—and produced a revolution, but not a reign of terror. The people established a new government, with such an amended Charter and Bill of Rights as the exigency of the occasion permitted, and with the hope and prospect of a farther enlargement of popular liberty. When Louis Philippe accepted the throne, he accepted it in full view of this tendency of public feeling ; and it rested with him to fulfil the hopes of the Liberal party in Europe. He has lacked either the will or the courage to do this—perhaps both. He has restricted, by every means in his power, the liberty of the press ; he has opposed the extension of the right of

suffrage ; he has in many ways contravened the spirit of the Charter. But he has not succeeded in crushing liberal opinions, nor will he : there is patience, indeed, but it is ominous and sullen. That there will be another revolution at his death, or even before it, if the plan of arming and garrisoning thê forts, now nearly completed, be carried out, is extremely probable, as the tendency of the age is irresistibly in the direction of liberal opinions.

I have said that France has gained much by her Revolutions ; but it has been in spite of her kings. In the theory of her government she is freer than England ; under its actual administration she is less so : she has more *political*, but less *civil* liberty. In England, free institutions have grown up with the people in the course of ages, and they comprehend liberty, not in theory, but in enjoyment ; in France, speculative liberty has preceded free institutions. Hence, in France, the principle of equality before the law has been applied first in a point where it will be applied in England last—the right of primogeniture. Not only is this right abolished, but the holder of property in France cannot divide it by will among his children at pleasure : the law declares that they shall share it equally on his decease. Of course, under the operation of this law, wealth is rapidly diffusing itself, small proprietors are obtaining possession of the soil, the aggregate of enjoyment is greatly increased, and the tendency to extremes of wealth and poverty, as in England, effectually arrested. By the abolition of the hereditary peerage, the aristocracy of France was in effect destroyed, the peers created by the King forming, indeed, an integral part of the legislative body, and thus likely to be attached to the interests of the throne, but yet transmitting nei-

ther title nor property to their descendants. In England, the aristocracy are, in reality, the government. In France there is no exclusive church establishment: Jew, Protestant, and Catholic are on an equal footing before the law, and pastors of each denomination receive support from the public revenues. In England, the alliance between Church and State is drawn closer and closer, as each feels an increasing necessity for the support of the other.

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

It is a fashionable cant at present (and I am sorry to say that many Americans, especially those who visit France, indulge in it) to praise the *strong* government of Louis Philippe, and to adduce the order and prosperity of the nation as a proof of its adaptation to the present condition of France. Undoubtedly Louis Philippe's is a strong government, and undoubtedly France is prosperous, so far as prosperity consists in mere material things. But do these make up the *all* of human

prosperity? To be sure, there is much wisdom in his administration with regard to the interests of agriculture, the arts, and commerce, though even in reference to these it has been greatly exaggerated; but granting it to its fullest extent, do these complete the circle of human happiness? And are commerce, agriculture, and the arts incompatible with free institutions? I blush for my countrymen when I hear such treason against liberty uttered by American lips. The arguments offered to justify the strong government of Louis Philippe would justify the King of Prussia in forgetting his sacred promises of 1815, would justify the despotism of the Emperor of Austria, would lead the world back to the *paternal* rule of Oriental tyrannies. But in the just sense of the words, it is not true that the government of Louis Philippe, or any other which violates the rights of humanity, is *strong*. "*The strongest of all governments is that which is most free:*" whatever strength is incompatible with rational freedom is oppression, and contains the seeds of its own destruction.

The right of suffrage in France extends to scarcely 200,000 persons, out of a population of 33 millions—not one elector to 160 of the population.* When it is recollected that the king has 300,000 government appointments to distribute among these electors, it may easily be seen why he so strongly opposes the extension of suffrage, and how readily he can affect the character of the Chamber of Deputies; but, besides this, the deputies elected can hold office under government, which gives the monarch a still stronger hold upon them. Of four hundred and fifty-nine deputies elected in 1841, at least two hundred were either salaried, or

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

held government places. It must be recollected, also, that the Chamber of Peers, which is created exclusively by the monarch, and a great proportion of whose members derive their subsistence from the bounty of the crown, is an essential portion of the legislative power.

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

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

CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

shops were opening as for a day of business. We reached our hotel, and went to bed to get some compensation in sleep for the two nights and a day spent in the *diligence*, directing our courier to rouse us at eleven o'clock, the hour of high mass at the Cathedral. But sleep was too strong for us, and we were not ready for breakfast until twelve. After breakfast we walked out, and found the bell ringing for worship at the Church of St. Benevigne. The streets were full, however, of a genteel population thronging in a direction different from that of the church, and we discovered, from the placards on the walls, that they were going to a *concert* at the Hotel de Ville, given by the Société Philharmonique de Dijon. The mass performed at the church at this hour was attended only by the lower classes of people; while the *élite*, who had worshipped at eleven o'clock, were enjoying themselves in the concert-room at one! At half past three the great bell of the Cathedral summoned the people to church again, and we went with them. The service was at its height. We had another proof of the inaccuracy of the statement so often made, that the Catholic churches are not well attended in France, for the Cathedral was literally crowded, though the majority of the worshippers were women. They knelt towards the high altar with much apparent devotion; and all seemed to gather hope and encouragement with the elevation of the host. The scene was particularly impressive at one point of the service, when the great bell of the Cathedral uttered, from its huge Gothic tower, a few deep tones in eager haste, as if there were no time to be lost by the sinful multitude; and they fell down quickly upon their knees, many of them even crouching upon the cold stone pavement, as though they would sink into it. When the

blessing was given, they rose and departed, apparently cheered and comforted. I am sure there were many honest hearts in that assembly who sincerely worshipped God according to the way of their fathers. The man who would extinguish the Roman Catholic religion without the certain prospect of establishing a purer form of Christianity in its stead, would deserve the execrations of mankind. What could repay the poor down-trodden population of Europe for the loss of their Christian hope, such as it is? It cheers them in this life with the hope of a better; and who can say that this hope shall perish?*

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

Dijon is a very ancient town, the *Dibio* of the Romans. Its streets are crooked, narrow, and destitute of sidewalks. The commerce of the place is increasing, and the trade in wines is especially important. Its

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

population is about 22,000. We were again struck with the good looks of the people, especially the better classes, who seemed to be all in the streets, on their way to the concert. There appeared to be an unusual proportion of old men and women—not dry and shrivelled, according to the notion of aged French people which the English have given us, but hale and cheerful. The young women were neat, genteel, and some very handsome, while the appearance of the young men was every way respectable.

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

Our steamer was a long, narrow, uncomfortable, iron affair, and crowded with travellers of all countries and costumes, some of which were particularly queer. The oddest thing, perhaps, was a peculiar kind of cap worn by some Germans on board, composed of a black circular plate, surmounted by a fantastic cylinder, three

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

The banks of the Saone cannot compare with those of the Seine. They are generally flat and uninteresting; what hills do come in view are, apparently, barren; the towns along the banks do not seem to prosper, and there are few boats to be seen upon the river. The water is a clear light green, reminding me of our own beautiful Ohio. A number of graceful suspension bridges overhang the stream. Farther south, the hills were constantly in view upon the right side—not ridges, as upon the Seine, but separate high mounds, with their bases touching each other. Above *Trevoux* the first appearance of a really mountainous region begins.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

LYONS.

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

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

The situation of Lyons is as fine a one as could be conceived for a large town. Lying at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, it fills up the tongue of land which rises from the point of junction to the high grounds back of the town, and occupies, also, the opposite banks of both rivers. The right bank of the Rhone is lined with a substantial quay, built up with large stone houses, from five to seven stories high, of a dark grayish colour, pierced by comparatively few and small windows. Those of the Saone are occupied principally with large buildings, appropriated to manufacturing purposes. Both

rivers are spanned by several bridges ; one of which, over the Saone, is a beautiful suspension bridge, with colossal bronze lions couching on each of the granite corners, and looking calmly upon the wire cords that spring from beneath, as if watching the constancy with which they support the structure. The streets of the town, except along the quays, are narrow, dirty, and without sidewalks. Everywhere you find the stir and bustle of commerce and manufactures. The place reminded me strongly of Pittsburgh ; the two rivers rolling by, the bold elevations around the city, the smell of bituminous coal, and the constant ringing sound of iron working, combine to form a pretty strong resemblance. The population of the town is about one hundred and eighty thousand, the majority of whom are engaged in manufactures and commerce. The principal articles of manufacture are ribands, velvets, stockings, and silk goods of every kind. There are several large factories on the Saone, and also on the high grounds which border the upper end of the town ; but a great deal of the manufacture is done in a private way by the workmen at their own houses. The finest and best of the silk goods made here are exported to the United States ; but the want of a direct and quick communication with the seaboard has been a great drawback to the trade. A railway is projected to Paris by means of a connexion with the Orleans railroad, which, when complete, will afford a rapid communication to Havre.

The *Lugdunum* of the Romans was even more beautifully situated than the modern town, occupying the heights now called Fourvières (*Forum Vetus*), which overlook the Saone on the west. A little to the south stood an imperial palace, where the Cæsars dwelt occasionally, and where one of them was born. We

crossed the Saone by a fine bridge, and ascended a flight of stone steps to a dirty winding street, which led towards the top of the hill. When we reached the observatory on the summit, a sight of which we had little dreamed, and which made us forget all Roman remains for a time, burst upon our view. Casting our eyes over the wide and beautiful plain to the east of the city, we beheld, far in the distance, the mountain ranges of the Alps, and high above them towered their majestic monarch, MONT BLANC, clad in eternal ice, and throwing back the chilled sunbeams to the deep blue vault of heaven. The suddenness of this unexpected vision enhanced our delight. To the right of Mont Blanc the range formed a subordinate, yet well-defined rampart of snow and ice. This was all we could see. I hope hereafter to climb their sides, perhaps stand upon their summits, and then speak of them again.

We renewed our visit next day, for the purpose of examining the Roman antiquities. Making a large circuit round the brow of the hill, and ascending for an hour under a burning sun, we reached a part of the remains of the Roman aqueduct ascribed to Marcus Antoninus. It brought water collected from distant streams to the gates of the city, piercing several hills, and carried by gigantic arcades across the deep valleys. The works, taken together, according to M. Delorme,* extended sixty leagues, and supplied as much water daily as would cover the *Place Louis XVI.* to the depth of more than three feet. The *Place* I suppose to contain about five acres. These remains are exceedingly interesting, and deserve to be more fully examined. We visited, also, certain ancient subterranean

* Recherches sur les Aqueducs de Lyons.

vaults, supposed to have been the reservoirs of ancient baths. Possibly this was the site of an amphitheatre, as some suppose, and these vaults were used for conducting water to be used in the Naumachia, or exhibitions of sea-fights. There are large circular openings in the ceilings, through which the water may have been pumped up.

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

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

We visited also the ancient church of *St. Irenæus*, second Bishop of Lyons. There is an inscription on

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

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

We spent three days very pleasantly in these rambles in and about this interesting town. Our accommodations at the hotel were good, and mine host was remarkably kind and attentive, partly, I suppose, because we were Americans, and partly because his daughter

was to be married on the day of our departure, the prospect of which auspicious event seemed to put him and all his people into the most excellent humour. The young bride was very pretty and interesting, and was to receive a million of francs for her dower : at least Samuel told us so, and he had reason to know, for he was on the best possible footing with the household below stairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE.

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

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

I have already spoken of the fields as being divided into little patches of different grains and vegetables. As we receded from the capital these became larger, and were of various forms, generally bounded by curved lines. These pretty patches diversify the face of the country very agreeably, and add greatly to its beauty. Another element of beauty, too little seen in our country, is to be found in the groves and trees everywhere cultivated. No such thing is known here as a large

plantation laid out in immense fields, bare of trees, and divided by fences. The farmer borders his fields with rows of trees, and permits them to stand scattered over the farm in every direction. I could wish that our Western land-owners would take a lesson from them in this respect.

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

The burden wagons usually have but two wheels, generally very large. The tire is not a continuous circle of one piece, but consists of five or six pieces connected together, often an inch and a half thick and ten inches wide. The axle is actually a large log, the shafts huge pieces of timber, and the bed is made of beams of oak; so that the whole affair would be deemed quite a load of itself in our country; yet I have seen a single horse, in the large towns, draw this cumbrous vehicle with six or eight casks of wine or bales of cotton, and in the country with a full load of hay.

The common French draught-horses are of a singular appearance. They are generally iron-gray or roan, short, tightly built, back round, neck and head short and thick, profuse mane and tail, with not mere fetlocks, but abundance of long hair upon the legs, from the knee-joint to the hoof. Their strength is prodigious.

Nor are they deficient in speed and bottom. Horses of the same make are used in the *diligences*; and, though their movement is very awkward, something between a roll and a bound, they make capital speed over a good road. We had good proof of this in our third stage from Paris, when the diligence was carried along at an alarming rate for some distance, in a race with a competitor of another line. As we whirled past our rival, we thought our team, diligence and all, might have carried away the prize in the chariot-races at the Olympic games.

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

In the beautiful valley of Dijon I first observed our Indian corn growing. By-the-way, this valley is one of the sweetest that I have ever seen. We passed, on the west side of it, through a succession of towns and villages for fifteen or twenty miles, while it stretched away to the eastward, covered with vineyards and fields of grain, like an ocean of many colours, from the whitened rye, ready for the sickle, and the golden wheat, ripening apace, to the deep dark-green of the

vine and the rich foliage of the many clumps of trees that adorned the landscape, until the delightful view was bounded by a range of high grounds, whose blue, dim outline was just distinguishable in the distance. It was, indeed, a lovely scene; yet one thing was wanting to make it perfect: there were no neat farm-houses or pretty cottages. These, indeed, are unknown in France, as the agricultural population gather into hamlets and villages, from which they disperse in the morning to their various fields of labour, carrying the provisions of the day with them.

Shortly after leaving Paris, we saw, for the first time, a shepherd and his dog, tending a flock of sheep. There is usually a slip, of from five to twenty feet, between the paved or gravelled road and the adjoining fields, along which there is a shallow ditch to carry off the water. Upon this space the sheep are allowed to graze; the dog keeps close watch, and drives them immediately back when they attempt to trespass upon the grain. The intelligence and sagacity of these dogs are admirable. One of them will lie quietly near the flock, and allow them to nibble the grass within three feet of the grain; but the moment there is any movement like a trespass, he snaps kindly at the offender, without the command of the master. They seem to be of a peculiar breed. Not only sheep, but cattle, and even flocks of geese are watched in this way (the latter generally by women), as there are no fences.

Between Lyons and Savoy I saw a horse and cow yoked to the plough together: a singular juxtaposition, which was forbidden among the Jews, and seemed very unnatural to me. I observed, also, three yoke of oxen drawing one plough, which one man guided while another drove the cattle. The field was level, the soil

light; and an active man, with two good horses, on a Pennsylvania farm, would have done twice the work of these six oxen and two men.

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

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

My observations in France, as well as in Germany and Italy, satisfy me that the people in wine-growing countries are much more temperate than in the North of Europe and in America. The common wines which are used on the soil that produces them do not intoxicate, but nourish, forming a large item, indeed, in the pabulum of the peasant. When he goes out to his daily toil he carries with him a loaf of coarse black bread, and a canteen of wine, and these refresh and sustain him: he rarely tastes meat, butter, or cheese. This *vin ordinaire* makes a part of his breakfast, of his dinner, and of his evening meal; and costs him, perhaps, two or three cents a bottle, if he purchase it. It is the juice of the grape, not deriving its body or taste from an infusion of spirit and a skilful combination of drugs,

as in our country, but from the genial soil and beneficent sun. The truth of what I have here said is supported by the general remark, that drunkenness is but seldom seen in France ; and when it is, it does not proceed from the use of the common wine which enters so largely into the sustenance of the peasantry and common people, but from brandy and foreign wines ; particularly the first, to the allurements of which the hard-worked and closely-confined mechanics, artisans, and dense factory populations of the capital and large towns are particularly exposed. I am obliged to believe that the use on the soil of the native wines in any country is conducive to health, cheerfulness, and temperance ; and I am as equally convinced that all foreign wines are injurious in all these respects. Hence the bad effects of the wines imported and used in England and America.

CHAPTER XV.

DEPARTURE FROM LYONS.

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

At half past five o'clock in the morning we departed from Lyons in the diligence. I had scarcely seated myself behind the coachman on the *banquette*, when he started the horses at a bound with that loud cracking of the whip which none but a French postillion can produce. The road was thronged with market-women on donkeys of all sorts, jacks, jennies, and mules, from the size of a calf to that of a pony, generally dun-coloured. They carried panniers or large baskets, filled with eggs, butter, chickens, &c., suspended on each side of the animal by ropes thrown over a rude pack-saddle, on which sat the dame, generally knitting briskly. At eight o'clock we came to an ugly little village, and halted before the *Hotel du Nord*. From my elevated seat on the top of the *diligence* I could look into the attic of the building, and saw that it was a cocoonery. Women were before the door sorting the cocoons, whose web is by this time, probably, shining in the vest of a fine lady in the saloons of Paris, or adorning, perhaps, the person of a chambermaid in my own humble dwelling in Pennsylvania, while these poor workwomen are still clad in their rude woollen petticoats. We were soon seated at the table in this promising hotel. The only thing I can commend was the lavish supply of but-

ter. In Paris they give it to you in thin cakes about the size of a dollar; here it was set before us by the pound. We had not only to put up with a bad breakfast, but with the bad manners of a pretty but foolish brunette, who kept up a broad flirtation with a French travelling merchant during the meal. We paid our two francs and a half with an ill grace, and departed.

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

Our route lay through a fine valley, the most fruitful and best cultivated that I have seen in France. The vines were larger and better trained, generally on mulberry-trees; the crops were heavy; the cattle strong and fat; the trees, in their pretty clumps and avenues, large and vigorous. The people seemed to be in good condition, and to have a better idea of *home* than any we had passed, as each little farm had its own separate dwelling, humble, indeed, yet generally clean and com-

fortable. What a paradise it would be if its population of one hundred thousand was made up of Yankee farmers!

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

We left Pont de Beauvoisin without regret at five o'clock. It was soon obvious that we were in a country

thoroughly Roman Catholic. Crosses were set up along the road, a mile or two apart; and we saw many images of the Virgin, some of them enclosed in strong cases of masonry, with glass doors. Over one of these I noticed the inscription, *Reine des cieux, priez pour nous*. The Virgin seems to be a favourite object of adoration here, even more than in France. The road extends along the valley for a mile or so from the town, and is then carried up the mountain. The passage was formerly very difficult, but was made perfectly safe by Napoleon, who erected a strong parapet wall upon the side next the valley. Beyond the little village of Echelles, it winds round into a sort of cove, bounded in front by the towering walls of the mountain, through which we saw no way of escape, until one of us descried, just under the impending cliff, a little cottage, and by it an opening like a closet door. The thought flashed upon us at once. Man had dared to tunnel this mountain rampart, and pass through the barrier into the valley beyond. The tunnel is nearly a thousand feet long, wide and lofty. It is lighted up at night, and is perfectly safe. Overcome by the fatigue and heat of the day, I sunk to sleep in the diligence as night closed in upon us, and woke up in *Chambery*, the ancient seat of the dukes of Savoy, where we were glad to find pleasant rooms and comfortable beds in the *Hôtel des Princes*.

Chambery is pleasantly situated on a level plain, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and contains about twelve thousand inhabitants. Near the town is shown a farmhouse in which Rousseau formerly resided. There must be one prosperous man at least in the place, for it costs every traveller that turns off here for Geneva four francs to have his passport *visé*. I can heartily recommend our hotel.

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

GENEVA.

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

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

Walking out in the afternoon, I found the people of this Protestant city amusing themselves in the public walks, gardens, and places of resort in general. An

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

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

The wealthy and tasteful Genevese, who constitute no small part of the population, dwell in the *upper* city and have their villas in the environs. The houses of

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

But the American cannot find himself in Geneva, especially on the fourth of July, as we were, without recalling the services which this little canton has rendered to the cause of liberty. Though her armies and the battles she has won do not stand foremost in Swiss history, yet she was the nursery of those free principles which developed themselves in England, in France, and in America, and which, like good seed committed to the earth by the patient husbandman, are still slowly but vigorously vegetating in Europe. Her geographical position, on the confines of France and Italy, and near to Germany, must make her the apostle of liberty in Europe, as she is, perhaps, the life of the Helvetic Republic, which was the exemplar of our own.

Nor is Geneva less an object of interest in a religious point of view. Her part in the great Reformation of the sixteenth century was scarcely less than that of Saxony. From her went out the glorious light through France,

the Netherlands, and into parts of Hungary and Poland. If political influences had aided the Reformation in these countries, as in Germany and England, who can say that the fruits would not have been as great and as permanent? But after the death of the master-spirits, Farel, Zwingli, and particularly Calvin, who had imparted the mighty impulses to the common mind, a long series of skilful movements on the part of the Roman Catholics, seconded by the civil powers, succeeded in arresting the progress of the Reformation in these countries, and in recovering nearly all the ground lost, except in Switzerland and Holland. And in these last the effort is renewed.

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

But after a century of darkness and death, the Spirit of God appeared again at Geneva. A private Scotch gentleman (Mr. Robert Haldane), about the year 1816, visited Geneva, and invited a number of the students of the Theological Seminary to meet him at his rooms in the hotel. He spoke bad French, but the Spirit of God interpreted it to the hearts of the young men, and about a dozen of them were awakened, enlightened, and turn-

ed to God with all their hearts. Among these were the present Dr. Malan, the late Felix Neff, Mr. Henry Pyt, and the present Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. This was the commencement of the second reformation in Geneva. It bears some resemblance to the origin of Methodism in the Church of England, and has the same object in view, *i. e.*, a revival of piety and sound doctrine in the State Church of Geneva, among the Protestant churches in France, Belgium, and Holland, and a more general diffusion of vital Protestant Christianity. Like Mr. Wesley and his associates, these first children of the second reformation became the children of Providence, and followed its openings. Part of them formed themselves into an Evangelical Society to labour for the advancement of the kingdom of God : 1st. By teaching theology, for which purpose they have instituted a Theological Seminary at Montauban, in France, though near Geneva : it numbers forty students now. 2d. By popular exposition of Scripture, for which ministers, but particularly travelling evangelists, are employed. 3d. For the distribution of the Scriptures, and of tracts and religious books, either by gift, loan, or sale. The society was instituted in 1831. Professor Gaussen informed one of our countrymen, Rev. Mr. Breckenridge, of the origin of the employment of *colporteurs* by the society, whose office it is to go through the villages on foot, converse with the people on religious subjects, and sell them Bibles and religious tracts or books, or loan them where they cannot buy. This is the origin of their name, *colporteur*, or *pedler*. Professor Gaussen said, " An individual presented himself to us, and said, ' I was a Catholic, and knew not God ; I have found peace in believing upon the Lord Jesus Christ ; it was his truth that set me free ; I now offer myself to you, to bear that truth to my benighted breth-

ren.' We deliberated, and decided not to send the man, as we had no funds, no Bibles, and but scanty means of obtaining either, while more obvious necessities seemed to press upon us. The one among us whose means were, of all, the most limited, said to the committee, 'Do you suppose God would send this man, and that he will not provide the means to work with him? Employ the man, and if, at the end of the year, you have not been provided with the means, I will contribute them.'"* The society now employs seventy colporteurs, evangelists, and ordained ministers, whom they distribute, as the work requires, chiefly in France and Belgium. Thus Geneva has become again the fountain of light to the surrounding countries.

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

Two names are associated with Geneva that are connected, perhaps, as closely as that of Calvin with the present condition of humanity, Rousseau and Voltaire. The former was born here, in a street since called by

* Breckenridge's Travels.

his name ; the latter fixed his residence at Ferney, five miles from the town, in 1758, and remained there until the year of his death. The names of these philosophers are generally associated together, although no two men could have been more different in temper, taste and opinions: their utter want of harmony not only prevented any real friendship between them, but made them, for a long period, bitter enemies. In England and America, however, they are joined together on account of their common hostility to Christianity, though even in this respect they stood on very different platforms, Voltaire being an Atheist and Rousseau a Deist. There is better ground for associating them as the great destroyers of existing institutions, the implacable enemies of kingcraft, priestcraft, and every other craft by which the rights of man are invaded and subdued. They saw mankind degraded and enslaved ; and they saw that the Church, which represented Christianity to them, was the great instrument of that degradation. The Church had combined with tyrants to rule mankind ; and the common warrant claimed for oppression was *the grace of God*. Voltaire's hatred of Christianity was primarily a hatred of the Church. Rousseau seized upon the great principles of natural justice and equality as the true basis of society. The war was necessarily waged against the priesthood as well as against political abuses. The vocation of both these men was to destroy, not to build up. Neither of them was capable of reconstructing society ; neither of them had the noble elements of character or principle required in a great reformer. In their work of destruction they were only too successful. They broke up too suddenly the foundations of society, and let the masses loose from the galling restraints of a corrupt Church without supplying any principles of re-

strait whatever. The people rushed into the excesses of the Revolution as if by way of reprisal for their long-continued bondage, and decreed the annihilation of the institutions that had ground them to powder. Instead of reforming the Church, they destroyed her; instead of fixing the authority of rulers upon a proper basis, and restricting it within proper limits, they renounced all authority. All Europe felt the tremendous concussion; and European men have not become sufficiently sober yet, or sufficiently disentangled from the immediate results, to judge it rightly. The voice of history will hereafter declare, I doubt not, that the good fruits of the Revolution were manifold more than the evil. Then the men who were the principal agents in producing, or, at least, hastening the catastrophe, will be better understood; and, while their disgusting personal vices will not be forgotten, just honour will be given to the commanding services which they have rendered to mankind. Rousseau and Voltaire were bad men, it is true, but the age of Louis XV. was an age of demons.

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

"They were men who, with all their faults, moral and intellectual, sincerely and earnestly desired the improvement of the condition of the human race—whose blood boiled at the sight of cruelty and injustice—who made manful war, with every faculty which they possessed, on what they considered its abuses—and who, on many signal occasions, placed themselves gallantly between the powerful and the oppressed. While they assailed Christianity with a rancour and an unfairness disgraceful to men who call themselves philosophers, they yet had, in far greater measure than their opponents, that

charity to men of all classes and races which Christianity enjoins. Religious persecution, judicial torture, arbitrary imprisonment, the unnecessary multiplication of capital punishments, the delay and chicanery of tribunals, the exactions of farmers of the revenue, slavery, the slave-trade, were the constant subjects of their lively satire and eloquent disquisitions. When an innocent man was broken on the wheel at Toulon—when a youth, guilty only of an indiscretion, was burned at Abbeville—when a brave officer, borne down by public injustice, was dragged, with a gag in his mouth, to die on the Place de Grève, a voice instantly went forth from Lake Lemman, which made itself heard from Moscow to Cadiz, and which sentenced the unjust judges to the contempt and detestation of all Europe. The really efficient weapons with which the philosophers assailed the evangelical faith were borrowed from the evangelical morality. The ethical and dogmatical parts of the Gospel were, unhappily, turned against each other. On the one side was a church, boasting of the purity of a doctrine derived from the apostles, but disgraced by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the murder of the best of kings, by the war of the Cevennes, by the destruction of Port-Royal. On the other side was a sect laughing at the Scriptures, shooting out the tongue at the sacraments, but ready to encounter principalities and powers in the cause of justice, mercy, and toleration."

It was under the influence of such views as these that I went to Ferney, to visit the chateau of Voltaire. It stands on a rising ground a little out of the village, and commands a tolerable view of the lake. Mont Blanc, too, is visible, though fifty miles distant. The house itself is not very large, and in all respects different from what we would expect in the dwelling of a

man such as Voltaire, of great wealth and inordinate vanity. From the hall we passed into a salon hung with old velvet, furnished just as at the time of his death, and thence into his chamber, with the same chairs, stove, and curtains as when he occupied it last. There, too, was his rough pine bedstead, without paint or varnish, and his mattress and counterpane, all of the plainest. The room was hung with miserable paintings and engravings.

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

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

Tandis que j'ai vécu on m'a vu hautement
Aux badauds effarés dire mon sentiment :
Je veux le dire encore dans le royaume sombre,
S'ils ont des préjugés j'en guérirai les ombres.

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

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAMOUNI.

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

AT four o'clock on a fine summer's morning we departed from Geneva for Sallanches, on our way to the far-famed valley of Chamouni. The road keeps the rolling Arve in sight during its whole course, and is full of interest. We obtained an excellent breakfast at Bonneville, above which town the river is spanned by a stone bridge some five hundred feet long. The Alps were before us. At twelve o'clock we reached the kingdom of mists. It was raining at intervals; clouds were floating around the sides, and breaking upon the turreted heights of the mural precipices, sometimes concealing them, as the smoke of a broadside conceals the battery, and sometimes uncovering them to the view, when it was as if we had caught glimpses of a hundred Gothic pinnacles upon some old cathedral, while the base on which they rested was hidden in the dense vapours below. At St. Martin we parted with our carriage, as the road becomes more difficult from that point, and took two *chars à banc*, a sort of settee on wheels, not very comfortable, but yet convenient. The aspect of the country was wild and

gloomy until we entered the pretty valley of Servoz, out of which the road passes by a defile of great depth, at the bottom of which the Arve rolls its rapid torrent. In an hour more we were in Chamouni, formerly one of the least known of the Alpine valleys, and now so constant a resort of tourists as to be as familiar, in name at least, as any English watering-place. Almost everybody in the *Hôtel de l'Union* came to the foot of its stone steps to meet us, attracted, doubtless, by the portentous cracking of whips which our coachmen kept up.

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

After a sweet night's rest, we spent the next day in looking about the valley. It has been so often described, and, in truth, with so little success, that I will

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

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

The finest excursion from Chamouni is that to the Montanvert, to visit the *Mer de Glace* (sea of ice), and

also to see a little garden, that keeps its verdure amid surrounding snows and ice, more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. We fixed the 7th of July for this excursion. The morning opened sweetly upon this giant mountain world, and I rose early to prepare for the excursion.

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

Breakfast over, we hastened to the courtyard to mount our mules. There was a party of English, ladies and gentlemen, departing for Martigny, and mules were in demand; I went down last into the courtyard, and had Hobson's choice, but this was of little importance, as all were good and well trained. We set off in single file, our guide before on foot, and a boy behind carrying the ice pikes, about six feet long, armed with iron points. Passing across the valley to the foot of the Montanvert, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, which, at a distance, had appeared absolutely impracticable. The way for some distance, through what may be called the *fragment* region, is impeded by masses of granite, fallen

from the heights. Above us we heard the shrill notes of a brass band, and directly we turned an acute angle, saw a boy playing a medley of instruments by machinery, with which, like thousands of Swiss and Savoyards scattered all over the world, he gained his daily bread. After an hour's travel, we reached the *Caille*, a fountain half way to the glacier, and paused to look back upon the valley. The patches of grain in the fields appeared like the squares of a chess-board; the houses like little boxes; and the Arve like a thread of silver winding over the varied surface. The mountains opposite seemed like the northern barrier of the world, for all was sky beyond; not the dim horizon of a level region, but the deep blue empyrean, interrupted but in one point by a gigantic Alp that lifted his dark gray head aloft, like a self-supported tower in the heavens.

The way now entered a pine forest, which refreshed us by its coolness; and though the ascent was steep, yet the path had more soil, which was grateful to the mules, and not unwelcome to us. At the end of another hour, our guide exclaimed, *Maison voila*; and I heard my friend Mr. S. hurrying from behind to be first at the *Chateau de Blair*. To this I demurred: we tried the speed of our mules with whip and heel; I came in half a length ahead, and mountain and glacier rang with the gay hurrah of our little troop. This Chateau de Blair is a small pavilion where beds and refreshment are provided for visitors; it is so named from an Englishman, who erected a little hut here a number of years ago, now used as the stable of the establishment. On a small stone over the door of the house is an inscription, "*A la Nature*:" appropriate enough, for surely I felt, while gazing upon the glacier and the mountains around, that the hand of man had nothing to do in con-

gealing that immeasurable mass of ice, or in building up and pinnacling those aerial summits, on whose sky-peaks an eagle might grow dizzy as he looked into the yawning chasms below.

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

under and over the masses where the distances were too great for a leap.

Having passed these mountain ruins, we turned upon the glacier itself, which had been upon our left for some time. We found our conceptions of the *Mer de Glace*, like those of most persons who only hear of it, to be quite erroneous. Instead of a sea of ice, smooth, hard, and level, it was a congealed mass of what we call *slush*, that had rushed down into the gorges in the spring; in some places, where it had dissolved more perfectly, it was formed into clear and solid ice; in others, it was soft snow filling up the chasms. It is this last circumstance that makes the principal danger of the excursion, as the inexperienced *voyageur* cannot at first distinguish the solid ice from the treacherous snow. A Danish traveller, a number of years ago, on the glacier of Buet, disregarding the advice of the guide, was thus deceived, fell into one of these awful chasms, and was never heard of again. The surface of the glacier is of course very uneven, but rarely slippery, except early in the morning, before the sun has had time to make an impression. We found it no very pleasant *promenade*, ascending icy ridges from ten to thirty feet high, and frequently leaping over fissures from two to five feet wide, and of unknown depth. In one of the widest of these a large block of granite had lodged some two feet below the edge of the chasm, where our guide planted himself, and took each of us by the hand to help us over. On the surface of the glacier little rills and streams collected their waters together, and now and then precipitated themselves into these icy caverns, through whose sub-glacial passages they find their way out into the valley at the base of the glacier, and form the Arve.

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

which Moses spake when he said, "*The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the great deep.*"

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

How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

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

The sublime features of Swiss scenery are the lofty Alps, and the glaciers which lie high up in their gorges, and extend down, like frozen cataracts, into the valleys

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

The chasms which are visible at the surface of the glacier descend to unknown depths, and by the action of the running water and the temperature of the earth, are enlarged into irregular caverns, which connect with each other by avenues propped by irregular ranges of ice pillars, and finally open into the valley at the foot

of the glacier. Sometimes the adventurous shepherd falls into these frightful chasms ; and there is a well-attested instance of one who wandered about in them, and by the aid of the dim twilight which pierced through the ice, found his way out into the valley, having had only an arm broken.

Professor Hugi, of Soleure, entered these subglacial caverns by the bed of an exhausted torrent, and wandered through them for two hours, penetrating under the glacier for more than a mile. He describes the mass as worn away into dome-shaped caverns, from two to twelve feet in height. Sometimes he could walk upright, but at others was obliged to crawl through the narrow fissures. A dim light was diffused everywhere, but not sufficient to enable him to read, except near the crevices. The water dripped upon him continually from the white icy stalactites which depended from above.

Our adventure upon a glacier, the reader will remember, was upon the *Mer de Glace*, which is about twenty-five miles long and from two and a half to three wide, and descends from the flank of Mont Blanc, over steep slopes and through gently-descending gorges. At a distance, the ice on the slopes appears to be formed into immense greenish-blue crystals from ten to fifty feet in height ; but, upon examination, they are found to be pillars of compact ice, from around which the snow and softer parts have dissolved, and left them standing as detached pyramids. They frequently give way as the summer advances and fall down the frozen steep, carrying away others below them. We witnessed one of these avalanches over the icy precipice which descends headlong from the higher regions of the *Mer de Glace* into the valley of Chamouni ; and

the prolonged, interrupted, and reiterated thunder of the falling masses, as they dashed from height to height, or glided smoothly on the intervening inclined planes, increasing in bulk and velocity until shattered to pieces on the ruins below, was sublime beyond description as it reverberated from the surrounding heights, and died away in the distant gorges.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARTIGNY.

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

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

river-deltas on the other. The bonnets of these Valais peasants were peculiar: low, small, and narrow-rimmed, with a broad, fanciful riband, gathered up so as to hide the crown from view.

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

Just beyond this filthy village, the road crosses a deep abyss, through which the rapid Drance rushes on its way to the Rhone. In a short time vegetation disappeared, and the aspect of the region around was dreary and desolate. Beds of snow, from two to twenty feet deep, began to appear. Still ascending, we saw on the

wayside a plain wooden cross, and, still farther on, two of the noble dogs of St. Bernard stood, and quietly turned their mild, benevolent eyes towards us as we passed. At three o'clock we reached the summit of the pass, and saw before us the massive walls of the Hospice, the highest human habitation in Europe at least, being more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. A polite and good-looking monk greeted us at the door, and conducted us at once to our chambers, and from thence to a saloon, where we found a comfortable fire.

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

The Hospice stands on the north edge of a small lake in the plateau at the summit of the pass. At the south end there stood formerly a temple to Jupiter, of which

the foundations still remain, with a few pieces of the marble cornice; and many coins and inscriptions in brass, found upon the site, are preserved in the museum of the convent. The Hospice itself was founded at a very early period, for the comfort and relief of travellers in these dangerous passes, and was re-established A.D. 962 by St. Bernard, from whom it derives its name. Ever since that period it has been kept up, with occasional interruptions, and with vicissitudes of wealth and poverty. At one time it owned broad lands in Sardinia, Flanders, and even in England; but at present its resources are limited, and its principal support is derived from the charity of the benevolent abroad, and from the contributions of travellers to the box in the chapel. Some ten to fifteen monks of the Augustine order reside here, where they are bound by their vow to remain fifteen years, though the severity of the climate generally cuts the period down to nine or ten. No design could be more praiseworthy than this, and no self-denial more noble than that by which it is carried out. Every morning in the winter, a monk, a servant, and one of the dogs* of St. Bernard descend the mountains in each direction to search for travellers who have been overtaken in the snow-storms, who are conveyed to the Hospice, refreshed, and sent on their way. In many instances the unfortunate wayfarer perishes before this benevolent aid can reach him. In that case

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

the body is taken to the *morgue*, or dead-house, a stone building about eighteen feet square, where it remains until it is claimed by friends, or gradually falls to pieces in the lapse of years. It never thaws, nor does corruption or the worms of death ever invade the inmates of the cold charnel-house of St. Bernard. It presented a fearful spectacle, as we looked through the grated window; and I shall keep the image of it to my dying day. The cold earth floor was strewn with bones, and bodies half crumbled, which had fallen from their leaning posture by the wall; others stood there, as they had stood for years, and seemed to turn their ghastly gaze upon us; one especially, whose winding sheet, his only coffin, was yet perfect around him. But what clings to my imagination most closely and sadly is a mother and her infant. She had clasped her child to her bosom, drawn the skirts of her gown around it, pressed her hands firmly about its neck, then looked back over her shoulder as if for help, and died! There they stood before me, just as they were found. With saddened hearts we turned away, and retraced our steps to the convent.

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

mass; and I honoured in my heart these holy men, who devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life in order to do good, in the spirit of their Master, to the bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honour them the less that they were Romanists and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds that they were doing—and that when none else could do them. A man must be blinded indeed by prejudice, or bigotry, that cannot see the monuments of Catholic virtue and the evidences of Catholic piety in every country in Europe; and worse than blind must he be that will not acknowledge and honour them when he does see them.*

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

At seven o'clock coffee was served in the *salon*, after which we prepared for our departure. No charge is made for food or lodging at the convent, but visitors make their offerings of recompense at the little box in

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

the chapel. I do not know when I have made a more willing one. The good monk who had attended us during our stay had gained our regard in that short time, by his urbanity and kindness, and our parting with him was even affectionate.

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

Being anxious to get to Geneva as soon as possible, we took seats in the diligence to Villeneuve for ten o'clock the same night ; but, as it came in full from Mi-

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

were soon at the *Hôtel de la Balance*. A bath in the transparent waters of the Rhone, a change of clothing from head to foot, and a good dinner, removed all the fatigue of our laborious excursion to the Great St. Bernard.

CHAPTER XIX.

GENEVA.

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

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

In order to have full command of our movements, we secured a private carriage at Geneva, and at seven o'clock in the morning took our departure, my young friends within the carriage, and myself outside with the driver. The sun shone brilliantly; the Lemán lay before us in its placid beauty; a sweet breeze came athwart its gentle waves, and fanned us as we rode along the bank. Our course lay up the northern shore of the lake. The road was bordered by hedges and

stone walls, clustered over with vines and shrubs; many mansions, in simple and beautiful taste, surrounded with shrubbery and gardens, occupied the adjacent grounds. The environs of Geneva are not exceeded by those of any town or city I have yet seen. The whole country, for a mile or two around, is literally covered with pleasure-grounds and gardens; and the city itself, with its red tile roofs, looks, at a distance, like a blemish on the bosom of this lovely scene.

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

Nine miles farther on stands a little village, whose name, though unknown to the great world, will send a thrill to many hearts that never heard of the author of *Corinne*. If, at *Coppet*, I paused to muse upon the genius, the fame, and the errors of a highly-gifted woman, who stood among strong men as an equal in a time when the intellect of Europe was strained to its utmost tension, it was with a far deeper feeling of reverence and love that I thought at *Nyon* upon the saint-like piety, the self-sacrificing benevolence, and the untiring zeal of *John William de la Flechere*, the assistant and friend of Wesley. Honouring the memory of the devoted evangelist as we did, it was with no ordinary emotion that we entered the house and stood in the chamber where he was born. Here, too, were the gardens in

which he had walked ; and not far distant the grove in which he explained the Word of Life, after his energetic and evangelical preaching had procured him the ill-will of the neighbouring pastors, and closed the doors of their churches against him. Of all the names in the history of Methodism, Fletcher's brings with it the sweetest associations. He was to Wesley what Melancthon was to Luther.

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

Lausanne is the centre of the Wesleyan Missions of Switzerland and the adjoining provinces of France ; and the station has been long and faithfully filled by the Rev. Mr. Cook, of whose labours and success in this interesting field many of my readers will have heard. I regret-

ted that we could not see him, as he was absent from the town on the day of our call there.

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

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

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

The country from Payerne to Freyburg is filled with a dense and apparently a happy population. Roads diverged from the highway in every direction, and at very short intervals village spires glittered in the sun. We were reminded of home by the farmhouses scattered over the valley, and especially by several fields of tobacco, the first that we had seen in Europe. We noticed farmhouses of three distinct classes: sometimes a neat mansion, sometimes a sweet cottage with a pretty drooping gable, but generally large stone buildings divided into three parts: one for the family, one for the cattle, and one for the provender. My reader may smile when I tell him that, although a huge pile of manure is always in process of ripening before the door, these farm dwellings generally appear clean and comfortable outside, whatever may be the state of things within.

Leaving the valley of Payerne, we crossed the sum-

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

This old and interesting town lies upon the west side of the Saarine, a rapid stream flowing through a narrow, precipitous gorge some two hundred feet deep, over which is thrown an elegant suspension bridge 905 feet long. This beautiful structure, one of the finest in Europe, shows to great advantage from the depth of the gorge below. The ancient walls and feudal towers that encircle the city add to its attractions, throwing the mind back into the Middle Ages; an effect which is heightened by the antique air of the houses, the steep and narrow streets, and the numerous Catholic churches, convents, and chapels. The place contains about eight thousand inhabitants. I went to the Church of St. Nicholas to hear its celebrated organ, said to be one of the best in Europe, having sixty-four stops and 7800 pipes, which is played for visitors who will pay for it at any time out of mass-hours. The powers of the instrument were well brought out by the organist, who concluded his performance with the storm scene in *Der Freyschutz*, imitating the thunder and wind capitally. We paid eleven francs for the music. I also visited an old *lime-tree*, planted, according to tradition, on the day of the battle of Morat, 1476. It is now a decrepit trunk, with its decaying branches supported by a framework resting on four stone pillars.

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

The canton Freyburg is one of the strongest Catholic cantons in Switzerland, and is, perhaps, the only democratic state in the world in which the priesthood wields an influence as great as they can exert under any despotic government. There are a number of religious establishments of Carthusians and others in the canton, and the Jesuits have an extensive college, and a boys' school with some four hundred pupils in the capital. The buildings of these establishments are the most imposing in the place, from their site and appearance. We could not fail to notice the difference between the Protestant canton of Vaud and this Catholic district immediately adjoining it. In the former, no religious insignia appeared by the wayside ; in the latter, crosses, crucifixes,

and images of the Virgin were constantly to be seen. The cathedral at Lausanne, as I have said, was entirely destitute of ornament; that of Freyburg is gaudy, and even ludicrous in its decorations. The Vaudois had a far better look, more keen, free, open, and intelligent than the Freyburgers; and their dwellings and farms were in neater order. But, indeed, this difference between the effects of Catholicism and Protestantism can be traced wherever the two systems have had time to develop their respective results in the habits, character, and institutions of the people.

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

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

each side of the passage. We took up our quarters in the Hotel Faucon.

The next day was the holy day of rest. I attended Divine service in the morning at the celebrated Minster. This was once a Catholic cathedral, built in 1430, and in external appearance resembles that of Freyburg. Over the western portal, under a massive Gothic tower, is a curious and even ludicrous bas-relief, representing the Day of Judgment and the Wise and Foolish Virgins. The principal figure is driving away, with a drawn sword, a hideous multitude on the left, whose countenances, half horrible, half ludicrous, make a deep impression; on the right, the good are represented as a company of priests in procession, looking devoutly towards heaven, and around them the apostles, wretchedly sculptured in sandstone. Passing under the lofty nave into a side aisle, I found myself in a Catholic cathedral stripped of all its ornaments; and its gray stone walls and naked pillars seemed to chill the current of feeling with their cold sublimity. The service commenced with a psalm, accompanied by the organ; and it was delightful to hear, in such a temple, instead of the chanting of a priest, the voice of the *multitude* swelling up to the vaulted ceiling in a hymn of praise. A prayer followed, the congregation all standing; then a short sermon, timed by a sand-glass that stood on the side of the pulpit. The preacher was a grave, good-looking man, in a black gown with small sleeves, and a deep circular ruff of cambric, much like those we see in the pictures of Queen Elizabeth. The people behaved with propriety, and listened attentively, though with no sign of feeling. The benediction was received standing, and the congregation dispersed. I stood and observed them as they passed. They were evidently of

the middle classes of society : not the peasantry and working people with their twenty-four inch plate hats, nor the pure aristocrats of Berne, who, I suppose, were hardly out of their beds at this early hour. The dress fashionable among the women was neat and modest : a bodice of black velvet, with a collar passing round from the back and open in front, exhibiting the snow-white vest buttoned close up to the throat, was the prevailing feature ; a common ornament being two steel chains, looped to the corners of the collar in front, passing loosely under each arm, and fastened again at the shoulders behind.

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

The *bear* is the device upon the arms of the canton of Berne. He seems to be a universal favourite here, as you may see him at every turn in some form or oth-

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

I had heard a good deal of the view from the Tower of the Minster, and determined to see for myself. The stone staircase was worn by the steps of thousands upon thousands that had made the narrow ascent for centuries past. Gaining the summit, I found that the beauty of the view had not been exaggerated. Immediately below, on its narrow peninsula, lay the town, an ill-defined mass of houses, with ten thousand dormer windows starting from their ancient moss-covered tile roofs; a little beyond appeared the pretty environs, with their neat dwellings imbosomed in trees and shrubbery; farther on, to the north, the level country stretched away until it was shut in by the misty Juras, while to the southward the view is bounded by the Bernese Alps, whose dazzling snow-peaks seem to pierce the clouds. In this Alpine world the *Jungfrau* holds pre-eminence, and can, I doubt not, look over the intervening mountains, and greet her brother monarch, Mont Blanc, when the morning sun first gilds his snowy crest.

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

CHAPTER XX.

LANGNAU.

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

Our first day's journey from Berne ended at Langnau, the chief town of the valley of the Emme. The country thus far was agreeably diversified, apparently fertile, and the people seemed to be cheerful, healthy, and well-conditioned. The houses are large, with projecting eaves, and approximate more to the German appearance. The people, too, are German, and, accordingly, every man you meet has a pipe in his mouth. The German language is used, with some attempts at French, so that neither are well spoken. At Langnau we had a good supper, with fish fresh from the river, and a pretty German girl for waiter, who was our very ideal *belle* of a Swiss peasant girl—trim, cleanly, and modest. Next morning, early, we resumed our way through the beautiful *Emmenthal*. The usual tokens by the wayside showed that we were in a Catholic canton; and in one of the little villages, as we passed, the humble church was full of worshippers at the mass, and the churchyard was filled with black and gilded crosses on the graves of generations departed. At noon we reached *Lucerne*, capital of the canton of the same name, one of the four which constituted the origi-

nal confederacy. The three others were Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwytz, which last has had the honour of giving name to the country. The city lies upon both sides of the River Reuss, contains about seven thousand inhabitants, and, of itself, is not worth visiting; but its beautiful situation and the many interesting scenes around it attract many strangers.

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

“With naked breast upon their serried lances.”

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

There were the yellow Austrian banners, rent and

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

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

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

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

The bridges of Lucerne, hung with old paintings, have

long been its greatest curiosity. The lines of Wordsworth have made them familiar to thousands :

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

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

“ Lessons for every heart—a Bible for all eyes.”

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

No one visits Lucerne without making the excursion of the lake. It is not a single sheet of water, but a

number of bays connected by romantic straits, lying deeply imbosomed in the Alps, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. We left Lucerne in the steamer at six o'clock in the morning. On the right rose up the rugged and precipitous Mont Pilatus, and the double-crested Righi on the left, while we seemed to be running into the midst of a score of snowy alps that filled up the space before us; but the green line of water opened between the Righi and the Bürgenbourg, and we found our way through the mountain barrier. One could hardly believe the precipitous walls of the Righi are not quays of Cyclopean masonry, so straight and regular are they. Entering the little Gulf of Buochs, we saw the little village of that name in a retired cove on the right, while Gersau lay nestled under the base of Righi, to the left. The view was closed on all sides, and there seemed to be no way of escape. After running east for an hour, the lake bends southwardly at right angles, forming the romantic and storied Bay of Uri; and here, surrounded with cliffs, almost the only green spot upon the precipices that enclose the bay, was the *Meadow of Grütli*, the birthplace of the Swiss Confederacy, where, on the night of November 17, 1307, Arnold An Der Halden, of Melcthal; Werner Stauffacher, of Schwytz; and Walter Furst, of Uri, bound themselves by a solemn oath,* in the dead

* "By yon bright Orb, which now—while crowds below us
With labouring lungs inhale the city's fume—
Comes forth to greet us with his earliest ray,
Let's swear the oath of our Confederation.
We swear to be one people of true Brothers:
We swear that no extremity shall part us;
We will be free—free as our fathers left us,
Preferring death in any shape to bondage."

SCHILLER'S *William Tell*, act ii., scene ii.

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

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

From Lucerne our route lay along the Bay of Küssnacht, which makes up from the lake. Opposite were the slopes of the majestic Righi, covered, from the water's edge, with golden grain ripe for the sickle, and noble trees, reflected in the blue mirror of the bay so clearly that we saw the yellow hue of the grain, the luxuriant foliage of the trees, and the rich sward-carpet repeated far down in the glassy depths. Passing the village of Küssnacht, which stands at the head of the little bay, the road winds up a deeply-shaded ravine to the summit between the Lake of Lucerne and Lake Zug. It was in this hollow-way, according to tradition, that Tell shot Gessler on his way to Küssnacht, after his escape from the storm upon the lake. Even the very spot where the tyrant fell by the hero's hand

is pointed out by a chapel erected there; and the position of the tree behind which he stood was indicated to us by an old woman. There seems to be no good reason for doubting the localities in general. The reader will perceive that there are thus two *Tell's Chapels*, the one before alluded to, on the Bay of Uri, where he leaped ashore from Gessler's boat; the other, in the hollow pass of Küssnacht. In the language of Sir James Mackintosh, "they are as much revered by the Alpine peasants as Mecca is by a devout Mussulman."* In a few minutes Lake Zug lay before us; not so magnificent as Lemane, nor so sublime as Lucerne, but calm and sweet in its quiet loveliness.

Our chief object of interest here was the small valley of Goldau, situated between the Righi and the Rossberg, which was overwhelmed in 1806 by a landslide from the latter mountain. More than four hundred and fifty lives were lost, and three villages entirely destroyed, in the space of five minutes, by this dreadful catastrophe. The mountain is composed of alternate layers of sandstone and a soft puddingstone, made up of rounded pebbles of different sizes, mixed with sand and clay, which cracks readily. It is obvious that water passing into these fissures would tend to loosen the hold of the strata of puddingstone upon the hard sandstone below; and as these strata dip towards Goldau with considerable inclination, that the portions thus detached would tend to slide, as snow slides in masses from the roof of a house when the parts in contact with the roof are melted by the percolation of water. This is the simple solution of the catastrophe. Its terrible traces are seen from afar on the desolate mountain side, still bare of all

* Life of Mackintosh, vol. ii.

vegetation, and in the vast ruins projected far into the valley.

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

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

doctrines of the Reformation remain to this day in Zurich as they were on the day when he went out to do battle for them, while they have departed utterly from the national Church of Geneva.

We had yet a mountain to cross before we could see Zurich; and it was necessary to have a *vorspann*, or leader, to aid in dragging the carriage up the ascent. Walking on in advance of the carriage, I looked back to see its approach, and, lo! a huge dun-coloured bull, in traces, was leading on the grand procession. It looked odd enough, but is the custom; and his bullship is kept shod and ready at the foot of the mountain for the purpose. Winding round the brow of the great Albis, we came in sight of the lake and city of Zurich, by far the richest and most striking scene that we had yet beheld. We were opposite the centre of the lake, which stretched away far to the left, and was crowned in that direction by the spires and buildings of the beautiful city; while on the distant right it was shut in by a sudden bend to the eastward, at the town of Rapperschwyl, which appeared like a white spot on the bosom of the green foliage. Far beyond, the snowy peaks and glaciers of the Alps of Uri and Schwytz rose towards the clouds. The long space between these points, relieved by the deep indentations of the lake, is filled up with fertile fields and vineyards; while the most striking feature of the landscape is the multitude of neat and tasteful dwellings scattered over the scene. I have never beheld such an array of rural abodes. After a splendid descent of a couple of hours, we reached *Zurich*, and took up our quarters at the Hotel Baur. •

CHAPTER XXI.

ZURICH.

Zurich.—The Reformation.—Zwingle's Pulpit.—His Banner.—Autograph of Lady Jane Grey.—Lavater's Death.—Brück.—Castle of Hapsburg.—Abbey of Kœnigsfeld.—The Rhine.—Field of St. Jacob.—Bâle Cathedral.—Tomb of Erasmus.—His Character.—Institutions of Bâle.—Holbein's Paintings.—Company at Table d'Hôte.

ZURICH is situated on the Limmat, at the north end of the lake, contains a population of fifteen thousand, and is a place of considerable trade and wealth. The chief manufacture is silk, employing thousands in the city and vicinity. We saw looms in almost every small house that we passed in descending the Albis. Apart from the associations that make the name of Zurich dear to every Protestant heart, there is not much interest in the place; but *these* are powerful enough to attract pilgrims of all lands. It was the cradle of the Reformation in Switzerland, and to the manly steadfastness of its Council in sustaining and defending Zwingle, he was indebted for the opportunities that he enjoyed of forging and hurling the powerful weapons with which he attacked the abuses of the Papacy. My emotions were thrilling indeed when I visited the old cathedral, and stood in the very pulpit from which he raised his fearless voice against the vices and the tyranny of Rome, and proclaimed to astonished thousands the strange doctrine of salvation through Christ alone. "In this pulpit," said one of his contemporaries, "he spared no one, neither pope, nor emperor, nor kings, nor dukes, nor princes,

nor lords, not even the confederates. All the strength and all the joy of his own heart were in God ; therefore he exhorted the whole city of Zurich to trust in none but him.* In many respects, indeed, the character of the Swiss reformer transcends that of the great Frenchman, or even of Luther himself ; and the impression that he left upon his own country seems to be more durable than they were able to make on theirs.

At the arsenal we saw the banner which Zwingli carried at the battle of Cappel, in obedience to an ancient usage of the canton. He fell with it in his hands, calling upon the brave Zurichers to "trust in God." There is displayed also in the arsenal a large collection of ancient armour, of all kinds, the trophies of Swiss valour upon the ancient fields of Morgarten, Morat, and Sempach. The Swiss steel coats of mail are arranged above the black coats of the Burgundians, among which I saw the heavy armour of the great Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold. But, as we had seen many such things elsewhere, we hastened to the library, where, among many valuable books and some manuscripts, are preserved two autograph letters of Lady Jane Grey, and one of Bullinger, her preceptor. Those of Lady Jane are written in Latin, in a beautiful bold hand, and breathe pious feelings. Here, also, we saw a finely-executed bust, in white marble, of Lavater, who was a native of the town. The countenance was worthy of the benevolent and pious physiognomist ; I have rarely seen so kind and benignant an expression, except, perhaps, Fletcher's, which, indeed, it much resembles. Near at hand is the church of St. Peter's, of which Lavater was minister for many years ; and not far off is the house in

* Weise : quoted by D'Aubigné.

which he lived. When Zurich was taken by the French, September 26, 1799, Lavater, with his usual benevolence, was aiding the wounded soldiers in the street, near his house, when he received a shot in his side. Massena offered a large reward for the discovery of the assassin, but in vain. It is thought that the murder was not committed by any either of the Russian or French soldiers, but by some personal enemy of Lavater, who declared that he knew its author, but would not disclose his name, though he lingered for fifteen months after the event.

It was our original purpose to visit the Lake of Constance, but circumstances compelled us to change our plan, and proceed directly to Bâle, and thence down the Rhine. Accordingly, we left Zurich, and reached the ancient town of Brück, at the junction of the Aar and the Reuss, on the same day. Near the town are the remains of the Castle of Hapsburg, the cradle of the house of Austria, from whence Rodolph, count of Hapsburg, was chosen, in 1273, to fill the throne of the Empire. The events of two thousand years came thronging to my recollection as I gazed from the keep of the tower over the wide panorama spread out below, whose plains once shook under the tread of Roman legions, and groaned beneath the weight of mighty fortresses. It was the *Vindonissa* of the Romans, the stronghold of their power in Helvetia. There, too, was the ancient Abbey of Kœnigsfeld, erected on the spot where, on the 1st of May, 1308, Albert of Austria, the treacherous and vindictive son of Rodolph, was assassinated by his injured nephew, and breathed out his life in the arms of a peasant woman who was sitting by the roadside. Towards the south, on a distant promontory overlooking the valley of the Reuss, stood the

remains of a strong castle that belonged to the sons of the Austrian Gessler, while to the north rose the lofty ridge of Botzberg, the *Mons Vocetius* of the Romans, where a great battle was fought between them and the Helvetians, in which victory declared for the conquerors of the world. Perhaps there is no single spot in Europe around which so many historical recollections cluster as this little valley of the Aar and Reuss.

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

"Exulting and abounding river,
A thousand battles have assailed thy banks;
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And Slaughter heaped on high his sweltering ranks:
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glassed with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem."*

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

Our first object in Bâle was the Cathedral, where Æcolampadius and Zwingli had preached. It is a fine old building of the thirteenth century, stripped, as some

* Childe Harold, canto iii.

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

* Basle is the evangelical centre for Southern Germany. A great religious anniversary is held here in June, in which the evangelical clergy from the surrounding states participate. The Basle Missionary Institution was founded in 1800. It has a seminary for the education of missionaries, and has sent out one hundred and seventy-five to the four quarters of the world: to

ergy. Indeed, Bâle is a great and happy place in the noble recollections that cluster round its history.

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

We found our stay at Bâle very agreeable, in our excellent lodgings at the Three Kings. On the day of our departure I scrutinized the company at the *table d'hôte* a little more closely than usual, as they were likely to be, in part at least, our fellow-voyagers on the Rhine. At the lower end sat a huge, red-faced Belgian, with sandy mustaches, so long that it was anything but an easy matter for him to find the way to his mouth. Near him was a florid-looking Englishman, evidently a raw traveller, who contrived to keep his eyeglass to his eye, after the manner of a surgeon's speculum, until he had very leisurely stared at every one in the room, when he relaxed his eyebrows, and let the useful instrument fall to its *suspense* round his neck. I should have been disposed to call him insolent, but that I was engaged in

New Zealand, to the East Indies, to Jerusalem, Egypt, and Syria; to Abyssinia, to West Africa, to North America, to Greece, to Malta, to the Caucasus, to Bessarabia, to the Crimea, &c. — *New-York Observer*, December 30, 1843.

the same innocent observation myself, though without the glass. Three or four other English, who showed themselves quite civil and well bred, sat at the upper end of the table. After this inspection, and another, perhaps equally minute, of a rooster served up for dinner, beak, comb, feet, and all, as is the custom in these parts, I paid due honour to the repast before us. This was our last day in Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURE FROM BÂLE.

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

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

The Rhine from Bâle to Strasburg is flat and uninteresting. I had desired to visit that strongly-fortified city; but our arrangements would not allow it, so that I had to content myself with a sight of the spire of its noble cathedral, the highest in the world, being four

hundred and seventy-four feet above the pavement, higher, even, than the pyramid of Cheops. Above Strasburg we came to, in order to have our luggage examined by the officers of the German Customs Union. It was amusing to see our passengers, some fretting and fuming as their trunks were opened, some mortified at the exposure of their scanty wardrobes, and some almost in despair as the rough boor in uniform turned their trunks inside out. Our faithful Samuel stood on the alert beside our five trunks, and, when the officer approached, offered the keys at once, saying that the luggage belonged to American travellers; and, thanks to the distance of my country, or to Samuel's frankness, one trunk was unlocked and barely looked at, while the rest were suffered to pass unopened. It is folly for travellers to resist or show any impatience at these regulations; they should carry nothing contraband, or, if they do, openly exhibit it, and they will fare all the better for it. The hour of dinner was approaching, and steamboat travellers at home could not possibly show more impatience, or use more stratagem to secure seats at the table, than did these voyagers on the Rhine. Half an hour before dinner was served up, the table was filled with hungry men and women, nibbling their bits of bread and sipping from their half-bottles of white wine. There were my "civil English" company of the *table d'hôte* at Bâle; the red-faced Belgian; a group of Germans, incessant talkers, deafening us with their constant "ya, ya;" a French Amazon and her *friend*; two oddly-dressed women, with very large noses, and two little girls with them, who, by way of compensation, I suppose, had hardly any noses at all. All was life, talk, and clatter. The dinner was a medley of roast beef and cucumbers, stewed beef and puddings, omelet,

cabbage, carrots, and potatoes, served up in the order in which I mention them. The plates were changed with the courses, but the knives and forks did service through the whole hour and a half without relief or cleansing. The first table was very decent and orderly; but the unlucky wights who had to wait for the second, finding their supplies neither regular nor abundant, were sufficiently uproarious.

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

Next day was the Sabbath, on which we determined to rest in this ancient Catholic city. Immediately after breakfast we heard the measured tread of soldiers and the music of the bands; it was a Prussian corps belonging to the garrison. Shortly after, another, in different uniform, passed along, which were Austrian troops. The garrison of Mayence is composed of four thousand Austrians and four thousand Prussians, maintained by the Germanic Confederation, and commanded, in alternate periods of five years, by Prussian and Austrian officers. As we could not hear of any Protestant ser-

vice in the place, we went, at ten o'clock, to the Cathedral, an old erection of the eleventh century. Its interior is overloaded with carving, gilding, paintings, and monuments, the accumulations of centuries. The congregation was more numerous than any I had seen in Europe, of respectable appearance and decent deportment; yet anything but devout, especially the young ladies, who, while kneeling, gazed quite as much at the passers-by as at the image of the Virgin before them. The whole service was evidently hurried: the mass was quickly run over; the priest drank two goblets of wine, each at three gulps, waved his hand to the people, and all was over. There was no sound of chant or organ, and the congregation hastened away, with evident pleasure, from the place of worship to the public walks and gardens.

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

Mayence is memorable as the seat of an invention which has produced greater effects on human society than any single agency except Christianity. John Gänsefleisch, commonly called Gutenberg, was born here

in 1400, and in 1438 first made use of movable types of wood in printing. The first printing-office which he occupied is still standing. In 1837 a statue of Gutenberg, designed by Thorwaldsen, was erected in an open square, bearing this inscription: "Johannem Gänsefleisch de Gutenberg, Patricium Moguntinum Ære per totam Europam collato posuerunt cives, A.D. 1837." As the inscription indicates, contributions for the erection of the monument were received from every state in Europe.

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

Nothing struck me more than the fine *physique* of the people at Frankfort and Mayence, of all classes: the men robust and cheerful, the women ruddy, lively, and many of them handsome. Wherever I saw them, at church, in the streets, on the quays, in the cars, the impression was the same: no careworn countenances,

no sallow complexions, no premature old age—absolutely none. The contrast between such a population and that of any thriving business town in America is indeed painful. But yet, on the other hand, there is none of that air of intelligence and of independence which is so common at home. Would that we could combine with our restless activity of mind, the same care of the health, the same love of out-door exercises and amusements, and the same playful spirit which characterize the people of the Continent of Europe.

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

We now approached that part of the Rhine whose beauty and historical associations have rendered it famous among the rivers of Europe. The passage thro' the highlands requires several hours. You could wish it as many days. I had read much of the castles of

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

Of real *sublimity* there is little in either, while in all the elements of natural *beauty* both are rich beyond compare, except with each other.

The traveller down the Rhine sees the level country opening out before him below Coblenz with regret, after having been so long amid the varied magnificence of the highlands. But it is at parting with them that he receives the noblest impression of their grandeur, as the lofty *Siebengeberge* (seven mountains), crowned on all their summits with ruined towers and castles, close his view.

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

Below Bonn, the banks of the Rhine are comparatively uninteresting. I left the steamer at Cologne in order to see that most populous and wealthy of the cities of the Rhine. It was founded by Agrippina, mother of Nero, who was born here, and from whom it was called *Colonia Agrippinæ*, whence the modern name. The great Cathedral was the first object of interest. It was commenced in 1248, and the work was carried on till the times of the Reformation, when it was suspended,

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

From the Cathedral I went to St. Peter's to see Rubens's last work—supposed by himself to be his masterpiece—the Crucifixion of Peter. There are various

opinions in regard to the merits of the painting. Sir Joshua Reynolds even suspected that many parts of it were completed by his scholars. I cannot pretend to give a critical judgment, but must state that the picture made a powerful impression upon my feelings. The conception, at least, is perfect. This painting was carried to Paris when the French rifled Europe to adorn the galleries of the capital, but was restored in 1815, when the whole population went out to meet it, and conducted it in triumph to its place.

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

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOLLAND.

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

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

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

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

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

The willow branches are also used in basket-making, and in the construction of slight enclosures around the cottages; these are invariably built of dark, hard-burned brick, the sides of one low story, while the end, which is

towards the street, has two or three more. The cottages are thatched with the coarse reed growing along the edges of the canals and ditches, which makes a pretty and very durable roof.

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

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

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

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

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

The last two hours of our ride were less interesting, as the soil was thinner, the country more naked, and

the canal at a distance. Before we reached the city, the full-orbed moon came up out of the level country, as out of the ocean, and lighted us into the ancient and curious city of Amsterdam, where we took lodgings at the Hotel *des Pays bas*. I slept as soundly on the fine hair mattress as I had done the night before under the table of the steamer.

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

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

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

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

The docks, lying within the edge of the city, were full of shipping. It was a noble sight, and as we passed along before the dingy, hard-looking ranges of ware-

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

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

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

The grand saloon is now the royal ballroom. The change was not effected without some difficulty. In point of size, proportions, and elegance, it was the very thing for a splendid ballroom; but then, the sculpture! Over the great door which led to the Hall of Justice is a group in which a wretched criminal cowers before

the figure of Justice, with drawn sword, under which is *Death*, with his skeleton hand upon an hour-glass. What was to be done? The figure could not be removed: that would have been trying Dutch patience a little too far; but yet, who could glide down the magnificent saloon in the gay dance, in the face of that grinning skeleton? A happy thought was suggested. A white cloth, saturated with a solution of gum, was thrown over the figure and moulded into graceful drapery, and lo! the dance could proceed, for *Death* was not there. Turning from the sculpture to gaze upon the noble hall, I observed our friend S. sitting apart, with an air of dejection. "This is all wrong," said he; "this is no *palace*: it was built as a monument of the victories of the *Republic*." The flags taken from various nations by the Republic were tastefully grouped at each end of the room. As I looked at them, S. remarked, "I think it is time we were getting some more." A true Republican heart beat in his breast.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM HAARLEM TO BRUSSELS.

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

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

We proceeded to *Leyden*, the ancient seat of literature, and only regretted that we could not make a longer stay at this most interesting place. The siege of the town by the Spaniards in 1573 presented an endurance of suffering on the part of its inhabitants almost unrivalled in history. It is said that the Prince of Orange, in reward for the bravery and patriotism of the Leydenese, offered either to exempt them from taxes or to found a university in the city: they chose the uni-

versity, and it became one of the most celebrated in Europe. The names of Des Cartes, Grotius, and Arminius are, indeed, enough to adorn its annals. Though it has fallen from its ancient supremacy, it yet affords good opportunities of education, especially in medicine, and has, perhaps, five hundred students annually. The buildings of the University are neither extensive nor striking. The botanical garden adjoining it, though not so large as can be found in some other countries, is yet, in point of scientific arrangement, one of the finest in Europe.

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

Passing through Delft, we arrived at Rotterdam at nine o'clock at night. The hotel was full, and we were put into some rooms on the ground-floor, and this in Holland, too, and the rain pouring down in torrents. Vexed at being treated in this way, we determined to depart quickly for Antwerp, honouring Rotterdam only with a cursory inspection. It is a curiosity indeed. There are almost as many canals as streets, and their lively bustle, the heavy drawbridges, the odd-looking boats, the quaint old houses, the strangely-dressed and

sober-sided people, make up a picture as diverse as possible from anything we see at home. There is every advantage for the extensive commerce of the place. The use of sledges is one of the greatest peculiarities. Carts, and even hackney-coaches, are mounted on them instead of wheels, and provided with small kegs in front, from which water dribbles before the runners to diminish friction. All vehicles of burden and implements of husbandry are much ruder in these old countries than in America.

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

Our hotel at Antwerp was upon the banks of the Scheldt, and commanded a fine view of the river, which wound its course through a fertile agricultural country. The general impression is saddening. The queen of commerce is almost desolate. In the sixteenth century

twenty-five hundred vessels floated at one time upon the bosom of her noble river, and her merchants were princes. Now, not a dozen ships were to be seen in her waters, and the population is reduced from 200,000 to 75,000. The causes of this decline can be easily traced.

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

bloody war, marked by distinguished cruelty on the part of the Spaniards, and by prodigies of patience and valour in the cities of the Netherlands, their independence was established. At the commencement of the war Antwerp was in the highest state of commercial splendour, but during its course it received several heavy blows, from which it never recovered. The establishment of the Inquisition drove its most industrious and skilful artisans to London, and to those Antwerp refugees England is indebted for the establishment of her silk manufactures. If the same degree of religious freedom that now prevails over the Continent had existed from the fifteenth century, it is probable that France, Germany, and the Low Countries would have been what England now is, in manufactures, wealth, and power. The elements of that very Protestantism, which has given England her supremacy, were prepared on the Continent, and were once far more widely diffused there than now; twenty-five hundred Protestant ministers were once to be found in France, where now there is scarcely a fifth of that number. I have before noticed the fact, which the traveller in Europe must everywhere observe, that in all the arts of life, in science, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the Protestant countries are far in advance of the Catholic. You may see the difference in passing a few miles over the same soil and in the same climate, from a Catholic to a Protestant state. It is the difference of spiritual atmosphere that produces this diversity. The mind of the Protestant is essentially free, that of the Catholic essentially slavish. The formulas of the latter are stereotyped, and he must take them unexamined; the doctrines of the former are received by his own free choice. The worship of the

Catholic makes no appeal to his thought, but captivates his senses and his imagination; the worship of the Protestant is spiritual and intellectual, and powerfully exercises his thought and reflection. In consequence, the aggregate mind of a Protestant state exhibits a freedom, boldness, and activity which cannot be developed in a Catholic state, and the results are soon obvious in the progress of civilization.

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

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

The *Descent from the Cross*, the master-piece of Rubens, hangs in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, in which building are also preserved the *Elevation of the Cross*, the *Assumption of the Virgin*, and the *Resurrection*, all by the same great master, and marked by the boldness of conception and strength of colouring that characterized his genius. The *Descent from the Cross* involves

in the position of the prominent figures some of the greatest difficulties of the art, which are admirably surmounted by the painter. The head hanging languidly on the shoulder, and the sinking of the body on one side, are the impersonation of the heaviness of death. But the *Crucifixion*, by Vandyk, preserved in the Museum, struck me most forcibly ; I could not repress indignation, sorrow, even tears, as I gazed upon the image of the Crucified stooping meekly and yielding his bleeding back to the strokes of the scourge, while the blue marks of the thong verged into blackness, and the dark blood trickled from the fearful wounds.

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

The most absurd thing I had yet seen in or about Catholic churches was nothing to the representation of Calvary and Purgatory on the outside of St. Paul's in Antwerp. Passing under a rough archway, you find a rude avenue of jagged stone walls, on both sides of which are statues of the Apostles, Saints, and Prophets on pedestals of rugged masonry ; and farther in is an eminence of some sixty feet high, formed of the same rough stonework, resting against the transept of the church. On the top of this imitation of Calvary is a cross, on which the body of Christ is extended ; at the foot of it, on the left, stands St. John, and on the right

Mary, holding a vase, which receives a stream of blood, represented by an iron rod painted a deep red, extending in a gentle sweep from the wound in the Saviour's side to the mouth of the vase. Under the Cross is a grotto, in which, fully open to view, lies a female figure with her left hand resting on a scull, and in advance of her a dragon is flying as if in alarm. Below is another grotto, in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, where a revolting figure of the Saviour lies covered by a white cloth edged with gold tinsel. In front and below the Sepulchre is a representation of Purgatory in coarse masonry and carving painted. The flames flare up from the cavern and mount the sides of the rock, and ghastly faces are seen struggling through them, their eyes turned in anguish towards the Cross above. The whole exhibition is one of the most disgusting that can be conceived, and argues a very low state of cultivation of the common people, who require such signs to instruct them by thus addressing their senses.

From Antwerp we went to Brussels by the new railway in an hour and a half, distance twenty-seven miles. The Belgian railways are not equal to those of England, but yet are well conducted, and the charges remarkably low. The country between Antwerp and Brussels is level and fertile. We passed *Malines*, the seat of the once celebrated manufacture of Mechlin lace; the manufacture is now nearly superseded by that of Brussels. But a far greater interest was excited in our minds when the train stopped at *Vilvorde*, where William Tindal was strangled and burned at the stake in 1536, under the decree of Charles V., as a heretic. Tindal was educated at Oxford, embraced the views of Luther, and fell under the suspicion of the clergy in England from a translation of Erasmus's *Enchiridion Militis*

Christiani, which he published, I believe, at Cambridge. He afterward went to Antwerp, translated the New Testament into English, and sent many copies to England, which were bought up by the prelates and burned. The money thus obtained enabled him, in connexion with Coverdale, to print a new edition. He was betrayed and condemned by means of a wretch employed by Henry VIII., and put to death as I have stated.

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

Brussels has been well characterized as Paris in miniature. The great capital is imitated in all possible ways: in the colour of the houses, the carriages, the arrangements of cafés and restaurants; even the Boulevards are here on a small scale. It imitates the capital of France, too, in desecrating the Christian Sabbath. In going to the Cathedral on Sunday morning, I found the shops open and the military on parade. The market-place in front of the Hôtel de Ville (the very spot where the Counts Egmont and Horn were executed in 1568, while Alva looked on from the window of an adjacent building, still standing) was crowded with people of the working classes, in their coarse blue frocks, en-

joying themselves in various amusements. I was surprised, notwithstanding, to find the cathedral, and another church which I visited in the course of the day, crowded with worshippers. Orange-trees and running vines were blooming sweetly in both churches, mingling their sweet scents with the incense of the altar and the prayers of the people.

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

CHAPTER XXV.

WATERLOO.

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

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

The British forces, early in June, 1815, lay in cantonments between the Scheldt and Brussels, about 100,000 strong, of whom 54,000 were English and Hanoverians. The Prussian army of 40,000 men lay on the left, between Brussels and Namur. The whole force of the allies at the opening of the campaign was over 240,000 men, with 500 pieces of cannon. Napoleon opened the campaign on the 14th of June, with 120,000 men and

350 guns. His design was to attack the enemy before they could concentrate their forces, and, by his superior manœuvring, he at first succeeded in this, completely outgeneralling the Duke of Wellington.* On the 16th he attacked the Prussians at Ligny, where the greater part of their forces were assembled, and defeated them, with a loss on their side of about 20,000 men. On the same day Ney engaged with the British, who were concentrating at Quatre-Bras, but did not succeed in driving them from the ground. The emperor despatched Marshal Grouchy, with 32,000 men and 110 guns, to follow the Prussians, with directions to keep between them and Brussels, so as to prevent their junction with the British, and to be ready himself to join the main army when required.

The Duke of Wellington retreated towards Waterloo on the 17th, and before nightfall on that day the whole British force had taken a position which he had previously selected. The Emperor immediately followed them, but his troops had to march later in the night; the weather was dreadful; the rain fell in torrents, and the roads were almost impassable. At last, however, both armies were on the field where the fate of Europe was decided. The British were confident in their general and in their own dauntless courage. Napoleon, on the other hand, only feared that they would escape him in the night.

The village of Waterloo lies on the great road from Brussels to Charleroi, two miles distant from the field of battle. Between the village and Brussels lies the forest of Soignies, nine miles long by seven and a half

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

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

Such was the field of battle. In point of numbers the armies were about equal, say seventy thousand on each side, though the French had the advantage in artillery. The English had the advantage of a strong position, and of more rest on the night before the battle. But, on the other hand, Napoleon's troops were flushed

with recent victory ; and though they had not full confidence in all their officers, they were led by their own Emperor, in whom they trusted, with good reason, as the ablest commander in the world. On the whole, then, had the battle been decided by the two armies that gazed on each other across the narrow valley at ten o'clock on the morning of that eventful day, it might have been considered a fair trial of the comparative abilities of Napoleon and Wellington, and of the comparative merit of French and English troops. As affairs turned out, it was a decisive test of neither.

At half past ten the French troops were drawn up in order of battle. The design of the emperor was to seize upon La Haye Sainte and turn the British left. At eleven o'clock, however, he commenced the battle with an attack on Hougomont, which was vigorously repelled ; but after several hours' hard fighting the wood remained in the hands of the French, who masked the position. In the mean time, the cannonade had been carried on furiously along the whole line, though the British troops, under protection of the ridge, did not suffer from it so extensively as the emperor supposed. The charge upon their centre was committed to Marshal Ney. Before it was made, however, Bulow's division of the Prussian army was seen at a distance upon the French right. It was obvious that Grouchy had failed in regard to part, at least, of his purpose. Napoleon detached three thousand horse, and subsequently ten thousand foot, to keep the Prussians in check. This service was effectually performed at the time ; but such a diversion of the emperor's force greatly strengthened the chances in favour of the allies. The attack upon the centre was received by the English troops with unparalleled firmness ; it nevertheless succeeded ; La Haye

Sainte was taken, and Napoleon considered the result no longer doubtful. In this part of the battle prodigies of valour were achieved on both sides. Before five o'clock in the afternoon, under a charge of the French cavalry, the British suffered terribly; several of their squares were broken, and cannon and colours taken. But the reserve cavalry of the emperor unfortunately seconded this charge without his orders: he immediately countermanded the movement, but it was too late. It was eminently successful at the time. The French obtained possession of great part of the allied position, and the Prussians on the flank were repulsed. Even at this time, notwithstanding the addition of Bulow's corps of thirty thousand men to the allied army, it appears clear that Napoleon would have gained the battle. But in the mean time, the first corps of Prussians (Ziethen's) had also come up, and by seven o'clock a part of the second (Pirch's) arrived; making the whole of their force that took part in the action over fifty thousand men, with one hundred and twenty guns.

"At half past seven," in the language of the Prussian official bulletin, "the issue of the battle was still uncertain." The position of Napoleon was sufficiently trying. Instead of receiving help from Grouchy, he found his right flank attacked by a Prussian host, while he had his final effort yet to make against the British. But his confidence and presence of mind did not desert him. He determined to make a final effort with the Imperial Guard—that mighty force which had held the mastery of European battle-fields for so many years. They advanced under a fearful fire from the British guns with their usual intrepidity, and the Old Guard appeared about to gain another victory. But at the most decisive moment of the grand attack, the right flank of

the French was broken by a charge of Ziethen's corps : the Guard, under the fire of the English guns, were thinning rapidly ; the Prussian cavalry were spreading over the field on the right ; and, finally, the noble Guard itself recoiled. In a short time the whole French army was thrown into confusion. The rout was total. The Prussians alone pursued the fugitives, and avenged themselves, with almost barbarian brutality, for the many defeats they had suffered from the French.

Several reasons have induced me to give this brief sketch of the battle of Waterloo. In visiting the celebrated field, I could not but renew my interest in the bloody strife which terminated so disastrously for France and for Europe. Moreover, most of the accounts in circulation among us are derived from British sources ; and we know too well, from the official statements of British officers, and the accounts of British historians in regard to the affairs of the American wars, how little reliance is generally to be placed upon them. British Tory writers never did, and never will do justice either to France or America. Many of the Whig writers have contributed to relieve English history from the mass of falsehoods which Toryism would heap upon it, and we thank them for it. Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* is a noble specimen of frankness and honour. In regard to the battle of Waterloo, were we to believe the British accounts, the victory would have remained with them, even though no Prussians had arrived upon the field ; while the Prussian and French statements unequivocally demonstrate the contrary. The British maintained their position with the most obstinate courage ; no one doubts that ; but, in the language of Gneisenau's official bulletin, "Napoleon continually advanced his masses, and with whatever firm-

ness the English troops maintained themselves in their position, it was not possible but that such heroic exertions must have a limit." And even after the arrival of the fourth Prussian corps under Bulow, it is more than probable that the field of battle would have remained in possession of the French. As the result was, it would be difficult to account for the glory which the British and Prussians have taken to themselves for effecting, with one hundred and forty thousand men, and three hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, the rout of a French army with seventy thousand men and two hundred and forty guns, did we not know that the latter was commanded by the French Emperor, "who, out of thirteen of the greatest pitched battles recorded in history," had lost but one before the battle of Waterloo.

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

Standing beside the Belgic Lion on the mound, beneath which sleep the victors and the vanquished in the most momentous contest in the history of Europe, I could not but recall to mind those principles and that

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

The battle of Waterloo was the end, for the time being, of the struggle which commenced with the Reformation. In that long conflict, the rights of the people were arrayed on the one side, the claims of kings and priests on the other. The questions in dispute were, whether, in matters of State, the supreme authority flowed from the people, or was invested by Divine right in the hands of kings, and transmitted as an inheritance; which is political legitimacy: and whether, in

* On the return of the Bourbons to France in 1814, a gentleman called on Robert Hall, in the expectation that he would express himself in terms of the utmost delight on account of that signal event. Mr. Hall said, "I am sorry for it, sir. The cause of knowledge, science, freedom, and pure religion on the Continent will be thrown back half a century; the intrigues of the Jesuits will be revived, and popery will be resumed in France, with all its mummery, but with no power, except the power of persecution."—*Memoir of Robert Hall*, by Dr. Gregory.

the Church, God has established a priesthood, whose judgments, infallible in points of faith, and authoritative in discipline, suspend and supersede all private judgment, and bind the conscience of the individual to absolute obedience; and whose priestly office in the administration of the sacraments is essential to salvation, and can be obtained and exercised only by a regular transmission by the imposition of hands; this constitutes the pretended apostolical succession of the priesthood.

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

These great minds were all in the Church, and, of course, their first assaults were made upon the prepos-

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

Thus the consciences of men were set free from the absolute dominion of the priesthood, and their minds stimulated to investigate the Holy Scriptures. In these they found the simple plan of salvation by faith alone, without the necessary intervention of the priest's office in the sacraments. But it was impossible that this spiritual freedom should not lead to the investigation of political abuses. Active minds, guided by the general tenour of Scripture, and the special declaration that "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth," could not but perceive the natural equality of men. In the conflict of opinions that ensued, both parties appealed to antiquity. The treasures of classical learning had lately been reopened. The principles of Grecian and Roman liberty were recalled and diffused through Europe, and, gradually taking possession of the educated mind, were, by contact and sympathy, communicated to the masses. Nearly three hundred years were required to imbue the people; but the work was quickened by the steady growth of popular liberty in England, and the exhibition, however imperfectly, of the new and attract-

ive principle of popular representation in the House of Commons.

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

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

It was the misfortune of liberty that Republican France was not temperate. She should have been content (if the other powers would have permitted) to make her experiment on her own soil, calculating on her powerful example to spread her principles. It was a greater misfortune that Napoleon, the man of the people, was ambitious, and veiled from himself, perhaps, his desire of universal empire, under the fascinating idea of placing France at the head of the nations, and making Paris the capital of Europe.* But, whatever causes led him to the assumption of despotic authority and to his wars of conquest, their consequence was, that the various nations menaced by his power apprehended that they would permanently lose their nationality, and become vassals of the French Empire. This wounded their pride and aroused their resentment, while, at the same

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

time, liberal principles, as taught in France and realized in the United States, took deep root among them.

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

The great end of the sovereigns had been accomplished. The next step in order was to prepare and publish the promised constitutions for their several people, as the reward for their unexampled expenditure of blood and treasure. But this was postponed until they could reinstate themselves securely in their former dominions, and provide against the recurrence of the con-

test between *liberalism*, which the French principles represented, and anti-liberalism, represented by the allied sovereigns. For this secure adjustment of Europe, on the old bases and ideas, it was determined that a congress of governments, constituted of sovereigns and plenipotentiaries, should meet within two months at Vienna. This was in 1814.

The great contest between *liberalism* and *anti-liberalism*, i. e., between the privileges of the aristocracy and the rights of the people, had been carried on for twenty years, under the guise of a war against Napoleon, who was called the enslaver of Europe; and hence the war against him was called the war of the liberation of Europe. It was this deceptive form in which the question had been presented to the people which induced them to fight. Now that Napoleon had fallen it was necessary to encounter the general expectation. The allied sovereigns saw that the real conflict between liberalism and anti-liberalism must still continue, and they sought to change its exhibition. They saw, also, that their promises of constitutional liberty to the people had greatly strengthened their claim, by founding it in the honour and justice of the sovereigns as well as in the inalienable rights of the subjects. The people confided in their promises, and all Europe looked with hope to the Congress of Vienna. We shall see how universal and bitter has been the disappointment.

The deliberations of the Congress commenced in the autumn of 1814. The whole civilized world expected and demanded that the first great concern of the august assembly should be the liberty and happiness of the *people*, secured to them by the promised constitutions. Europe felt a quivering convulsion of indignation and despair, when the swift couriers from Vienna

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

The old war-cry was raised. On the Continent, the States of Germany had been told for years that Napoleon was the only obstacle to free constitutions. They were again amused with the same declaration. The *people* must rise and drive the oppressor from Europe. But the proclamation that summoned them was backed by one of the articles of the German Confederation, declaring "that in every state of the Confederation there shall be established a representative constitution." In England, where a system of deception, the baseness of which is hardly credible, had for years blinded the na-

tion, and led them to pour out their blood and treasure in Continental wars upon a false issue—in England, the Tory leaders proclaimed that “the oppressor had returned to Paris” only by the aid of the bayonet; that the Bourbons were intrenched in the hearts of the people; that, in fighting Napoleon, they would fight not merely for the glory and safety of England, but for the liberty of France. There were noble hearts in England that tried to stem the torrent, but in vain. Yet all the world now knows the Bourbons were unfit for France; and that Napoleon’s march from Cannes to Paris was a triumph, if not on account of his own popularity, at least on account of the general hatred of the people for the worn-out dynasty which foreign arms had imposed upon them. And, more than this, the world knows that the truest patriots of France, the Carnots, the Constants, and the Lanjuinais, gathered round Napoleon, and that he met their views by calling the representatives of the people together to form a constitutional government, and that their sessions continued until their hall was closed against them by Blücher’s Prussians.

Napoleon, taught by experience, saw clearly that he could not again reign in France as a despot. A conversation between the emperor and Benjamin Constant developed his true position: “I sprang from the ranks of the people; my voice has influence over them, because between them and me there is identity of nature: they look to me as their support, their defender against the nobles. I have rarely found opposition in France; but from some obscure, unarmed Frenchmen, I have met with more of it than from all the kings at present so determined no longer to have a plebeian for their equal. Consider, then, what seems to you to be possi-

ble. Give me your ideas. Free elections, public discussions, responsible ministers, liberty—all these I desire: the liberty of the press in particular, which to stifle was absurd; on that point I am satisfied. I am the man of the people. I have recognised their sovereignty. I am bound to listen to their desires, and even to their caprices. I never desired to oppress them; I had great designs, but fate has decided them. I am no longer a conqueror, nor can I again become so. I have now but one charge: to relieve France, and give her a government suited to her. I am not inimical to liberty; I set it aside when it obstructed my path; but I have been educated in its principles, and comprehend it."

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

This, then, was the battle fought at Waterloo. The *people* on both sides thought themselves fighting for liberty: the French, to retain it under the ruler of their own choice; the aggregated masses of the allies, to dethrone the man whom they considered the only barrier to constitutional freedom in Europe. But how unfortunate the position held by England on that day. The *freemen* of England fought to maintain the despotisms of the Continent—to deprive a brave people of the free choice of their rulers—to restore the representative of a worn-out dynasty to a throne for which he was unfit, and from which he had fled before the Man of the People! The *Protestants* of England fought to recover the powers of the pope, to bring back the sway of the Jesuits, and to prolong the existence of a corrupt church! But if the masses were deceived, the leaders were not. The allied sovereigns and the aristocracy

of England knew for what *they* were fighting. They hoped that the war of principles would end with the second overthrow of Napoleon. They conquered. Well might *Robert Hall* grieve when he heard of the victory which his countrymen and their allies had gained at Waterloo, and say, "*That battle and its results seemed to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees.*"*

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

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

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

Who have been the gainers in Great Britain by the final overthrow of liberal principles in France? The aristocracy, and the aristocracy alone. They entered the contest at first against the French Republic without the general consent of the English nation. They annihilated, by their superior naval power, the marine of France; but Napoleon defeated the coalitions which their lavish subsidies formed on the Continent, and rose to a pitch of power of which neither his enemies nor

himself had dreamed in the outset. The ambition of the conqueror gave them better reasons for continuing the war against him. The Continental System, the only one by which Napoleon could make war upon England, annoyed British commerce, and gave the British people a vital interest in the contest. The aristocracy, fighting for existence, were joined by the people, fighting for their trade. The aristocracy triumphed; but the very wars which secured their domination, by postponing for a long period that final overthrow which must and will come, gave birth to new forms of industry on the Continent, which did not die with Napoleon. Great Britain is paid for her subsidies to the houses of Hapsburg and Brandenburg by the cotton-mills erected on the Danube, the factories on the Elbe, and the prohibitory tariffs of the Zoll-Verein. She is paid for the aggressions on the American marine, to which her war for supremacy led her, by the manufactories of Lowell, the woollen-mills of Philadelphia, and the iron forges of the Susquehanna. The ascendancy of her manufactures has gone forever. She welcomed the Emperor of Russia, in 1814, almost as an angel; and now, the curses and vituperations that she was wont to vent so freely on Napoleon, are hurled with equal vehemence, considering that the world is at peace, against the encroachments of the Despot of the North. By the wars of the French Revolution her national debt was increased by five thousand millions of dollars!

The political aspect of Germany is sufficiently gloomy. The parties to the Federal Act of Vienna had a difficult task to accomplish after the pacification of Europe in 1815. Their problem was to elude the fulfilment of the promises by which they had roused the people against France, without provoking them to revolution.

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

guage of the patriotic Rotteck, "no liberal exposition of recent events, connected with judgment according to the law of reason." Every man of liberal opinions must either keep them to himself, or run the risk of banishment or imprisonment.

One great result of the success of the aristocratic reaction in Germany is emigration. Thousands of good citizens, despairing of national liberty—at least in the present generation—are abandoning their fatherland. Whole villages—pastors, schoolmasters, people, and all—have emigrated to the United States within the last ten years.* Yet, while I rejoice that my own country fur-

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

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

Males	12,806
Females	11,701
	<hr/>
	24,507
Viz. : To America	18,937
To France	335
To Prussia	13
To Greece	119
To Algiers	62
To places unknown, who got off without passports, and went mostly to the United States	5,04
	<hr/>
	24,507

The amount of money which these emigrants bore with them, as far as it is known to the Bavarian government, is nearly seven millions of guilders—equal to about \$2,800,000; but, in consequence of the heavy tax which is levied, not only in Bavaria, but throughout a great part of Germany, upon money and other personal property taken out of the country by emigrants, it is probable that few of the persons enumerated made a declaration to the government of more than one half of their property. We may reasonably suppose, therefore, that those persons must have taken with them nearly twelve millions of guilders—equal to about \$4,000,000. The number and

nishes a home for the oppressed of all other lands, I cannot but regret that the virtuous and independent lovers of freedom should abandon the battle-field of liberty in Europe; and that, too, at a time when the arbitrary rulers who have defrauded them of their rights are, with a sagacity before unknown among despots, employing moral forces of the highest order to train the generation that is coming on the stage in habits of satisfied obedience to existing authorities. By encouraging industry and securing property, they hope to make the people forget, in the enjoyment of physical well-being, the higher rights of which they are deprived. By providing, to the fullest extent, the means of public instruction, and directing its application in the schools, the gymnasia, and the universities, they furnish just such aliment to the youthful mind as *they* deem most salutary. The new ideas of popular rights and constitutional government are withheld, and every effort made to diffuse a blind reverence for the historic doctrines on which the rights of hereditary princes and nobles are sought to be established. And herein is found the true cause of the general tendency in Europe towards Popery, which is an essential element of the old *social order* (of which Lord Castlereagh was so ardent an admirer) to which the rulers of Europe desire to return. Finally, if any Protestant asks for the result, in a religious point of view, of the success of the allied arms against Napoleon in 1814-15, let him compare the power of Popery in 1814 with the power of Popery in 1842, and his question is answered.

value of the people who come to us from all Germany may thus be well appreciated, not only in their personal character, but in the addition they make to our actual wealth.

HOLY ALLIANCE.

THIS professedly religious compact sprung immediately out of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. The terrible convulsions of the French Revolution, the rapid and decisive victories of Republican France, but, above all, the unparalleled ascendancy and fall of Napoleon, had impressed the common mind of Europe with the idea of a Divine agency in the wonderful drama. Such an idea as this imparts the most profound impulse of which the human mind is susceptible. The victorious sovereigns, yet in conference in the capital of France, saw this religiousness pervading the popular mind, particularly of Germany, and seized upon it as the foundation of the Holy Alliance.* This Alliance was a mutual agreement between the sovereigns personally, that they would on all occasions, and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance to preserve the peace of Europe and the existing order of things, and that they would conduct themselves towards their subjects as fathers of families, declaring that they and their people in common formed part of the Great Christian Nation, which ought to be governed wholly on Christian principles, Christ being the Supreme Sovereign of all. The Alliance was proposed by Alexander of Russia, accepted by the Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia, and afterward acceded to by nearly all the sovereigns

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

of Europe. As many of my readers may not have seen the articles of the Holy Alliance, I will here insert the document.

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

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

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

Art. II. In consequence, the sole principle in force, whether between the said governments or between the subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, and testifying, by unalterable good-will, the mutual affection with which they ought to be animated, to consider themselves all as members of one and the same Christian nation : the three allied princes, looking on themselves as merely delegated by Providence to govern three branches of one family, namely, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, thus confessing that the Christian nation, of which they and their people form a part, has in reality no other sovereign than Him to whom alone power really belongs, because in Him alone are found all the treasures of love, science, and infinite wisdom ;

that is to say, God, our Divine Saviour, the Word of the Most High, the Word of Life. Their majesties consequently recommend to their people, with the most tender solicitude, as the sole means of enjoying that peace which arises from a good conscience, and which alone is durable, to strengthen themselves every day more and more in the principles and exercise of the duties which the Divine Saviour has taught to mankind.

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

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

(Signed)

ALEXANDER.

FRANCIS.

FREDERIC WILLIAM.

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

That the promulgation of this instrument had a soothing effect upon the people cannot be doubted; for it contained the declaration that the sovereigns and their subjects were common members of the great Christian

family, and that "all men" should consider "each other as brethren," thus suggesting the capital revolutionary idea of the natural equality of men. But the enlightened patriot saw evil in the alliance, and argued thus :

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

It is not clear but that the original parties were sin-

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

The tranquillity and prosperity of the people are not pursued with a design to impart to them a share in the government ; but to satisfy them, that they may not insist on the constitutions and representative assemblies promised to them by the Congress of Vienna. It is not proposed to improve their political or civil condition, but merely their physical well-being, to cultivate their religiousness and afford them public amusements. How long this delicate balance between the people and their sovereigns can be maintained is an interesting problem. There are two powerful elements at work in favour of the people, and one in favour of their rulers. On the part of the people is an increase in number, wealth, and intelligence, and a settled determination not to shed

their blood again in the cause of legitimacy in Europe. The power of this last element is seen in the popular change of dynasties in Brunswick, Belgium, and France, in defiance of the articles of the Congress of Vienna and of the Holy Alliance. Not a regiment moved from a foreign state to repress the revolutions or to restore the deposed sovereigns. On the part of the sovereigns the compact mutually to protect and aid each other and to maintain the present order and distribution of territory and political power. This object of the compact excludes the possibility of any improvement in the political and civil condition of the people; and herein is the vicious character of the Holy Alliance. It decrees that all things shall remain as they are, and puts an absolute period to the progress of political and civil liberty.

END OF VOL. I.