FIELD HENRY MARTYN

FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORN

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Содержание

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CHAPTER I.
THE MELANCHOLY SEA

Queenstown, Ireland, Monday, May 24, 1875.

We landed this morning at two o'clock, by the light of the moon, which was just past the full, and which showed distinctly the beautiful harbor, surrounded by hills and forts, and filled with ships at anchor, through which the tender that brought us off from the steamer glided silently to the town, which lay in death-like stillness before us. Eight days and six hours took us from shore to shore! Eight days we were out of sight of land. Water, water everywhere! Ocean to the right of us, ocean to the left of us, ocean in front of us, and ocean behind us, with two or three miles of ocean under us. But our good ship, the City of Berlin (which seemed proud of bearing the name of the capital of the new German Empire), bore us over the sea like a conqueror. She is said to be the largest ship in the world, next to the Great Eastern, being 520 feet long, and carrying 5,500

tons. This was her first voyage, and much interest was felt as to how she "behaved." She carried herself proudly from the start. On Saturday, the 15th, seven steamships, bound for Europe, left New York at about the same time. Those of the National and the Anchor lines moved off quietly; then the Celtic, of the White Star line, so famous for its speed, shot down the Bay; and the French steamer, the Amerique, swept by, firing her guns, as if boasting of what she would do. But the Berlin answered not a word. Since a fatal accident, by which a poor fellow was blown to pieces by a premature explosion, the Inman line has dropped the foolish custom of firing a salute every time a ship leaves or touches the dock. So her guns were silent; she made no reply to her noisy French neighbor. But at length her huge bulk swung slowly into the stream, and her engines began to move. She had not gone half-way down the bay before she left all her rivals behind, the Frenchman still firing his guns; even the Celtic, though pressing steam, was soon "nowhere." We did not see the German ship, which sailed at a different hour; nor the Cunarder, the Algeria (in which were our friends, Prof. R. D. Hitchcock and his family), as she left an hour before us; but as she has not yet been signalled at Queenstown, she must be some distance behind;[1] so that the Berlin may fairly claim the honors of this ocean race.

But in crossing the sea speed is secondary to safety and to comfort; and in these things I can say truly that I never was

[1] She came in fifteen hours after us, and the Celtic twenty. The German ship reached Southampton two days later.

on board a more magnificent ship (excepting always the Great Eastern, in which I crossed in 1867). She was never going at full speed, but took it easily, as it was her first voyage, and the Captain was anxious to get his new machinery into smooth working order. The great size of the ship conduces much to comfort. She is more steady, she does not pitch and roll, like the lighter boats that we saw tossing around us, while she was moving majestically through the waves. The saloon, instead of being at the stern, according to the old method of construction, is placed more amidships (after the excellent model first introduced by the White Star line), and covers the whole width of the steamer, which gives light on both sides. There are four bath-rooms, with marble baths, supplied with salt water, so that one may have the luxury of sea-bathing without going to Rockaway or Coney Island. In crossing the Gulf Stream the water is warm enough; but if elsewhere it is too chill, the turn of a cock lets the steam into the bath, which quickly raises it to any degree of temperature. The ventilation is excellent, so that even when the port-holes are shut on account of the high sea, the air never becomes impure. The state-rooms are furnished with electric bells, one touch on which brings a steward in an instant. Thus provided for, one may escape, as far as possible, the discomforts of the sea, and enjoy in some degree the comforts and even the luxuries of civilization.

Captain Kennedy, who is the Commodore of the fleet, and so always commands the newest and best ship of the line, is an admirable seaman, with a quick eye for everything, always

on deck at critical moments, watching with unsleeping vigilance over the safety of all on board. The order and discipline of the ship is perfect. There is no noise or confusion. All moves on quietly. Not a sound is heard, save the occasional cry of the men stretching the sails, and the steady throb, day and night, of the engine, which keeps this huge mass moving on her ocean track.

But what a vast machine is such a ship, and how complicated the construction which makes possible such a triumph over the sea. Come up on the upper deck, and look down through this iron grating. You can see to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. It is like looking down into a miner's shaft. And what makes it the more fearful, is that the bottom of the ship is a mass of fire. Thirty-six furnaces are in full blast to heat the steam, and at night, as the red-hot coals that are raked out of the furnaces like melted lava, flash in the faces of the brawny and sweltering men, one might fancy himself looking into some Vulcan's cave, or subterranean region, glowing with an infernal heat. Thus one of these great ocean steamships is literally a sea monster, that feeds on fire; and descending into its bowels is (to use the energetic language of Scripture in speaking of Jonah in the whale) like going down into the "belly of hell."

All this suggests danger from fire as well as from the sea, and yet, so perfect are the precautions taken, that these glowing furnaces really guard against danger, as they shorten the time of exposure by insuring quadruple speed in crossing the deep.

And yet I can never banish the sense of a danger that is always

near from the two destroying elements of fire and water, flood and flame. The very precautions against danger show that it is ever present to the mind of the prudent navigator. Those ten life-boats hung above the deck, with pulleys ready to swing them over the ship's side at a moment's notice, and the axe ready to cut away the ropes, and even casks of water filled to quench the burning thirst of a shipwrecked crew that may be cast helpless on the waves, suggest unpleasant possibilities, in view of recent disasters; and one night I went to my berth feeling not quite so easy as in my bed at home, as we were near the banks of Newfoundland, and a dense fog hung over the sea, through which the ship went, making fourteen miles an hour, its fog-whistles screaming all night long. This was very well as a warning to other ships to keep out of the way, but would not receive much attention from the icebergs that were floating about, which are very abundant in the Atlantic this summer. We saw one the next day, a huge fellow that might have proved an ugly acquaintance, as one crash on his frozen head would have sent us all to the bottom.

But at such times unusual precautions are taken. There are signs in the sudden chilliness of the air of the near approach of an iceberg, which would lead the ship to back out at once from the hug of such a polar bear.

In a few hours the fog was all gone; and the next night, as we sat on deck, the full moon rose out of the waves. Instantly the hum of voices ceased; conversation was hushed; and all

grew silent before the awful beauty of the scene. Such an hour suggests not merely poetical but spiritual thoughts – thoughts of the dead as well as thoughts of God. It recalled a passage in David Copperfield, where little David, after the death of his mother, sits at a window and looks out upon the sea, and sees a shining path over the waters, and thinks he sees his mother coming to him upon it from heaven. May it not be that on such a radiant pathway from the skies we sometimes see the angels of God ascending and descending?

But with all these moonlight nights, and sun-risings and sun-settings, the sea had little attraction for me, and its general impression was one of profound melancholy. Perhaps my own mood of mind had something to do with it; but as I sat upon deck and looked out upon the "gray and melancholy waste," or lay in my berth and heard the waves rushing past, I had a feeling more dreary than in the most desolate wilderness. That sound haunted me; it was the last I heard at night, and the first in the morning; it mingled with my dreams. I tried to analyze the feeling. Was it my own mental depression that hung like a cloud over the waters; or was it something in the aspect of nature itself? Perhaps both. I was indeed floating amid shadows. But I found no sympathy in the sea. On the land Nature soothed and comforted me; she spoke in gentle tones, as if she had a heart of tenderness, a motherly sympathy with the sorrow of her children. There was something in the deep silence of the woods that seemed to say, Peace, be still! The brooks murmured softly as they flowed between their

mossy banks, as if they would not disturb our musings, but "glide into them, and steal away their sharpness ere we were aware." The robins sang in notes not too gay, but that spoke of returning spring after a long dark winter; and the soft airs that touched the feverish brow seemed to lift gently the grief that rested there, and carry it away on the evening wind. But in the ocean, there was no touch of human feeling, no sympathy with human woe. All was cold and pitiless. Even on the sea beach "the cruel, crawling foam" comes creeping up to the feet of the child skipping along the sands, as if to snatch him away, while out on the deep the rolling waves

> "Mock the cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Bishop Butler finds in many of the forces of Nature proofs of God's moral government over the world, and even suggestions of mercy. But none of these does he find in the sea. That speaks only of wrath and terror. Its power is to destroy. It is a treacherous element. Smooth and smiling it may be, even when it lures us to destruction. We are sailing over it in perfect security, but let there be a fire or a collision, and it would swallow us up in an instant, as it has swallowed a thousand wrecks before. Knowing no mercy, cruel as the grave, it sacrifices without pity youth and age, gray hairs and childish innocence and tender womanhood – all alike are engulfed in the devouring sea. There is not a single

tear in the thousand leagues of ocean, nor a sigh in the winds that sweep over it, for all the hearts it breaks or the lives it destroys. The sea, therefore, is not a symbol of divine mercy. It is the very emblem of tremendous and remorseless power. Indeed, if Nature had no other face but this, we could hardly believe in God, or at least, with gentle attributes; we could only stand on the shore of existence, and shake with terror at the presence of a being of infinite power, but cold and pitiless as the waves that roll from the Arctic pole. Our Saviour walked on the waves, but left thereon no impress of his blessed feet; nor can we find there a trace of the love of God as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ.

But we must not yield to musings that grow darker with the gathering night. Let us go down into the ship, where the lamps are lighted, and there is a sound of voices, to make us forget our loneliness in the midst of the sea.

The cabin always presented an animated scene. We had nearly two hundred passengers, who were seated about on the sofas, reading, or playing games, or engaged in conversation. The company was a very pleasant one. At the Captain's table, where we sat, was Mr. Mathew, the late English Minister to Brazil, a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, who had been for seven years at the Court of Dom Pedro, whom he described as one of the most enlightened monarchs of his time, "half a century in advance of his people," doing everything that was possible to introduce a better industry and all improvements in the arts from Europe and America. The great matter of political

interest now in Brazil is the controversy with the Bishops, where, as in Germany, it is a stubborn fight between the State and the ecclesiastical power. Two of the Bishops are now in prison for having excommunicated by wholesale all the Freemasons of the country, without asking the consent of the government to the issue of such a sweeping decree. They are confined in two fortresses on the opposite side of the harbor of Rio Janeiro, where they take their martyrdom very comfortably, their sentence to "hard labor" amounting to having a French cook, and all the luxuries of life, so that they can have a good time, while they fulminate their censures, "nursing their wrath to keep it warm."

At the same table were several young Englishmen, who were not at all like the imaginary Briton abroad, cold and distant and reserved, but very agreeable, and doing everything to make our voyage pleasant. We remember them with a feeling of real friendship. Near us also sat a young New York publisher, Mr. Mead, with his wife, to whom we were drawn by a sort of elective affinity, and shall be glad to meet them again on the other side of the ocean.

Among our passengers was Grace Greenwood, who added much to the general enjoyment by entertaining us in the evening with her dramatic recitations from Bret Harte's California Sketches, while her young daughter, who has a very sweet voice, sang charmingly.

Like all ships' companies, ours were bent on amusing

themselves, although it was sometimes a pursuit of pleasure under difficulties; as one evening, when a young gentleman and lady sang "What are the wild waves saying?" each clinging to a post for support, while the performer at the piano had to fall on his knees to keep from being drifted away from his instrument!

But Grace Greenwood is not a mere entertainer of audiences with her voice, or of the public with her pen. She is not only a very clever writer, but has as much wisdom as wit in her woman's brain. In our conversations she did not discover any extreme opinions, such as are held by some brilliant female writers, but seemed to have a mind well balanced, with a great deal of good common sense as well as womanly feeling, and a brave heart to help her struggling sisters in America, and all over the world.

One meets some familiar faces on these steamer decks, and here almost the first man that I ran against was a clergyman whom I knew twenty-five years ago in Connecticut, Rev. James T. Hyde. He is now a Professor in the Congregational Theological Seminary at Chicago, and is going abroad for the first time. What a world of good it does these studious men, these preachers and scholars, to be thus "transported!"

But here is a scholar and a professor who is not a stranger in Europe, but to the manner born, our own beloved Dr. Schaff, whose passage I had taken with mine (knowing that he had to go abroad this summer), and thus beguiled him into our company. We shared the same state-room, and never do I desire a more delightful travelling companion on land or sea. Those

who know him do not need to be told that he is not only one of our first scholars, but one of the most genial of men. While full of learning, he never oppresses you with oracular wisdom; but is just as ready for a pleasant story as for a grave literary or theological discussion. I think we hardly realize yet what a service he has rendered to our country in establishing a sort of literary and intellectual free trade between the educated and religious mind of America and of Great Britain and Germany. To him more than to any other man is due the great success of the Evangelical Alliance. He is now going abroad on a mission of not less importance – the revision of our present version of the English Bible: a work which has enlisted for some years the combined labors of a great number of the most eminent scholars in England and America.

Finally, as a practical homily and piece of advice to all who are going abroad, let me say, if you would have the fullest enjoyment, *take a young person with you*– if possible, one who is untravelled, so that you can see the world again with fresh eyes. I came away in the deepest depression. Nothing has comforted me so much as a light figure always at my side. Poor child! The watching, and care, and sorrow that she has had for these many months, had driven the roses from her cheeks; but now they are coming back again. She has never been abroad before. To her literally "all things are new." The sun rises daily on a new world. She enters into everything with the utmost zest. She was a very good sailor, and enjoyed the voyage, and made friends with everybody.

Really it brought a thrill of pleasure for the first time into my poor heart to see her delight. She will be the best of companions in all my wanderings.

In such good company, we have passed over the great and wide sea, and now set foot upon the land, thanking Him who has led us safely through the mighty waters. Yesterday morning, after the English service had been read in the saloon, Dr. Schaff gave out the hymn,

> Nearer, my God, to Thee,

and my heart responded fervently to the prayer, that all the experiences of this mortal state, on the sea and on the land – the storms of the ocean and the storms of life – may serve this one supreme object of existence, to bring us nearer to God.

CHAPTER II.
IRELAND – ITS BEAUTY AND ITS SADNESS

The Lakes of Killarney, May 26th.

There is never but one *first* impression; all else is *second* in time and in degree. It is twenty-eight years since I first saw the shores of England and of Ireland, and then they were to me like some celestial country. It was then, as now, in the blessed spring-time – in the merry month of May:

> The corn was springing fresh and green,
> The lark sang loud and high;

and the banks of the Mersey, as I sailed up to Liverpool, were like the golden shores of Paradise.

Now I am somewhat of a traveller, and should take these things more quietly, were it not for a pair of young eyes beside me, through which I see things anew, and taste again the sweetness of that earlier time. If we had landed in the moon, my companion could not have been at first more bewildered and delighted with what she saw; everything was so queer and quaint, so old and strange – in a word, so unlike all she had ever seen before. The streets were different, being very narrow,

and winding up hill and down dale; the houses were different, standing close up to the street, without the relief of grass, or lawn, or even of stately ascending steps in front; the thatched cottages and the flowering hedge-rows – all were new.

To heighten the impression of what was so fresh to the eye, the country was in its most beautiful season. We left New York still looking cold and cheerless from the backward spring; here the spring had burst into its full glory. The ivy mantled every old tower and ruin with the richest green, the hawthorn was in blossom, making the hedge-rows, as we whirled along the roads, a mass of white and green, filling the eye with its beauty and the air with its fragrance. Thus there was an intoxication of the senses, as well as of the imagination; and if the girls (for two others, under the charge of Prof. Hyde, had joined our party) had leaped from the carriage, and commenced a romp or a dance on the greensward, we could hardly have been surprised, as an expression of their childish joy, and their first greeting as they touched the soil, not of merry England, but of the Emerald Isle.

But if this set them off into such ecstasies, what shall be said of their first sight of a ruin? Of course it was Blarney Castle, which is near Cork, and famous for its Blarney Stone. A lordly castle, indeed, it must have been in the days of its pride, as it still towers up a hundred feet and more, and its walls are eight or ten feet thick: so that it would have lasted for ages, if Cromwell had not knocked some ugly holes through it a little more than two hundred years ago. But still the tower is beautiful, being covered

to the very top with masses of ivy, which in England is the great beautifier of whatever is old, clinging to the mouldering wall, covering up the huge rents and gaps made by cannon balls, and making the most unsightly ruins lovely in their decay. We all climbed to the top, where hangs in air, fastened by iron clamps in its place, the famous Blarney Stone, which is said to impart to whoever kisses it the gift of eloquence, which will make one successful in love and in life. As it was, only one pressed forward to snatch this prize which it held out to our embrace. Dr. Schaff even "poked" the stone disdainfully with his staff, perhaps thinking it would become like Aaron's rod that budded. The lack of enthusiasm, however, may have been owing to the fact that the stone hangs at a dizzy height, and is therefore somewhat difficult of approach; for on descending within the castle, where is another Blarney Stone lying on the ground, and within easy reach, I can testify that several of the party gave it a hearty smack, not to catch any mysterious virtue from the stone, but the flavor of thousands of fair lips that had kissed it before.

Before leaving this old castle, as we shall have many more to see hereafter, let me say a word about castles in general. They are well enough *as ruins*, and certainly, as they are scattered about Ireland and England, they add much to the picturesqueness of the landscapes, and will always possess a romantic interest. But viewed in the sober light of history, they are monuments of an age of barbarism, when the country was divided among a hundred chiefs, each of whom had his stronghold, out of which

he could sally to attack his less powerful neighbor. Everything in the construction – the huge walls, with narrow slits for windows through which the archers could pour arrows, or in later times the musketeers could shower balls, on their enemies; the deep moat surrounding it; the drawbridge and portcullis – all speak of a time of universal insecurity, when danger was abroad, and every man had to be armed against his fellow.

As a place of habitation, such a fortress was not much better than a prison. The chieftain shut himself in behind massive walls, under huge arches, where the sun could never penetrate, where all was dark and gloomy as a sepulchre. I know a cottage in New England, on the crest of one of the Berkshire Hills, open on every side to light and air, kissed by the rising and the setting sun, in which there is a hundred times more of real *comfort* than could have been in one of these old castles, where a haughty baron passed his existence in gloomy grandeur, buried in sepulchral gloom.

And to what darker purposes were these castles sometimes applied! Let one go down into the passages underneath, and see the dungeons underground, dark, damp, and cold as the grave, in which prisoners and captives were buried alive. One cannot grope his way into these foul subterranean dungeons without feeling that these old castles are the monuments of savage tyrants; that if these walls could speak, they would tell many a tale, not of knightly chivalry, but of barbarous cruelty, that would curdle the blood with horror. These things take away somewhat of the

charm which Walter Scott has thrown about these old "gallant knights," who were often no better than robber chiefs; and I am glad that Cromwell with his cannon battered their strongholds about their ears. Let these relics remain covered with ivy, and picturesque as ruins, but let it never be forgotten that they are the fallen monuments of an age of barbarism, of terror, and of cruelty.

There is one other feature of this country that cannot be omitted from a survey of Ireland – it is *the beggars*, who are sure to give an American a warm welcome. They greet him with whines and grimaces and pitiful beseechings, to which he cannot harden his heart. My first salutation at Queenstown on Monday morning, on coming out in front of the hotel to take a view of the beautiful bay, was from an old woman in rags, who certainly looked what she described herself to be, "a poor crathur, that had nobody to care for her," and who besought me, "for the love of God, to give her at least the price of a cup of tea!" Of course I did, when she gave me an Irish blessing: "May the gates o Paradise open to ye, and to all them that loves ye!" This vision of Paradise seems to be a favorite one with the Irish beggar, and is sometimes coupled with extraordinary images, as when one blesses her benefactor in this overflowing style: "May every hair on your head be a candle to light you to Paradise!"

This quick wit of the Irish serves them better than their poverty in appealing for charity; and I must confess that I have violated all the rules laid down by charitable societies, "not to

give to beggars," for I have filled my pockets with pennies, and given to hordes of ragamuffins, as well as to old women, to hear their answers, which, though largely infused with Irish blarney, have a flavor of native wit. Who could resist such a blessing as this: "May ye ride in a fine carriage, and the mud of your wheels splash the face of your inimies," then with a quick turn, "though I know ye haven't any!"

Yesterday we made an excursion through the Gap of Dunloe, a famous gorge in the mountains around Killarney, and were set upon by the whole fraternity – ragtag and bobtail. At the foot of the pass we left our jaunting car to walk over the mountain, C – alone being mounted on a pony. I walked by her side, while our two theological professors strode ahead. The women were after them in full cry, each with a bowl of goat's milk and a bottle of "mountain dew" (Irish whiskey), to work upon their generous feelings. But they produced no impression; the professors were absorbed in theology or something else, and setting their faces with all the sternness of Calvinism against this vile beggary, they kept moving up the mountain path. At length the beggars gave them up in despair, and returned to try their mild solicitations upon me. An old siren, coming up in a tender and confiding way, whispered to me, "You're the best looking of the lot; and it is a nice lady ye have; and a fine couple ye make." That was enough; she got her money. I felt a little elated with the distinguished and superior air which even beggars had discovered in my aspect and bearing, till on returning to the hotel, one of our professors coolly

informed me that the same old witch had previously told him that "he was the darling of the party!" After that, who will ever believe a beggar's compliment again?

But we must not let the beggars on the way either amuse or provoke us, so as to divert our attention from the natural grandeur and beauty around us. The region of the Lakes of Killarney is at once the most wild and the most beautiful portion of Ireland. These Lakes are set as in a bowl, in the hollow of rugged mountains, which are not like the Green Mountains, or the Catskills, wooded to the top, but bald and black, their heads being swept by perpetual storms from the Atlantic, that keep them always bleak and bare. Yet in the heart of these barren mountains, in the very centre of all this savage desolation, lie these lovely sheets of water. No wonder that they are sought by tourists from America, and from all parts of the world.

Nor are their shores without verdure and beauty. Though the mountain sides are bare rock, like the peaks of volcanoes, yet the lower hills and meadows bordering on the Lakes are in a high state of cultivation. But these oases of fertility are not for the people; they all belong to great estates – chiefly to the Earl of Kenmare and a Mr. Herbert, who is a Member of Parliament. These estates are enclosed with high walls, as if to keep them not only from the intrusion of the people, but even from being seen by them. The great rule of English exclusiveness here obtains, as in the construction of the old feudal castles, the object in both cases being the same, to keep the owners

in, and to shut everybody else out. Hence the contrast between what is within and what is without these enclosures. Within all is greenness and fertility; without all is want and misery. It will not do to impute the latter entirely to the natural shiftlessness of the Irish people, as if they would rather beg than work. They have very little motive to work. They cannot own a foot of the soil. The Earl of Kenmare may have thousands of acres for his game, but not a foot will he sell to an Irish laborer, however worthy or industrious. Hence the inevitable tendency of things is to impoverish more and more the wretched peasantry. How long would even the farmers of New England retain their sturdy independence, if all the land of a county were in a single estate, and they could not by any possibility get an acre of ground? They would soon lose their self-respect, as they sank from the condition of owners to tenants. The more I see of different countries, the more I am convinced that the first condition of a robust and manly race is that they should have within their reach some means, either by culture of the soil or by some other kind of industry, of securing for themselves an honest and decent support. It is impossible to keep up self-respect when there is no means of livelihood. Hence the feeling of sadness that mingles with all this beauty around me; that it is a country where all is for the few, and nothing for the many; where the poor starve, while a few nobles and rich landlords can spend their substance in riotous living. Kingsley, in one of his novels, puts into the mouth of an English sailor these lines, which always seemed to me to have a

singular pathos:

> "Oh! England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high;
> But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I."

That is the woe of Ireland – a woe inwrought with its very institutions, and which it would seem only some social convulsion could remove. Sooner or later it must come; we hope by peaceful methods and gentle influences. We shall not live to see the time, but we trust another generation may, when the visitor to Killarney shall not have his delight in the works of God spoiled by sight of the wretchedness of man; when instead of troops of urchins in rags, with bare feet, running for miles to catch the pennies thrown from jaunting cars, we shall see happy, rosy-cheeked children issuing from school-houses, and see the white spires of pretty churches gleaming in the valleys and on the hills. That will be the "sunburst" indeed for poor old Ireland, when the glory of the Lord is thus seen upon her waters and her mountains.

CHAPTER III.
SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH

Edinburgh, June 3d.

In making the tour of Great Britain, there is an advantage in taking Ireland first, Scotland next, and England last, – since in this way one is always going from the less to the more interesting. To the young American traveller "fresh and green," with enthusiasm unexpended, it seems on landing in Ireland as if there never was such a bit of green earth, and indeed it is a very interesting country. But many as are its attractions, Scotland has far more, in that it is the home of a much greater people, and is invested with far richer historical and poetical associations; it has been the scene of great historical events; it is the land of Wallace and Bruce, of Reformers and Martyrs, of John Knox and the Covenanters, and of great preachers down to the days of Chalmers and Guthrie; and it has been immortalized by the genius of poets and novelists, who have given a fresh interest to the simple manners of the people, as well as to their lakes and mountains.

And after all, it is this *human* interest which is the great interest of any country – not its hills and valleys, its lakes and rivers *alone*, but these features of natural beauty and sublimity, illumined and glorified by the presence of man, by the record

of what he has suffered and what he has achieved, of his love and courage, his daring and devotion; and nowhere are these more identified with the country itself than here, nowhere do they more speak from the very rocks and hills and glens.

Scotland, though a great country, is not a very large one, and such are now the facilities of travel that one can go very quickly to almost any point. A few hours will take you into the heart of the Highlands. We made in one day the excursion to Stirling, and to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and felt at every step how much the beauties of nature are heightened by associations with romance or history. From Stirling Castle one looks down upon a dozen battle-fields. He is in sight of Bannockburn, where Bruce drove back the English invader, and of other fields associated with Wallace, the hero of Scotland, as William Tell is of Switzerland. Once among the lakes he surrenders himself to his imagination, excited by romance. The poetry of Scott gives to the wild glens and moors a greater charm than the bloom of the heather. The lovely lake catches, more beautiful than the rays of sunset,

> "A light that never was on sea or shore,
> The inspiration and the poet's dream."

Loch Katrine is a very pretty sheet of water, lying as it does at the foot of rugged mountains, yet it is not more beautiful than hundreds of small lakes among our Northern hills, but it derives a

poetic charm from being the scene of "The Lady of the Lake." A little rocky islet is pointed out as Ellen's Isle. An open field by the roadside, which would attract no attention, immediately becomes an object of romantic interest when the coachman tells us it was the scene of the combat between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu. The rough country over which we are riding just now is no wilder than many of the roads among the White Mountains – but it is the country of Rob Roy! I have climbed through many a rocky mountain gorge as wild as the Trossachs, but they had not Walter Scott to people them with his marvellous creations.

A student of the religious part of Scottish history will find another interest here, as he remembers how, in the days of persecution, the old Covenanters sought refuge in these glens, and here found shelter from those pursuing rough-riders, Claverhouse's dragoons. Thus it is the history of Scotland, and the genius of her writers, that give such interest to her country and her people; and as I stood at the grave of John Wilson (Christopher North), I blessed the hand that had depicted so tenderly the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," presenting such varied scenes in the cottage and the manse, in the glen and on the moor, but everywhere illustrating the patient trust and courage of this wonderful people. It is a fit winding-up to the tour of Scotland, that commonly the traveller's last visit, as he comes down to England, is to Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott; to Melrose Abbey, which a few lines of his poetry have invested with an interest greater than that of other similar ruins;

and to Dryburgh Abbey, where he sleeps.

Edinburgh is the most picturesque city in Europe, as it is cleft in twain by a deep gorge or ravine, on either side of which the two divisions of the city, the Old Town and the New Town, stand facing each other. From the Royal Hotel, where we are, in Princes Street, just opposite the beautiful monument to Walter Scott, we look across this gorge to long ranges of buildings in the Old Town, some of which are ten stories high; and to the Castle, lifted in air four hundred feet by a cliff that rears its rocky front from the valley below, its top girt round with walls, and frowning with batteries. What associations cluster about those heights! For hundreds of years, even before the date of authentic history, that has been a military stronghold. It has been besieged again and again. Cromwell tried to take it, but its battlements of rock proved inaccessible even to his Ironsides. There, in a little room hardly bigger than a closet, Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to a prince, who when but eight days old was let down in a basket from the cliff, that the life so precious to two kingdoms as that of the sovereign in whom Scotland and England were to be united, might not perish by murderous hands. And there is St. Giles' Cathedral, where John Knox thundered, and where James VI. (the infant that was born in the castle) when chosen to be James I. of England, took leave of his Scottish subjects.

At the other end of Edinburgh is Holyrood Castle, whose chief interest is from its association with the mother of James, the beautiful but ill-fated Mary. How all that history, stranger

and sadder than any romance, comes back again, as we stand on the very spot where she stood when she was married; and pass through the rooms in which she lived, and see the very bed on which she slept, unconscious of the doom that was before her, and trace all the surroundings of her most romantic and yet most tragic history. Such are some of the associations which gather around Edinburgh!

I find here my friend Mr. William Nelson (of the famous publishing house of Nelson and Sons), whose hospitality I enjoyed for a week in the summer of 1867; and he, with his usual courtesy, gave up a whole day to show us Edinburgh, taking us to all the beautiful points of view and places of historical interest – to the Castle and Holyrood, and the Queen's Drive, around Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. Mr. Nelson's house is a little out of the city, under the shadow of Arthur's Seat, near a modest manse, which has been visited by hundreds of American ministers, as it was the home of the late Dr. Guthrie. His brother, Mr. Thomas Nelson, has lately erected one of the most beautiful private houses I have seen in Scotland, or anywhere else. I doubt if there is a finer one in Edinburgh; and what gives it a special interest to an American, is that it was built wholly out of the rise of American securities. During our civil war, when most people in England thought the Great Republic was gone, he had faith, and invested thousands of pounds in our government bonds, the rise in which has paid entirely for this quite baronial mansion, so that he has some reason to call it his American house. So

many in Great Britain have *lost* by American securities, that it was pleasant to know of one who had reaped the reward of his faith in the strength of our government and the integrity of our people.

When we reached Edinburgh both General Assemblies were just closing their annual meetings. I had met in Glasgow, on Sunday, at the Barony church (where he is successor to Dr. Norman Macleod), John Marshall Lang, D.D., who visited America as a delegate to our General Assembly, and left a most favorable impression in our country; who told me that their Assembly – that of the National Church – would close the next day, and advised me to hasten to Edinburgh before its separation. So we came on with him on Monday, and looked in twice at the proceedings, but had not courage to stay to witness the end, which was not reached till four o'clock the next morning! But by the courtesy of Dr. Lang, I received an invitation from the excellent moderator, Dr. Sellars, (who had been in America, and had the most friendly feeling for our countrymen,) to a kind of state dinner, which it is an honored custom of this old Church to give at the close of the Assembly. The moderator is allowed two hundred pounds *to entertain*. He gives a public breakfast every morning during the session, and winds up with this grand feast. If the morning repasts were on such a generous scale as that which we saw, the £200 could go but a little way. There were about eighty guests, including the most eminent of the clergy, principals and professors of colleges, dignitaries of the city of

Edinburgh, judges and law officers of the crown, etc. I sat next to Dr. Lang, who pointed out to me the more notable guests, and gave me much information between the courses; and Dr. Schaff sat next to Professor Milligan. As became an Established Church, there were toasts to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and her Majesty's Ministers. Altogether it was a very distinguished gathering, which I greatly enjoyed. I am glad that we in America are beginning to cultivate relations with the National Church of Scotland. As to the question of Church and State, of course our sympathies are more with the Free Church, but that should not prevent a friendly intercourse with so large a body, to which we are drawn by the ties of a common faith and order. Delegates from the National Church of Scotland will always be welcome in our Assemblies, especially when they are such men as Dr. Lang and Professor Milligan; and our representatives are sure of a hearty reception here. Dr. Adams and Dr. Shaw, two or three years since, electrified their Assembly, and they do not cease to speak of it. Certainly we cannot but be greatly benefited by cultivating the most cordial relations with a body which contains so large an array of men distinguished for learning, eloquence, and piety.

In the Free Church things are done with less of form and state than in the National Church, but there is intense life and rigor. I looked in upon their Assembly, but found it occupied, like the other, chiefly with those routine matters which are hastened through at the close of a session. But I heard from members

that the year has been one of great prosperity. The labors of the American revivalists, Moody and Sankey, have been well received, and the impression of all with whom I conversed was that they had done great good. In financial matters I was told that there had been such an outpouring of liberality as had never been known in Scotland before. The success of the Sustentation Fund is something marvellous, and must delight the heart of that noble son of Scotland, Dr. McCosh.

I am disappointed to find that the cause of Union has not made more progress. There is indeed a prospect of the "Reformed" Church being absorbed into the Free Church, thus putting an end to an old secession. But it is a small body of only some eighty churches, while the negotiations with the far larger body of United Presbyterians, after being carried on for many years, are finally suspended, and may not be resumed. As to the National Church, it clings to its connection with the State as fondly as ever, and the Free Church, having grown strong without its aid, now disdains its alliance. On both sides the attitude is one of respectful but pretty decided aversion. So far from drawing nearer to each other, they appear to recede farther apart. It was thought that some advance had been made on the part of the Old Kirk, in the act of Parliament abolishing patronage, but the Free Church seemed to regard this as a temptation of the adversary to allure them from the stand which they had taken more than thirty years ago, and which they had maintained in a long and severe, but glorious, struggle. They will not listen to the voice of

the charmer, no, not for an hour.

This attitude of the Free Church toward the National Church, coupled with the fact that its negotiations with the United Presbyterians have fallen through, does not give us much hope of a general union among the Presbyterians of Scotland, at least in our day. In fact there is something in the Scotch nature which seems to forbid such coalescence. *It does not fuse well.* It is too hard and "gritty" to melt in every crucible. For this reason they cannot well unite with any body. Their very nature is centrifugal rather than centripetal. They love to argue, and the more they argue the more positive they become. The conviction that they are right, is absolute on both sides. Whatever other Christian grace they lack, they have at least attained to a full assurance of faith. No one can help admiring their rugged honesty and their strong convictions, upheld with unflinching courage. They become heroes in the day of battle, and martyrs in the day of persecution; but as for mutual concession, and mutual forgiveness, that, I fear, is not in them.

It is painful to see this alienation between two bodies, for both of which we cannot but feel the greatest respect. It does not become us Americans to offer any counsel to those who are older and wiser than we; yet if we might send a single message across the sea, it should be to say that we have learned by all our conflicts and struggles to cherish two things – which are our watchwords in Church and State —*liberty* and *union*. We prize our liberty. With a great price we have obtained this freedom, and no man shall

take it from us. But yet we have also learned how precious a thing is brotherly love and concord. Sweet is the communion of saints. This is the last blessing which we desire for Scotland, that has so many virtues that we cannot but wish that she might abound in this grace also. Even with this imperfection, we love her country and her people. Whoever has had access to Scottish homes, must have been struck with their beautiful domestic character, with the attachment in families, with the tenderness of parents, and the affectionate obedience of children. A country in which the scenes of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" are repeated in thousands of homes, we cannot help loving as well as admiring. Wherefore do I say from my heart, A thousand blessings on dear old Scotland! Peace be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces!

CHAPTER IV.
MOODY AND SANKEY IN LONDON

London, June 10th.

To an American, visiting London just now, the object of most interest is the meetings of his countrymen, Moody and Sankey. He has heard so much of them, that he is curious to see with his own eyes just what they are. One thing is undeniable – that they have created a prodigious sensation. London is a very big place to make a stir in. A pebble makes a ripple in a placid lake, while a rock falling from the side of a mountain disappears in an instant in the ocean. London is an ocean. Yet here these meetings have been thronged as much as in other cities of Great Britain, and that not by the common people alone (although they have heard gladly), but by representatives of all classes. For several weeks they were held in the Haymarket Theatre, right in the centre of fashionable London, and in the very place devoted to its amusements; yet it was crowded to suffocation, and not only by Dissenters, but by members of the Established Church, among whom were such men as Dean Stanley, and Mr. Gladstone, and Lord-Chancellor Cairns. The Duchess of Sutherland was a frequent attendant. All this indicates, if only

a sensation, at least a sensation of quite extraordinary character. No doubt the multitude was drawn together in part by curiosity. The novelty was an attraction; and, like the old Athenians, they ran together into the market-place to hear some new thing. This alone would have drawn them once or twice, but the excitement did not subside. If some fell off, others rushed in, so that the place was crowded to the last. Those meetings closed just before we reached London, to be opened in another quarter of the great city.

Last Sunday we went to hear Mr. Spurgeon, and he announced that on Thursday (to-day) Messrs. Moody and Sankey would commence a new series of meetings for the especial benefit of the South of London. A large structure had been erected for the purpose. He warmly endorsed the movement, and spoke in high praise of the men, especially for the modesty and tact and the practical judgment they showed along with their zeal; and urged all, instead of standing aloof and criticizing, to join heartily in the effort which he believed would result in great good. In a conversation afterward in his study, Mr. Spurgeon said to me that Moody was the most simple-minded of men; that he told him on coming here, "I am the most over-estimated and over-praised man in the world." This low esteem of himself, and readiness to take any place, so that he may do his Master's work, ought to disarm the disposition to judge him according to the rules of rigid literary, or rhetorical, or even theological, criticism.

This new tabernacle which has been built for Mr. Moody is

set up at Camberwell Green, on the south side of the Thames, not very far from Mr. Spurgeon's church. It is a huge structure, standing in a large enclosure, which is entered by gates. The service was to begin at three o'clock. It was necessary to have tickets for admission, which I obtained from the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, a Member of Parliament, who is about as well known in London as Lord Shaftesbury for his activity in all good works. He advised me to go early to anticipate the crowd. We started from Piccadilly at half-past one, and drove quietly over Westminster Bridge, thinking we should be in ample time. But as we approached Camberwell Green it was evident that there was a tide setting toward the place of meeting, which swelled till the crowd became a rush. There were half a dozen entrances. We asked for the one to the platform, and were directed some distance around. Arrived at the gates we found them shut and barred, and guarded by policemen, who said they had received orders to admit no more, as the place was already more than full, although the pressure outside was increasing every instant. We might have been turned back from the very doors of the sanctuary, if Mr. Kinnaird had not given me, besides the tickets, a letter to Mr. Hodder, who was the chief man in charge, directing him to take us in and give us seats on the platform. This I passed through the gates to the policeman, who sent it on to some of the managers within, and word came back that the bearers of the letter should be admitted. But this was easier said than done. How to admit us two without admitting others was a difficult matter;

indeed, it was an impossibility. The policemen tried to open the gates a little way, so as to permit us to pass in; but as soon as the gates were ajar, the guardians themselves were swept away. In vain they tried to stem the torrent. The crowd rushed past them, (and would have rushed over them, if they had stood in the way,) and surged up to the building. Here again the crush was terrific. Had we foreseen it, we should not have attempted the passage; but once in the stream, it was easier to go forward than to go back. There was no help for it but to wait till the tide floated us in; and so, after some minutes we were landed at last in one of the galleries, from which we could take in a view of the scene.

It was indeed a wonderful spectacle. The building is somewhat like Barnum's Hippodrome, though not so large, and of better shape for speaking and hearing, being not so oblong, but more square, with deep galleries, and will hold, I should say, at a rough estimate, six or eight thousand people. The front of the galleries was covered with texts in large letters, such as "God is Love"; "Jesus only"; "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith"; "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." At each corner was a room marked "For inquirers."

As we had entered by mistake the wrong door, instead of finding ourselves on the platform beside Mr. Moody, we had been borne by the crowd to the gallery at the other end of the building; but this had one advantage, that of enabling us to test the power of the voices of the speakers to reach such large

audiences. While the immense assemblage were getting settled in their places, several hymns were sung, which quietly and gently prepared them for the services that were to follow.

At length Mr. Moody appeared. The moment he rose, there was a movement of applause, which he instantly checked with a wave of his hand, and at once proceeded to business, turning the minds of the audience to something besides himself, by asking them to rise and sing the stirring hymn,

"Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day!"

The whole assembly rose, and caught up the words with such energy that the rafters rang with the mighty volume of sound. A venerable minister, with white locks, then rose, and clinging to the railing for support, and raising his voice, offered a brief but fervent prayer.

Mr. Moody's part in this opening service, it had been announced beforehand, would be merely to *preside*, while others spoke; and he did little more than to introduce them. He read, however, a few verses from the parable of the talents, and urged on every one the duty to use whatever gift he had, be it great or small, and not bury his talent in a napkin. His voice was clear and strong, and where I sat I heard distinctly. What he said was good, though in no wise remarkable. Mr. Sankey touched us much more as he followed with an appropriate hymn:

"Nothing but leaves!"

As soon as I caught his first notes, I felt that there was *one* cause of the success of these meetings. His voice is very powerful, and every word was given with such distinctness that it reached every ear in the building. All listened with breathless interest as he sang:

"Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reaps from years of strife —
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!"

Rev. Mr. Aitken, of Liverpool, then made an address of perhaps half an hour, following up the thought of Mr. Moody on the duty of all to join in the effort they were about to undertake. His address, without being eloquent, was earnest and practical, to which Mr. Sankey gave a thrilling application in another of his hymns, in which the closing line of every verse was,

"Here am I; send me, send me!"

Mr. Spurgeon was reserved for the closing address, and spoke, as he always does, very forcibly. I noticed, as I had before, one great element of his power, viz., his illustrations, which are most apt. For example, he was urging ministers and Christians of all

denominations to join in this movement, and wished to show the folly of a contentious spirit among them. To expose its absurdity, he said:

"A few years ago I was in Rome, and there I saw in the Vatican a statue of two wrestlers, in the attitude of men trying to throw each other. I went back two years after, and they were in the same struggle, and I suppose are at it still!" Everybody saw the application. Such a constrained posture might do in a marble statue, but could anything be more ridiculous than for living men thus to stand always facing each other in an attitude of hostility and defiance? "And there too," he proceeded, "was another statue of a boy pulling a thorn out of his foot. I went to Rome again, and there he was still, with the same bended form, and the same look of pain, struggling to be free. I suppose he is there still, and will be to all eternity!" What an apt image of the self-inflicted torture of some who, writhing under real or imagined injury, hug their grievance and their pain, instead of at once tearing it away, and standing erect as men in the full liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free.

Again, he was illustrating the folly of some ministers in giving so much time and thought to refuting infidel objections, by which they often made their people's minds familiar with what they would never have heard of, and filled them with doubt and perplexity. He said the process reminded him of what was done at a grotto near Naples, which is filled with carbonic acid gas so strong that life cannot exist in it, to illustrate which the vile

people of the cave seize a wretched dog, and throw him in, and in a few minutes the poor animal is nearly dead. Then they deluge him with cold water to bring him round. Just about as wise are those ministers who, having to preach the Gospel of Christ, think they must first drop their hearers into a pit filled with the asphyxiating gas of a false philosophy, to show how they can apply their hydropathy in recovering them afterwards. Better let them keep above ground, and breathe all the time the pure, blessed air of heaven.

Illustrations like these told upon the audience, because they were so apt, and so informed with common sense. Mr. Spurgeon has an utter contempt for scientific charlatans and literary dilettanti, and all that class of men who have no higher business in life than to carp and criticise. He would judge everything by its practical results. If sneering infidels ask, What good religion does? he points to those it has saved, to the men it has reformed, whom it has lifted up from degradation and death; and exclaims with his tremendous voice, "There they are! standing on the shore, saved from shipwreck and ruin!" That result is the sufficient answer to all cavil and objection.

"And now," continued Mr. Spurgeon, applying what he had said, "here are these two brethren who have come to us from over the sea, whom God has blessed wherever they have labored in Scotland, in Ireland, and in England. It may be said they are no wiser or better than our own preachers or laymen. Perhaps not. But somehow, whether by some novelty of method, or some

special tact, they have caught the popular ear, and that of itself is a great point gained – they have got a hold on the public mind." Again he resorted to illustration to make his point.

"Some years ago," he said, "I was crossing the Maritime Alps. We were going up a pretty heavy grade, and the engine, though a powerful one, labored hard to drag us up the steep ascent, till at length it came to a dead stop. I got out to see what was the matter, for I didn't like the look of things, and there we were stuck fast in a snow-drift! The engine was working as hard as ever, and the wheels continued to revolve; but the rails were icy, and the wheels could not take hold – they could not get any *grip*– and so the train was unable to move. So it is with some men, and some ministers. They are splendid engines, and they have steam enough. The wheels revolve all right, only they don't get any *grip* on the rails, and so the train doesn't move. Now our American friends have somehow got this grip on the public mind; when they speak or sing, the people hear. Without debating *why* this is, or *how* it is, let us thank God for it, and try to help them in the use of the power which God has given them."

After this stirring address of Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Moody announced the arrangements for the meetings, which would be continued in that place for thirty days; and with another rousing hymn the meeting closed. This, it is given out, is to be the last month of Moody and Sankey in England, and of course they hope it will be the crown of all their labors.

After the service was ended, and the audience had partly

dispersed, we made our way around to the other end of the building, and had a good shake of the hand with Mr. Moody, with whom I had spent several days at Mr. Henry Bewley's, in Dublin, in 1867, and then travelled with him to London, little dreaming that he would ever excite such a commotion in this great Babylon, or have such a thronging multitude to hear him as I have seen to-day.

And now, what of it all? It would be presumption to give an opinion on a single service, and that where the principal actor in these scenes was almost silent. Certainly there are some drawbacks. For my part, I had rather worship in less of a crowd. If there is anything which I shrink from, it is getting into a crush from which there is no escape, and being obliged to struggle for life. Sometimes, indeed, it may be a duty, but it is not an agreeable one. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus, but I don't think he liked it; and it seems to me a pretty near approach to being thrown to the lions, to be caught in a rushing, roaring London crowd.

And still I must not do it injustice. It was not a mob, but only a very eager and excited concourse of people; who, when once settled in the building, were attentive and devout. Perhaps the assembly to-day was more so than usual, as the invitation for this opening service had been "to Christians," and probably the bulk of those present were members of neighboring churches. They were, for the most part, very plain people, but none the worse for that, and they joined in the service with evident interest, singing

heartily the hymns, and turning over their Bibles to follow the references to passages of Scripture. Their simple sincerity and earnestness were very touching.

As to Mr. Moody, in the few remarks he made I saw no sign of eloquence, not a single brilliant flash, such as would have lighted up a five minutes' talk of our friend Talmage; but there was the impressiveness of a man who was too much in earnest to care for flowers of rhetoric; whose heart was in his work, and who, intent on that alone, spoke with the utmost simplicity and plainness. I hear it frequently said that his power is not in any extraordinary gift of speech, but *in organizing Christian work*. One would suppose that this long-continued labor would break him down, but on the contrary, he seems to thrive upon it, and has grown stout and burly as any Englishman, and seems ready for many more campaigns.

As to the result of his labors, instead of volunteering an opinion on such slight observation, it is much more to the purpose to give the judgment of others who have had full opportunity to see his methods, and to observe the fruits. I have conversed with men of standing and influence in Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, and Edinburgh – men not at all likely to be carried away by any sudden fanaticism. All speak well of him, and believe that he has done good in their respective cities. This certainly is very high testimony, and for the present is the best we can have. They say that he shows great *tact* in keeping clear of difficulties, not allying himself with sects or

parties, and awakening no prejudices, so that Baptists, like Mr. Spurgeon, and Methodists and Independents and Presbyterians, all work together. In Scotland, men of the Free Church and of the National Church joined in the meetings, and one cannot but hope that the tendency of this general religious movement will be to incline the hearts of those noble, but now divided brethren, more and more towards each other.

What will be the effect in London, it is too soon to say. It seems almost impossible to make any impression on a city which is a world in itself. London has nearly four millions of inhabitants – more than the six States of New England put together! It is the monstrous growth of our modern civilization. With its enormous size, it contains more wealth than any city in the world, *and more poverty*– more luxury on the one hand, and more misery on the other. To those who have explored the low life of London, the revelations are terrific. The wretchedness, the filth, the squalor, the physical pollution and moral degradation in which vast numbers live, is absolutely appalling.

And can such a seething mass of humanity be reached by any Christian influences? That is the problem to be solved. It is a gigantic undertaking. Whatever can make any impression upon it, deserves the support of all good men. I hope fervently that the present movement may leave a moral result that shall remain after the actors in it have passed away.

CHAPTER V.
TWO SIDES OF LONDON. – IS MODERN CIVILIZATION A FAILURE?

June 15th.

It is now "the height of the season" in London. Parliament is in session, and "everybody" is in town. Except the Queen, who is in the Highlands, almost all the Royal family are here; and (except occasional absences on the Continent, or as Ministers at foreign courts, or as Governors of India, of Canada, of Australia, and other British colonies) probably almost the whole nobility of the United Kingdom are at this moment in London. Of course foreigners flock here in great numbers. So crowded is every hotel, that it is difficult to find lodgings. We have found very central quarters in Dover street, near Piccadilly, close by the clubs and the parks, and the great West End, the fashionable quarter of London.

Of course the display from the assemblage of so much rank and wealth, and the concourse of such a multitude from all parts of the United Kingdom, and indeed from all parts of the earth, is magnificent. We go often to Hyde Park Corner, to see the turnout in the afternoon. In Rotten Row (strange name for

the most fashionable riding ground in Europe) is the array of those on horseback; while the drive adjoining is appropriated to carriages. The mounted cavalcade makes a gallant sight. What splendid horses, and how well these English ladies ride! Here come the equipages of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, with their fair brides from northern capitals, followed by an endless roll of carriages of dukes and marquises and earls, and lords and ladies of high degree. It seems as if all the glory of the world were here. In strange contrast with this pomp and show, whom should we meet, as we were riding in the Park on Saturday, but Moody (whom John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, was taking out for an airing to prepare him for the fatigues of the morrow), who doubtless looked upon all this as a Vanity Fair, much greater than that which Bunyan has described!

But not to regard it in a severe spirit of censure, it is a sight such as brings before us, in one moving panorama, the rank and beauty, the wealth and power, of the British Empire, represented in these lords of the realm. Such a sight cannot be seen anywhere else in Europe, not in the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, nor the Prater at Vienna.

Take another scene. Let us start after ten o'clock and ride down into "the city," – a title which, as used here, belongs only to the old part of London, beyond Temple Bar, which is now given up wholly to business, and where "nobody that is anybody" lives. Here are the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and the great commercial houses, that have their connections in all

parts of the earth. The concentration of wealth is enormous, represented by hundreds and thousands of millions sterling. One might almost say that half the national debts of the world are owned here. There is not a power on the globe that is seeking a loan, that does not come to London. France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, all have recourse to its bankers to provide the material of war, or means for the construction of the great works and monuments of peace. Our American railways have been built largely with English money. Alas, that so many have proved unfortunate investments!

It is probably quite within bounds to say that the accumulation of wealth at this centre is greater than ever was piled up before on the globe, even in the days of the Persian or Babylonian Empires; or when the kings of Egypt built the Pyramids; or when Rome sat on the seven hills, and subject provinces sent tribute from all parts of the earth; or in that Mogul Empire, whose monuments at Delhi and Agra are still the wonder of India.

Can it be that a city so vast, so populous, so rich, has a canker at its root? Do not judge hastily, but see for yourself. Leave Hyde Park Corner, and its procession of nobles and princes; leave "the city," with its banks and counting-houses, and plunge into another quarter of London. One need not go far away, for the hiding-places of poverty and wretchedness are often under the very shadow of the palaces of the rich. Come, then, and grope through these narrow streets. You turn aside to avoid the ragged, wretched creatures that crouch along your path. But come on,

and if you fear to go farther, take a policeman with you. Wind your way into narrow passages, into dark, foul alleys, up-stairs, story after story, each worse than the last. Summon up courage to enter the rooms. You are staggered by the foul smell that issues as you open the doors. But do not go back; wait till your eye is a little accustomed to the darkness, and you can see more clearly. Here is a room hardly big enough for a single bed, yet containing six, eight, ten, or a dozen persons, all living in a common herd, cooking and eating such wretched food as they have, and sleeping on the floor together.

What can be expected of human beings, crowded in such miserable habitations, living in filth and squalor, and often pinched with hunger? Not only is refinement impossible, but comfort, or even decency. What manly courage would not give way, sapped by the deadly poison of such an air? Who wonders that so many rush to the gin-shop to snatch a moment of excitement or forgetfulness? What feminine delicacy could stand the foul and loathsome contact of such brutal degradation? Yet this is the way in which tens, and perhaps hundreds of thousands of the population of London live.

But it is at night that these low quarters are most fearful. Then the population turns into the streets, which are brilliantly lighted up by the flaring gas-jets. Then the gin-shops are in their glory, crowded by the lowest and most wretched specimens of humanity – men and women in rags – old, gray-headed men and haggard women, and young girls, – and even children, learning to be imps

of wickedness almost as soon as they are born. After a few hours of this excitement they reel home to their miserable dens. And then each wretched room becomes more hideous than before, – for drinking begets quarrelling; and, cursing and swearing and fighting, the wretched creatures at last sink exhausted on the floor, to forget their misery in a few hours of troubled sleep.

Such is a true, but most inadequate, picture of one side of London. Who that sees it, or even reads of it, can wonder that so many of these "victims of civilization," finding human hearts harder than the stones of the street, seek refuge in suicide? I never cross London Bridge without recalling Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and stopping to lean over the parapet, thinking of the tragedies which those "dark arches" have witnessed, as poor, miserable creatures, mad with suffering, have rushed here and thrown themselves over into "the black-flowing river"[2] beneath, eager to escape

> "Anywhere, anywhere,
> Out of the world!"

Such is the dreadful cancer which is eating at the heart of London – poverty and misery, ending in vice and crime, in despair and death. It is a fearful spectacle. But is there any help for it? Can anything be done to relieve this gigantic human

[2] "The bleak wind of MarchMade her tremble and shiver,But not the dark arch,Nor the black flowing river.Mad from life's history,Glad to death's mysterySwift to be hurledAnywhere, anywhere,Out of the world"

misery? Or is the case desperate, beyond all hope or remedy?

Of course there are many schemes of reformation and cure. Some think it must come by political instrumentality, by changes in the laws; others have no hope but in a social regeneration, or reconstruction of society, others still rely only on moral and religious influences.

There has arisen in Europe, within the last generation, a multitude of philosophers who have dreamed that it was possible so to reorganize or reconstruct society, to adjust the relations of labor and capital, as to extinguish poverty; so that there shall be no more poor, no more want. Sickness there may be, disease, accident, and pain, but the amount of suffering will be reduced to a minimum; so that at least there shall be no unnecessary pain, none which it is possible for human skill or science to relieve. Elaborate works have been written, in which the machinery is carefully adjusted, and the wheels so oiled that there is no jar or friction. These schemes are very beautiful; alas! that they should be mere creations of the fancy. The apparatus is too complicated and too delicate, and generally breaks to pieces in the very setting up. The fault of all these social philosophies is that they ignore the natural selfishness of man, his pride, avarice, and ambition. Every man wants the first place in the scale of eminence. If men were morally right – if they had Christian humility or self-abnegation, and each were willing to take the lowest place – then indeed might these things be. But until then, we fear that all such schemes will be splendid failures.

In France, where they have been most carefully elaborated, and in some instances tried, they have always resulted disastrously, sometimes ending in horrible scenes of blood, as in the Reign of Terror in the first Revolution, and recently in the massacres of the Commune. No government on earth can reconstruct society, so as to prevent all poverty and suffering. Still the State can do much by removing obstacles out of the way. It need not be itself the agent of oppression, and of inflicting needless suffering. This has been the vice of many governments – that they have kept down the poor by laying on them burdens too heavy to bear, and so crushing the life out of their exhausted frames. In England the State can remove disabilities from the working man; it can take away the exclusive privileges of rank and title, and place all classes on the same level before the law. Thus it can clear the field before every man, and give him a chance to rise, *if he has it in him*– if he has talent, energy, and perseverance.

Then the government can in many ways *encourage* the poorer classes, and so gradually lift them up. In great cities the drainage of unhealthy streets, of foul quarters, may remove the seeds of pestilence. Something in this way has been done already, and the death rates show a corresponding diminution of mortality. So by stringent laws in regard to proper ventilation, forbidding the crowding together in unhealthy tenements, and promoting the erection of model lodging-houses, it may encourage that cleanliness and decency which is the first step

towards civilization.

Then by a system of Common Schools, that shall be universal and *compulsory*, and be rigidly enforced, as it is in Germany, the State may educate in some degree, at least in the rudiments of knowledge, the children of the nation, and thus do something towards lifting up, slowly but steadily, that vast substratum of population which lies at the base of every European society.

But the question of moral influence remains. Is it possible to reach this vast and degraded population with any Christian influences, or are they in a state of hopeless degradation?

Here we meet at the first step in England A CHURCH, of grand proportions, established for ages, inheriting vast endowments, wealth, privilege, and titles, with all the means of exerting the utmost influence on the national mind. For this what has it to show? It has great cathedrals, with bishops, and deans, and canons; a whole retinue of beneficed clergy, men who read or "intone" the prayers; with such hosts of men and boys to chant the services, as, if mustered together, would make a small army. The machinery is ample, but the result, we fear, not at all corresponding.

But lest I be misunderstood, let me say here that I have no prejudice against the Church of England. I cannot join with the English Dissenters in their cry against it, nor with some of my American brethren, who look upon it as almost an apostate Church, an obstacle to the progress of Christianity, rather than a wall set around it to be its bulwark and defence. With a very

different feeling do I regard that ancient Church, that has so long had its throne in the British Islands. I am not an Englishman, nor an Episcopalian, yet no loyal son of the Church of England could look up to it with more tender reverence than I. I honor it for all that it has been in the past, for all that it is at this hour. The oldest of the Protestant Churches of England, it has the dignity of history to make it venerable. And not only is it one of the oldest Churches in the world, but one of the purest, which could not be struck from existence without a shock to all Christendom. Its faith is the faith of the Reformation, the faith of the early ages of Christianity. Whatever "corruptions" may have gathered upon it, like moss upon the old cathedral walls, yet in the Apostles' Creed, and other symbols of faith, it has held the primitive belief with beautiful simplicity, divested of all "philosophy," and held it not only with singular purity, but with steadfastness from generation to generation.

What a power is in a creed and a service which thus links us with the past! As we listen to the Te Deum or the Litany, we are carried back not only to the Middle Ages, but to the days of persecution, when "the noble army of martyrs" was not a name; when the Church worshipped in crypts and catacombs. Perhaps we of other communions do not consider enough the influence of a Church which has a long history, and whose very service seems to unite the living and the dead – the worship on earth with the worship in heaven. For my part, I am very sensitive to these influences, and never do I hear a choir "chanting the liturgies of

remote generations" that it does not bring me nearer to the first worshippers, and to Him whom they worshipped.

Nor can I overlook, among the influences of the Church of England, that even of its architecture, in which its history, as well as its worship, is enshrined. Its cathedrals are filled with monuments and tombs, which recall great names and sacred memories. Is it mere imagination, that when I enter one of these old piles and sit in some quiet alcove, the place is filled to my ear with airy tongues, voices of the dead, that come from the tablets around and from the tombs beneath; that whisper along the aisles, and rise and float away in the arches above, bearing the soul to heaven – spirits with which my own poor heart, as I sit and pray, seems in peaceful and blessed communion? Is it an idle fancy that soaring above us there is a multitude of the heavenly host singing now, as once over the plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will towards men!" Here is the soul bowed down in the presence of its Maker. It feels "lowly as a worm." What thoughts of death arise amid so many memorials of the dead! What sober views of the true end of a life so swiftly passing away! How many better thoughts are inspired by the meditations of this holy place! How many prayers, uttered in silence, are wafted to the Hearer of Prayer! How many offences are forgiven here in the presence of "The Great Forgiver of the world"! How many go forth from this ancient portal, resolved, with God's help, to live better lives! It is idle to deny that the place itself is favorable to meditation and to prayer. It makes a

solemn stillness in the midst of a great city, as if we were in the solitude of a mountain or a desert. The pillared arches are like the arches of a sacred grove. Let those who will cast away such aids to devotion, and say they can worship God anywhere – in any place. I am not so insensible to these surroundings, but find in them much to lift up my heart and to help my poor prayers.

With these internal elements of power, and with its age and history, and the influence of custom and tradition, the Church of England has held the nation for hundreds of years to an outward respect for Christianity, even if not always to a living faith. While Germany has fallen away to Rationalism and indifference, and France to mocking and scornful infidelity, in England Christianity is a national institution, as fast anchored as the island itself. The Church of England is the strongest bulwark against the infidelity of the continent. It is associated in the national mind with all that is sacred and venerable in the past. In its creed and its worship it presents the Christian religion in a way to command the respect of the educated classes; it is seated in the Universities, and is thus associated with science and learning. As it is the National Church, it has the support of all the rank of the kingdom, and arrays on its side the strongest social influences. Thus it sets even fashion on the side of religion. This may not be the most dignified influence to control the faith of a country, but it is one that has great power, and it is certainly better to have it on the side of religion than against it. We must take the world as it is, and men as they are. They are led by example, and especially

by the examples of the great; of those whose rank makes them foremost in the public eye, and gives them a natural influence over their countrymen.

As for those who think that the Gospel is preached nowhere in England but in the chapels of Dissenters, and that there is little "spirituality" except among English Independents or Scotch Presbyterians, we can but pity their ignorance. It is not necessary to point to the saintly examples of men like Jeremy Taylor and Archbishop Leighton; but in the English homes of to-day are thousands of men and women who furnish illustrations, as beautiful as any that can be found on earth, of a religion without cant or affectation, yet simple and sincere, and showing itself at once in private devotion, in domestic piety, and in a life full of all goodness and charity.

It must be confessed that its ministers are not always worthy of the Church itself. I am repelled and disgusted at the arrogance of some who think that it is the *only* true Church, and that they alone are the Lord's anointed. If so, the grace is indeed in earthen vessels, and those of wretched clay. The affectation and pretension of some of the more youthful clergy are such as to provoke a smile. But such paltry creatures are too insignificant to be worth a moment's serious thought. The same spiritual conceit exists in every Church. We should not like to be held responsible for all the narrowness of Presbyterians, whom we are sometimes obliged to regard, as Cromwell did, as "the Lord's foolish people." These small English curates and rectors we

should regard no more than the spiders that weave their web in some dimly-lighted arch, or the traditional "church mice" that nibble their crumbs in the cathedral tower, or the crickets or lizards that creep over the old tombs in the neighboring churchyard.

But if there is much narrowness in the Church of England, there is much nobleness also; much true Christian liberality and hearty sympathy with all good men and good movements, not only in England but throughout the world. Dean Stanley (whom I love and honor as the manliest man in the Church of England) is but the representative and leader of hundreds who, if they have not his genius, have at least much of his generous and intrepid spirit, that despises sacerdotal cant, and claims kindred with the good of all countries and ages, with the noble spirits, the brave and true, of all mankind. Such men are sufficient to redeem the great Church to which they belong from the reproach of narrowness.

Such is the position of the Church of England, whose history is a part of that of the realm; and which stands to-day buttressed by rank, and learning, and social position, and a thousand associations which have clustered around it in the course of centuries, to make it sacred and venerable and dear to the nation's heart. If all this were levelled with the ground, in vain would all the efforts of Dissenters, however earnest and eloquent – if they could muster a hundred Spurgeons – avail to restore the national respect for religion.

Looking at all these possibilities, I am by no means so certain as some appear to be, that the overthrow of the Establishment would be a gain to the cause of Christianity in England. Some in their zeal for a pure democracy both in Church and State – for Independency and Voluntaryism in the former, and Republicanism in the latter – regard every Establishment as an enemy alike to a pure Gospel and to religious liberty. The Dissenters, naturally incensed at the inequality and injustice of their position before the law (and perhaps with a touch of envy of those more favored than they are) have their grievance against the Church of England, simply because it is *established*, to the exclusion of themselves. But from all such rivalries and contentions we, as Americans, are far removed, and can judge impartially. We look upon the Established Church as one of the historical institutions of England, which no thoughtful person could wish to see destroyed, any more than to see an overthrow of the monarchy, until he were quite sure that something better would come in its place. It is not a little thing that it has gathered around it such a wealth of associations, and with them such a power over the nation in which it stands; and it would be a rash hand that should apply the torch, or fire the mine, that should bring it down.

But the influence of the Church of England is mainly in the higher ranks of society. Below these there are large social strata – deep, broad, thick, and black as seams of coal in a mountain – that are not even touched by all these influences. We like

to stray into the old cathedrals at evening, and hear the choir chanting vespers; or to wander about them at night, and see the moonlight falling on the ancient towers. But nations are not saved by moonlight and music. The moonbeams that rest on the dome of St. Paul's, or on the bosom of the Thames, as it flows under the arches of London Bridge, covering it with silver, do not cleanse the black waters, or restore to life the corpses of the wretched suicides that go floating downward to the sea. *So far as they are concerned*, the Church of England, and indeed we may say the Christianity of England, is a wretched failure. Some other and more powerful illustration is needed to turn the heart of England; something which shall not only cause the sign of the cross to be held up in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, but which shall carry the Gospel of human brotherhood to all the villages and hamlets of England; to the poorest cottage in the Highlands; that shall descend with the miner into the pit underground; that shall abide with every laborer in the land, and go forth with the sailor on the sea.

How inadequately the Church of England answers to this need of a popular educator and reformer, may be illustrated by one or two of her most notable churches and preachers.

On Sunday last we attended two of the most famous places of worship in London – the Temple Church and Westminster Abbey. The former belongs to an ancient guild of lawyers, attached to what are known as the Middle and the Inner Temple, a corporation dating back hundreds of years, which has large

grounds running down to the Thames, and great piles of buildings divided off into courts, and full of lawyers' offices. Standing among these is a church celebrated for its beauty, which once belonged to the Knights Templars, some of whose bronze figures in armor, lying on their tombs, show by their crossed limbs how they went to Palestine to fight for the Holy Sepulchre. As it is a church which belongs to a private corporation, no one can obtain admission to the pews without an order from "a bencher," which was sent to us as a personal courtesy. The church has the air of being very aristocratic and exclusive; and those whose enjoyment of a religious service depends on "worshipping God in good company," may feel at ease while sitting in these high-backed pews, from which the public are excluded.

The church is noted for its music, which amateurs pronounce exquisite. As I am not educated in these things, I do not know the precise beauty and force of all the quips and quavers of this most artistic performance. The service was given at full length, in which the Lord's Prayer was repeated *five times*. With all the singing and "intoning," and down-sitting and uprising, and the bowing of necks and bending of knees, the service occupied an hour and a half before the rector, Rev. Dr. Vaughan, ascended the pulpit. He is a brother-in-law of Dean Stanley, and a man much respected in the Church. His text was, "He took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses," from which he preached a sermon appropriate to the day, which was "Hospital Sunday," a day observed throughout London by collections in aid

of the hospitals. It was simple and practical, and gave one the impression of a truly good man, such as there are thousands in the Church of England.

But what effect had such a service – or a hundred such – on the poor population of London? About as much as the exquisite music itself has on the rise and fall of the tide in the Thames, which flows by; or as the moonlight has on vegetation. I know not what mission agencies these old churches may employ elsewhere to labor among the poor, but so far as any immediate influence is concerned, outside of a very small circle, it is infinitesimal.

In the evening we went to Westminster Abbey to hear the choral service, which is rendered by a very large choir of men and boys, with wonderful effect. Simply for the music one could not have a more exquisite sensation of enjoyment. How the voices rang amid the arches of the old cathedral. At this evening service it had been announced that "The Lord Archbishop of York" was to preach, and we were curious to see what wisdom and eloquence could come out of the mouth of a man who held the second place in the Established Church of England. "His grace" is a large, portly man, of good presence and sonorous voice. His text was "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." He began with an allusion to Holman Hunt's famous picture of Christ standing at the door, which he described in some detail; the door itself overgrown with vines, and its hinges rusted, so long had it been unopened; and then the patient Man of Sorrows, with bended head and heavy heart, knocking and waiting to come in. From

this he went into a discussion of modern civilization, considering whether men are really better (though they may be better *off*) now than in the days of our fathers; the conclusion from all which was, that external improvements, however much they add to the physical comfort and well-being of man, do not change his character, and that for his inward peace, the only way is to open the door to let the blessed Master in. It seemed to me rather a roundabout way to come at his point; but still as the aim was practical, and the spirit earnest and devout, one could not but feel that the impression was good. As to ability, I failed to see in it anything so marked as should entitle the preacher to the exalted dignity he holds; but I do not wish to criticize, but only to consider whether a Church thus organized and appointed can have the influence over the people of England we might expect from a great National Establishment. Perhaps it has, but I fail to see it. It seems to skim, and that very lightly, over the top, the thin surface of society, and not to *touch* the masses beneath.

The influence of the Establishment is supplemented by the Dissenting Churches, which are numerous and active, and in their spheres doing great good. Then, too, there are innumerable separate agencies, working in ways manifold and diverse. I have been much interested in the details, as given me by Mrs. Ranyard, of her Bible women, who have grown, in the course of twenty years, from half a dozen to over two hundred, and who, working noiselessly, in quiet, womanly ways, do much to penetrate the darkest lanes of London, and to lead their poor sisters into ways

of industry, contentment, and peace.

But after all is said and done, the great mass of poverty and wretchedness remains. We lift the cover, and look down into unfathomable abysses beneath, into a world where all seems evil – a hell of furious passions and vices and crimes. Such is the picture which is presented to me as I walk the streets of London, and which will not down, even when I go to the Bank of England, and see the treasures piled up there, or to Hyde Park, and see the dashing equipages, the splendid horses and their riders, and all the display of the rank and beauty of England.

What will the end be? Will things go on from bad to worse, to end at last in some grand social or political convulsion – some cataclysm like the French Revolution?

This is the question which now occupies thousands of minds in Great Britain. Of course similar questions engage attention in other countries. In all great cities there is a poor population, which is the standing trouble and perplexity of social and political reformers. We have a great deal of poverty in New York, although it is chiefly imported from abroad. But in London the evil is immensely greater, because the city is four times larger; and the crowding together of four millions of people, brings wealth and poverty into such close contact that the contrasts are more marked. Other evils and dangers England has which are peculiar to an old country; they are the growth of centuries, and cannot be shaken off, or cast out, without great tearing and rending of the body politic. All this awakens anxious thought, and

sometimes dark foreboding. Many, no doubt, of the upper classes are quite content to have their full share of the good things of this life, and enjoy while they may, saying, "After us the deluge!" But they are not all given over to selfishness. Tens of thousands of the best men on this earth, having the clearest heads and noblest hearts, are in England, and they are just as thoughtful and anxious to do what is best for the masses around them, as any men can be. The only question is, What *can* be done? And here we confess our philosophy is wholly at fault. It is easy to judge harshly of others, but not so easy to stand in their places and do better.

For my part, I am most anxious that the experiment of Christian civilization in England should not fail; for on it, I believe, the welfare of the whole world greatly depends. But is it strange that good men should be appalled and stand aghast at what they see here in London, and that they should sometimes be in despair of modern civilization and modern Christianity? What can I think, as a foreigner, when a man like George Macdonald, a true-hearted Scotchman, who has lived many years in London, tells me that things may come right (so he hopes) *in a thousand years*– that is, in some future too remote for the vision of man to explore. Hearing such sad confessions, I no longer wonder that so many in England, who are sensitive to all this misery, and yet believers in a Higher Power, have turned to the doctrine of the Personal Reign of Christ on earth as the only refuge against despair, believing that the world will be restored to its allegiance to God, and men to universal brotherhood, only with the coming

of the Prince of Peace.

CHAPTER VI.
THE RESURRECTION OF FRANCE

Paris, June 30th.

Coming from London to Paris, one is struck with the contrast – London is so vast and interminable, *and dark*, – a "boundless contiguity of shade," – while Paris is all brightness and sunshine. The difference in the appearance of the two capitals is due partly to the climate, and partly to the materials of which they are built – London showing miles on miles of dingy brick, with an atmosphere so charged with smoke and vapors that it blackens even the whitest marble; while Paris is built of a light, cream-colored stone, that is found here in abundance, which is soft and easily worked, but hardens by exposure to the air, and that preserves its whiteness under this clearer sky and warmer sun. Then the taste of the French makes every shop window bright with color; and there is something in the natural gayety of the people which is infectious, and which quickly communicates itself to a stranger. Many a foreigner, on first landing in England, has walked the streets of London with gloomy thoughts of suicide, who once in Paris feels as if transported to Paradise. Perhaps if he had stayed a little longer in England he would have thought better of the country and people. But it is impossible for a stranger at first to feel *at home* in London, any more than if

he were sent adrift all alone in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The English are reserved and cautious in their social relations, which may be very proper in regard to those of whom they know nothing. But once well introduced, the stranger is taken into their intimacy, and finds no spot on earth more warm than the interior of an English home. But in Paris everybody seems to greet him at once without an introduction; he speaks to a Frenchman on the street (if it be only to inquire his way), and instead of a gruff answer, meets with a polite reply. "It amounts to nothing," some may say. It costs indeed but a moment of time, but even that, many in England, and I am sorry to say in America also, are too impatient and too self-absorbed to give. In the shops everybody is so polite that one spends his money with pleasure, since he gets not only the matter of his purchase, but what he values still more, a smile and a pleasant word. It may be said that these are little things, but in their influence upon one's temper and spirits they are *not* trifles, any more than sunshine is a trifle, or pure air; and in these minor moralities of life the French are an example to us and to all the world.

But it is not only for their easy manners and social virtues that I am attracted to the French. They have many noble qualities, such as courage and self-devotion, instances of which are conspicuous in their national history; and are not less capable of Christian devotion, innumerable examples of which may be found in both the Catholic and the Protestant Churches. Many of our American clergymen, who have travelled abroad, will agree with me, that

more beautiful examples of piety they have never seen than among the Protestants of France. I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not love the French, since to one of that nation I owe the chief happiness of my earthly existence.

Of course the great marvel of Paris, and of France, is its *resurrection*– the manner in which it has recovered from the war. In riding about these streets, so full of life and gayety, and seeing on every side the signs of prosperity, I cannot realize that it is a city which, since I was here in 1867 – nay, within less time, has endured all the horrors of war; which has been *twice* besieged, has been encompassed with a mighty army, and heard the sound of cannon day and night, its people hiding in cellars from the bombs bursting in the streets. Yet it is not five years since Louis Napoleon was still Emperor, reigning undisturbed in the palace of the Tuileries, across the street from the Hôtel du Louvre, where I now write. It was on the 15th of July, 1870, that war was declared against Prussia in the midst of the greatest enthusiasm. The army was wild with excitement, expecting to march almost unopposed to Berlin. Sad dream of victory, soon to be rudely dispelled! A few weeks saw the most astounding series of defeats, and on the 4th of September the Emperor himself surrendered at Sedan, at the head of a hundred thousand men, and the Empire, which he had been constructing with such infinite labor and care for twenty years, fell to the ground.

But even then the trials of France were not ended. She was to have sorrow upon sorrow. Next came the surrender of Metz,

with another great army, and then the crowning disaster of the long siege of Paris, lasting over four months, and ending also in the same inglorious way. Jena was avenged, when the Prussian cavalry rode through the Arch of Triumph down the Champs Elysées. It was a bitter humiliation for France, but she had to drink the cup to the very dregs, when forced to sign a treaty of peace, ceding two of her most beautiful provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, and paying an indemnity of one thousand millions of dollars for the expenses of the war! Nor was this all. As if the seven vials of wrath were to be poured out on her devoted head, scarcely was the foreign war ended, before civil war began, and for months the Commune held Paris under its feet. Then the city had to undergo a second siege, and to be bombarded once more, not by Germans, but by Frenchmen, until its proud historical monuments were destroyed by its own people. The Column of the Place Vendôme, erected to commemorate the victories of Napoleon, out of cannon taken in his great battles, was levelled to the ground; and the Palace of the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville were burnt by these desperate revolutionists, who at last, to complete the catalogue of their crimes, butchered the hostages in cold blood! This was the end of the war, and such the state of Paris in May, 1871, scarcely four years ago.

In the eyes of other nations, this was not only disaster, but absolute ruin. It seemed as if the country could not recover in one generation, and that for the next thirty years, so far as any political power or influence was concerned, France might be

considered as blotted from the map of Europe.

But four years have passed, and what do we see? The last foreign soldier has disappeared from the soil of France, the enormous indemnity is PAID, and the country is apparently as rich and prosperous, and Paris as bright and gay, as ever.

This seems a miracle, but the age of miracles is past, and such great results do not come without cause. The French are a very rich people – not by the accumulation of a few colossal fortunes, but by the almost infinite number of small ones. They are at once the most industrious and the most economical people in the world. They will live on almost nothing. Even the Chinese hardly keep soul and body together on less than these French *ouvriers* whom we see going about in their blouses, and who form the laboring population of Paris. So all the petty farmers in the provinces save something, and have a little against a rainy day; and when the time comes that the Government wants a loan, out from old stockings, and from chimney corners, come the hoarded napoleons, which, flowing together like thousands of little rivulets, make the mighty stream of national wealth.

But for a nation to pay its debts, especially when they have grown to be so great, it is necessary not only to have money, but to know how to use it. And here the interests of France have been managed with consummate ability. In spite of the constant drain caused by the heavy payment of the war indemnity to Germany, the finances of the country have not been much disturbed, and to-day the bills of the Bank of France are at par. I feel ashamed

for my country when the cable reports to us from America, that our national currency is so depreciated that to purchase gold in New York one must pay a premium of seventeen per cent.! I wish some of our political financiers would come to Paris for a few months, to take lessons from the far more successful financiers of France.

What delights me especially in this great achievement is that it has all been done under the Republic! It has not required a monarchy to maintain public order, and to give that security which is necessary to restore the full confidence of the commercial world. It is only by a succession of events so singular as to seem indeed providential, that France has been saved from being given over once more into the hands of the old dynasty. From this it has been preserved by the rivalship of different parties; so that the Republic has been saved by the blunders of its enemies. The Lord has confounded them, and the very devices intended for its destruction – such as putting Marshal MacMahon in power for seven years – have had the effect to prevent a restoration. Thus the Republic has had a longer life, and has established its title to the confidence of the nation. No doubt if the Legitimists and the Orleanists and Imperialists could all *unite*, they might have a sovereign to-morrow; but each party prefers a Republic to any sovereign *except its own*, and is willing that it should stand for a few years, in the hope that some turn of events will then give the succession to them. So, amid all this division of parties, the Republic "still lives," and gains strength

from year to year. The country is prosperous under it; order is perfectly maintained; and order *with liberty*: why should it not remain the permanent government of France?

If only the country could be *contented*, and willing to let well enough alone, it might enjoy many long years of prosperity. But unfortunately there is a cloud in the sky. The last war has left the seeds of another war. Its disastrous issue was so unexpected and so galling to the most proud and sensitive people in Europe, that they will never rest satisfied till its terrible humiliation is redressed. The resentment might not be so bitter but for the taking of its two provinces. The defeats in the field of battle might be borne as the fate of war (for the French have an ingenious way, whenever they lose a battle, of making out that they were not *defeated*, but *betrayed*); even the payment of the enormous indemnity they might turn into an occasion of boasting, as they now do, as a proof of the vast resources of the country; but the loss of Alsace and Lorraine is a standing monument of their disgrace. They cannot wipe it off from the map of Europe. There it is, with the hated German flag flying from the fortress of Metz and the Cathedral of Strasburg. This is a humiliation to which they will never submit contentedly, and herein lies the probability – nay almost the certainty – of coming war. I have not met a Frenchman of any position, or any political views, Republican or Monarchical, Bonapartist or Legitimist, Catholic or Protestant, whose blood did not boil at the mention of Alsace and Lorraine, and who did not look forward

to a fresh conflict with Germany as inevitable. When I hear a Protestant pastor say, "I will give all my sons to fight for Alsace and Lorraine," I cannot but think the prospects of the Peace Society not very encouraging in Europe.

In the exhibition of the Doré gallery, in London, there is a very striking picture by that great artist (who is himself an Alsatian, and yet an intense Frenchman), intended to represent Alsace. It is a figure of a young woman, tall and beautiful, with eyes downcast, yet with pride and dignity in her sadness, as the French flag, which she holds, droops to her feet. Beside her is a mother sitting in a chair nursing a child. The two figures tell the story in an instant. That mother is nursing her child to avenge the wrongs of his country. It is sad indeed to see a child thus born to a destiny of war and blood; to see the shadow of carnage and destruction hovering over his very cradle. Yet such is the prospect now, which fills every Christian heart with sadness. Thus will the next generation pay in blood and tears, for the follies and the crimes of this.

CHAPTER VII.
THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

We have been to Versailles. Of course our first visit was to the great palace built by Louis XIV., which is over a quarter of a mile long, and which stands, like some of the remains of antiquity, as a monument of royal pride and ambition. It was built, as the kings of Egypt built the Pyramids, to tell to after ages of the greatness of his kingdom and the splendor of his reign. A gallant sight it must have been when this vast pile, with its endless suites of apartments, was filled with the most brilliant court in Europe; when statesmen and courtiers and warriors, "fair women and brave men," crowded the immense saloons, and these terraces and gardens. It was a display of royal magnificence such as the world has seldom seen. The cost is estimated at not less than two hundred millions of dollars – a sum which considering the greater value of money two centuries ago, was equal to five times that amount at the present day, or a thousand millions, as much as the whole indemnity paid to Germany. It was a costly legacy to his successors – costly in treasure and costly in blood. The building of Versailles, with the ruinous and inglorious wars of Louis XIV., drained the resources of France for a generation, and by the burdens they imposed on the people, prepared the way

for the Revolution. I could not but recall this with a bitter feeling as I stood in the gilded chamber where the great king slept, and saw the very bed on which he died. That was the end of all his glory, but not the end of the evil that he wrought:

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

The extravagance of this monarch was paid for by the blood of his descendants. If he had not lifted his head so high, the head of Louis XVI. might not have fallen on the scaffold. It is good for France that she has no longer any use for such gigantic follies; and that the day is past when a whole nation can be sacrificed to the vanity and selfishness of one man. In this case the very magnitude of the structure defeated its object, for it was so great that no government since the Revolution has known what to do with it. It required such an enormous expenditure to keep it up, that the prudent old King Louis Philippe *could not afford to live in it*, and at last turned it into a kind of museum or historical gallery, filled with pictures of French battles, and dedicated in pompous phrase, To all the Glories of France.

But it was not to see the palace of Louis XIV. that I had most interest in revisiting Versailles, but to see the National Assembly sitting in it, which is at present the ruling power in France. If Louis XIV. ever revisits the scene of his former magnificence, he must shake his kingly head at the strange events which it has

witnessed. How he must have shuddered to see his royal house invaded by a mob, as it was in the time of the first Revolution; to see the faithful Swiss guards butchered in his very palace, and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, escaping with her life; to see the grounds sacred to Majesty trampled by the "fierce democracie" of France; and then by the iron heel of the Corsican usurper; and by the feet of the allied armies under Wellington. His soul may have had peace for a time when, under Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, Versailles was comparatively silent and deserted. But what would he have said at seeing, only four winters ago, the Emperor of Germany and his army encamped here and beleaguering the capital? Yet perhaps even that would not so have offended his royal dignity as to see a National Assembly sitting in a part of this very palace in the name of a French Republic!

Strange overturning indeed; but if strange, still true. They have a proverb in France that "it is always the improbable which happens," and so indeed it seems to be in French history; it is full of surprises, but few greater than that which now appears. France has drifted into a Republic, when both statesmen and people meant not so. It was not the first choice of the nation. Whatever may have been true of the populace of Paris, the immense majority of the French people were sincerely attached to monarchy in some form, whether under a king or an emperor; and yet the country has neither, so that, as has been wittily said, France has been "a Republic without Republicans." But for all that the Republic is *here*, and here it is likely to remain.

When the present Assembly first met, a little more than four years since, it was at Bordeaux – for to that corner of France was the government driven; and when the treaty was signed, and it came north, it met at Versailles rather than at Paris, as a matter of necessity. Paris was in a state of insurrection. It was in the hands of the Commune, and could only be taken after a second siege, and many bloody combats around the walls and in the streets. This, and the experience so frequent in French history of a government being overthrown by the mob of Paris invading the legislative halls, decided the National Assembly to remain at Versailles, even after the rebellion was subdued; and so there it is to this day, even though the greater part of the deputies go out from Paris twelve miles every morning, and return every night; and in the programme which has been drawn up for the definite establishment of the Republic, it is made an article of the Constitution that the National Assembly shall always meet at Versailles.

The place of meeting is the former theatre of the palace, which answers the purpose very well – the space below, in what was *the pit*, sufficing for the deputies, while the galleries are reserved for spectators. We found the approaches crowded with persons seeking admission, which can only be by ticket. But we had no difficulty. Among the deputies is the well-known Protestant pastor of Paris, Edouard de Pressensé, who was chosen to the Assembly in the stormy scenes of 1871, and who has shown himself as eloquent in the tribune as in the pulpit.

I sent him my card, and he came out immediately with two tickets in his hand, and directed one of the attendants to show us into the best seats in the house, who, thus instructed, conducted us to the diplomatic box (which, from its position in the centre of the first balcony, must have been once the royal box), from which we looked down upon the heads of the National Assembly of France.

And what a spectacle it was! The Assembly consists of over seven hundred men, who may be considered as fair representatives of what is most eminent in France. Of course, as in all such bodies, there are many elected from the provinces on account of some local influence, as landed proprietors, or as sons of noble families, who count only by their votes. But with these are many who have "come to the front" in this great national crisis, by the natural ascendancy which great ability always gives, and who by their talents have justly acquired a commanding influence in the country.

The President of the Assembly is the Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier, whose elevated seat is at the other end of the hall. In front of him is "the tribune," from which the speakers address the Assembly: it not being the custom here, as in our Congress or in the English Parliament, for a member to speak from his place in the house. This French custom has been criticized in England, as betraying this talkative people into more words, for a Frenchman does not wish to "mount the tribune" for nothing, and once there the temptation is very strong to make "a speech." But we did not find that the speeches were much longer than in the House of

Commons, though they were certainly more violent.

Looking down upon the Assembly, we see how it is divided between the two great parties – the Royalists and the Republicans. Those sitting on the benches to the right of the President comprise the former of every shade – Legitimists, Orleanists, and Imperialists, while those on the left are the Republicans. Besides these two grand divisions of the Right and the Left there are minor divisions, such as the Right Centre and the Left Centre, the former wishing a Constitutional Monarchy, and the latter a Conservative Republic.

Looking over this sea of heads, one sees some that bear great names. One indeed, and that the greatest, is not here, and is the more conspicuous by his absence. M. Thiers, to whom France owes more than to any other living man, since he retired from the Presidency, driven thereto by the factious opposition of some of the deputies, and perhaps now still more since the death of his life-long friend, De Remusat, has withdrawn pretty much from public life, and devotes himself to literary pursuits. But other notable men are here. That giant with a shaggy mane, walking up the aisle, is Jules Favre – a man who has been distinguished in Paris for a generation, both for his eloquence at the bar, and for his inflexible Republicanism, which was never shaken, even in the corrupting times of the Empire, and who in the dark days of 1870, when the Empire fell, was called by acclamation to become a member of the Provisional Government. He is the man who, when Bismarck first talked of peace on the terms of

a cession of territory, proudly answered to what he thought the insulting proposal, "Not a foot of our soil, not a stone of our fortresses!" but who, some months after, had to sign with his own hand, but with a bitter heart, a treaty ceding Alsace and Lorraine, and agreeing to pay an indemnity of one thousand millions of dollars! Ah well! he made mistakes, as everybody does, but we can still admire his lion heart, even though we admit that his oratorical fervor was greater than his political sagacity. And yonder, on the left, is another shaggy head, which has appeared in the history of France, and may appear again. That is Leon Gambetta! who, shut up in Paris by the siege, and impatient for activity, escaped in a balloon, and sailing high over the camps of the German army, alighted near Amiens, and was made Minister of War, and began with his fiery eloquence, like another Peter the Hermit, to arouse the population of the provinces to a holy crusade for the extermination of the invader. This desperate energy seemed at first as if it might turn the fortunes of the war. Thousands of volunteers rushed forward to fill the ranks of the independent corps known as the *Franc-tireurs*. But though he rallied such numbers, he could not improvise an army; these recruits, though personally brave enough – for Frenchmen are never wanting in courage – had not the discipline which inspires confidence and wins victory. As soon as these raw levies were hurled against the German veterans, they were dashed to pieces like waves against a rock. The attempt was so daring and patriotic that it deserved success; but it was too late. Gambetta's work,

however, is not ended in France. Since the war he has surprised both his friends and his enemies by taking a very conciliatory course. He does not flaunt the red flag in the eyes of the nation. So cautious and prudent is he that some of the extreme radicals, like Louis Blanc, oppose him earnestly, as seeking to found a government which is republican only in name. But he judges more wisely that the only Republic which France, with its monarchical traditions, will accept, is a conservative one, which shall not frighten capital by its wild theories of a division of property, but which, while it secures liberty, secures order also. In urging this policy, he has exercised a restraining influence over the more violent members of his own party, and thus done much toward conciliating opposition and rendering possible a French Republic.

On the same side of the house, yet nearer the middle, thus occupying a position in the Left Centre, is another man, of whom much is hoped at this time, M. Laboulaye, a scholar and author, who by his prudence and moderation has won the confidence of the Assembly and the country. He is one of the wise and safe men, to whom France looks in this crisis of her political history.

But let us suspend our observation of members to listen to the discussions. As we entered, the Assembly appeared to be in confusion. The talking in all parts of the house was incessant, and could not be repressed. The officers shouted "Silence!" which had the effect to produce quiet *for about one minute*, when the buzz of voices rose as loud as ever. The French are irrepressible.

And this general talking was not the result of indifference: on the contrary, the more the Assembly became interested, the more tumultuous it grew. Yet there was no question of importance before it, but simply one about the tariff on railways! But a Frenchman will get excited on anything, and in a few minutes the Assembly became as much agitated as if it were discussing some vital question of peace or war, of a Monarchy or a Republic. Speaker after speaker rushed to the tribune, and with loud voices and excited looks demanded to be heard. The whole Assembly took part in the debate – those who agreed with each speaker cheering him on, while those who opposed answered with loud cries of dissent. No college chapel, filled with a thousand students, was ever a scene of more wild uproar. The President tried to control them, but in vain. In vain he struck his gavel, and rang his bell, and at length in despair arose and stood with folded arms, waiting for the storm to subside. But he might as well have appealed to a hurricane. The storm had to blow itself out. After awhile the Assembly itself grew impatient of further debate, and shouted "*Aux voix! aux voix!*" and the question was taken; but how anybody could deliberate or vote in such a roaring tempest, I could not conceive.

This disposed of, a deputy presented some personal matter involving the right of a member to his seat, for whom he demanded *justice*, accusing some committee or other of having suppressed evidence in his favor. Then the tumult rose again. His charge provoked instant and bitter replies. Members left their

seats, and crowded around the tribune as if they would have assailed the obnoxious speaker with violence. From one quarter came cries, "*C'est vrai; C'est vrai!*" (It is true; it is true), while in another quarter a deputy sprang to his feet and rushed forward with angry gesture, shouting, "You are not an honest man!" So the tumult "loud and louder grew." It seemed a perfect Bedlam. I confess the impression was not pleasant, and I could not but ask myself, *Is this the way in which a great nation is to be governed, or free institutions are to be constituted?* It was such a contrast to the dignified demeanor of the Parliament of England, or the Congress of the United States. We have sometimes exciting scenes in our House of Representatives, when members forget themselves; but anything like this I think could not be witnessed in any other great National Assembly, unless it were in the Spanish Cortes. I did not wonder that sober and thoughtful men in France doubt the possibility of popular institutions, when they see a deliberative body, managing grave affairs of State, so little capable of self-control.

And yet we must not make out things worse than they are, or attach too much importance to these lively demonstrations. Some who look on philosophically, would say that this mere talk amounts to nothing; that every question of real importance is deliberated upon and really decided in private, in the councils of the different parties, before it is brought into the arena of public debate; and that this discussion is merely a safety-valve for the irrepressible Frenchman, a way of letting off steam, a process

which involves no danger, although accompanied with a frightful hissing and roaring. This is a kindly as well as a philosophical way of putting the matter, and perhaps is a just one.

Some, too, will add that there is another special cause for excitement, viz., that this legislative body is at this moment *in the article of death*, and that these scenes are but the throes and pangs of dissolution. This National Assembly has been in existence now more than four years, and it is time for it to die. Indeed it has had no right to live so long. It was elected for a specific purpose at the close of the war – to make peace with the Germans, and that duty discharged, its functions were ended, and it had no legal right to live another day, or to perform another act of sovereignty. But necessity knows no law. At that moment France was without a head. The Emperor was gone, the old Senate was gone, the Legislative Body was gone, and the country was actually without a government, and so, as a matter of self-preservation, the National Assembly held on. It elected M. Thiers President of the State, and he performed his duties with such consummate ability that France had never been so well governed before. Then in an evil hour, finding that he was an obstacle to the plans of the Legitimists to restore the Monarchy, they combined to force him to resign, and put Marshal MacMahon in his place, a man who may be a good soldier (although he never did anything very great, and blundered fearfully in the German war, having his whole army captured at Sedan), but who never pretended to be a statesman. He was selected as a convenient tool in the hands

of the intriguers. But even in him they find they have more than they bargained for; for in a moment of confidence they voted him the executive power for seven years, and now he will not give up, even to make way for a Legitimate sovereign, for the Comte de Chambord, or for the son of his late Emperor, Napoleon III. All this time the Assembly has been acting without any legal authority; but as power is sweet, it held on, and is holding on still. But now, as order is fully restored, all excuse is taken away for surviving longer. The only thing it has to do is to die gracefully, that is, to dissolve, and leave it to the country to elect a new Assembly which, being fresh from the people, shall more truly represent the will of the nation. And yet these men are very reluctant to go, knowing as many of them do, that they will not return. Hence the great question now is that of *dissolution*– "to be or not to be"; and it is not strange that many postpone as long as they can "the inevitable hour." It is for this reason, it is said, because of its relation to the question of its own existence, that the Assembly wrangles over unimportant matters, hoping by such discussions to cause delay, and so to throw over the elections till another year.

But as time and tide wait for no man, so death comes on with stealthy step, and this National Assembly must soon go the way of all the earth. What will come after it? Another Assembly – so it seems now – more Republican still. That is the fear of the Monarchists. But the cause of the Republic has gained greatly in these four years, as it is seen to be not incompatible with order.

It is no longer the Red Republic, which inspired such terror; it is not communism, nor socialism, nor war against property. *It is combined order and liberty.* As this conviction penetrates the mass of the people, they are converted to the new political faith, and so the Republic begins to settle itself on sure foundations. It is all the more likely to be permanent, because it was not adopted in a burst of popular enthusiasm, but *very slowly*, and from necessity. It is accepted because no other government is possible in France, at least for any length of time. If the Comte de Chambord were proclaimed king to-morrow, he might reign for a few years —*till the next revolution*. It is this conviction which has brought many conservative men to the side of the Republic. M. Thiers, the most sagacious of French statesmen, has always been in favor of monarchy. He was the Minister of Louis Philippe, and one of his sayings used to be quoted: "A constitutional monarchy is the best of republics." Perhaps he would still prefer a government like that of England. But he sees that to be impossible in France, and, like a wise man that he is, he takes the next best thing – which is a Conservative Republic, based on a written constitution, like that of the United States, and girt round by every check on the exercise of power – a government in which there is the greatest possible degree of personal freedom consistent with public order. To this, as the final result of all her revolutions, France seems to be steadily gravitating now, as her settled form of government. That this last experiment of political regeneration may be successful, must be

the hope of all friends of liberty, not only in America, but all over the world.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PARIS

I have written of the startling contrasts of London; what shall I say of those of Paris? It is the gayest city in the world, yet the one in which there are more suicides than in any other. It is the city of pleasure, yet where pleasure often turns to pain, and the dance of dissipation, whirling faster and faster, becomes the dance of death. It is a city which seems devoted to amusement, to which the rich and the idle flock from all countries to spend life in an endless round of enjoyment; with which some of our countrymen have become so infatuated that their real feeling is pretty well expressed in the familiar saying – half witty and half wicked – that "all good Americans go to Paris *when they die*." Certainly many of them do not dream of any higher Paradise.

And yet it is a city in which there are many sad and mournful scenes, and in which he who observes closely, who looks a little under the surface, will often walk the streets in profound melancholy. In short, it is a city of such infinite variety, so many-colored, that the laughing and the weeping philosopher may find abundant material for his peculiar vein. Eugene Sue, in his "Mysteries of Paris," has made us familiar with certain tragic aspects of Parisian life hidden from the common eye. With

all its gayety, there is a great deal of concealed misery which keeps certain quarters in a chronic state of discontent, which often breaks out in bloody insurrections; so that the city which boasts that it is "the centre of civilization," is at the same time the focus of revolution, of most of the plots and conspiracies which trouble the peace of Europe. As the capital of a great nation, the centre of its intellectual, its literary, and its artistic life, it has a peculiar fascination for those who delight in the most elevated social intercourse. Its salons are the most brilliant in the world, so that we can understand the feeling of Madame de Staël, the woman of society, who considered her banishment from Paris by the first Napoleon as the greatest punishment, and who "would rather see the stones of the Rue du Bac than all the mountains of Switzerland"; and yet this very brilliancy sometimes wearies to satiety, so that we can understand equally the feeling of poor, morbid Jean Jacques Rousseau, who more than a hundred years ago turned his back upon it with disgust, saying, "Farewell, Paris! city of noise, and dust, and strife! He who values peace of mind can never be far enough from thee!"

If we are quite just, we shall not go to either of these extremes. We shall see the good and the evil, and frankly acknowledge both. Paris is generally supposed to be a sinner above all other cities; to have a kind of bad eminence for its immorality. It is thought to be a centre of vice and demoralization, and some innocent young preachers who have never crossed the sea, would no doubt feel justified in denouncing it as the wickedest city

in the world. As to the extent to which immorality of any kind prevails, I have no means of judging, except such as every stranger has; but certainly as to intemperance, there is nothing here to compare with that in London, or Glasgow, or Edinburgh; and as to the other form of vice we can only judge by its public display, and there is nothing half so gross, which so outrages all decency, as that which shocks and disgusts every foreigner in the streets of London. No doubt here, as in every great capital which draws to itself the life of a whole nation, there is a concentration of the bad as well as the good elements of society, and we must expect to find much that is depraved and vicious; but that in these respects Paris is worse than London, or Berlin, or Vienna, or even New York, I see no reason to believe.

Without taking, therefore, a lofty attitude of denunciation on the one hand, or going into sudden raptures on the other, there are certain aspects of Paris which lie on the surface, and which any one may observe without claiming to be either wiser or better than his neighbors.

I have tried to see the city both in its brighter lights and its darker shadows. I have lived in Paris, first and last, a good deal. I was here six months in 1847-8, and saw the Revolution which overthrew Louis Philippe, and have been here often since. I confess I am fond of it, and always return with pleasure. That which strikes the stranger at once is its bright, sunny aspect; there is something inspiring in the very look of the people; one feels a change in the very air. Since we came here now,

we have been riding about from morning to night. Our favorite drive is along the Boulevards just at evening, when the lamps are lighted, and all Paris seems to be sitting out of doors. The work of the day is over, and the people have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. By hundreds and thousands they are sitting on the wide pavements, sipping their coffee, and talking with indescribable animation. Then we extend our ride to the Champs Elysées, where the broad avenue is one blaze of light, and places of amusement are open on every side, from which comes the sound of music. It is all a fairy scene, such as one reads of in the Arabian Nights. Thousands are sitting under the trees, enjoying the cool evening air, or coming in from a ride to the Bois de Boulogne.

But it may be thought that these are the pleasures of the rich. On the contrary, they are the pleasures of all classes; and that is the charming thing about it. That which pleases me most in Paris is the *general* cheerfulness. I do not observe such wide extremes of condition as in London, such painful contrasts between the rich and the poor. Indeed, I do not find here such abject poverty, nor see such dark, sullen, scowling faces, which indicate such brutal degradation, as I saw in the low quarters of London. Here everybody seems to be, at least in a small way, comfortable and contented. I have spoken once before of the industry of the people (no city in the world is such a hive of busy bees) and of their economy, which shows itself even in their pleasures, of which they are fond, but which they get *very cheap*. No people

will get so much out of so little. What an English workman would spend in a single drunken debauch, a Frenchman will spread over a week, and get a little enjoyment out of it every day. It delights me to see how they take their pleasures. Everybody seems to be happy in his own way, and not to be envious of his neighbor. If a man cannot ride with two horses, he will go with one, and even if that one be a sorry hack, with ribs sticking out of his sides, and that seems just ready for the crows, no matter, he will pile his wife and children into the little, low carriage, and off they go, not at great speed, to be sure, but as gay and merry as if they were the Emperor and his court, with outriders going before, and a body of cavalry clattering at their heels. When I have seen a whole family at Versailles or St. Cloud dining on five francs (oh no, that is too magnificent; they carry their dinner with them, and it probably does not cost them two francs), I admire the simple tastes which are so easily satisfied, and the miracle-working art which extracts honey from every daisy by the roadside.

Such simple and universal enjoyment would not be possible, but for one trait which is peculiar to the French – an entire absence of *mauvaise honte*, or false shame; the foolish pride, which is so common in England and America, of wishing to be thought as rich or as great as others. In London no one would dare, even if he were allowed, to show himself in Hyde Park in such unpretentious turnouts as those in which half Paris will go to the Bois de Boulogne. But here everybody jogs along at his own gait, not troubling himself about his neighbor. "Live and let live"

seems to be, if not the law of the country, at least the universal habit of the people. Whatever other faults the French have, I believe they are freer than most nations from "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness."

With this there is a feeling of self-respect, even among the common people, that is very pleasing. If you speak to a French servant, or to a workman in a blouse, he does not sink into the earth as if he were an inferior being, or take a tone of servility, but answers politely, yet self-respectingly, as one conscious that he too is a man. The most painful thing that I found in England was the way in which the distinctions of rank, which seem to be as rigid as the castes of India, have eaten into the manhood and self-respect of our great Anglo-Saxon race. But here "a man's a man," and especially if he is a Frenchman, he is as good as anybody.

From this absence of false pride and false shame comes the readiness of the people to talk about their private affairs. How quickly they take you into their confidence, and tell you all their little personal histories! The other day we went to the Salpêtrière, the great hospital for aged women, which Mrs. Field describes in her "Home Sketches in France," where are five thousand poor creatures cared for by the charity of Paris. Hundreds of these were seated under the trees, or walking about the grounds. As I went to find one of the officials, I left C – standing under an arch. Seeing her there, one of the old women, with that politeness which is instinctive with the French, invited her into her little

room. When I came back, I found they had struck up a friendship. The good mother – poor, dear, old soul! – had told all her little story: who she was, and how she came there, and how she lived. She made her own soup, she said, and had put up some pretty muslin curtains, and had a tiny bit of a stove, and so got along very nicely. This communicativeness is not confined to the inmates of hospitals. It is a national trait, which makes us love a people that give us their confidence so freely.

I might add many other amiable traits, which give a great charm to the social life of the French, and fill their homes with brightness and sunshine.

But of course there is another side to the picture. There is lightning in the beautiful cloud, and sometimes the thunder breaks fearfully over this devoted city. I do not refer to great public calamities, such as war and siege, bringing "battle, and murder, and sudden death," but to those daily tragedies, which are enacted in a great city, which the world never hears of, where men and women drop out of existence, as one and disappear from view, and the ocean rolls over them, burying the story of their unhappy lives and their wretched end. Something of this darker shading to bright and gay Paris, one may discover who is curious in such matters. There is a kind of fascination which sometimes lures me to search out that which is sombre and tragic in human life and in history. So I have been to the Prison de la Roquette, over which is an inscription which might be written over the gates of hell: Depôt des Condamnés. Here the condemned are placed

before they are led to death, and in the open space in front take place all the executions in Paris. Look you at those five stones deep set in the pavement, on which are planted the posts of the Guillotine! Over that in the centre hangs the fatal knife, which descends on the neck of the victim, whose head rolls into the basket below.

"Sinks into the waves with bubbling groan,"

But prisons are not peculiar to Paris, and probably quite as many executions have been witnessed in front of Newgate, in London. But that which gives a peculiar and sadder interest to this spot, is that here took place one of the most terrible tragedies even in French history – the massacre of the hostages in the days of the Commune. In that prison yard the venerable Archbishop of Paris was shot, with others who bore honored names. No greater atrocity was enacted even in the Reign of Terror. There fiends in human shape, with hearts as hard as the stones of the street, butchered old age. In another quarter of Paris, on the heights of Montmartre, the enraged populace shot down two brave generals – Lecompte and Clement-Thomas. I put my hand into the very holes made in the wall of a house by the murderous balls. Such cowardly assassinations, occurring more than once in French history, reveal a trait of character not quite so amiable as some that I have noticed. They show that the polite and polished Frenchman may be so aroused as to be turned into a wild beast,

and give a color of reason to the savage remark of Voltaire – himself one of the race – that "a Frenchman was half monkey and half tiger."

I will present but one other dark picture. I went one day, to the horror of my companion, to visit the Morgue, the receptacle of all the suicides in Paris, where their bodies are exposed that they may be recognized by friends. Of course some are brought here who die suddenly in the streets, and whose names are unknown. But the number of suicides is fearfully great. Bodies are constantly fished out of the Seine, of those who throw themselves from the numerous bridges. Others climb to the top of the Column in the Place Vendôme, or of that on the Place of the Bastille, or to the towers of Nôtre Dame, and throw themselves over the parapet, and their mangled bodies are picked up on the pavement below. Others find the fumes of charcoal an easier way to fall into "an eternal sleep." But thus, by one means or other, by pistol or by poison, by the tower or the river, almost every day has its victim. I think the exact statistics show more than one suicide a day throughout the year. When I was at the Morgue there were two bodies stretched out stark and cold – a man and a woman, *both young*. I looked at them with very sad reflections. If those poor lips could but speak, what tragedies they might tell! Who knows what hard battle of life they had to fight – what struggles wrung that manly breast, or what sorrow broke that woman's heart? Who was she?

"Had she a father? had she a mother?
Had she a sister? had she a brother?
Or one dearer still than all other?"

Perhaps she had led a life of shame, but all trace of passion was gone now:

"Death had left on her
Only the beautiful."

And as I marked the rich tresses which hung down over her shoulders, I thought Jesus would not have disdained her if she had come to him as a penitent Magdalen, and with that flowing hair had wiped His sacred feet.

I do not draw these sad pictures to point a moral against the French, as if they were sinners above all others, but I think this great number of suicides may be ascribed, in part at least, to the mercurial and excitable character of the people. They are easily elated and easily depressed; now rising to the height of joyous excitement, and now sinking to the depths of despair. And when these darker moods come on, what so natural as that those who have not a strong religious feeling to restrain them, or to give them patience to bear their trials, should seek a quick relief in that calm rest which no rude waking shall ever disturb? If they had that faith in God, and a life to come, which is the only true consolation in all time of our trouble, in all time of our adversity, they would not so often rush to the grave, thinking to bury their

sorrows in the silence of the tomb.

Thus musing on the lights and shadows of Paris, I turn away half in admiration and half in pity, but all in love. With all its shadows, it is a wonderful city, by far the greatest, except London, in the modern world, and the French are a wonderful people; and while I am not blind to their weaknesses, their vanity, their childish passion for military glory, yet "with all their faults I love them still." And I have written thus, not only from a feeling of love for Paris from personal associations, but from a sense of *justice*, believing that the harsh judgment often pronounced upon it is hasty and mistaken. All such sweeping declarations are sure to be wrong. No doubt the elements of good and evil are mingled here in large proportions, and act with great intensity, and sometimes with terrific results. But Frenchmen are not worse than other men, nor Paris worse than other cities. If it has some dark spots, it has many bright ones, in its ancient seats of learning and its noble institutions of charity. Taking them all together, they form a basis for a very kindly judgment. And I believe that He who from His throne in Heaven looks down upon all the dwellers upon earth, seeing that in the judgment of truth and of history this city is not utterly condemned, would say "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more."

CHAPTER IX.
GOING ON A PILGRIMAGE

Geneva, July 12th.

We have been on a pilgrimage. In coming to France, I had a great desire to visit one of those shrines which have become of late objects of such enthusiastic devotion, and attracted pilgrims from all parts of Europe, and even from America. In a former chapter I spoke of the Resurrection of France, referring to its material prosperity as restored since the war. There has been also a revival of religious fervor – call it superstition or fanaticism – which is quite remarkable. Those who have kept watch of events in the religious as well as in the political world, have observed a sudden access of zeal throughout Catholic Christendom. Whatever the cause, whether the "persecution," real or imaginary, of the Holy Father, or the heavy blows which the Church has received from the iron hand of Germany in its wars with Austria and France – the fact is evident that there has been a great increase of activity among the more devout Catholics – which shows itself in a spirit of propagandism, in "missions," which are a kind of revivals, and in pilgrimages to places which are regarded as having a peculiar sanctity.

These pilgrimages are so utterly foreign to our American ideas, they appear so childish and ridiculous, that it seems

impossible to speak of them with gravity. And yet there has been at least one of these pious expeditions from the United States (of which there was a long account in the New York papers), in which the pilgrims walked in procession down Broadway, and embarked with the blessing of our new American Cardinal. From England they have been quite frequent. Large numbers, among whom we recognize the names of several well known Catholic noblemen, assemble in London, and receive the blessing of Cardinal Manning, and then leave to make devout pilgrimages to the "holy places" (which are no longer only in Palestine, but for greater convenience have been brought nearer, and are now to be found in France), generally ending with a pilgrimage to Rome, to cast themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, who gives them his blessing, while he bewails the condition of Europe, and anathematizes those who "oppress" the Church – thus blessing and cursing at the same time.

If my object in writing were to cast ridicule on the whole affair, there is something very tempting in the easy and luxurious way in which these modern pilgrimages are performed. Of old, when a pilgrim set out for the Holy Land, it was with nothing but a staff in his hand, and sandals on his feet, and thus he travelled hundreds of leagues, over mountain and moor, through strange countries, begging his way from door to door, reaching his object at last perhaps only to die. Even the pilgrimage to Mecca has something imposing to the imagination, as a long procession of camels files out of the streets of Cairo, and takes the way of the

desert. But these more fashionable pilgrims travel by steam, in first-class railway carriages, with Cook's excursion tickets, and are duly lodged and cared for, from the moment they set out till they are safely returned to England. One of Cook's agents in Paris told me he had thus conveyed a party of two thousand. It must be confessed, this is devotion made easy, in accordance with the spirit of the modern time, which is not exactly a spirit of self-sacrifice, but "likes all things comfortable" – even religion.

But my object was not to ridicule, but to observe. If I did not go as a pilgrim, on the one hand, neither was it merely as a travelling correspondent, aiming only at a sensational description. If I did not go in a spirit of faith, it was at least in a spirit of candor, to observe and report things exactly as I saw them.

But how was I to reach one of these holy shrines? They are a long way off. The grotto of Lourdes, where the Holy Virgin is said to have appeared to a girl of the country, is in the Pyrenees; while Paray-le-Monial is nearly three hundred miles southeast from Paris. However, it is not very far aside from the route to Switzerland, and so we took it on our way to Geneva, resting over a day at Macon for the purpose.

It was a bright summer morning when we started from Macon, and wound our way among the vine-clad hills of the ancient province of Burgundy. It is a picturesque country. Old chateaux hang upon the sides, or crown the summits of the hills, while quaint little villages nestle at their foot. In yonder village was

born the poet and statesman, Lamartine. We can see in passing the chateau where he lived, and here, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." All these sunny slopes are covered with vineyards, which are now smiling in their summer dress. I do not wonder that pilgrims, as they enter this "hill-country," are often reminded of Palestine. Three hours brought us to Paray-le-Monial, a little town of three or four thousand inhabitants – just like hundreds of others in France, with nothing to attract attention, except the marvellous tradition which has given it a sudden and universal celebrity, and which causes devout Catholics to approach it with a feeling of reverence.

The story of the place is this: In the little town is a convent, which has been standing for generations. Here, *two hundred years ago*, lived a nun, whose name was Marguerite Marie Alacoque, who was eminent for her piety, who spent a great part of her life in prayer, and whose devotion was at length rewarded by the personal appearance of our Lord, who opened to her his bosom, and showed her his heart burning with love for men, and bade her devote herself to the worship of that "sacred heart"! These visitations were very frequent. Some of them were in the chapel, and some in the garden attached to the convent. The latter is not open to visitors, the Pope having issued an order that the privacy of the *religieuses* should be respected. But a church near by overlooks it, and whoever will take the fatigue to climb to the top, may look down into the forbidden place. As we were determined to see everything, we mounted all the winding stone

steps in the tower, from which the keeper pointed out to us the very spot where our Saviour appeared to the Bienheureuse, as he called her. In a clump of small trees are two statues, one of the Lord himself, and the other of the nun on her knees, as she instantly sank to the ground when she recognized before her the Majesty of her blessed Lord. There is another place in the garden where also she beheld the same heavenly vision. Sometimes the "Seigneur" appeared to her unattended; at others he was accompanied by angels and seraphim.

It is a little remarkable that this wonderful fact of the personal appearance of Christ, though it occurred, according to the tradition, *two hundred years ago*, did not attract more attention; that it was neglected even by Catholic historians, until twelve years since – in 1863 – when (as a part of a general movement "all along the line" to revive the decaying faith of France) the marvellous story of this long neglected saint was revived, and brought to the notice and adoration of the religious world.

But let not cold criticism come in to mar the full enjoyment of what we have come so far to see. The principal visitations were not in the garden but in the chapel of the convent, which on that account bears the name of the Chapel of the Visitation. Here is the tomb which contains the body of the sainted nun, an image of whom in wax lies above it under a glass case, dressed in the robe of her order, with a crown on her head, to bring before the imagination of the faithful the presence of her at whose shrine they worship. The chapel is separated from the convent by a large

grating, behind which the nuns can be hidden and yet hear the service, and chant their offices. There it was, so it is said, behind that grate, while in an ecstasy of prayer, that our Saviour first appeared to the gaze of the enraptured nun. The grate is now literally covered with golden hearts, the offerings of the faithful. Similar gifts hang over the altar, while gilded banners and other votive offerings cover the walls.

As we entered the chapel, it was evident that we were in what was to many a holy place. At the moment there was no service going on, but some were engaged in silent meditation and prayer. We seemed to be the only persons present from curiosity. All around us were absorbed in devotion. We sat a long time in silence, musing on the strange scene, unwilling to disturb even by a whisper the stillness of the place, or the thoughts of those who had come to worship. At three o'clock the nuns began to sing their offices. But they did not show themselves. There are other Sisters, who have the care of the chapel, and who come in to trim the candles before the shrine, but the nuns proper live a life of entire seclusion, never being seen by any one. Only their voices are heard. Nothing could be more plaintive than their low chanting, as it issued from behind the bars of their prison house, and seemed to come from a distance. There, hidden from the eyes of all, sat that invisible choir, and sang strains as soft as those which floated over the shepherds of Bethlehem. As an accompaniment to the scene in the chapel, nothing could be more effective; it was well fitted to touch the imagination, as

also when the priest intoned the service in the dim light of this little church, with its censers swinging with incense, and its ever-burning lamps.

The walls of the chapel are covered with banners, some from other countries, but most from France, and here it is easy to see how the patriotic feeling mingles with the religious. Here and there may be seen the image of the sacred heart with a purely religious inscription, such as *Voici le cœur qui a tant aimé les hommes* (here is the heart which has so loved men); but much more often it is, Cœur de Jesus, Sauvez la France! This idea in some form constantly reappears, and one cannot help thinking that this sudden outburst of religious zeal has been greatly intensified by the disasters of the German war; that for the first time French armies beaten in the field, have resorted to prayer; that they fly to the Holy Virgin, and to the Sacred Heart of Jesus to implore the protection which their own arms could not give. Hung in conspicuous places on columns beside the chancel are banners of Alsace and Lorraine, *covered with crape*, the former with a cross in the centre, encircled with the words first written in the sky before the adoring eyes of Constantine: In hoc signo vinces; while for Lorraine stands only the single name of Metz, invested with such sad associations, with the inscription, Sacré cœur de Jesus, Sauvez la France!

There is no doubt that these pilgrimages have been encouraged by French politicians, as a means of reviving and inflaming the enthusiasm of the people, not only for the old

Catholic faith, but for the old Catholic monarchy. Of the tens of thousands who flock to these shrines, there are few who are not strong Legitimists. On the walls of the chapel the most glittering banner is that of Henri de Bourbon, which is the name by which the Comte de Chambord chooses to be known as the representative of the old royal race. Not to be outdone in pious zeal, Marshal MacMahon, who is a devout Catholic – and his wife still more so – has also sent a banner to Paray-le-Monial, but it is not displayed with the same ostentation. The Legitimists have no wish to keep his name too much before the French people. He is well enough as a temporary head of the State till the rightful sovereign comes, but when Henri de Bourbon appears, they want no "Marshal-President" to stand in his way as he ascends the throne of his ancestors.

Thus excited by a strange mixture of religious zeal and political enthusiasm, France pours its multitudes annually to these shrines of Lourdes and Paray-le-Monial. We were too late for the rush this year – the season was just over; for there is a season for going on pilgrimages as for going to watering-places, and June is the month in which they come in the greatest numbers. There have been as many as twenty thousand in one day. On the 16th of June – which was a special occasion – the crowd was so great that Mass was begun at two o'clock in the morning, and repeated without ceasing till noon, the worshippers retiring at the end of every half hour, that a new throng might take their places. Thus successive pilgrims press forward to the

holy shrine, and go away with an elated, almost ecstatic feeling, that they have left their sins and their sorrows at the tomb of the now sainted and glorified nun.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.