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BRITISH ISLES.

REV. R. HARCOURT.

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J. P. Quinn



"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

See page 133.

RAMBLES

Through the British Isles.

BY REV. R. HARCOURT.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own.—JOHNSON.

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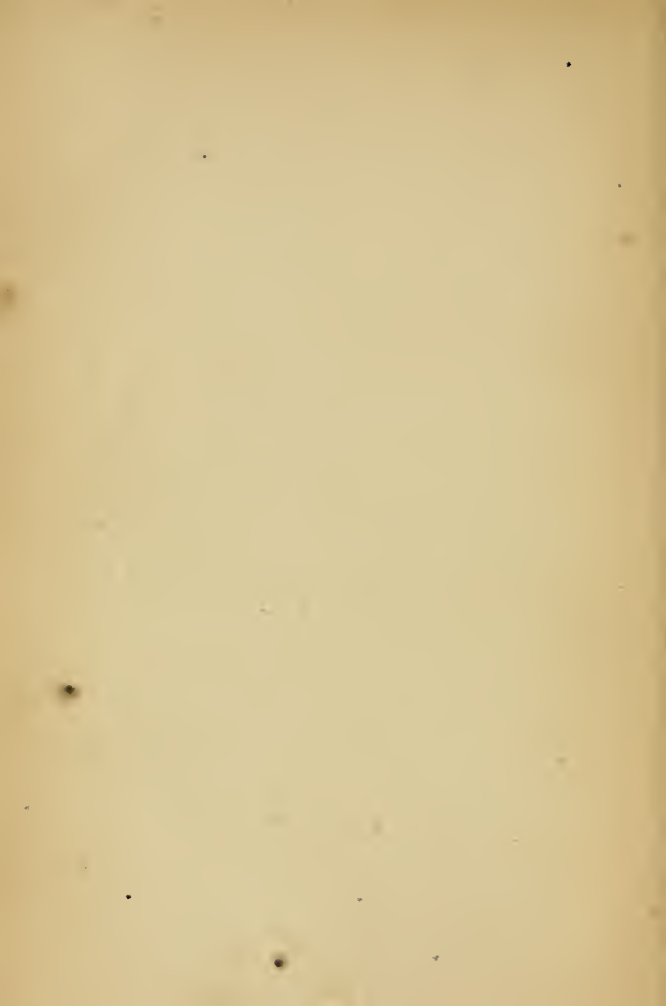
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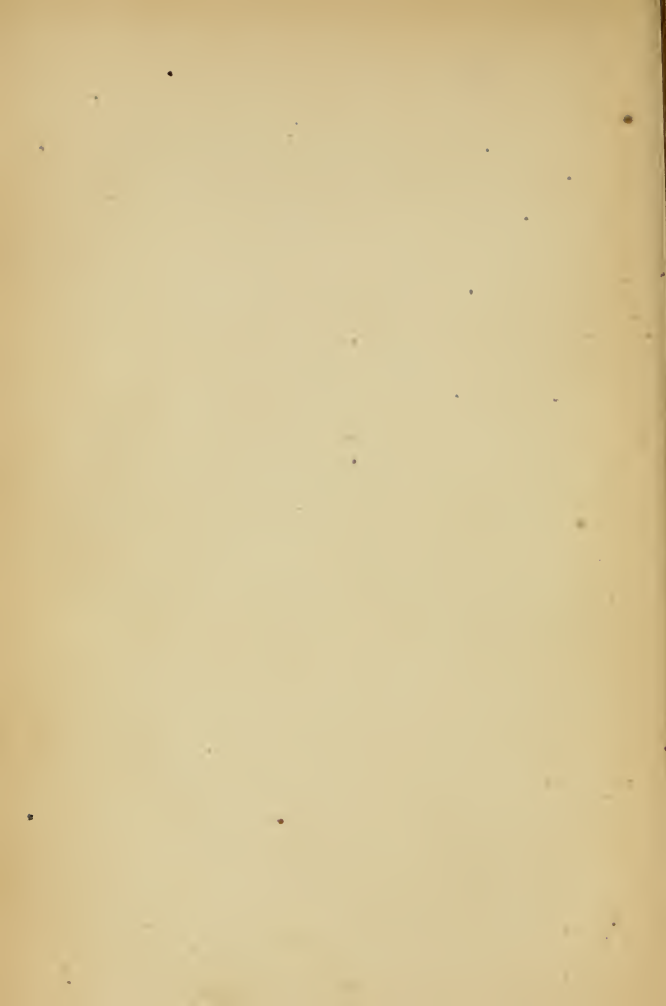
1870

To
JAMES McELROY
OF ALBANY, N. Y.,
AND HIS MOST EXCELLENT LADY,
THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,
BY THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.

THE following sketches were made by the Author, during a vacation in Europe, and their substance embodied in a course of lectures delivered before his own people, last winter. In this volume, he has given them a more permanent form, hoping the reader may derive some of the pleasure and profit experienced in their collection.





CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I.—LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.....	1
II.—CITY OF LONDONDERRY.....	21
III.—A STROLL AROUND DERRY.....	27
IV.—DUNLUCE CASTLE.....	34
V.—THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.....	41
VI.—A DAY IN BELFAST.....	51
VII.—DUBLIN.....	64
VIII.—IN AND AROUND DUBLIN.....	75
IX.—THE VALE OF AVOCA.....	81
X.—GLIMPSES AT IRELAND.....	86
XI.—MY CHILDHOOD HOME.....	95
XII.—IRELAND AND THE IRISH.....	102
XIII.—ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.....	131
XIV.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.....	136
XV.—THE TOWER OF LONDON.....	143
XVI.—THE ROYAL HOME.....	153
XVII.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.....	160
XVIII.—THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL.....	165
XIX.—A SABBATH IN LONDON.....	170
XX.—THE THAMES AND ITS SIGHTS.....	177
XXI.—GRAVES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.....	186
XXII.—HAUNTS OF ROYALTY.....	192
XXIII.—OXFORD.....	200
XXIV.—ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.....	207
XXV.—CITY OF GLASGOW.....	247

	PAGE.
XXVI.—THE CATHEDRAL AND NECROPOLIS.....	254
XXVII.—IN AND AROUND GLASGOW.....	260
XXVIII.—THE CLYDE AND ITS SIGHTS.....	264
XXIX.—A SABBATH IN GLASGOW.....	270
XXX.—PAISLEY.....	274
XXXI.—THE LAND OF BURNS.....	278
XXXII.—EDINBURGH.....	287
XXXIII.—HOME OF JOHN KNOX.....	293
XXXIV.—HOLYROOD PALACE.....	305
XXXV.—OUTSIDE THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.....	313
XXXVI.—MELROSE ABBEY.....	323
XXXVII.—HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.....	327
XXXVIII.—SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH.....	332

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
1. RURAL CHURCH.....	20
2. GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.....	40
3. METHODIST COLLEGE.....	50
4. IRISH CROSS AND ROUND TOWER.....	80
5. CHILDHOOD HOME.....	94
6. ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.....	130
7. TOWER OF LONDON.....	142
8. WINDSOR CASTLE.....	152
9. GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.....	246
10. CITY OF EDINBURGH.....	286
11. HOLYROOD PALACE.....	304
12. ABBOTSFORD.....	326



OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

“‘Rambles Through the British Isles’ has received numerous and highly complimentary notices from the Press—a compliment which it richly merits.”—*Christian Advocate*.

“The Author is a pleasant and entertaining writer, and describes in a very clever manner the sights and scenes which he witnessed in his tour. The volume will be found an agreeable companion, and will enable the reader to spend very pleasantly an occasional hour in ‘rambles through the British Isles,’ without the unpleasant sensation of sea-sickness, which the author so graphically describes.”—*Methodist Recorder*.

“The name of MR. HARCOURT will be recognized as the author of several illustrated articles in the ‘Repository.’ The present volume contains a full report of his ‘rambles’ through England, Ireland, and Scotland, written in the same style. They are very readable, and ‘put some things’ in a form somewhat different from that of other travelers and writers.”—*Ladies’ Repository*.

“The Author’s rambles through the isles of his native Britain are full of historic recollections, as if he were tracing the memories of the perceptions of his own spirit in a former state of existence. But he lives in the present as well as in the past, and the living scenes and characters of Britain are alive in his pages. Home-staying people see in all those things all the more visibly through the eye of an acquaintance and friend, and there are thousands, we trust, who will be glad to see them through MR. HARCOURT’S trusty optics.”—*Methodist Quarterly Review*.

☞ For additional notices see last pages.

JOURNAL.



I.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

And the gathering together of the waters called He Seas. — *Moses.*



THE morning of June 6th was all that could be desired, free of clouds, and filled with laughing, hopeful sunshine. At twelve o'clock our good ship "Europa" cast loose from her dock, and with a right good will, commenced her ocean trip. Our sail down the bay of New York was as pleasant as could be expected. Staten Island looked beautiful, garden of Eden like, as we glided swiftly past it. At two o'clock the dinner bell rang, when we all made "double-quick" time for the saloon, in order to make

sure of our seats at the table. My friend Mr. L. and myself were more fortunate than some others, in securing just the seats we wanted. All, I think, enjoyed the dinner much, the only enjoyable meal which many, judging from present appearances, will have for some time. We have on board sixty-four officers and crew, one hundred and one cabin passengers, one hundred and fifteen steerage; making two hundred and eighty souls in all. We are now out of sight of Sandy Hook, and the Naversink hills are receding into a far-distant background, and soon will be beyond the range of our vision. At 4 P.M., we bade adieu, for a little time, to the land of the free, the home of the loved and the brave. We are now at sea, with the heavens above, and the rolling, tossing, restless ocean all around us. Thus far, I have enjoyed the scenery and the sailing very much. Just now we are struggling with an angry sea. Old Neptune seems to say, by his actions, "I'll shake you with my might, so that you shall turn back," but it's no use, Old Nep. "Europa" has seen your antics too often to be frightened by these. She has had the victory many times in the past, and she will have it again! So, dash, dash away!

But, how changed the aspect of affairs on board! A short time ago all were cheerful, gay, happy! Now happiness seems to have left us, and fear and pain are pictured on every face. The high resolves, the brave defiances, of many who came aboard in the settled determination that they would not be seasick, has been exchanged for feelings too horrible for description. Now, while I pen these words, my friend, Mr. D., from Albany, is having a hard time, poor fellow! I wish I could help him. He is now leaning over the ship's side, trying to cast

out Jonah. Having a few good lozenges in my pocket at the time, I gave him one, thinking it might help him, but, alas! alas! like many quacks, I did not understand my patient's case; and, instead of assuaging his misery, it made him ten times worse. This was a lesson which I did not forget during the remaining part of the voyage, and, indeed, I am fully convinced that there is no remedy for sea-sickness! And the many articles, mentioned in hand-books of travel as positive cure, only augment one's misery. Let nature have her course, do not check her efforts, but aid her, and she will clear out, renovate, and work such an entire change in your system as you never anticipated.

I have just come up from below, and oh, dear! what a scene of suffering in almost every state-room. All sick, sick. One poor fellow exclaimed, as I passed by his door, "I'll die! I shall die! oh, dear, dear!" Farther aft I heard another, a young lady, who was one of the gayest and liveliest of the company about two hours ago, exclaim, "Oh, mother, mother! hold my head, oh! oh! oh!" and I did not wait to see, or hear what followed. I am now seated about mid-ship, the sea is quite rough, but not half so wild as I have seen it. Most of our company have gone below. My room-mate, Mr. L., who brought with him many preventatives, has had to succumb to the sea-king. I expect he will bring me down by-and-by, but I'll try to fight it out, as long as possible, and if he insists on all hands paying tribute, then I will yield. Supper-bell has just called, and as I am still feeling well I will try and answer, for there may come a time, before long, when it may call, and I shall not be able—like many now on board—to respond.

After supper, only a few at table, not a lady to be seen, all sick!

The sailors have just thrown out the log, to measure our speed. We are gliding along at the rate of twelve miles per hour. It has grown quite dark, the sea is rough, very rough; and the wind is high, strong, and fair. I must lay down my pencil until to-morrow. I do not much like the thought of going below, and shutting myself up for the night, but there is nothing else for me to do—I must come to it. So giving myself into His care and keeping who once walked upon the waters, and who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand, I retire for the night, fearing no evil.

Sunday morning, June 7th.

Had as good a night's rest as could be expected, under the circumstances. All, or nearly all, were sick, and could not keep the terrible fact a secret, to the annoyance of the few who remained well. This morning, when trying to get into my boots, the old sea-monster was too much for me, and I had to yield to his power, yet not without a struggle. Thinking there might be some show for me, could I only get upon my back again, I beat a hasty retreat, but it was too late, my courage failed, and Neptune gained the day! Since coming up on deck, I have felt more comfortable, but not well. We have reached a place called "Nantucket Shoals." It is quite foggy and unpleasant. The breakfast-bell just called to arms; shall go down and try a little tea. Breakfast-table, waiter back of my chair. "What shall I send you sir?" "A cup of tea, and a little dry toast." Tea and toast were placed before me. Tea did not taste good as usual; called waiter. "Take

this tea away and give me a cup of coffee." Coffee not much better. Well, I must be hard to please. . . . After all I suppose the fault is not so much with the tea or coffee, as with my stomach, so if I am to scold any one, I must myself, or old Neptune, for bringing about such a state of affairs.

Our doctor came to me this morning, to know if I would preach. I told him I was sick; and when he insisted on my preaching in the evening, if not in the morning, I told him that it would depend not so much on the state of my head or heart, as upon the state of my stomach!

Tuesday, June 9th.

I have omitted part of Sunday, and all of Monday, nor will I try to picture the horrible sensations of sea-sickness which I endured during that time. Suffice it to say, I wished myself back again on *terra firma*. It is said that Henry Ward Beecher, being asked how he felt during his sea-sickness, exclaimed, "The first day I thought I should die, and the second I wished I had." I do not wonder the wag said, "Only let me live until I meet that fellow who wrote, 'Life on the Ocean Wave.'" And Cato, who repented only of three things during his life, has included this as one, "To have gone by sea, when he could have gone by land." The old philosopher must have had a taste of *sea-sickness*, for who but the initiated, can manifest a sufficient abhorrence of a sea voyage. How often have we vowed, that if God will only spare our lives, and return us in safety, we will never again long for "a home on the raging deep."

Thus far, we have had a very favorable wind. Our captain says he never made better time. The fog of Sunday morning,

has not as yet cleared away, we expect it will remain with us until we cross the banks of Newfoundland, which we hope to do by to-morrow afternoon, or Thursday morning. Since entering the fog, we have kept up a constant blowing of the whistle. Our captain having some years ago lost a vessel in a fog, he is now more than usually careful and watchful.

Wednesday, June 10th.

Truly God is good! Over 800 miles of our journey passed, and all is well! This is the fourth day from home. I am now seated in my state-room, for it is quite wet and unpleasant on deck. Yesterday, I did not suffer much from sea-sickness, and now feel that I am getting well. To-day we saw quite a new sight, the sporting and spouting of a school of young whales. They threw the water into the air about fifteen or twenty feet. Soon after this, we met the steamship "Columbia." Her decks were covered with passengers, who cheered heartily, and were as freely responded to by our ship's company.

Last evening we had some instrumental and vocal music, in the main saloon. Miss S., (a little Scottish lady, from New York), entertained the company for about two hours. I wish you could have looked in upon us. To my left, some six or eight were playing cards, and a little farther on, a company drinking wine, and something somewhat stronger. On the other side of the saloon, a few were gathered round a checker-board, and close to the piano, a little group of old and young, were collected, who called to remembrance the songs of Zion. Among the many which were sung during the evening, were the following: "Rock of ages," "Come to Jesus," "Oh,

how I love Jesus," "All hail the power of Jesus' name," "Out on an ocean all boundless we roam." At 10 1-2 P.M., we adjourned to our state rooms. The rules of our ship are, lights extinguished in the main saloon, at half-past ten, and in the state-rooms at eleven.

This morning we had an amusing time over a mock-trial; any thing to make our time pass pleasantly. A young man having been accused of stealing, was indicted and arraigned for trial. Sir John Smith, from Chicago, officiated as chief-justice; a jury of twelve men were empaneled; Hon. James Saurin, from Massachusetts, conducted the prosecution, with much good humor; while Watson, Jones, Brown, Blew, Black, &c., testified for the prosecution, and Young, Old, Holmes, and Hopeful gave evidence for the defence. The jury brought in the verdict, "guilty," and the judge, after a lengthy speech, which was received with unanimous and hearty applause, sentenced the prisoner to the penalty of one of two things, to drink a pint of salt water, or sing two comic songs. I need scarcely say, he complied with the latter. Thus do we try in many ways to get rid of this intolerable monotony.

Yesterday, we were surrounded by a dense fog, most of the day, making it very uncomfortable on deck. After tea, to our great delight, it cleared away. The sun never appeared so beautiful before. He seemed to have clothed himself in all his golden loveliness; and what added still more to the cheer of the hour, a beautiful rainbow, one of the most perfect I ever looked upon—God's precious bow of promise—appeared on the opposite side of our ship, bringing beautifully to mind the

words of Holy Writ, "At evening time it shall be light." How much, I thought, has to-day been like many a life, filled with clouds, fog, and shadows, up to the evening hour; then comes forth the Sun of Righteousness, in all his beauty, to cheer, comfort, and make bright, the way from earth to heaven.

In the evening, we whiled away a few hours, debating the question, "Resolved, that there is more joy in anticipation, than in realization," and I am happy in recording the fact, that the negative of the question carried off the palm.

Thursday, June 11th.

I am now seated on a camp-stool, on the after-deck. The day is delightful, "not a cloud doth arise, to darken the skies.

This morning, I was aroused from my slumber earlier than usual, to go up on deck, and look at a new sight—an iceberg! Never shall I forget it! A clear sky, a calm sea, everything befitting the occasion. There, in the distance, loomed up the Arctic monster, coldly glittering in the bright sunlight. We could not have placed it in a better position, had we desired.

It was about five hundred feet in length, according to the eye of an experienced seaman, and we came within half-a-mile, or less, of it. The part which was above the water, we thought to be about one hundred and fifty feet high, and the captain informed us that three-fourths of it was out of sight.

I sketched an outline of the crystalline island, as it appeared in the background.



This view was most picturesque! It looked like the broad side of a grand old loaf-sugar castle, having a beautiful Gothic arch in the centre, made by the dashing of the waves; and as perfect, as if wrought out by the hand of man. Last evening we passed the time in a debate, like that of Wednesday. Our subject was, "Resolved, that novel-reading is an evil." The discussion was spirited and amusing, if not profitable. This, with a few Scottish songs, closed up the programme.

Saturday, June 13th.

Sea calm as New York bay. Atmosphere, cold as in the month of March. Almost one week out on the ocean-deep! One week away from home, and what a week! In it, what a com-

mingling of misery and mercy, of many fears and many favors, of thoughts of home and prayers for loved ones! I am now seated in the main saloon. We have no formal debate or concert to-night; all are trying to enjoy themselves as they please. Some are reading books, some newspapers, some are writing; some are playing checkers, chess, or cards; some are talking; some are laughing; and some are sleeping. Oh, dear! what a life! What pen can describe this intolerable weariness? No desire to read, or write, or talk, or do anything in particular. Nothing pleases, every source of amusement seems to have become exhausted. I confess, I have no love for the sea; indeed, I cannot find out where there is the first spark of enjoyment in "A Life on the Ocean Wave." It seems to me that John Newton never crossed the Atlantic, or any other ocean, or he would not have written, "To be at sea, withdrawn out of the reach of innumerable temptations, with opportunity and a turn of mind disposed to observe the wonders of God in the great deep, and with the two noblest objects of sight—the expanded heavens, and the expanded ocean—continually in view, and where evident interpositions of Divine Providence, in answer to prayer, occur almost daily: these are helps to quicken and confirm the life of faith, which in a good measure, supply to a religious sailor the want of those advantages which can only be enjoyed upon the shore."

Now, all who have been to sea, know that it has the opposite effect, and it seems to me, if any class of men have an excuse for crimes and misdemeanors, sailors are that class. Look at them. Day after day they gaze on the same expanded sky and ocean, varied only by clouds and tempests. Day and night are alike

to them, and the more furious the tempest, the greater must be their exertion and exposure. Is such a discipline good for quickening and confirming a life of faith? Absurd! It is enough of itself to make men desperate. And it is no longer a wonderment to me why sailors, as a class, are more reckless and God-forgotten than the rest of mankind.

To-day, our tickets were taken up, reminding us of the fact, that we are more than half over our ocean-journey. Speed on, speed on, good ship "Europa," bearing us swiftly from this our night of suffering, to the day of blessed freedom! I have just made out my programme. Instead of landing at Glasgow—as I had first thought of doing—I now intend to get off at Moville, then pass up Lough Foyle to Londonderry, where I wish to make a short stay, then on to the Giant's Causeway. After seeing these places, I shall proceed immediately home, by way of Belfast—feeling it would not be right to visit Scotland or England before first going to my childhood's early home—and indeed, I freely confess, I am more anxious than ever to see those from whom I have been separated for so many years.

Sunday, June 14th.

"Light beams upon the ocean: morn is here,
The promise of a bright and peaceful day;
In humble gratitude, and fervent prayer,
My heart goes forth to meet each cheering ray.
Over the waste of waters on we glide:
But whilst the favoring winds our canvas swell,
My thoughts are flowing in restless tide,
Back to the distant home where loved ones dwell.
O Saviour! unto thee I now commend
The little flock which gathered 'neath my care;

Be thou their tender Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
 And keep them safe from every hurtful snare.
 While I am absent, on the land or sea,
 Oh, suffer not one precious lamb to roam;
 And grant my happy portion it may be,
 Again to meet them in my Sabbath home."

Monday, June 15th.

Two days more, and we expect to see land—not an unpleasant thing for wayworn mariners to anticipate; and if we, who have had such a favorable passage, feel anxious to see land, what must be the longings of those who are kept for months out upon the ocean-waste.

Yesterday, my second Sunday on board, was one of our finest days. The air was clear and bracing, and the blue canopy over our heads seemed more beautiful than ever before. Rev. Mr. Lowerie preached in the morning, and I in the evening. Most, if not all, our cabin passengers, I am happy to say, are professors of religion. Some are Episcopalian, some Baptist, some Methodist, some Congregationalist, but the majority are Scotch Presbyterian. Yet, though we differ in name and doctrine, we are all one in sentiment and feeling, and every cabin passenger, with one exception, joins heartily in all the exercises of the holy day. Yea, the very "floods clap their hands," and the tumbling waters are "joyful before the Lord."

"Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
 His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.
 In life's bleak winter, they are pleasant days,
 Short foretastes of the long-long spring to come.
 To every new-born soul, each hallowed morn
 Seems like the first, when everything was new.
 Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven;
 His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
 And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold."

This morning, a school of porpoises made their appearance alongside our ship, and by their jumping and frolicking, created not a little amusement.

Tuesday, June 16th.

Last night many of our passengers had a relapse of seasickness; the sea was very rough, and our vessel rolled more than at any former time, during the trip. A few hours ago, we met the steamship "Britannia," two days out from Ireland bound for New York. A ship at sea, boldly ploughing the main, is a noble sight. "She walks the water like a thing of life, and seems to dare the elements to strife."

What a glorious monument of human invention, that has triumphed over wind and wave! She stretches out her arms, and the wilderness and sterile north are made to rejoice in the luxuries of the sunny south. She has bound together the scattered nations of the earth and isles of the sea, thus strengthening and establishing the grand brotherhood of the human family.

To me, this meeting was no common occurrence. In a few hours, I expect to see my native shores; the land *from whence she came*,

"The land in which my fathers lived,
In days of other years;
How sweet the name is always heard,
And pleasing it appears.

"The land in which my fathers lived,
And also had their birth,
In which were spent the happy days,
Of young and joyous mirth."

Then I thought of the land to which *she was going*, the land of my adoption and choice, where dwells ANNIE, the wife of my

heart. America—the dearest spot on earth! We are now gliding along at a good rate, the wind is favorable, but the sea looks much out of sorts. Some of the passengers, who ventured out on deck this morning, were as completely soaked as if they had jumped overboard. It is now five o'clock, P.M., and about ten minutes of one, New York time. Before this hour to-morrow, I expect (D. V.), to be in the city of Londonderry. After a few songs and some instrumental music, in the saloon, the following was drawn up, to be presented to our captain on the morrow:

Whereas, After a safe and pleasant voyage, we, the passengers, on board the steamship "Europa," desire to express our appreciation, of the polite attention we have received, therefore, be it resolved, that we hereby tender our thanks to Captain Craig, and officers of the "Europa," for their uniform kindness and courtesy, and also express our implicit confidence in their professional ability, earnestly hoping, that their valuable lives may be long spared in the perilous duties in which they are engaged.

Signed in behalf of Passengers.

And, now, before closing my journal, I have a pleasant duty to perform; and first, in reference to our good ship "Europa," it would be ungrateful in me not to let fall a few words in her praise.

She is, without doubt, one of the safest and most commodious—though not the largest, fastest, or most elegant—of our ocean steamers. For strength and excellence of construction, for steadiness of movement, and comfort in general, she has no superior on her own line, and but few on any other. Her captain (Craig) is a public favorite, and most deserving of such esteem. He has less ostentation than most men who follow

his calling. On the evening when the complimentary, and *well-deserved*, resolutions were drawn up, we tried to get him into the saloon, in order to present them—but failed. The next morning, we again tried, but with no better success. Then we sought to catch him on deck, but still he kept out of our reach; and, as a last resort, a committee was appointed to carry them to him in his deck-house. Fears being entertained by some, that he might even refuse to accept the paper, if presented by the hand of one of *his own sex*, a selection was made out of the “fairest of the fair,” from whose hand, he could not refuse the message, and only in this way were we successful in placing the resolutions before him.

As an officer, Captain Craig has few equals. In a calm, meek as a lamb, but in peril, brave as a lion! Among the passengers, modest, attentive, sociable, ever ready to give a word of cheer to the sick, and a helping hand to the weak. One thing, which is worthy of notice, and with which I was more than pleased, was *the absence* of profanity. During the entire voyage, I did not hear a profane word from officer or subordinate. And such good order, discipline, and ability, were manifested by officers and crew, that we had perfect confidence in the hands that held the helm.

And, now, a few words, in reference to those with whom I associated for ten and a half days. I never thought it possible for strangers to become so much attached to each other, in so short a season. From the outset, we seemed to be one family, but after the first two or three days, during which time we all passed under the cloud, and all shared in the same pangs, and were all baptized with the same experience, there was a

oneness of feeling which we knew not before. Every one tried to do his or her part in making the weary hours fly by pleasantly.

My acquaintance with several of our company assisted very much in breaking up the monotony of the journey. Among these, I will name the Rev. Mr. L., companion of my state-room, in whose society many of my hours passed by on silver wings. The Rev. Mr. G., a young minister from Madison Theological Seminary, on his way to spend a year in Germany, with whom I had much agreeable chit-chat; a Mr. B., from Bergen, N. J.—who is in company with my friend L.—a more jovial and friendly soul I have seldom met. Here, also, is a Mr. J., from New York city, on his way, in company with his youngest boy, to visit the “Gem of the Ocean,” the scenes of his boyhood-days; a mild, sweet-spirited, Christian man. And there is the life and soul, of our company, Mr. T., a Broadway merchant, who has given himself a leave of absence, for three months, from the wear and tear of New York life; he is the quintessence of good humor. To my right, sits my friend Mr. N., an ardent lover and defender of the doctrines of Calvin, and yet social and good-natured withal. A little farther on, sits, or rather, lounges, Mr. L., a Scotchman by birth; he is going to visit his native, and other lands. Almost in front of me, holding on to one of the settees, is Mr. E., a good young man, from Chicago, who but recently espoused the cause of Christ—and fears not to make it known. Standing by the piano, is a group of men and women, who by their sweet songs have often carried us away to distant lands and dizzy heights, on angel-pinions. To the right, is Miss S., whose voice is like the

warbling of birds. In front of the instrument, with his hands upon the keys, is our chief engineer, (now off duty), Mr. B., whom Mr. T. calls a "musical prodigy." At the left, stands "our mutual friend," Mr. F., one of the best singers in the company. But time, and space, would fail me, to tell of A. and B., and C. and D., with whom I walked, talked, breakfasted, dined, and teaced, in good fellowship.

Wednesday, June 17th.

I am now seated on the after-deck. The rugged hills of old Ireland, are full in view. We came in sight of land this morning about nine o'clock. The day is all we could wish, warm and clear. We expect to reach "Moville" about two o'clock; this is a small place, at the entrance of Lough Foyle, and about sixteen miles from Londonderry.

Ireland, on the north, presents a very bold, and rugged front to old ocean, seeming to say, by her position, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Here and there, among the rocks, we saw—by the aid of a field-glass—small patches of land, under cultivation, which was a sight pleasing to the eye, weary of the restless ocean. Even the gray shrubless mountain-tops looked good, after so many days of rocking and rolling on "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste." As soon as we entered Lough Foyle, we had a grand view of the country. The various colors of the ripening crops make the hillsides look like ladies' patch-work. A variety of houses are now in sight, which by the aid of the glass we can bring within almost touching nearness. Most of them are quite small, having but one or two windows at the most, while here and there an elegant mansion looms up in the

midst of a cluster of trees, giving a look of prosperity and health to the surrounding scenery. At about three, P.M., we who wished to land at Londonderry, were put on board a little "steam-tug," which *they said* would carry us to the city. I am astonished that any respectable Company should employ such a mean, filthy mud-scow, to carry passengers—one which in New York, would be thought unworthy to convey dead horses. Well was it for us, that the day was favorable, for had it been otherwise, we should have suffered. Sailing up the Lough, the scenery on the banks was so pleasing, that we forgot, for the time, our surroundings and peril. We passed by two strong fortifications, and several old ruins, also a large handsome house called the "Boom House," erected on the spot where the noted Boom was fastened which was placed across the river, to keep out relief from the besieged city.

At five o'clock we reached the dock, and after a *slight* examination of our baggage, we stepped out upon the shore of the Old World. The romance of our voyage was over—we again stood on *terra firma*.



Ireland.

“The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Well then may Erin's sons adore
Their isle, which nature formed so fair.”




How beautiful they stand,
Those ancient altars of our native land !
Amid the pasture-field and dark green woods,
Amid the mountain's cloudy solitudes ;
By rivers broad that rush into the sea.—*Landon.*

II.

LONDONDERRY.

Stand fast in the faith! 'tis the mandate of God,
Once uttered in anguish, once written in blood:
From the cross of the Lord, from his throne in the sky,
It was breathed over earth, it was uttered on high.
Stand fast in the faith! though the conflict be hot,
The field hath no strife where the captain is not.—*Brown.*

LONDONDERRY is, indeed, a city set upon a hill, beautiful for situation Standing, as it does, on an elevation of one hundred and nineteen feet above the level of the river, it has a commanding view of the surrounding country, which is rich in every thing calculated to make a perfect picture. Time will not soon efface from my memory the impressions received when I first entered Londonderry.

By the hungry, half-clad crowd that met us, when we jumped ashore, I could almost imagine myself a passenger of one of the vessels that brought relief to the famishing citizens of 1688. There they stood, the most woe-begone looking

group of men and boys I ever looked upon. It seemed as if the inmates of some workhouse had turned out to meet and bid us welcome ; and it required no little effort, to keep from becoming impatient with some of them, who followed us with their piteous wails up to the door of our hotel.

It was on the afternoon of one of the pleasantest days in June, when with a number of our good ship's company, I took a stroll around the "maiden city."

All were in good spirits, the scenery was charming, and the memories of that hour will not soon be forgotten.

The extent of the ancient city, enclosed by the wall, is only about twenty-six acres, and that occupied by the wall alone, almost three acres. This strong rampart, which measures an English mile, lacking a few feet, is about twenty-four feet high, and its breadth, at its narrowest part, about twelve feet ; at other places it is over thirty feet. The history of Derry is without a parallel. Twice besieged by strong armies, but never taken. She well may be proud of her history ! Dear as was the trophy of Marathon to the Athenians, dearer still is the wall of Londonderry to the Protestants of Ireland, nor would any thing induce them to demolish that pile of ancient masonry, which saved their fathers from the bloody and galling chain of Papacy.

Commanding one of the best sights of the river, and occupying a place on the wall, where the most daring service was rendered, stands a column, called,

WALKER'S TESTIMONIAL.

It consists of a beautiful fluted shaft, ninety-five feet high, and six feet nine inches in diameter. A spiral stair-

way leads to the top, where there is a square platform, with railing, on which stands a statue of the noble Christian soldier, Rev. George Walker. In his right hand he holds a Bible, the teachings of which he boldly and fearlessly declared; and by his side hangs a sword, which he was ever ready to unsheath in its defense. While looking over the the city, from the top of the monument, the history of the heroic men of 1688, came up before me, like a grand panorama. I went back to her early days, when James, with his *French-Irish* army, appeared before her walls—he expected all he had to do, was to demand an entrance and it should be granted, without the least resistance. But not so. The gates were closed, by stout hands and true hearts. Lunday, the governor of the place, is found to be a traitor, and is about giving the city into the hands of the enemy. He is arrested, and condemned—but instead of hanging him, they allow him to pass through one of the gates, in the garb of a porter, “with a bundle of matches on his back.”

Rev. George Walker is selected governor, and citizens and soldiers are seen upon the ramparts, working shoulder to shoulder, determined to defend the city, their lives, liberties, and religion.

There are, within the walls, about thirty thousand men, women, and children. Attempt after attempt is made, by the Irish army, to storm the city, but without success. Weeks pass by, and still the brave men hold out! Hunger and sufferings, which no pen can describe, stare them in the face, and still they are hopeful! Over six thousand of their number have passed away to the land where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,” and still they resist! Now

their daily ration is half-a-pound of horse flesh, and half-a-pound of meal, yet they are as determined as ever! Rats sell for two shillings and sixpence, and mice one shilling apiece, yet no voice of complaint is heard!

Casting my eye down the river, I see two vessels carrying full sail, approaching the city. It may be they are coming with provisions, to supply the wants of the famishing citizens. If so, how shall that strong boom, thrown across the river by the enemy, be broken? With breathless anxiety, we watch them as they approach it. The first has already passed through the fire of the enemy without much loss, and with a favorable wind filling every sail, she strikes it with gigantic force, and it gives way at once—but at the same time, causing her to rebound so far from the channel, as to become stranded. Now we hear the wild hellish yell of the enemy, over the seeming defeat, but it came a little too soon. A broadside is fired from her leeward guns, the shock of which has enabled her to regain the channel. The noble ship enters with relief, and shouts of joy from the famishing ones give her a glorious welcome. All glory be to England's king! A cruel night of suffering has passed, morning has come, and not even a tent or hut of the enemy is to be seen!

Thus, after a siege of one hundred and five days, by an army of twenty thousand sanguinary assailants, James the II., and his partizans, were compelled to retreat, having lost before the walls of Derry, about nine thousand men. Well might the noble sons of Derry sing,

“The gloomy hour of trials o'er,
No longer cannons rattle, O;
The tyrant's flag is seen no more,
And James has lost the battle, O.

And here are we, renowned and free,
By maiden walls surrounded, O ;
While all the knaves who'd make us slaves,
Are baffled and confounded, O.
The Dartmouth spreads her snow-white sail,
Her purple pendant flying, O,
While we the gallant Browning hail,
Who saved us all from dying, O.
Like Noah's dove, sent from above,
While foes would starve and grieve us, O,
Through floods and flame, an angel came,
To comfort and relieve us, O.
Oh! when the vessel struck the boom,
And pitched, and reeled, and stranded, O,
With shouts the foe denounced our doom,
And open gates demanded, O
And shrill and high arose the cry,
Of anguish, grief, and pity, O ;
While, black with care, and deep despair,
We mourned our falling city, O.
But, Heaven her guide, with one broadside
The laden bark rebounded, O ;
A favoring gale soon filled the sail,
While hills and vales resounded, O.
The joy-bells ring, ' Long live our king,'
Adieu to grief and sadness, O ;
To heaven we raise the voice of praise,
In heartfelt joy and gladness, O."

I know of no city, of the same size, which presents a more pleasing appearance, when approached from the north. Viewed indeed, from any side, its elevated position, its ranges of buildings, ascending amphitheatre-like, one above the other, from the water's edge, and crowned with the lofty spire of the time-honored, and battle-wreathed cathedral, is a sight, at once

novel, striking, grand, glorious! I shall not soon forget, if ever, the feelings which I had while looking over the city from the top of Walker's monument. There, at my feet, lay the unconquerable! She who never for once yielded to the dastardly assaults of the enemy. And there, at her feet, the beautiful river, with its sheltered waters and decorated shores. While all around her, stand the verdant hills, a noble royal guard; seemingly ready to do her bidding, ready to shield her from the cold wind's fury, or to regale her with their choicest perfumes, carried fresh on the wings of the wind, from their sides covered with wild and cultivated flowers. Here, indeed, is a picture of imposing grandeur, such as but few cities in the British Empire can parallel.



GATE OF DERRY.

III.

A STROLL ROUND THE CITY OF LONDONDERRY.

With garlands crown'd, the virgins strew the way,
And in glad hymns repeat his glorious name,
While joyful mothers to their wond'ring babes,
Point out the hero. —*Higgon.*



AFTER the siege of Derry, Walker accompanied the British army to the River Boyne, where he fell by the hand of the enemy, just a few hours before the victory. His work was accomplished, and God called him home! At the base of the shaft are several large cannons, which were used in the siege of 1649, when Sir Charles Coote's army, which had espoused the side of the Rump Parliament, was besieged for five months, and in 1689,

when the Protestants of the north, declared themselves in favor of William, Prince of Orange. "Roaring Meg" is the largest cannon on the wall, and measures four feet six inches in girth at the thickest, and eleven feet in length. It bears the following inscription, on its back, "Fishermongers, London, 1642."

DERRY'S CATHEDRAL

has one of the most imposing sites of the city. Standing, as it does, upon the highest pinnacle, and having a lofty spire, it gives great effect to the whole place. Here, in this venerable temple, seventeen Episcopalian,* and eight Presbyterian clergymen, who voluntarily encountered the danger of the siege, assembled daily, in their turn, to encourage and comfort the multitude under their care; and to implore the protection of Almighty God. The style of the building is that which is usually known among antiquarians as the "Perpendicular, or Tudor style." The length of the church, independent of the tower, is one hundred and fourteen feet; the breadth sixty-six feet, and the height forty-six feet. The spire measures, from the ground, one hundred and seventy-nine feet, or two hundred and ninety-seven feet, above the river.

Inside the cathedral, by the east window, is to be seen the following inscription:

"This city was besieged by the Irish army, the 18th of April, 1689, and continued so till the first of August following, being then relieved with provisions by Major General Kirk. On the 7th of May, about one in the morning, the besiegers forced out ye guards of ye garrison, and intrenched themselves on the Windmill Hill, commanded by Brigadier-General Ramsey. At four, the same morning, ye besieged attacked ye Irish in their trenches, and after a sharp engagement the enemy gave

ground and fled. Ramsey, their general, was killed, with others of note; the Lord Netterville, Sir Garret Aylmer, Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot, son to ye Lord Mountgarret, and several others, taken prisoners, with five colors, two of which fell into ye hands of Colonel John Michelburn, who placed them as they now stand, with the consent and approbation of His Lordship, William King, then Lord Bishop of this city, now his Grace Lord Archbishop of Ireland, the said Colonel Michelburn being at that time governor: to perpetuate ye memory of which siege, when ye colors shall fail, his Lordship, John Hartstrong, now Lord Bishop of Derry, at ye request of ye said Colonel Michelburn, is pleased to give leave that this inscription be placed under the said colors, in remembrance of the eminent and extraordinary service they performed."

The flags, mentioned in this inscription, were captured by a detachment of the garrison, from a strong body of the besieging army, in a desperate sortie on the 7th of May, 1689. The poles and tassels are alone genuine; the flags having, by the rough hand of old time, become mere shreds, were renewed by the careful hands of the ladies of Londonderry. In the tower there is a tablet, bearing the following inscription, which refers to the building of the city and cathedral by the citizens of London.:

ANO. DO. 1622. CAR. REGIS 9.

*If stones could speake
Then London's prayse
Should sound who
Built this church and
Cittie from the ground.*

On the right, as you enter the tower, may be seen a large bomb-shell, that once contained the infamous "Declaration," to

the garrison and citizens to surrender, and which drew out the ever-memorable response, "No surrender!"

"When her brave sons undaunted stood,
Embattled to defend her,
Indignant stemmed oppression's flood,
And sung out, 'No surrender.'

"Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,
Well fenced in every quarter,
Each frowning bastion grim, along,
With culverin and mortar;
But Derry had a surer gnard,
Than all that art could lend her,
Her 'prentice hearts, the gates who barred,
And sung out, 'No surrender.'

"On came the foe in bigot ire,
And fierce the assault was given;
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire,
Her fated roof was riven.
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath,
And vain his hopes to bend her,
For still 'mid famine, fire, and death,
She sung out, 'No surrender.'

"Long may the crimson banner wave,
A meteor streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave,
Who gnard the gates of Derry.
And Derry's sons alike defy,
Pope, traitor, or Pretender,
And peal to heaven their 'prentice cry,
Their patriot 'No surrender.'"

In June, 1772, the first newspaper was published in Derry, and called the "Londonderry Journal and Donegal and Tyrone

Advertiser," by George Douglas, a Scotchman, who edited it until 1796. A copy of it is still to be seen in the city Library. The following are a few extracts, which show, somewhat, the spirit and customs of the days of yore, and which, we trust, will not be without interest, to those who may read these pages :

"1772, July 25. Last Monday afternoon, a butcher in this city was put in the stocks, for the space of one hour, and fined the sum of 11s. 4d., being convicted of selling ram instead of ewe mutton contrary to law."

Under the same date, is the following :

"Last Friday arrived in the river, from Philadelphia, the ship Jupiter, Capt. Ewing. All well. It is remarkable that they went there in twenty-seven days, and returned in the like number, the quickest passage ever made from this port to America."

Following it is one referring to the commencement of Sunday-school labor :

"1785, October 8. The idea of Sunday-schools is at length seriously adopted in this city. The Phoenix club entered into a very handsome subscription for that purpose. Benefactions will be received by the Rev. David Young."

Here is another, and because of the name of Washington, and its spirit for Liberty's cause the world over, I think it worthy of a place :

"1792, August 21. The first of August falling on Sunday, the anniversary of the relief of Derry was observed here on the Monday following, the 13th inst., with the accustomed expressions of festive exultation. In the afternoon a numerous company, consisting of all the principal citizens the officers of the 70th Regiment, and such respectable strangers, as happened together, met in the Town Hall. Perhaps never before, in a com-

pany so numerous and so mixed, did the spirit of liberality more apparently predominate. The meeting was considered as sacred to the general principles of civil and religious freedom—and no political discussion whatever was introduced, nor was a single toast drunk which could give just offence to either Churchman, Dissenter, or Roman Catholic."

Among the toasts, were the following :

"The Revolution of 1688; and may we never have occasion for another." "The Independence of the Irish Legislature." "May we always have courage to assert our rights and virtue to perform our duties." "May the House of Commons be, in fact, as well as in name, the representatives of the people." "An equal defeat to Faction and Corruption." "Civil and Religious Liberty to all the world." "Peace and Liberty to Poland." "Peace, Liberty, and good Government to France." "The Rights of Jurics." "The Liberty of the Press." "The Abolition of the Slave Trade." "President Washington." "Magna Charta, and the Memory of the Barons who obtained it." "The Memory of Lord Russell and the Exclusioners." "The Memory of Hampden, Sidney, and Locke." "The Memory of William Molyneux." "The Memory of Lord Chatham."

Good for 1688!

The bridge that spans the River Foyle, is a beautiful structure, and is known among engineers as a "Rigid Girder Bridge." Its length, from abutment to abutment, is one hundred and twenty feet; its breadth from railing to railing is thirty feet, and it is said to have cost over three hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

About three-fourths of a mile to the west of the city, on the side of a hill, is laid out a new cemetery. It is a beautiful spot, with walks, tastefully planned, and lots, well-dotted with shrubs, flowers, and evergreens, giving to the whole a garden-

like appearance. It occupies an area of about forty acres. In company with a friend, H. G., from U. S. A., I went there in search of Derry's heroic dead, but found them not! Feeling somewhat sad at not discovering the faintest trace of anything in the old cathedral-yard, or here, to tell me where lay the sacred dust of those who perished in the siege, I was comforted by an angel messenger, who, swifter than the lightning's flash, came to my aid, and said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? They are not here, but have risen."

"Can that man be dead,
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory: and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds!"

About half-a-mile north of the city, is the high-school, situated in a group of good old English oaks. It is said to be one of the best classical and mathematical seminaries in either island. A little farther north is to be seen the Magee College. The situation is charming. It was built by the gift of Mrs. Magee, of Dublin, and has, as its object, the education of young men of the Presbyterian Church. Londonderry has a good number of religious edifices—six Presbyterian, two Independent, and two Wesleyan-Methodist. The Roman Catholics have three or four churches outside the city walls, and one nunnery.



The Banshee.

IV.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

“Oh, lone Dunluce! thy requiem’s sung!
Time o’er thy roofless walls has flung
The waste of years!”

IN our way from Port Rush to the Causeway, we made a short stop at Dunluce—long enough to see its many rooms and apartments. The Castle is situated about three miles west of the Causeway, and only a few steps from the main road. At the gate, which opens from the highway into an open space, leading to the ruin, we were met by an old man in rags.

With a politeness which would have done honor to a Frenchman; and which seems to be natural to the true son of the soil, he tipped his hat—or rather I should say that which covered the place “where the hair ought to grow,” for, to call it a hat would be doing great injustice to the trade—and exclaimed: “I saw yes coming and I came to meet yes, that I might be after showing you the Castle and the Banshee’s room which she always keeps clean for her own convenience!” There was such a good natured expression upon the old man’s face, we could not help but say to him: “Go ahead and we’ll follow,” so off before us he started, jumping and skipping as if he was a lad of sixteen. The position of Dunluce makes it one of the most picturesque ruins in Ireland, and in historic and romantic associations it is not surpassed by any in Europe.

It stands upon an isolated rock that rises one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is separated from the main land by a chasm over twenty feet broad, which was at one time spanned by a draw bridge, but is now permanently joined by a stone walk for foot passengers. How impregnable it must have been at one time, may be easily judged from its position. Long ago Dunluce was one of the strong holds of the Irish Chieftans—one of their feudal halls, in which was heard the voice of song and the noise of jubilee—now nothing remains but faint outlines of its past greatness, naked walls which are fast yielding to the slow but sure destroyer time. Feudal oppression, robbery and violence seem to be the ingredients that make up the history of Dunluce. Our guide, who told me he was over seventy-five years of age—and never twenty miles from that neighborhood—had the history of the

castle upon his tongue's end, which was about as follows. Up to the tenth century, this was the princely residence of the McQuillan family, the fame of whose hospitable board had spread to distant lands. Once upon a time, when the Marchioness of Antrim was on a visit to the Castle, and the servants were engaged in the kitchen, preparing the viands for the banquet, a portion of the rock on which the apartment stood having been undermined by the waves, gave way, the foaming waters engulfing all who were in the kitchen except a piper, who escaped by being seated in a niche of the wall, which did not share in the fate. "There" said our guide, pointing to a cubby hole in the wall, "is where the piper was seated who didn't get kilt when the rock gave way." He also pointed out a small room, said to be the familiar haunt of the Banshee, named "Mave Roe" (or red-haired Maud or Matilda) she was one of the servant maids who perished on the night of the disaster, and ever since that sad occurrence her ghost has haunted the castle, and her voice is often heard amid the surging of the waves. "The Banshee" Mrs. Hall says, "is the wildest and grandest of all the Irish superstitions. The spirit assumes the form of a woman, sometimes young, but, more generally, very old; her long, ragged locks float over her thin shoulders; she is usually attired in loose white drapery, and her duty upon earth is to warn the family upon whom she attends of some approaching misfortune. This warning is given by a peculiar mournful wail—at night—a sound that resembles the melancholy lough of the winds, but having the tone of the human voice, and distinctly audible at a great distance. She is sometimes seen as well as heard but her form is rarely vis-

ible, except to the person upon whom she more especially waits. This person must be of an old stock—the representative of some ancient race; and him, or her, she never abandons, even in poverty or degradation. Night was the season generally chosen by the Banshee for her visits, an ancient bard describes her thus:

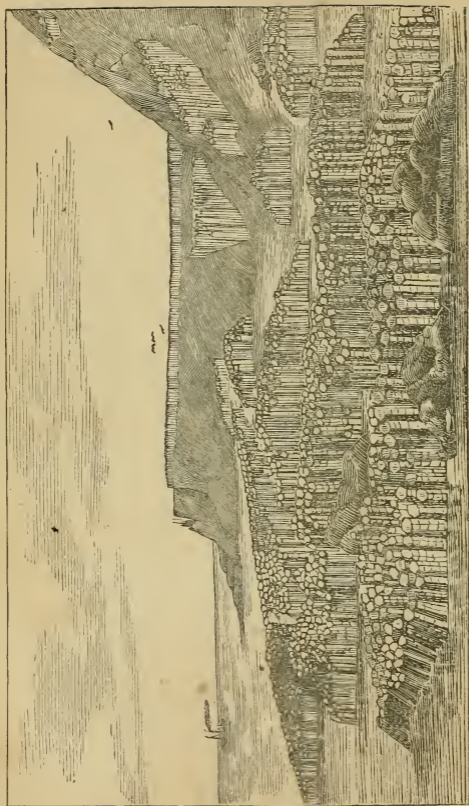
“The Banshee mournful wails;
In the midst of the silent lonely night,
Plaintive she sings the song of death.”

In the year 1580 there came over from Scotland a chief by the name of McDonald, with a body of Highlanders in order to assist Tyrconnel against O'Neil, and as he marched his men through the lands of MacQuillan, he received an invitation to put up at Dunluce Castle, which invitation he very gladly accepted, and was most hospitably entertained. During his stay at the Castle, he assisted MacQuillan in subjecting one of the neighboring chieftans, and having taken much booty from the enemy, he was invited by MacQuillan to remain during the winter and share in the spoils. MacDonald, who had by this time become greatly charmed with the beautiful daughter of his host, did not require much pressing to remain. During the winter he succeeded in gaining the hand and heart of the fair Imogene. Having secured MacQuillan's daughter, he next fell in love with the estate, but this was resisted with terrible indignation, and he and his men barely escaped from Dunluce with their lives—a plot being entered into by MacQuillan to kill him and all his men on a certain night. MacDonald being made aware of the plot by his faithful wife, had just time to warn his men to run for their lives. This was the commencement of a cruel war between the father and his son-

in-law, which continued during the whole reign of Queen Elizabeth. The strong holds of battle were the high mountains of Sleeveanerro, and all through the vale of Glenshesk. Every inch of the ground was disputed by MacQuillan and his followers, until it is said that the stream flowing through the valley ran red with the blood of the slain. Up to the reign of James II the hostility between MacQuillan and MacDonald still existed. When an appeal was made to the king, who instead of settling matters justly, favored his countryman MacDonald, giving him no less than four baronies, among which was the Dunluce estate.

“ Here Erin once, in feudal hour,
Made foeman yield to Erin’s power;
Here twanged the horn or echoing shell
That roused the clans from brake and dell;
With lion heart and eagle eye
Enthroned in Northern majesty,
Here sat M’Quillan, brave and bold,
The faithful wolf-dog of the fold:
M’Quillan’s gone—the eagle’s fled,
M’Quillan’s men sleep with the dead;
M’Quillan’s gone—the lion’s might
Fell valiantly on Ama’s hight.”





The G ant's Causeway

V.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Time with assailing arm
Hath smote the summit, but the solid base,
Derides the lapse of ages.—*Anon.*



O one visiting the Green Isle, should miss seeing this wonderful formation of nature. I think I may safely say, that one day spent at the Causeway would amply repay the toil, and expense of a long journey. I had often read descriptions of it from many pens, and looked at paintings, and engravings of it by many artists; but neither the pen nor the brush, is able to do justice to the subject. It is truly marvelous! And to realize this, one must see it for himself.

Causeway, means a paved road, and is not without some likeness. Most travelers who come here are disappointed at first in not seeing what they expected, but after a closer examination of this world wonder, disappointment gives place to the most enthusiastic admiration. On approaching it, nothing appears before you but a bold headland, stretching out into the sea; nearer and nearer as you advance, you become more anxious

to catch a sight of the object for which you undertook the journey. But not until you reach the top of the high land, and look over, does the Giant's wonderful work appear.

In company with my traveling companion Mr. J. B. of New York, we started out from our hotels in good spirits, accompanied by an able corps of guides. The leading spirit of the band met us at a little village called Bushmill, about two miles from the Causeway, whom we agreed to take as leader during our stay, the others acted under him as boatmen. John King, for this is his name, is said to be one of the best guides of the place, he is a *Scotch Irishman*, and quite intelligent. When he first met us on the way, he put into my hand a book containing certificates from many travelers of note, stating that he had accompanied them, and that they were pleased with his services. Among the names which I saw in his book, and to which he was very careful to direct my special attention, were a number of distinguished Americans. Only a few yards from the hotel there is a breach or land slide in the headland, of some fifteen or twenty rods, through which there is a zigzag pathway leading to the shore. After some difficulty, and not a little annoyance from a multitude of half clad and half starved peasants, who followed us all the way down the descent, and would not be shaken off, we reached the shore, being almost worried into impatience with their persistence—my friend B., showing no inclination to buy, escaped, while I was beset on every side, with about as wild a set of savages as I ever looked upon. And Oh, what a clamor they kept up, each urging me to buy of him; "buy mine," buy mine!" "all these for a shilling," "sixpence," "ah, now you bought of him, you

might buy this box of me." By this time our guide had reached the boat, and was waiting for us, so by quitting *terra firma* we got rid of our tormentors for a short season. In order to see the Causeway to the best advantage, you must first go round it on the sea side, then having satisfied yourself in gazing at the grand old palisades—that rise from three to four hundred feet above you—you will go away with such feelings of the sublime, as you cannot have in only looking at them on the land. We found our guide to be quite communicative, and familiar with every nook, pillar and corner. The first thing to which our attention was directed was Port Coon Cave; we entered it, to the distance of about one hundred yards or more. The walls and roof are composed of masses of rounded basalt, covered over with a greenish substance, and in shape, bearing somewhat the appearance of some dingy lighted Gothic Cathedral.

"The pillared vestibule

Expanding, yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the structure's base,
And flashing to that structure's topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength—and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place."

Our guide shouted at the top of his voice, and the sound reverberating with the roaring of the waters, produced a grand effect. To the west of Port Coon is Dunkerry Cave, not so imposing or grand as the former, but the noisiest of all, and during a storm, it is said that its voice can be heard for more than a mile inland.

I was told that when Sir Robert Peel, with a number of his friends, visited the Causeway, he had a cannon fired in this Cave; the effect of which is said to have been awful; and so great was the concussion, that the poor fellow who served on the occasion was deprived of hearing. Most of the columns of the Causeway have received the names of objects or things to which they bear some faint resemblance.

Here is one called the "Priest and his Flock," and there is the Giant's Loom, The Giant's Organ, the Giant's Chair, the Giant's Theatre, the Giant's Honey Comb, the Giant's Bagpipes, and the Giant's Granny. Indeed everything in this wonderful place, is assigned to the Giants, either as articles of their manufacture, or objects formed for their especial accommodation. These whims, for whims they are—many of the pillars having but very little, if any resemblance to the names they bear—serve to distinguish the many points of interest, which could not very well be done without something of this sort.

After examining these wonderful sights from the sea, we came to land, not however, without having our pockets lightened somewhat of a few shillings, which by the persuasive blarney of the boatmen we were compelled to yield up for a few of their specimens and curiosities.

The Causeway proper is not the high cliffs or pallsades which are seen to so good advantage from the ocean. This is but the background; the most wonderful formation is almost as level as the beach, and partly covered by the water at high tide. There are three tiers or clusters of pillars running out into the sea, called the Little, the Middle, and the great Causeways. Their surface is by no means even; some being much

higher than the others, and hence giving room for the imagination to form among them all sorts of rooms, seats, and fantastic things. In the middle group, our guide pointed us to what he called "The Ladies' wishing chair," which is formed by a number of pillars, gathered round a single one, and so arranged as to make a comfortable seat. The story is, that the young woman who while sitting in that chair wishes for anything, she can have it, no matter what it may be! If this were true, how many of the single daughters of Erin would be married, and how many of the married would be single! In the great Causeway, we were shown a place, called, "Lord Antrim's Parlour," this is a space surrounded by pillars in which seats have been formed, by breaking away some of the pillars, so as to form a level surface. Shame! shame on the visitors who have taken no little pains, to cut with sacrilegious hands, their names upon some of these columns.

While walking over the heads of about forty thousand of them the guide called our special attention to one—the only one among all that great army of pillars, which had been found with *three* sides, the more common forms being the *pentagon* and *hexagon*. The pillars, it must be remembered do not stand apart, but are squeezed compactly together, so close that water will not pass between them. And though the columns are far from being sided alike, yet the contiguous sides are always equal. This is indeed wonderful, and clearly shows the hand of a master workman! Each pillar is made of several joints, or blocks, from eight to ten inches in length, with alternate concave and convex surfaces; the upper section, generally speaking, is concave and the lower convex — perfectly fitted, yet actually

disjunct. As we stepped from pillar to pillar toward the sea, new interest seemed to gather around them, until sinking in the ocean they were lost to sight. How far they extend under the water, who can tell? And how far back into the land, that throws a veil over them, who can tell? Well might the true lover of geology wish in his despair—"Oh, that I were able to transform myself into a mole, that I might burrow my way into a solution of this problem, or into a fish, that I might trace them beneath the waves of old ocean." So much then, in reference to the outward form and position of the Giant's Causeway. But how are we going to account for the formation of this vast group of pillars? Is it possible that they received their forms by the laws of crystalization? If so, how came they to crystalize in blocks, or joints, with ball and socket? Who in looking at the Giant's Causeway, and then at a similar formation, on the opposite coast of Scotland, and on the isle of Staffa, can resist the conviction, that the three wonders are part of one stupendous whole; and it is by no means unlikely, that colonnades, connecting the points, are continued beneath the green waves of the tossing sea.

"From Albin oft, when darkness veiled the pole,
 Swift o'er the surf the tartaned plunderers stole,
 And Erin's vales with purple torrents ran,
 Beneath the claymores of the murderous clan;
 Till Cumhal's son, to Dainada's coast,
 Led the tall squadrons of his Finnian host,
 Where his bold thought the wonderous plan designed,
 The proud conception of a giant mind.
 To bridge the ocean for the march of war,
 And wheel around Albin's shores his conquering car,
 For many a league along the quarried shore,
 Each storm swept eape the race gigantic tore;

And though untaught by Grecian lore to trace
The Doric grandeur or Corinthian grace;
Not void of skill in geometric rules,
With art disdain all the pride of schools,
Each mighty artist, from the yielding rock,
Hewed many a polished, dark, prismatic block:
One end was modeled like the rounded bore,
One formed a socket for its convex stone;
Then side to side, and point to point they bound,
Columns on columns locked, and mound on mound;
Close as the golden cells which bees compose,
So close they ranged them in compacted rows.
Till rolling time beheld the fabric rise,
Span the horizon and invade the skies.
And, curved concentric to the starry sphere,
Mount o'er the thunder's path, and storm's career.
To Staffa's rock the enormous arch he threw,
And Albin trembled as the wonder grew."

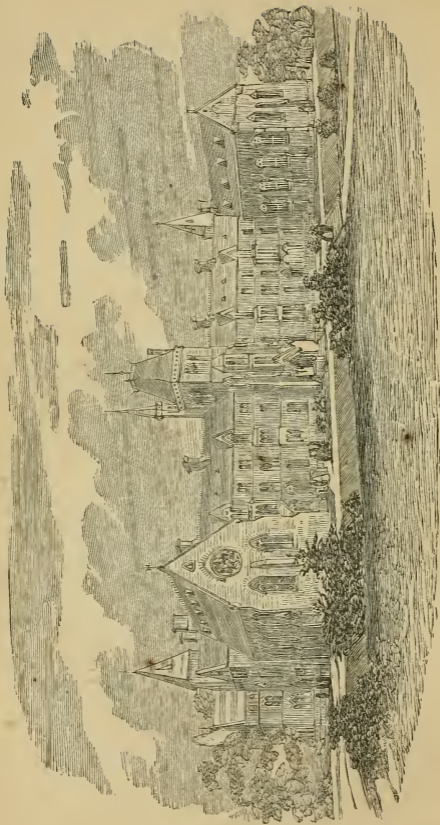
We are not at all surprised, that the early inhabitants of the north of Ireland should attribute it to the work of giants, and that the Scotch also, should have a similar belief, in reference to Fingal's cave. The Causeway, they say, is but a part of the bridge which was built by Fin MacCool, the Ancient Irish Hercules. Fin, feeling out of sorts with the Scotch, for the many wrongs they had done his native land, sent over a challenge to the kilted Giant, Benandomer, to come over and receive a "beating." And having extended the invitation, he thought it only polite on his part, to prevent the stranger wetting his feet; therefore he built a bridge for the Scotch Goliath to cross dry shod, in order "to get broken bones." During more recent times, the giants having disappeared and none of the Lilliputians left behind, being able to take care of the bridge, it sank down, and was covered over by the waters.

Well after all, this is about as near a satisfactory solution, as most of our modern geologists have brought it.

One thing more worth adding is, that upon the basaltic or trap rock of which the Causeway is composed, time and tide have made no impression. And though it has been exposed to one of the roughest seas, and most penetrating winds, from the creation, it may be, to the present time, yet the angles of the columns still retain their sharpness, having met unshaken and unharmed, the storms of ages.

“Dash, foam, and toss, wild, troubled sea! thou can’st not fret away
 The bulwark firm by sullen wave, nor yet by drifting spray;
 Sweep over it and under it; alike unchanged it seems,
 Amid the tempest’s rushing wrath, or ’neath the pale moonbeams.
 Far down, where wild sea-monsters o’erentangles, dulse and shells,
 Its echos wake a music wild as long forgotten song,
 That Ossian’s ocean muse inspired its dark wild rocks among.
 We gaze on it in silence—our very breath is hushed;
 For silence here is eloquence: the purest ever gushed
 From patriot in his praise of home, or scorn of traitor’s deed,
 Is not more fraught with nobleness than is the wordless meed:
 We would not, dare not, break the spell, by mingling human sounds,
 Where the stupendous work attests a deity profound,
 But, leaving myth and legend of the ages dark and dim,
 We bow in adoration at the glorious work of Him.”





Methodist College, Belfast.

VI.

A DAY IN BELFAST.

Stranger! if e'er thy steps should turn
To the deep dells of fair Ierne,
 Their dark-haired sons mark well;
For warmer heart or stouter hand
Ne'er maiden woo'd, ne'er w elded brand,
Than theirs who tread this northern land. — *Muller.*



BELFAST sustains the same relation to Ireland, that Liverpool does to England, or Glasgow to Scotland. It has regular steam intercourse with almost all the leading seaports of the British Isles, and, in point of life, trade, and commerce, is much in advance of Dublin. Its people are full of energy, and the stranger can not go through its streets, without discovering at once, that he is in a live place. The houses are composed of brick or stone, and the streets are straight, well paved or macadamized. The population is now over one hundred and fifty thousand, and is rapidly increasing, having quadrupled within the last forty years. Much of the city is low and flat, being built on

land, reclaimed from the river Lagan, which detracts greatly from its appearance, especially, as seen from the bay. The surrounding scenery is charming. The mountains, which lie west and north, screening from the cold winds, are majestic and beautiful. The most distant is not more than two miles off, and rises to an elevation of sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The river Lagan, which divides County Down from Antrim, is seven hundred and fifty feet wide, and was formerly crossed by a bridge of twenty-one arches, erected in 1682. In 1840, this was replaced by a magnificent structure, built of granite, having five semi-circular arches, each of fifty feet span.

Belfast is the great linen emporium of the world. The bleaching greens, all around the city, are very extensive, and at a distance appear like long ridges of virgin snow, lying in the midst of ripening harvests and pasturage of the richest verdure. In one manufactory, where they spin the flax into yarn, they employ about two thousand hands; and it is thought that there are fifteen or twenty thousand persons employed at this work within the limits of the city. Home-growth is not sufficient to meet the demand, and over fifty thousand tons of flax are said to be imported yearly. The value of the linen cloth and yarn annually exported exceeds seventeen million dollars. Strange that from the land where so many go shirtless, should come snow-white linen, to satisfy the want of the world!

Judging from the number of churches which I saw, the Belfasters must be a religious people. Presbyterianism has a strong foot-hold here. Doctors Cook, Morgan, Edgar, and M'Cosh have not labored in vain.

More than half a century ago, Belfast was classically named "The Northern Athens," and when we look at the long list of her noble sons, which she has sent forth, we think the title was not conferred amiss.

Queen's College is one of the ornaments of the city; it was built in 1810, and gave a new impulse to classical education in the north of Ireland. Since that, others have sprung into existence, which have in them the promise of still greater good. Queen's College is remarkable for its tasteful architecture. It is built of bright red and blue brick, with stone trimming, and has one of the best sites in the city. Back of the College is the Theological School of the Presbyterian Church. It was during vacation when I visited the Seminary; all the professors and students were absent, and the building was in charge of an elderly lady, who, with the greatest politeness, took me through the same. The material of which the building is composed, is polished freestone, and in style of architecture, it is chastely classic. The internal arrangements are somewhat behind the times, but commodious and comfortable.

Just over the way from Queen's College, is the new Methodist College, occupying one of the finest sites in the place. It is indeed a glorious monument, an honor to Irish and American Methodists! Situated on an elevated position, it seems to have one eye on the Botanic Garden, while the other rests upon Queen's College. This is just as it should be. Its mission is the cultivation of the heart, as well as the head; for, after all,

"It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain."

Her work is to cultivate the mind, and sanctify the nature, for

God's glory and man's good. May all they who have contributed toward the erection and endowment of the same, share largely in the favor of God here, and in heaven's glories hereafter! And in coming years, may many rise who shall call them blessed! May all her sons go forth, spreading the fragrance of a sanctified culture, making many of the dark and waste places of our world blossom as the rose!

The day on which I visited the College, I was fortunate in meeting one of the Faculty, the Rev. Robert Crook. A more agreeable person than the doctor, is not often to be met with. Learning that I was from America, he spared no pains in showing me through the College, and explaining the use of every room, nook, and corner. No expense has been spared, to make the arrangements of the building as nearly perfect as possible, and not without success; for I know of no seminary of learning so thoroughly furnished, with every thing, pertaining to the students' efficiency and comfort.

The length of the building is two hundred and sixty feet from east to west, by one hundred and seventy from north to south, and the materials used in its construction, are red brick, with cut-stone dressing. The style of architecture, is a combination of the Tudor and Gothic, which is much in keeping with its surroundings. It is said to have cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. American Methodists have contributed sixty thousand dollars toward the endowment-fund. A noble offering; but not too much, when we remember what Irish Methodism has done for us! The friends of Methodism are more than pleased with the appointments to the college chairs.

They are as follows :

President, Rev. William Arthur, A. M., best known in America as the author of that live book, "The Tongue of Fire;" Theological Tutor, Rev. Robinson Scott, D.D., who is by no means a stranger, to many American families; Head Master, Rev. Robert Crook, LL.D., T. C. D., whose remarkable success in the past, as an instructor, gives much promise for the future. Assistant Masters: First Classical Master, Benjamin Ralph, Esq.; English and Commercial Master, John A. Hartly, Esq., of University College, London; French Master, Mons. Festu; Professor of Music, Herr Schwarz. There are several chairs as yet unfilled.

As a whole, the College has few equals. Their system of education is admirable. It comprises two departments, the college and the school—"The college, for those who are preparing for the Christian ministry, and under-graduates of Queen's College other than theological students." The school is conducted in three divisions: The Preparatory for boys, from seven to nine years of age; the Intermediate, where a higher course is pursued, including the languages; and the upper, which is subdivided into the collegiate and commercial, according to the objects aimed at in their education. Another advantage, is the relation which exists between this and Queen's College, allowing the students of one, to attend regularly the classes of the other, thus enabling the child in the Preparatory department, to pursue his studies in a regular course, till he shall have taken his degree in the University. Another object, to which all others shall be held subordinate, will be, to lead the pupils into a knowledge of the higher sciences, the truths of religion, their power to sanctify the heart and life.

But time and space would fail me, to tell of the many places of interest, which attract the eye of the traveler in this place. Its academies, seminaries, and schools; its museum, library, and reading-room; its charitable institution and commercial buildings; its prisons and law courts, are each worth of notice. My recollection of Belfast will always be delightful; and if I were going to live in Ireland, and had to choose between the two places, Belfast and Dublin, I would say Belfast.

During Queen Victoria's first visit to Ireland, in 1849, she spent part of her time in Belfast. The following lines were written for the occasion, and show the place her Majesty held, and still holds, in the hearts of the loyal people of the North :

“O come, lady Queen, to our isle of the ocean—
 The greenest, the fairest, the gayest on earth;
 We welcome thy coming with heartfelt emotion;
 Thy presence will gladden our home and our hearth;
 We love, we revere thee,
 In homage draw near thee,
 With a *cead mille failtie* we give thee good cheer;
 Victoria, we hail thee!
 Our harps shall regale thee—
 The harp is the music for royalty's ear.

“We sighed for thee oft when the big clouds were looming—
 When the famine was heavy and sore in the land,
 We shared of thy bounty and longed for thy coming;
 Where the Irishman's heart gives the press to his hand,
 Though many belie him,
 He's true when you try him;
 His love, like the mountains, is lasting for aye—
 More prone to believe thee,
 Than e'er to deceive thee,
 He oft may be doubted, but ne'er can betray.

“ We hail thee among us, fair Queen of the Islands !
Bright gem of the ocean, Victoria agragh !
Our sons will go with thee o'er valleys and highlands,
Our daughters enchant thee with “ Erin-go-bragh ! ”

Then come see our fair ones,
For they are the rare ones ;
Our mothers, and sisters, and wives by our sides,
Will go forth to meet thee,
With blessings will greet thee,
And boast of Victoria with womanly pride.

“ Then hurrah for the Queen ! and for Albert the royal !
For all in their train, of whatever degree !
Our hands they are strong, and our hearts they are loyal,
And warm is our welcome, dear Cushla Machree ! ”

Victoria, come near us,
Thy presence will cheer us ;
Though Albion be wealthy, and Scotia be wise,
Our hearts you will find them
In warmth not behind them,
And sooner made glad by the light of thine eyes.

“ Our shamrock is softer by far than the heather,
When sparkles the dew on its emerald breast ;
It will yield to thy tread like the down of the feather,
No queen of the Isles has its triple leaf prest.

O come and entwine it,
With the thistle combine it,
And mingle its green with the blush of the rose ;
From thy bosom forever,
No rude hand shall sever
This bright pledge of union and Erin's repose.”

Since returning home, I have read with great pleasure in *The Christian Advocate*, a report of the opening of the College, which I think worthy of a more permanent form. “ The inaugural exercises were held on Wednesday, August 19. The con-

gregation was immense. Rev. S. R. Hall, President of the British Wesleyan Conference, occupied the chair, and made a very happy opening speech. Rev. William Arthur then delivered his inaugural address. He used no notes, but spake such eloquence and power of thought as to receive the highest eulogies from the most distinguished scholars who heard him. He discussed the question of 'liberal education,' and directed his remarks upon its range and process; its methods, limits, and practical object. In speaking on the last point, he urged with great emphasis, 'The practical object of ordinary education is to train happy and useful men for the ordinary services of life, and of the higher education to train happy and useful men for the higher services of life. Among tutors the most enviable is he who sends out into the world the greatest number of pupils whose lives shall be a joy to themselves and a blessing to others. Among pupils the most enviable is he who, leaving college, carries within his own breast to his native village, or up to one of the less or higher summits of public life, a well-spring of blessing that shall carry good to all below his level. The object is not to make a great classic, a great mathematician, a great national philosopher, a great poet, a great orator, or a great statesman. A man may be a great classic and an ignoramus, may be a great mathematician and a simpleton, may be a poet—a great poet—and a wretch; a man may be well versed in politics and a public plague. When the pupil shows mental incompetence or social impropriety, the work of the tutor is marred. A learned ignoramus is in some respects more helpless than one who knows not letters; a learned boor is not less disagreeable than his brother who holds the plow, and of unpleasant things

very few would you wish to keep at a distance more than a learned 'prig.' When the pupil is soiled by moral stains, the work of the tutor is not only marred but perverted.'

Mr. Arthur was followed by Rev. Dr. Henry, President of Queen's College, Galway. He commenced by complimenting Rev. W. Arthur on the address he had just delivered, and asked amid much applause, that an opportunity might be given him of placing it in the hands of the teachers over whom he (Dr. Henry) had the happiness to preside. He greatly rejoiced that the Methodist body had thought it right to take a distinctive position as a Church in Ireland.

Wm. M'Arthur, Esq, High Sheriff of London, (a Methodist layman, and one of the most generous donors to the college enterprise,) was next called out for a speech. He spoke as usual with marked appropriateness and force. His speech includes the following reference to American friends of the new college enterprise :

'Sir, I appreciate the extraordinary liberality of Irish Methodism, but it would be ungrateful were I not to acknowledge the help we have had from other quarters. There is one drawback to the enjoyment of the day, and that is that there is not on the platform some representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. We are under very great obligation to that Church. They have taken the deepest interest in this matter from the commencement, and it would have gladdened our hearts to have seen some of the distinguished men of that Church with us on that occasion. Our excellent friends, Bishop Simpson, Bishop Janes, Dr. M'Clintock, and a host of other noble men, have aided us in every possible way. The

same remark will apply to the laity of that Church, especially those gentlemen who were originally connected with Ireland, and whose affections and sympathies still turn to their fatherland. It would be invidious to mention names, but I cannot but refer to two, who from the first have been our steady, unwavering friends—John and George Elliott, of New York. We are also indebted to our friends in Canada. I only regret, on their own account as well as ours, that they should have passed a resolution limiting the amount of their grant.”

Rev. Dr. M’Cosh, President elect of Princeton College, N. J., was the next speaker. He was received with prolonged applause. He said the most fervent Methodist present did not rejoice more than he in the success of that undertaking. He felt an interest in the college from the commencement. He had held conference after conference with Mr. Arthur and others as to how it might be made effectually to accomplish the great end for which it was destined. He rejoiced in the creation of that college on a variety of grounds. It would be the means of elevating the Methodist Church, not only in Ulster or Ireland, but in the three countries, and in the missionary field throughout the world. He had great doubts, after looking to the magnificent building, the President, the other teachers, and the prestige the college had acquired, whether the Methodist body had any institution equal to it in any country. He was sure there was none superior to it. He believed that the example set in Belfast that day, would be copied in England and other places with the best results; it would be the means of increasing the usefulness of the Methodist body. Many years ago, he had resolved to render service to the people

called the Methodists, if it were ever in his power. When he and other ministers left the Established Church of Scotland, and formed the Free Church of Scotland, they were in circumstances of great difficulty. They had to provide for the minister from a people who were not accustomed to the burden. There were two bodies from which they met comfort and sympathy and powerful aid—one was the Presbyterian Church and the other was the Methodist body in the three countries. He went through the counties of England, and received the warm support of the Methodist ministers, and he felt if he ever had an opportunity of doing good for their body, he was bound to attempt it. He rejoiced in the cause, for it would be the means of sending forth an educated ministry. He did not reckon a collegiate education as being the most essential thing, in order to get a man to become a minister of the Gospel of Christ. There was a higher teaching than could be had in any college, and that was, to be taught of God (Hear, hear.) But being called and taught of God, he believed a young man might receive an immense strength and great increase of usefulness, from the circumstance that he was brought up in a college, with its many influences. They were aware that at the present time there was a discussion of an important description, and he did believe it would lead to excellent results, as to how an education given in the national colleges and universities might be combined with religious instruction. That, he believed, was the great question of the day; it was inferior to no other. (Hear, hear.) He would not enter into the sectarian question; he would depart from the spirit of Wesleyanism if he did; but he might appeal to facts. It was

said that every man appointed to a chair in the college should be a spiritual teacher; it was a theory, but he was sorry to say that in most of the colleges it was little less than theory. Those men who taught their own branches, did not feel any interest in religion themselves; and not feeling any interest in religion, how could they find any interest in imparting it to others? Only a few weeks ago, it was acknowledged to him by some Scotch professors, that the Scotch colleges were now merely secular institutions. He would not wonder if this were to turn out to be the solution of the difficulty in which they were; they should have secular instruction given by the men most competent for it; the national universities should be open to all—(applause)—to Wesleyans and every other community. (Applause.) All should be put on an equal footing, on the most perfect equality. (Applause.) They should also have religious instruction. They should have something for the spiritual man. (Hear, hear.) How was this to be procured, if not by the colleges and all Christians associating for this purpose? This was being accomplished in this place. There was the Queen's College, in which instruction was given by men eminent in their several departments, and thoroughly competent in their work. (Applause.) Spiritual instruction must come from religious men, having the sanction of the bodies with which they are connected; and this was provided in the Methodist College. The last public work in which he had been engaged was something of the same kind in connection with the Presbyterian College, and the members of the Episcopal Church were looking forward to such an institution in their own Church. The mixed system was a beautiful one,

in which Protestant wrestled with Catholic, and Methodist with Presbyterians.

Subsequent to the inaugural exercises, a business meeting was called, and several generous subscriptions were made by the friends present in aid of the funds. The whole occasion was a glad one for Irish Methodists in particular, and for the friends of Irish Protestantism in general."





VII.

DUBLIN.

Dublin! a thousand recollections rise
With thy dear name 'mid foreign seas and skies;
Still should my heart for thee a spot contain:
Oh! let thy beauties now inspire my strain.

Bayley.



IRELAND may well be proud of her capital. Situated on the banks of the beautiful Liffey, about a mile from the entrance, it presents to the eye a prospect, which is but seldom exceeded for richness and variety. The scenery on entering the river is unlike any I ever saw before; running out into the sea, are two peninsulas, which look like arms stretched out to receive the wave worn and sea tossed vessel into shelter, security, and quiet. The morning on which my eyes first looked upon this novel sight was one of peculiar loveliness, and no doubt added much of

beauty to the scene. On the right of the bay, is the hill of Howth:

“ ‘Twas on the top of that high place
St. Patrick preached the sarmment,
Which drew the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint ”

On the left is Dolky Island and the Black Rock—which places Dr. Crook charged me to be sure and see during my stay in Dublin. The Liffey divides the city into almost two equal parts, and is spanned by eight or nine bridges, which add not a little to the appearance of the bay. Carlisle bridge—which is the lowest on the river, as well as the largest and handsomest—is built of stone, and has three arches of moderate width. From this bridge may be seen as glorious a panorama as the eye may wish to rest upon.

To the east and west is the Liffey, with its forests of masts and granite sides running for a distance of from two to three miles, while the magnificent Custom House, prince-like in her stateliness, keeps watch on all; southward is Westmoreland street, with the Bank of Ireland and Trinity College visible in the distance; while to the north is Sackville street, which will compare with any in the empire, and which has been called “the grandest thoroughfare in Europe.”

In respect to location and classic beauty, Dublin stands second only to Edinburgh in the United Kingdom. It has many handsome squares, parks, and pleasure grounds—among which are St. Stephen’s Green, College Park, Merrian, Mountjoy and Rutland Squares, with the Coburn and Botanical Gardens; these are beautifully laid out in shaded walks, well-

filled flower beds dotted with flowering shrubs, and ever-greens, which please the eye and fill the air with perfume.

But the glory of the place is its

PHENIX PARK.

Seventeen hundred acres of land, laid out as a pleasure ground and enclosed by a stone wall, is what few other cities, if any, can show. Here infinite variety and beauty of scenery abound; its shady walks and handsome drives; its hills, ravines, and extensive woodlands; its rare flowers and sweet scented hawthorn; its lakes, bridges and velvet lawns, over which rove beautiful deer, go to make up a picture which might satisfy and afford pleasure to the most critical visitor. In the center of the park are the residences of the Viceroy, the chief and under secretaries; the Hibernian school, for the education of children and orphans of Irish soldiers; the Barracks and the Royal Military Infirmary. There in one corner of the park are the Zoological Gardens, containing a very fine collection, and possessing a large and beautiful lake, well stocked with a variety of rare water fowl. Near this is Wellington's monument, a heavy obelisk of two hundred and ten feet in height, said to have cost about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Not far from this stands the Phoenix Column, from the top of which may be seen the "Magazine" for the storing of ammunition, which is thus sarcastically immortalized by Dean Swift:

"Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen:
When nothing's left that's worth defense
We build a magazine."

Phoenix Park, take it all in all, has no equal in Europe!

The next place worthy of note, and which is not without historic importance, is a Romish looking Gothic pile called

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

It is thought, by some, to have been founded in 1169 by Archbishop Comyn, on the site of a church said to have been built by St. Patrick in 448. It has now the form of a cross, and is surmounted by a lofty spire. The interior arrangements are highly ornamented, and present a specimen of mediæval architecture which is called the finest now remaining in Ireland. In the aisles are numerous monuments and marble tombs of every fashion, with carved work, curious and antique, looking the repose of ages. And here also may be seen the banner, helmet and insignia, of many a lord and knight now mouldering in the dust beneath. Perhaps the most ancient tomb in this venerable building are those of Archbishops Michael Tre-gury and John Comyn, the former in full pontifical robes, with mitre, crosier and crucifix, that of the latter being impressed in brass on a large stone slab. Strange to say, Saint Patrick was not an Irishman; he was born in Scotland, not far from the town of Dumbarton. It is true that he spent most of his life in Ireland, and was eminently successful as an Apostle in doing good—yet not as a Romanist! St. Patrick was a Protestant! All his writings prove him to have been a worshiper of God, not of saints or angels. In Archbishop Hamilton's *Conversion of St. Patrick*, we find the following which serves well to show in whom the saint was wont to trust.

SAINT PATRICK'S CREED.

“There is no other God, nor ever was, nor will be after Him, except God the Father, without beginning, from whom is all

beginning, who upholds all things; and his Son Jesus Christ, whom, together with the Father, we testify to have always existed, who was before the beginning, by whom were made all things, visible and invisible, who was made man, and having overcome death was received into heaven to the Father; who will render to every one according to his deeds; and has poured out abundantly on us the gift of the Holy Ghost, the earnest of immortality; who make those that believe and obey to be sons of God the Father, and joint heirs with Christ; whom we confess and adore, one God in the Trinity of the sacred name."

SAINT PATRICK'S ARMOR HYMN.

"I bind to myself to-day,
 The power of God to guide me,
 The might of God to uphold me,
 The wisdom of God to teach me,
 The eye of God to watch me,
 The ear of God to hear me,
 The word of God to give me spirit,
 The hand of God to protect me,
 The way of God to prevent me,
 The shield of God to shelter me,
 The host of God to defend me,
 Against snares of demons,
 Against the temptations of vices,
 Against any man who injures me,
 Whether far or near,
 With few, or with many.
 Christ with me to-day,
 Christ before me, Christ behind me,
 Christ within me, Christ beneath me,
 Christ above me, Christ at my right hand,
 Christ at my left hand, Christ at the fort,

Christ in the poop, Christ in the Chariot seat.
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me,
Christ in the eye of every man that sees me.
Christ in every ear that hears me.

“I bind to myself to-day the strong power of an invocation of the Trinity, the faith of the Trinity in unity, the Creator of the elements.

Domini est Salus,
Domini est Salus,
Christi est Salus,
Salus tua Domini sit semper nobiscum.

TRANSLATION.

Salvation is of the Lord,
Salvation is of the Lord,
Salvation is of Christ,
Thy salvation, O Lord, is always with us

Not one word about saints, angels, or the Virgin Mary!

But I have wandered somewhat away from the direct route; let us go back again to the old Cathedral. Here upon the wall is a black marble tablet, sacred to the memory of Duke Schomberg, the noble leader of King William's army, who fell at the battle of the Boyne, in the eighty-second year of his age, when leading his men across the river, 1690.

Suspended above Schomberg's tablet, is the cannon ball by which General St. Ruth was killed at Aughrim. A little farther on, is the grave of "Stella," (Miss Johnson), whom Dean Swift has introduced to the wide, wide world, and here too is the Dean's grave, the distinguished author and eccentric

wit, who was finally outwitted by death! While I stood before it, the words of Dr. Young came to mind:

Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
 When cut by wit it casts a brighter beam;
 Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.
 Wit, widowed of good sense, is worse than naught;
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock."

At present, St. Patrick's Cathedral is far famed for its artistic music; the organ is one of the largest and best in the kingdom, and the well trained choir never fail to call out a full house—for it is to hear the singing, not the preaching, that people flock to this ancient temple. And with some truthfulness have a portion of the citizens called the church "Paddy's opera."

One of the principal ornaments of the city, and indeed of the nation, is

TRINITY COLLEGE.

This is the *Alma Mater* of Young, Gould, Smith, Swift, Hamilton, Congrove, Burke, Dodwell, Grattan, Coulter, etc., and though belonging to the Establishment, is not so exclusive as either Cambridge or Oxford. "This great seminary of learning, the worthy rival of the English Universities, and in usefulness and liberality far surpassing them, is an object of just pride to the Irish nation. There are one or two important differences between the Dublin and English Universities, which must not be passed over in silence. The most important of these is, that the Dublin College receives within its walls dissenters of every denomination, and refuses to them no collegiate honors or degrees, except such as are by statute con-

nected with the ecclesiastical discipline of the University. This liberality has been attended with the best effects; the friendships formed at College, have in countless instances softened the asperities of the mixed political and religious controversies by which Ireland is agitated, and has preserved a link of social connection, when all other bonds were broken. Another essential difference is, that the study of the modern languages form a part of the education of Trinity College. Prizes have been established for proficiency in the French, German and Italian languages." The building is made up of three quadrangles, and built of Portland stone, after the Corinthian order. The principal front, measures about six hundred feet. The library is considered the finest in the empire. It occupies the whole length of the second quadrangle, and contains about two hundred thousand volumes. Between the windows, on both sides, are partitions of oak, projecting at right angles from the side walls, and forming recesses, in which the books are arranged. Here too, finely executed in white marble, are the busts of poets, philosophers and sages, of all lands, including several of her most distinguished sons.

Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.

The museum is a very handsome apartment, about sixty feet long, and forty wide. It contains over nine thousand mineral specimens. And here, hanging high and dry, is the harp of Brian Boru.

"He touched his harp, and nations heard enchanted."

Brian was the great Irish hero, who raised himself to be

King of the Islands, and defeated the Danes at the great battle of Clontarfin, in 1014.

“Oh give me one strain,
Of that wild harp again,
In melody proudly its own,
Sweet harp of the days that are gone.”

Trinity College—with its princely endowment, its spacious building, and able corps of professors, its ably selected library, and well filled museum, its park, containing twenty acres of land, a mile and a half in circuit—may safely be pronounced one of the best institutions of learning in the world!

In 1591, it was founded by Queen Elizabeth, “to endure forever, for the instruction of youth in the arts and sciences.” But alas! alas! how few of Erin’s sons can enter this Hall of Learning! It requires money to fit for and pass through Trinity, and this is the want of the masses in Ireland; consequently only the favored few can avail themselves of the drill and culture of the college, and so far as the poor and middle classes are concerned, they might as well be without Trinity College.

“O, for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself, by statute, to secure
For all the children whom her toil maintaining,
The rudiments of letters, and inform

The mind with moral and religious truth,
 Both understood and practiced—so that none,
 However destitute, be left to droop,
 By timely culture unsustained; or run
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced
 To drudge through a weary life, without the help
 Of intellectual implements and tools;
 A savage horde among the civilized,
 A servile band among the lordly free.”

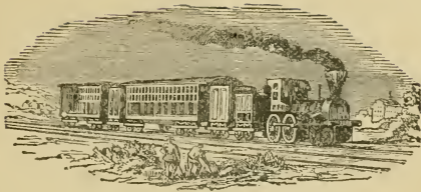
Standing on College Green, quite close to the University, is the

BANK OF IRELAND.

It seems too bad, that this grand legislative pile, which once echoed with the eloquence of such men as Flood, Fitzgerald, Curran and Grattan, should be turned into a money exchange; I do not wonder that at the sight many a patriot is said to have wept. Indeed, the carman who conveyed me from one place of interest to another, when he drew up in front of this noble building almost wept, while he exclaimed—“Ah Sir, poor Ireland has not seen a well day since she lost her Parliament, and it is my opinion, she never will, until she is herself again.” It was erected in 1739, and is built in the form of a crescent, with a fine portico, supported by a beautiful colonade of Ionic columns, which calls forth the admiration of all beholders. Its central pillars support a pediment bearing the royal arms, and statues of Hibernia, Fidelity and Commerce. The eastern front on College street, consists of a portico of the Corinthian order, with pediment and statues of Fortitude, Justice and Liberty. In this magnificent building we have an index to the generous impulses of the Irish heart.

It is not without some resemblance Moore has likened the fate of his unhappy country to the "Sad one of Zion."

"Like them doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
And fallen from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation has spoken,
And while it is day yet, her sun has gone down."



“ It puts the world in motion as it whirls along.”

VIII.

IN AND AROUND DUBLIN.

This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, fair,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky.

Wordsworth.

ON the north bank of the Liffey, near Usher's Quay, is situated a noble building. Here the Lord Chancellor, Chief Justice, and other officers hold their courts. Indeed, it may be called the Head Center of the Irish bar. To it all difficult cases are brought for final settlement ; and in it has many a man lost his last shilling. It has been truthfully said—“To go to law, is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own expense to warm others, and singe themselves to cinders ; and because they

cannot agree as to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves, that others may be decorated with their feathers." Many have found out the verity of these words by a sad experience, and when ever they think of the Four Courts of Dublin, they curse inwardly. The plan of the Courts comprises a central building, one hundred and forty feet square, crowned by a dome, and surrounding this are the buildings containing the different law offices. It is said that this sight was once occupied by the Monastery of St. Saviour's, "where some solitary beings who became tired of mankind, here met the devil in private." And now when men are unable to agree with each other at home, they come here to meet the devil in public. The front of the principal building has a beautiful portico, six Corinthian pillars, with pilasters supporting a pediment surmounted by a statue of Moses, with Justice and Mercy at its extremities, while above the pilasters are representative figures of Wisdom and Authority. Inside is a circular hall, sixty-four feet in diameter, from which the Four Courts radiate to the angles of the square. Over this hall rises a circular lantern, with twenty-four pillars supporting a magnificent dome. In this lantern there are twelve windows between which are statues representing Liberty, Justice, Wisdom, Prudence, Law, Mercy, Eloquence and Punishment; also medallions of eight of the world's greatest law-givers: Moses, Lycurgus, Solon, Numa, Confucius, Alfred, Mancho, Capac, and Ollamah Fodhla. Beneath the dome is a colossal statue of Truth, holding a torch, which by means of gaslight serves the purpose of illuminating the Hall during the evening sittings of the courts. Under this roof was often

heard the eloquence of Curran, O'Connell, Shiel, and others of like caliber. To the south of the Liffey, and but a short distance from the Bank of Ireland, stands

DUBLIN CASTLE.

Having reached a wide gateway my driver said: "Sir, this is the entrance to the castle yard," and giving his horse a cut with the whip, he drove through into an open court, in which were soldiers pacing up and down. The Castle was founded in 1205, and completed in 1220, by Henry Londers, the notorious Archbishop of Dublin, whose name has been handed down to posterity— from his having treacherously burned the writs and papers by which his tenantry held their houses and lands. The Castle has passed through many changes, and is now a combination of old and new masonry. In 1534, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, Vice Deputy of the Island, tried in vain to storm it; the loyal people being more than a match for him. Over the entrance to the Court are figures of Justice and Fortitude. Here also is the Chapel Royal, which was rebuilt about fifty years ago, and is regarded as an exquisite specimen of English Gothic. The building is small, and consists of a choir, with a series of buttresses, ending in crochets, pinnacles and crosses. Over the northern doorway, are two busts, one of St. Peter and the other of Dean Swift; above the eastern door are those of St. Patrick, the Virgin and Brian Boru. A strange group this! Indeed every thing about this Royal Chapel savors of Popery, and I could hardly make myself believe it to be a Protestant place of worship. On its stained glass windows, through which comes a dim, religious light, are many popish symbols and signs all pointing Rome-

ward; as I gazed at the same I could not help thinking of the words of Latimer: "When the Devil is resident, and both his ploughs going, then away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles; yea, at noon-day."

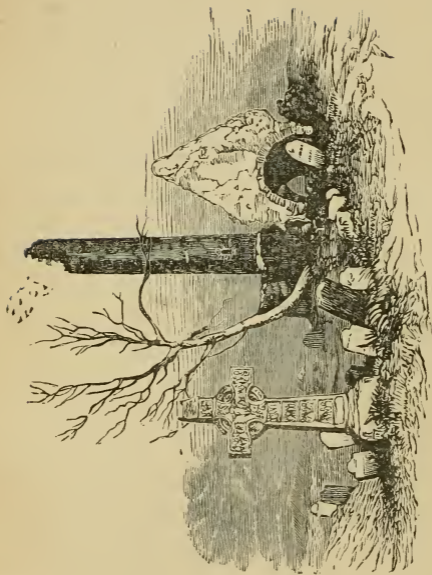
On my way from Dublin I crossed the river Boyne, memorable as the spot where, on the 12th of July, 1690, William III. gained the victory over James the II, which led to the re-establishment of Protestantism in Ireland. On the rock that juts out a little into the stream, is erected a monument which has an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river; on the pedestal is the following inscription: "Sacred to the glorious memory of King William the Third, who, on the twelfth of July, 1690, passed the river near this place, to attack James the Second, at the head of a Popish army, advantageously posted on the south side of it, and did on that day, by a successful battle, secure to us and our posterity our liberty, laws and religion. In consequence of this action, James the Second left this kingdom and fled to France. This memorial of our deliverance was erected in the ninth year of the reign of King George the Second, the first stone being laid by Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, MDCCXXXVI."

No river in Ireland has so many historic events connected with it as the Boyne. There is scarcely a rock, mound, or ford, but has its legend. Here it was, that Erin's petty kings and princes loved to dwell. Here too, Saint Patrick first landed, and after him came the Danes and Norsemen. Drogheda is

situated on the Boyne, about four miles from the opening. It is one of the ancient fortified towns, and its past record occupies not a little space in Irish and English History. It is one of the many places that suffered much from the hand of Cromwell: the spot where he first commenced his work of destruction, is still known by the name of "Cromwell's Fort." The town is almost entirely made up of mud-walled cottages, and thatched roofs, with a population of about fifteen thousand—largely Roman Catholic. For situation and beauty of surroundings, Drogheda cannot be surpassed, and yet, with all this, I know of no other town in Ireland, of the same size, in which is to be seen so much poverty and wretchedness.

Of the old walls and fortifications of the town there are still some interesting remains, the most perfect of which are a square tower of most elegant proportions, called the Magdalen's steeple, a Carmelite Convent, and the St. Laurence gate.





Ancient Cross and Round Tower.

IX.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Moore.



O visit Dublin, without going to see the Vale of Avoca, would be to pass by the most interesting and romantic place in all Ireland. Through the writings of Mr. Thomas Moore, the Irish have come to look upon this Vale as the loveliest spot on earth!

Taking a "heck-car" in Dublin, which will cost from fifty to seventy-five cents, you may see all of the Vale, worth seeing, in half a day. Through the center of the valley, which is eight miles long, and about a quarter of a mile in width, runs a little bright, sparkling stream, whose banks are covered with picturesque groups of trees, and on either side of which rise lofty hills, time-worn and ivy-mantled rocks—the whole making up a picture rich in landscape beauty.

Before returning, we visited a small cave, where, tradition says, Saint Kevin fled, to escape from an enamored maiden, with "eyes of most unholy blue." Near this is an echo, said to be the finest in Ireland, save *that one* in Killarney, which, when ye shout, "Paddy Blake, how do ye do?" answers, "Purty well, I thank you." Here, also, are the ruins of the seven churches, reputed to have been built during the sixth century, and about which there are any number of legends. It is said, that when the seven churches were being built, the workmen were called every morning to their labor, by the *skylark*. "They had no watches in those days, and the song of the lark served as a signal that it was time to begin their labor. So when the holy work was at an end, Saint Kevin declared that no lark was worthy to succeed those pious birds that had helped in the buiding of the churches." Here, too, are a couple of small lakes, (ponds they would be called in America), about one of which Moore writes,

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore,
Skylarks never warble o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep."

One of these is called "The Lake of Serpents," from the fact, that into it Saint Patrick banished all the *snakes* of Ireland. Tradition says, "The snakes were little pleased with such damp lodgings, and one big one, in particular, used often to put up its head, and prayed the saint to grant it a little more liberty. So Saint Patrick, in his good nature, drew a circle on the ground, and told the serpent to consider that as its own land. Now, when they began to build the seven churches, the

serpent was very angry at what it considered an invasion of its territory; and at midnight it used to come out of the water, and destroy what the workmen had built during the day. At last, Saint Patrick prayed to dispense him from the promise he had made to the snake, and God allowed the saint to banish the reptile into the lake again, and then the workmen got off fast enough with their building."

But I must not fail to let fall a word in praise of an institution which did me good service during my visit—I mean the "*Jaunting-car.*" This is a vehicle peculiar to the Irish nation, and not by any means the most uncomfortable. It has but two wheels, on the axle of which rests two springs, which support a platform that extends a few inches above and over the same; hinged to this on either side, are foot-steps, which, when let down, hide the wheels, so that they can only be seen from the back or front; between the seats is a platform six or seven inches higher, and about eighteen inches wide, which serves as a back, and repository for whatever the traveler may wish to dispose of during the journey. The seats and "well," as the platform is commonly called, are cushioned, giving an ease and comfort to the institution, unsurpassed by any other. The Irish do well in holding on to the jaunting-car, for I know of no other vehicle that could take its place. The roads are so hilly, and many of the horses are so *balky*, that to introduce the American buggy, or even the English gig, would be likely to break so many necks, that it would make an end of all the Accident Insurance Companies in a short time.

There is no mode of conveyance in Ireland or anywhere, safer than the jaunting-car, for in riding up a steep hill, (which

by-the-way, you will meet with, in almost every mile of travel) if you have any sympathy for the noble animal, the horse, you will step off and walk to the top, and then, if your life is of any consequence to yourself or friends, you will not be persuaded, no, not even by the *blarney* of Pat, to get on until you reach the bottom. Unlike all other modes of conveyance, you can jump on or off the jaunting-car, even when going at a good rate, with the greatest ease. This is the feature, above all others, that commends it to all who are conversant with Irish roads.

Ireland is noted for her *Round Towers*. There are about one hundred and eighteen of them in all, in different states of preservation. It is said that these mysterious remains of antiquity are not to be met with elsewhere, except two in Scotland, and two in Hindostan. They are built of stone, and when seen at a distance, look like lofty chimneys, or shot towers. Some of them are over a hundred and twenty feet high, and from forty to fifty feet in circumference. They all resemble each other, and appear as if built by the same hands. The door, or aperture, is generally eight or ten feet from the ground, and at the top, all of them that are perfect have four windows, opening toward the four cardinal points. No true idea of the time when these towers were built has as yet been arrived at, only that they have existed from a very remote age. It is quite plain they were not erected by the Danes, as some have supposed, for they are to be found where the Danes never gained a footing; nor were they raised for bell-towers for spireless churches, for in the top there is no room for a bell to swing. Nor were they built for beacons, for many of them are in the lowlands. Another theory is, and one which is not without a

shadow of reason, that they were intended as sanctuaries for the preservation of the sacred fire, in the days of the Phœnicians. Mr. Thomas Moore is an advocate of this theory. He says, "as the worship of fire is known, unquestionably, to have formed a part of the ancient religion of the country, the notion that these towers were originally fire-temples, appears the most probable of any that have yet been suggested. The part of the (Persian) temple called the Place of Fire, is accessible only to the priest; and, on the supposition that our towers were, in like manner, temples in which the sacred flame was kept free from pollution, the singular circumstance of the entrance to them being rendered so difficult, by its great height from the ground, is at once satisfactorily explained;" and tradition asserts that, "at daybreak, the priests of the fire-worshippers used to mount to the top of the tower, and cry, 'Baal, Baal, Baal!' to the four quarters of the compass, by way of announcing the arrival of the sun, and summoning the faithful to prayer." Another theory is, that they are monuments raised over the dead, for it is affirmed on good authority, that in all of them, that have been explored, human bones have been found under the foundation. But none of these theories are satisfying, and it yet remains for some one to solve the mystery.

Glendelough Round Tower is one of the most perfect on the island. It stands near the seven churches, in the Vale of Avoca, and has an altitude of one hundred and ten feet, and about fifty-one in circumference. It is now surrounded by graves and grave-stones. This old burying-ground is held in great reverence by the Romanists, because Saint Kevin is said to have prayed to Heaven, that all buried within the compass of the seven churches should be saved, or, at least, dealt favorably with on the other side!



“I saw an aged beggar in my walk,
And he was seated by the highway side.”

X.

GLIMPSES OF IRELAND.

By Mc and O, you'll surely know,
True Irishmen, they say,
But if they lack both O and Mc,
No Irishmen are they.— *Anon.*



WHO has not heard of the bogs of Ireland? In all parts of the island they are to be seen, and well that it is so ordered, for they afford a cheap, healthful and pleasant fuel for the poor. It is said, if all the bogs in Ireland were brought together, they would cover a space of over three millions of acres. The word “bog” is Irish, and means soft, marshy or swampy. They are not always situated in low lands, as some suppose, for often they are to be met with on the tops of hills and mountains. There are two kinds of bog, the wet and the dry, and these are of all depths, from a few inches, to thirty or forty feet. In the lowlands, the arable ground comes close to the edge of

the peat, and sometimes covers it for acres around. It is quite common, in some places, when the bog proper is used up, to see the farmer digging down for several feet through the soil, in land adjacent to the bog, for the hidden treasure. In many parts of Ireland, particularly the north, the bogs have been used up, and the people are now compelled to burn coal.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the formation of these bogs. Some think that the land they cover was originally a dense forest, and that the moss called *Sphagnum palustre*, which is more abundant than all the other species, crept over the ground, and prevented the growth of all the other kinds of vegetation. In the course of time, the forest trees decayed and fell, and were soon covered over by this moss, which grows higher and higher from year to year, the new growth building upon the old, and now, after the lapse of centuries, we have the result of this slow but steady work of the fungus moss. Another theory is, that during the reign of Richard the Second of England, it was discovered that the forests of Ireland, were the strongholds of the natives, rendering the island difficult of conquest. So the king, in order to have these strongholds destroyed, gave to all his English subjects, who would go over and settle in Ireland, as much land as they would fell the wood upon. The offer was a very liberal one, and was embraced by many, who in their desire to extend their acres, made provision for the future wants of Ireland. If this theory be true, how shall we account for the bogs of England, France and America? In the county of Lancaster, England, is the Chatmoss bog, which is six miles long and three miles broad, and contains seven

thousand acres. The great peat marsh of Montoire, in France, is said to have a circumference of fifty leagues. In Virginia and North Carolina are immense bogs, also in New England and Canada.

Another theory is, that they were founded during Noah's flood, which is about as satisfactory a way of accounting for them as the two former. The true theory, I think, has yet to be made known. One thing in connection with peat or bog, which is remarkable, and worthy of note, is its *preservative property*. In all the bogs of Ireland are to be found trees of different kinds, the oak and the fir being the most common. The oak, which, by some chemical process, has become black as ebony, is now much used in the manufacturing of ladies' ornaments.

Several instances are on record, where bodies that had been buried for centuries in the bogs, when discovered, presented the appearance of persons just deceased, the form, hair and color of the skin, as natural as life. In the year 1747, the body of a female was taken from a bog in Lincolnshire. Upon the feet were shoes or sandals, each cut out of a single piece of hide, and fastened around the ankle with an iron pike. Implements of warfare and husbandry, also the bones of animals, of which no mention has been made in history or tradition, have been discovered.

Ireland seems actually filled with beggars; one would suppose that as the work of emigration has been going on for over fifty years, it would now be pretty well cleared of them, but this is not so. They meet you wherever you go, on every street, walk, and highway, and such beggars as are no where else to be

seen—so ragged, and so importunate, that they seldom fail to call out from every stranger, feelings of pity and compassion. Khol, the German writer, has so graphically and truthfully pictured the customs of the Irish poor, that to attempt bettering it, would be simply absurd. “As an Irishman seems to live in a house as long as it remains habitable, and then abandons it to its fate, so he drags the same suit of clothes about with him as long as the threads will hold together. In other countries there are poor people enough, who but seldom exchange their old habilaments for new, but then they endeavor to keep their garments, old as they are, in a wearable condition. The poor Russian peasant, compelled to do so by his climate, sews patch upon patch to his sheepskin jacket, and even the poorest will not allow his nakedness to peer through the apertures of his vestment, as is frequently seen in Ireland, among those who are far above the class of beggars. In no country is it held disgraceful to wear a coat of a coarse texture, but to go about in rags is nowhere allowed but in Ireland, except to those whom the extreme of misery has plunged so deeply into despair, that they lose all thought of decorum. In Ireland, no one appears to feel offended or surprised at the sight of a naked elbow or bare leg.

“There is something quite peculiar in Irish rags. So thoroughly worn away, so completely reduced to dust upon a human body, no such are elsewhere to be seen. At the elbows, and at all the other corners of the body, the clothes hang like the drooping petals of a faded rose; the edges of the coat are formed into a sort of fringe, and often it is quite impossible to distinguish the inside from the outside of the coat, or the

sleeves from the body. The legs and arms are at last unable to find their accustomed way in and out, so that the drapery is every morning disposed after a new fashion, and it might appear a wonder how so many varied fragments are held together by their various threads, were it not perfectly a matter of indifference, whether the coat be made to serve for breeches,



or the breeches for coat. What in the eyes of a stranger gives so ludicrous an effect to the rags of an Irish peasant, is the circumstance that his national costume is cut after the fashion of our gala dress, of the coats worn among us at balls and on state occasions. The humbler classes, with us, wear either straight frock coats, or when at work, short round jackets. In

Belgium, France, and some other countries, the working men have a very suitable costume in their *blouses*, and a very similar garment, the smock frock, is worn in most of the rural districts in England. Paddy, on the other hand, seems to have thought the blouse, or short jacket, not elegant enough for him, so he has selected for his national costume, the French company dress coat, with its high useless collar, its swallow tail hanging down behind, and the breast open in front. With this coat he wears short knee breeches, with stockings and shoes, so that, as far as the cut of his clothes is concerned, he appears always in full dress, like a *rare gentleman*. Now, it is impossible that a working man could select a costume more unsuitable to him, or more absurd to look upon. It affords no protection against the weather, and is a constant hindrance to him in his work, yet it is generally prevalent through the island. It is said that a mass of dress-coats are constantly imported from England, where the working classes never wear them. If so, the lowness of the price at which they are sold may have induced the Irish peasants to purchase these cast off habilaments, and, laying aside their original costume, which cannot but have been more suitable, to mount the dunghill in a coarse and tattered French ball costume. The fact, however, is, that most of these coats are not imported, but are made in the country of a coarse gray cloth called 'frieze,' from which the coats themselves derive the name of "frieze coats." It is only on Sunday, and among the wealthier peasants, that the frieze coat is seen in its complete form, with four buttons behind, and six in front. On working-days, not only the buttons are wanting, but the whole gear resolves itself into that indescrib-

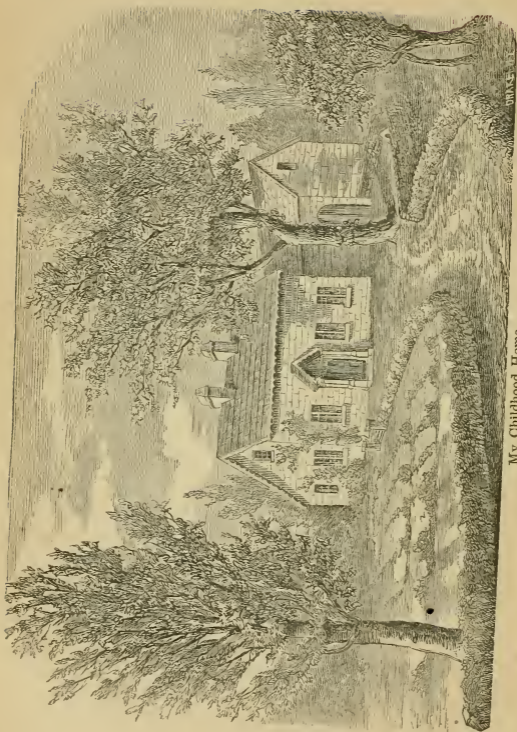
able condition, of which I have endeavored to communicate some notion. Often the one-half of the swallow-tail is gone, and the other half may be seen drooping in widowed sorrow over its departed companion, whom it is evidently prepared to follow at no very distant day. It seems never to occur to the owner, when one of these neglected flaps hangs suspended, only by a few threads, that half a dozen stitches would renew its connection with the parent coat, or that one bold cut would, at all events, put it out of its lingering misery. No, morning, after morning, he draws on the same coat, with the tail drooping in the same pity-inspiring condition, till the doomed fragment drops at last of its own accord, and is left lying on the spot where it fell.

“The head gear harmonizes with the ball-room suit. Paddy scorns to wear a waterproof cap, but in its place he dons a strange caricature of a beaver or silk hat, that many a time and oft—how often heaven alone knows—has been reduced to a complete state of solution by the rain, and then been allowed to dry again into some new and unimagined shape. How millions of working men can have endured, for so many years, to wear so inconvenient and absurd a head-dress, is quite inconceivable to me, and utterly irreconcilable to that sound, common sense by which the masses are generally characterized. Paddy, it must be owned, pinches and flattens and twists the uncomfortable appendage into a fashion of his own. He dashes up the brim away from his face in front, while behind it soon hangs in festoon fashion. The crown in time falls in, but being deemed an important part of the concern, is kept in its place for some time longer by the aid of a packing thread.

The crown goes, however, at last, and the hat, one would then suppose, would be deemed useless; no such thing, the owner will continue to wear it for a year or two afterwards, by way of ornament. It is impossible for a stranger to see a peasant at his work, thus accoutred, like a decayed dancing master, and not be tempted to laugh at so whimsical an apparition: I say whimsical, for in his deepest misery Paddy has always so much about him that is whimsical, that you can scarcely help laughing, even when your heart is bleeding for him."

Pauperism is popular in Ireland, and begging is not looked upon as disgraceful. The cruel treatment which many of the peasants receive from the hand of the landlord, seems to be reason and license enough why they should present themselves in the most squalid and frightful forms before the public.

Workhouses, and poor farms have accomplished but little for Ireland, and there is no sight so hated and detested by the beggars as that of one of these institutions. Such houses have a language which is well understood by the poor: they speak first of all, of a good washing and scrubbing, of clean clothing, of regular habits, of labor for the strong and able-bodied—and therefore they are loathed by the pauper, who has become wedded to his unwashed state, his rags, and his idle life.



My Childhood Home.

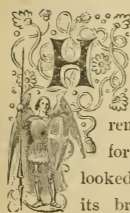
BRASS



XI.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintaining its hold with such unfalling sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day. —*Cowper.*



HOME is a word we all love. Home of our childhood, our early home. How affection clings to its memories! The picture of its quiet surroundings is ever refreshing. We remember the bright faces, which made sunshine for us; the windows through which we first looked out upon the world; the scenery that painted its bright colors upon the canvas of our youthful minds; the hills and valleys, lakes and rivers; the open field and shadowy woodland, the orchard and garden, where we were wont to gambol, the blazing fire, the evening tale, the well-worn Bible, and its companion in years—the hymn-book;

the devotions offered at the family-altar, the lessons of instruction, the social gathering, and the walk to church, are images that live in memory—they follow us into the busy cares of life, making sunshine all along our pilgrimage-journey!

“The free, fair homes of England
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd,
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!”

No one but he who has been away from the home of his childhood, and again returns, after an absence of many years, can fully realize the varied emotions that rise in the breast, on visiting the time-honored spot—emotions too big for utterance well up within the soul while gazing on the old familiar scenes of by-gone days. Having gazed at the many memorable places, in and around Londonderry, and the Giant's Causeway, I turned my face homeward. The morning was clear and pleasant, and the ride from the Causeway to Port Rush, *via* jaunting-car, braced me up for the journey of the day. The country between Port Rush and Belfast, is rich in pleasing scenery. Every two or three miles of the way, we passed through a little village or town, and after a brief stop, out again among the green and golden fields—many of which seemed cultivated with the care of a garden. Now we pass a handsome cottage or farm-house, looking prosperity, and anon a costly mansion, speaking of luxury and ease, while here and there among the hills and on the roadside, appeared huts as

miserable looking, as were needed, to make up a varied picture.

Near Belfast, we passed by one of the largest lakes in the British Isles—Lough Neagh. It is said to be fifteen Irish miles in length, and nine in breadth. It is surrounded by five of the wealthiest counties of Ireland, and were it not for the marshes by which it is beset on every side, might be called beautiful. Many curious and note-worthy traditions are held in relation to the origin of this lake. One is, that in the sixth century an earthquake threw up a barrier of rock in the river Toome, which stopped the flow of the water, causing it to overflow, and so forming the Lough. Another is, that it is the work of the renowned Finn McCool, who for some cause not known, scooped out a handful of earth, and cast it into the sea. Thus he became at once the father of Lough Neagh, and the builder of the Isle of Man!

The third theory is, that Saint Patrick, having bestowed miraculous healing virtue to the water of a certain well, which was free to all who complied with the condition of keeping it covered with a flat stone, it so happened, on one occasion, that an unfortunate woman failed to comply with the said saint's request, and in consequence, the waters burst out and followed her just the length of the lake, when she becoming exhausted fell, and was overtaken by the angry element, which gave her a watery grave, and at the same time a lasting monument.

Another theory is, that where is now the lake, once stood a flourishing city, in which were many churches and round towers, which on a certain night disappeared, the lake taking

its place. This legend has been embodied in verse by the Irish bard, Mr. Thomas Moore :

“On Lough Neagh’s banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve’s reclining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the waves beneath him shining.”

The evening shades were thickening into night, just as I came in sight of the natal cottage. Every thing was still and quiet—but my heart. The hour for slumber had fully come, and yet my aged parents still lingered around the blazing fire, long past their accustomed hour for retiring; they could not tell why, until I entered—when the cause, with them, was clear as noon-day. The scene which took place on going into the house beggars description. I can only compare it with the reception given to the wanderer of old. The arms of love were extended, the fatted calf was killed, joy became vocal, feasting and songs of gratitude filled the old mansion.

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

Near my early home is the town of Newry. This place is supposed to have derived its name from the numerous yew-trees, which once adorned it—*na yur*, the yew-tree—from which came “the newries,” and lastly Newry. In enterprise it stands next to Belfast, and is situated at the head of Carlingford Bay; on the east of it are the Mourne Mountains, keeping watch, and on the west, the counties Louth and Armagh, both rich in picturesque scenery. The population of Newry is about

twenty thousand—half of which is Protestant. Much of the city is built on low ground, and when the weather is damp or rainy—which is the case about two-thirds of the time—the streets seem to call for the labor of a scavenger at every crossing. Doubtless this was the condition of things at the time Dean Swift visited the place; at any rate, we think he must have felt much out of sorts with the city or people, or he never would have written the couplet,

“High church, and low steeple,
Dirty streets, and proud people.”

A few miles from Newry down the bay, is situated the Newport of Ireland—called Warren Point. This is the most popular watering-place in the North. Its surroundings are very attractive, and do not fail to call out, during the summer months, a full quota from city, hamlet, town, and country.

A little farther east, lying in the heel of the bay, is the little village of Rosstrevor, calmly resting under the shadow of Slieve Donard. Here is the Ross monument, a quaint obelisk, erected to the memory of General Ross, a distinguished officer in the American war of 1812, who fell in a battle near the city of Baltimore.

One of the pleasantest days of my stay in Ireland, was spent on the mountain which overhangs Rosstrevor. For my especial benefit, a pic-nic party was arranged, by my Newry friends—cousins, A. D. G. H. L., &c., and at quite an early hour in the day, two parties might have been seen approaching the quiet village—one by boat and the other by jaunting-car. At the base of the mountain the parties met, and in company began the journey to the airy height. The mountain is covered with a

dense forest, two-thirds of the way up, so that our walk was under shadowy trees, of almost every species common to the island.

“I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swath close cropt by nibbling sheep.”

Before we reached that part of the mountain where the canopy of trees would no longer be over us, we rested on a beautiful mossy patch of ground, in the center of which was spread out a snow-white cloth, and upon it lay temptingly arranged all the luxuries of the season. After partaking of the sumptuous repast, we continued our journey toward the summit. Soon we reached the object of greatest attraction on the mountain, “Cloughmore.”

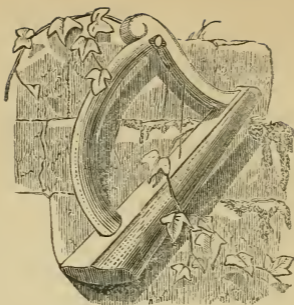
This is an immense block of granite, of perhaps one hundred tons weight, and is thought to have had something of a place in Druidical rites, in the years of the past. How it came to occupy its present position, is somewhat a mystery. That it could have been placed where it now stands, by the power of man, is beyond probability—a probability which none but the Irish could think possible. But as all the wonders of Ireland are supposed to have been brought about by the giants, so tradition says that Finn McCool, having been challenged by a big Highland giant to fight, accepted, and longed for the day to come, when he should be after giving broken bones to the kilted upstart. The day on which they were to meet having come, the Scotch giant was observed by Finn from a neighboring hill, walking about on Slieve Donard, in full readiness for the work for which he crossed the channel. Before crossing the Carlingford Bay which lay between, them, Finn picked up

“Cloughmore,” which to him was but a pebble, and flung it at his foe, but not being a good marksman, the stone did not strike the Highlander, but fell at his feet, on the spot where it now lies. At this act of McCool’s, the Scottish giant abandoned the field, and hastened back to the shelter of his own native hills.

This “Cloughmore,” or “big stone,” as the meaning of the word imports, is visited almost every day during the summer months by pic-nic and other pleasure-seeking parties, and here many a gentle word has been breathed into lady’s ear from the days of “auld lang syne.”

By the hands of visitors and tourists, the old stone has been shamefully marred and scarred. On its sides are names and dates enough to fill a book.

It is said of Bonaparte, when on a visit to the picture-gallery of Soult with D’enor, he was struck with one of Raffæle’s pictures, which D’enor complimented with the term “immortal.” “How long may it last?” asked Napoleon. “Well, some four or five hundred years longer,” said D’enor. “Belle immortalite!” said Bonaparte, disdainfully, and so of the immortality which men gain by carving their names upon “Cloughmore,” it may be said, “Belle immortalite!”

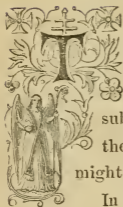


Tara.

XII.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled. —*Moore.*



TIME and space will not permit me to enter into a lengthy geographical description of Ireland. Its mountains and valleys, its lakes and rivers, are subjects of world-wide notoriety. But subjects of more importance call us away from these scenes, which under other circumstances, we might linger around with interest and delight.

In size, Ireland is about as large as the State of Maine, and in population it is equal with the States of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, all taken together. In beauty of scenery it is not surpassed by any portion of the world, of the same size, and seems to have been designed by the Creator

to be a garden of plenty, the seat of more than mortal happiness. The climate is mild, and were it not for the superabundance of moisture, might be called pleasant. One great advantage, however, growing out of the dampness, is that it causes the pasturage to remain luxuriant and green, almost all the year, from which fact has sprung the well deserved name of "Emerald Isle."

When Erin first rose from the dark, swelling flood,
God bless'd the green island, "He saw it was good."
The *Emerald of Europe*, it sparkled, it shone,
In the ring of this world, the most precious stone."

The American farmer will be astonished at the slowness with which wheat and oats ripen in Ireland. There they sow their wheat in November, and their oats about February, yet it is not till the middle of September that they think of getting in their wheat harvest; their oats are still later.

One source of wonderment to the European in America, is the quickness of vegetation. Here the grain seems to spring up in a night, and almost as soon as the snow is gone, our harvest is on hand. There is also a quickness and go-aheaditiveness about the American people, which is not to be found about any of the Europeans! With us boys grow into young men, and girls become young women, sooner than in any of the old countries. "Go it while you are young, for you can't go it when you are old," is the motto, and this is often too true, for but few live to be old who go it when they are young!

In Ireland the people are divided into four classes—the landed proprietor, the first rate farmer, the second rate farmer, and the laborer. The first class do not associate with the second, nor the second with the third, nor the third with the fourth.

The poor man always remains poor, and the rich man always remains rich. The first class, are the large landed proprietors, whose forefathers, by the unparalleled despotic act of Henry VIII., received their possessions without money and without price. Facts will bear me out in saying that nineteen twentieths of the land in Ireland is held by the descendants of those who could show no right or title to it whatever, and who drain the land of its life-blood, by living and spending their money in foreign countries. Until some change is made in reference to the many large estates held by the favored few, Ireland need not expect to get rid of poverty, wretchedness and distress. The great object of the land owner is to squeeze from the poor tenant the greatest possible amount of rent. This system of land letting is one of Ireland's greatest curses. It is bad in all its phases. "It puts the many into the power of the few. It takes away the strongest motives to industry and enterprise among the great masses of the people. In short it makes serfs of the lower classes, delivering them over into the hands of task masters, and demanding of them the full tale of bricks, whether the season furnish them with the straw or withhold it," and thus the poor man is absolutely ground to powder!

The second class, are the farmers who have purchased their lands, also those who possess life, or forever leases. This class live comfortably; they can improve their property, without fearing that it shall pass into the hands of another on the morrow. They may build for themselves pleasant homes, without dreading the landlord's frown or jealous eye. They can employ as many servants as they may need, who will be ever ready to do their bidding. The working of their land

costs but little ; servant men can be hired, who will work from six in the morning till six at night, and board themselves, for *twenty-five cents* per day ; and servant women for half of this ; or they can be hired for the year, men for from forty to fifty dollars and women from ten to twenty.

The third class are the small farmers, who are in the majority. They have no leases of their patches of land ; but are tenants, at will, and may be turned out of house and home at any time the landlord may please ; hence they have no ambition to labor for anything beyond their bread ; they simply live from hand to mouth, and have no desire to improve their lands or make their homes comfortable. If they cultivate their farms so as to raise a large crop, they fear the rise of their rents ; and if they build comfortable homes for their families, they may lose them at the end of the year. No wonder that so many of them live in poverty, for poverty is often their safeguard. No wonder that their farms do not produce more than half a crop, and that they live in hovels, many of which seem ready to fall upon their heads at any moment.

The fourth class are the laborers, who are not much worse off than those of the third. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, who manage to keep soul and body together, on a few pence per day. How they do it, God only knows—I do not. It is really a mystery, and can only be accounted for by their wonderful power of endurance. A story is told of an Irishman traveling through Scotland, which may serve to throw some light on this feature of the Irish character. It happened before the day of steam cars, when coaches were the popular mode of conveyance. Pat riding on the outside of one

of these vehicles, noticed large posting bills up here and there, on every prominent wall and pillar, stating the dreadful sufferings of the poor, and appealing to the public for relief. At one of the stopping places, Patrick had time to read over the contents of the petition. It stated, among other facts, that such was the uncommon destitute condition of the poor, that many of them were reduced, in some instance, to "two meals a day." "Two meals a day!" exclaimed Pat, "faith, and myself often saw them in Ireland with only one meal a day; and they never put it into print for a curiosity." And in a still louder tone, he repeated: "Two meals a day! fax, and its many a strappin fellow is working on that same in poor Ireland. Arrah! then, sir, do you see that," said he, turning to a fellow passenger, "troth then, it's long till they put sich a postscript at the beginning of a famine in Ireland; but its a folly to talk of comparin them with us at all. Augh, sure, there is none of them can stand the starvation with us!"

From this class of half-starved, half-clad men and women, who come flocking to our shores, month after month, do we receive our impressions of "Ireland and the Irish." Now this is not fair! These are but the serfs of Ireland, and to judge the whole by this class of poor, ignorant, sadly abused people, would not be doing as we would wish to be done by. The Irish poor are *slaves*. The bondmen of our Southern States were much better off than the *third* and *fourth* classes of the Irish. The only difference between them was this, the Southern slaves were generally well clothed and well fed; the Irish poor are neither well clothed nor well fed; the former were bond slaves, the latter are free. The Southern slaves had a

chance of running away ; many of the Irish have no place to run to, and nothing to run away with. And the great wonder is, how so many of them have managed to escape from their bondage and wretchedness.

As the people of Ireland are divided into four classes, so are their houses—the castle or palace, the handsome or less pretentious cottage, and the rude hut. The owner of an estate dwells in a large mansion, or castle, surrounded by the charms of nature, made more beautiful by the cultured hand of the skillful. The wooded hill-side, the shady walk, the well-trimmed hedge, the sparkling river, and glass-like lake, with waterfowl of rare plumage ; the orchards filled with the choicest fruit trees, and the garden complete in every part ; ornate with flowers of Eden-like beauty.

The *well-to-do* farmer lives in a cottage, or a two story house, in which is an entry, or hall, a large kitchen, a dining room, which serves also as a sitting room, a large drawing room or parlor, and three or four sleeping rooms. In the surroundings there is an air of comfort, the shade and fruit trees, the flower garden, with its graveled walks and flowering shrubs, speak the language of culture and refinement. The *second-rate* farmer occupies a one story house, with one, two, or three apartments ; it is usually built of stone and covered with straw, the floor is of hard-baked earth, and the windows are few and far between.

The *laborer* lives in a still poorer hut ; it generally consists of but one apartment, which serves as kitchen, sitting and reception room, parlor and all ! Here too, living in good fellowship with every member of the household, and occupying one of the

most comfortable corners of the cabin, may often be seen the pet of the family—I mean the pig!



A gentleman one day, on entering a cabin, and seeing a large-hog occupying one corner of the hut, indulging in his accustomed noonday nap, said to the owner: "I see your pig has got the best place in the house," "and why shouldn't he, for he pays the *rent*," was the quick and truthful response.

The high rent the poor cotter has to make up for his landlord, is the heaviest of his earthly cares, and the pig it is that must meet it. Why then should he not have the best place in the house? There are few, if any, who can surpass an Irishman in driving a pig; he knows the philosophy of it. So instead of urging or pushing the animal forward, Pat attaches a rope to one of his hind feet, making him believe he wants him to come back—and the pig is just so contrary he won't be pulled back, not even by his best friend, and so rushes forward with a will.

Some ladies of the present day understand the philosophy of *driving*, about as well as Patrick. But they, alas! alas! experiment on a different kind of animal! "How do you manage your husband, Mrs. C.? Such a job as I have of it with Mr. Smith!"

"Easiest thing in the world, my dear; give him a twitch

backward when you want him to go forward! For instance, you see to-day I had a loaf of cake to make. Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pastry room, my soul must be there too? Not a bit of it! I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things, all the while. Now, Mr. C., has a way of bringing me down in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of the sugar I am using! Well, you see, it drives me almost frantic, and when I woke up this morning and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death of cold this weather; that if he was not capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days; that I wanted him to stay at home and talk with me; at any rate he must not go out—and I hid his umbrella and india rubbers!

“Well, of course, he was right up—(just as I expected!) and in less than ten minutes, was streaking down the street, at the rate of ten miles an hour! You see, there's nothing like understanding human nature.” No young lady should think of getting married until she is thoroughly posted in this branch of education!

There is no reason whatever, why Ireland should not be as prosperous and happy as her sister isles. A genial climate, a productive soil, hills filled with mineral wealth; noble rivers and spacious harbors, inviting the commerce of the world; smiling valleys and verdure-crowned mountains, make it possible for her to become a very Eden. And just here, the question arises why is she “as celebrated for her wretchedness, as for her beauty?” In the words of Meagher, Why does Ireland appear

in rags, in hunger, and in sickness—sitting, like a widowed queen, amid the gray altars of a forgotten creed, with two millions of her sons and daughters lying slain and shroudless at her feet?" There are *three things* which curse Ireland. The first is *Romanism*, the second is *Intemperance*, and the third is *English misrule*. Ireland once enjoyed a pure faith, and though the early period of her civil and ecclesiastical history are somewhat enshrouded in darkness, yet there is enough to be gathered up from the wreck of time's destroying hand to prove conclusively, that she was once in *advance* of England in civilization and religion. To her shores came the rich from near and from far to obtain that culture and finish which their own country could not afford. So noted was she for her good works, that she was designated with the title, "*Insula Sanctorum*."

"Once, Erin was known
As the joyous home
Of learning, devotion, and song;
And many-tongued fame
Loud echoed her name,
Through far-remote centuries gone.

"Clear shone the bright rays,
In those pagan days,
Of her piety, faith, and lore;
Like great beacon lights,
Along the dark heights
Of some rocky and foaming shore."

Long after the Churches of Europe had become corrupted in doctrine, and yielded ready obedience to the Church of Rome, the Irish Church remained pure, and was the last to submit to the Papal yoke. Her members cared little for pomp or show,

and were only led to conform to the same by force. The venerable Bede, in writing on the primitive Church of Ireland, says, "They delighted in such works of charity and piety as they could learn from the prophetic, evangelical, and apostolical writings." The primitive Church differed also from the Romish Church, "in the free commanded use of the Scriptures—the inculcation of the doctrines of grace, without any allusion to the mass, transubstantiation, purgatory, human merit, or prayers for the dead—the marriage of the clergy—the rejection of the Papal supremacy, and other prominent characteristics of the great apostacy." It was not until the middle of the twelfth century, that Ireland was brought under the power of the Roman Pontiff. Henry II. of England, for love of power, submitted to become the tool of Pope Adrian, who invested him with authority to subdue Ireland to the Romish faith. This work Henry accomplished, and then, for the privilege of establishing himself as monarch, paid to the Pope a penny for each house, which money was called "Peter's Pence."

Thus the religion of Ireland, through the efforts of England's king, was blighted with a foul heresy, which has cursed generation after generation up to the present time.

"O'er my country's sun,
An eclipse has come,
And her ancient glory has pass'd;
Priestly ambition
And superstition,
Upon her deep shadows have cast."

Romanism is debasing in all its tendencies; it loves darkness rather than light, and therefore it keeps its subjects in ignorance. Light and intelligence are its worst enemies. It is

a cruel monster, a merciless persecutor, a usurpation upon the liberties and rights of the people. Its teachings are, that no faith is to be kept with Protestants; that he who murders a heretic does God service; that out of the Romish Church there is no salvation. All of which, the poor, misled, ignorant people, do most firmly believe. She is the parent of all wickedness, the great educator in immorality. She is the license-vender of the vilest crimes. She grants indulgences for the commission of murder, adultery, fornication, and other crimes, and absolves those who have been guilty of them. In the "Tax-book of the sacred Roman Chancery," the sum to be paid for each particular sin is laid down. A few of them are as follows:

"For taking a false oath in a criminal case, nine shillings.

For robbing, twelve shillings.

For burning a neighbor's house, twelve shillings.

For murdering a layman, seven shillings and sixpence.

For laying violent hands on a clergyman, ten shillings and sixpence," &c.

Who cannot see in this devilish device, the source of all the bloody massacres, which have occurred in unhappy Ireland during the last two centuries.

And who, in looking at the school in which the poor Irish have been brought up, can help wondering, not that the Irish have so many faults, but that they have been enabled to retain so many virtues!

No wonder that those who are so taught, are disloyal to all Protestant government! That they are ever ready to rush into the vilest crimes; that they are the poor unfortunates who fill the prison-houses of the world, and whose names fill up the

many volumes of criminal statistics. In the *Dublin Record* of March, 1869, is the following notice, which has been served on various landlords and tenants in the Romish districts of Ireland, which well shows the true spirit of Romanism:

“NOTICE.—*March, 1869.*—*Sir:* You have let to a heretic, or Protestant, a farm in this part of the country, but he shall never put his foot upon it, or he will never leave it alive. We will never allow a heretic to live amongst us. So if he put his foot on these lands, he will be shot dead. The ball is ready for him. This is no idle threat—so help me God.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.”

Now this is the spirit of Romanism, not alone in Ireland, but all the world over. Roman Catholics are the great curse of our American cities to-day! “True Americans they can never be, so long as they acknowledge a higher allegiance to the mandates of a foreign ecclesiastical despot at Rome than they feel bound to render to our constitution and laws. Though dwelling in our midst, they continue ‘foreigners,’ and the slaves of that Roman tyranny which controls their consciences, and votes; willing at any hour or emergency to unite with any party, that is ready to purchase their support by *concessions* to Popery. Declared enemies of the Bible in our public schools, and banded together to keep down the colored race, whose participation in the elective franchise, they know, would add soon nearly a million votes to sustain Protestant freedom in this land forever. ‘By their fruits ye shall know them.’ Sure enough, fully does the rule apply to many of them, who are disturbers of the public peace; Fenians, rowdies, rumsellers, paupers, and criminals in our midst, and all growing from the bitter root of that Popery which even our freedom and institutions cannot

conciliate or alter, and which remains to us to-day a source of disquietude and danger." The whole tendency of Romanism is debasing and immoral. Claiming the power to work miracles, she takes advantage of the ignorance and superstition of the people, so that many of the poor Irish believe, as firmly as they believe in their existence, that the "Holy Fathers" are very gods! This is the monster evil of Ireland—the great usurper of the consciences of the people. From its anathemas there is no refuge, and from its decrees there is no appeal or deliverance. It is the avowed enemy of all free institutions, the destroyer of the intellect, the debaser of the whole nature, the destroyer of public morals, the ravisher of domestic purity, the curse of curses!

"O that the free would stamp the impious name
Of Pope into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Where as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul Gordian word,
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes, and the rods which awe mankind."

The second great curse of Ireland is *intemperance*. Dr. Lees, of London, says, "Ireland has been a poor nation for want of capital, and has wanted capital chiefly because the people have preferred swallowing it to saving it." And again, "The poor swallow their independence in swallowing their capital, and along with that, swallowing those moral attributes and social

influences, whereby alone they rise to political power, and so cease to be the lower classes. *Liquor is the great leveler.*"

This is true! It is astonishing to see the poor Irish peasants, when they receive their day or week's wages, hurry off, as fast as their legs can carry them, to the first grog-shop, there to spend their hard-earned pence for this consuming curse. Whether it is from the drawings of their own craving-appetite, or to drown the cares and sorrows of their poverty, I cannot say; for it seems that all classes love the fire-water, and doubtless many of them *inherit* the appetite—they drink it in from their mother's milk.

Their love for it is greater than that of father, mother, sister, wife, child, home, country, or God, and is well illustrated by the case of one who had been sick for a long time, and while in that state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from sleep, Patrick, who was watching, asked him, "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when ye're dead? Ye're afther waking up ivery time." "Bring me a glass of whiskey, and say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jemmy!' and if I don't rise and drink, then ye may bury me."

And so it may be taken as a very safe rule, that when an Irishman won't drink whiskey, he is dead, and may be buried! Drinking is fashionable in all parts of Ireland, and among all classes, and not to take a little of the "creature," when in company, is considered an almost unpardonable offense. The priests drink, and the people drink, and here the adage, "Like priest, like people," will well apply. They drink when they

meet a friend, they drink while together, and it would be considered next to an insult, to think of parting without drinking each other's health, in something stronger than water. They drink whiskey in the winter, to keep warm, and they drink it in the summer, to keep cool. They drink it for headache, toothache, and heartache. They drink, and drink, and still are dry! "Oh," said one, having spent his last penny for a mouthful of the hell-drug, "Oh, that my throat was a mile long, that I might taste it all the way down!" This is the second great curse of Ireland and the Irish!

Now when we remember that Patrick is brought up under such circumstances, where he early learns to take his dram, which in a few years becomes dear to him as his very life, need we wonder—that as soon as the poor emigrant cuts loose from all his home influences, especially from poverty, which to an extent kept him temperate, and with money in his pocket, he is cast into the midst of temptation—that he falls an easy prey to the enemy, and thus sinks into the drunkard's grave and drunkard's hell.

The third great curse of Ireland is *English misrule*. And yet, in some respects, Ireland is better off to-day, though under the wing and control of England, than she would be had she a king of her own, with Popery in her midst.

England has never treated Ireland as a sister nation, but as a conquered province. Her lands have been confiscated, her commerce and vigor of enterprise crushed, and the spirit of her sons and daughters broken. It has been well said that, "If it had been the grand object of the British Crown and Parliament to impoverish Ireland, and to perpetuate the bitterest

hatred towards its Protestant rulers, and cripple the noble energies of its native character, and exasperate its religious bigotry into an incurable chronic inflammation, a more effectual course of policy, to compass those ends, could scarcely have been adopted and pursued."

With and without a national parliament, Ireland has never been ruled aright. England has ever looked upon her with a jealous eye, and treated her with the hand of a tyrant. With a parliament, she was as powerless as without one, because all its actions were controlled and made subservient to English rule. And when there arose up a few noble spirits, who dared to declare what they thought to be just and right, they were taken by cruel hands, condemned without just cause, and shamefully put to death.

I should not blame the Irish patriot—who with eyes closed to all the evils of Papacy, and open to all the wrongs done his country by England—for indulging in feelings similar to those expressed by Shylock, referring to the "pound of flesh" the penalty attached to Antonio's bond. He might well say, "If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. England hath disgraced me, and hindered me of many millions; laughed at my losses, mocked at my pains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies, and what's her reason? I am an Irishman! Hath not an Irishman hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as an Englishman is?"

"If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we

not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If an Irishman wrong an Englishman, what is his remedy? Revenge! If an Englishman wrong an Irishman, what should his sufferance be by English example? Why, revenge! The villainy you teach me, I will execute; it may go hard with me, but I will better the instruction!"

Fox has very forcibly and truthfully said, "To forgive injuries is indeed a godlike virtue; but human nature has its principles stamped by the Creator, who has implanted passions in the souls of men, some of which it is the office of reason and religion to watch over and restrain; some that are necessary even to the preservation of the species or the individual; some that exalt and dignify the being within whose breast they dwell, and of these none are more noble than the love of truth, the love of freedom, and the love of country. Till these are extinguished in the human heart, and man made brute, he will seek for justice, right, and independence, by all the means within his reach, let statesmen, lawyers, or divines say what they may."

Ireland was brought under British rule by *force of arms*, and by force only can she be kept subject. No moral victory has as yet been achieved, her spirit is still the same—bitter, revengetul, and ready to break out at any moment into insurrection of the most cruel type. As a member of the United Kingdom, Ireland has been very much abused, distrusted, and cruelly wronged. Under the form of friendship, she has received the most shameful treatment. Occasionally, she is visited by royalty, patted on the back and called "*Sweet Erin*

go Bragh!" Her *sham court* is the most aggravating form of dignity and power, that can be possibly imagined. Her lands have been wrested from her, and are now parceled out to her sons—in small patches, for the yearly use of which they have to pay dearly—almost all that the meagre acres will produce. All this is bad, but when to this is added the fact, that her people must *support an alien church*, the matter is still worse, and the cause of discontent heightened a hundredfold.

The Episcopal Church has been anything but a blessing to Ireland. Indeed, it might well be called the "monster grievance," the chain and clog of Protestantism, which has made Ireland the most superstitious of all Roman countries on the face of the earth! When Henry VIII. dethroned the Pope, and established Protestantism in Ireland, his motives were far from being right: he had no object but *political power*, and hence the men he placed over the people were far from being spiritual men. They were "blind leaders of the blind," and we do not at all wonder, that both have fallen into the ditch. In 1615, the Episcopal Church was fully established as the national church, and as such it has remained ever since—a space of over two hundred and fifty years.

We do not at all wonder, that so little has been done by the Establishment. Her ministry were as little concerned for the spiritual welfare of their people, as for their temporal. Their support was sure, they had not to look to their hearers for it. In a word, they were men who loved much better the *chase* of the fox than that of the devil. A story is told of one of this class of spiritual advisers, who was on his way to catch up with the hounds, when he met a Quaker, and reining up his

horse, he said : " Friend, did you see the fox ? " The Quaker looked at him for a moment, and then said : " Friend, if I was the fox, I would hide where thee would not be likely to find me." " And pray," said the *lineal descendant of the Apostles*, " where would that be ? " " Well, I would run into thy study ! "

In the *Recorder*, a Church of England paper, of recent date, is the following notice, which will serve to show the *self-sacrificing* spirit of these men—who are the only legal successors of the Apostles. " A married clergyman of mature age (for years beneficed,) of considerable ministerial experience, delighting, and in a measure qualified, to teach and preach Jesus Christ! is prepared to undertake a quiet charge, where the extra services, if any, (baptism and burials,) are otherwise provided for; the work not too onerous, the church and church arrangements simple and genial, and the congregation moderately intelligent. He is ready to help a partially invalided and like minded brother, undertaking the part of church ministration and pastoral visitation. Locality preferred—wild, on the coast (if it may be), rural and pretty, with a few town conveniences, and near a railway. Residence comfortable and unpretending; due maintenance required." Query: If half the population of the globe was made up of such men, how long would it take them to convert the other? Of their success in an aggressive movement on the works of the devil, we have a sad illustration in the case of poor, unhappy Ireland. How much have they accomplished? History answers the question. In 1615, they were put in possession of the whole field, and since that time what has been accomplished? Nothing. Ah, if that were all the blunder, it might be overlooked, but much worse

than nothing has been done. They have given strength to Popery, and sowed the seeds of discord, throughout all parts of the island. It has been said, "that if they had been all the while in secret alliance with Rome, they could not have done more to strengthen and perpetuate her spiritual dominion over Ireland." By their example, I verily believe, they have done more to keep the people in ignorance and superstition, and to bind the cords of Popery more securely, than Romanism itself could ever have done without them!

In order to make men fierce and savage, you have but to stir up their base passions; to make them suspicious, you have but to show them that they can place no confidence in you; to make them crafty and deceitful, you have but to treat them with the cruelty and contempt of slaves; but to call forth and mature every vice of fallen humanity, you have but to give them bad example. This will do it when nothing else will. It was for the loaves and the fishes, the Established clergy cared, not for the spiritual welfare of the people, and had it not been for the northern Presbyterians and Methodists, who labored against wind and tide—an endowed church and a haughty aristocracy—Protestantism, to day, would be without a foothold in Ireland. And yet, these dissenters have been looked down upon, and persecuted, being stigmatized "as the weakness and reproach of the Reformation." All places of honor were withheld from them; they have had to worship in uncomfortable chapels, and in some places, dare not even bury their dead, without Episcopal permission. In looking at the salaries of many of the Established ministry, who can wonder that they should fight, as for their very lives, against disen-

dowment. It has been very aptly said that, "If the definition of a good office, be 'one with nothing to do, and a good salary for doing it,' then the Doctors in Divinity, and Masters of Arts, who minister to the Irish Establishment, are blessed above all their brethren." We really did not know the extent of the temporal blessings which attend on these shepherds, who watch that outlying sheep-fold, until we came across the *Cork Examiner*, the other day, which gave some spiritual statistics, enough to make the mouth of a lazy minister water to read them. This disturber of the *Irish Israel*, tells us that, within a few miles of Youghal, there are six clergymen to provide for the spiritual necessities of sixty souls in all, at a gross remuneration of some eight thousand five hundred dollars per annum. These souls should certainly be well cared for! They ought not to come within the category of those whose condition Milton laments :

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

The Rev. Mr. H., for looking after about a dozen souls, receives a salary of three thousand per year. The Rev. Mr. F., of Ardagh, for affording spiritual consolation to his own family and their servants is paid two thousand four hundred per year, and the Rev. Mr. W. of France, who is without church or congregation is paid one thousand four hundred dollars per annum. The Archbishop of Armagh, the primate, is paid seventy-five thousand dollars a year; the Archbishop of Dublin, forty thousand dollars a year, and the Bishop of Cork ten thousand dollars.

At a recent meeting held in Cork, to denounce Mr. Gladstone's policy, his Reverence Bishop Gregg, made a speech, at

the close of which he said: "They talk of Bills and Bills; but Billy Gladstone and his Bill may go to ——!" At which a burst of laughter like the revelry of pandemonium went up from the crowd of ignorant listeners. Doubtless they rejoiced in the fact, that they had a Bishop who was not afraid to use the vernacular of the island. "Jolly companions, every one!"

It is thought, that about one-third of the Irish Episcopal clergy are non-residents, whose salaries range from five thousand to fifty thousand a year. These gentry shepherds spend their days in luxury in London, or on the Continent, leaving the sheep under the care of some *half-starved* curate, or else to shift for themselves, which is about as well. In a speech of Lord John Russell's, delivered in 1835, he said, what is still true, there are many places in Ireland "where the clergyman and his clerk, week after week, and year after year, formed the whole of the congregation. Besides the general injustice and glaring absurdity of this system, it is easily proved that the maintenance of these ecclesiastical sinecures *irritates the people of Ireland*, weakens the reputation of the British crown abroad, and injures the Protestant religion which it is intended to promote." In the days of James II., Macaulay, speaking of the Irish Church, said; "It is the most absurd ecclesiastical establishment the world has ever seen." It is not at all wonderful that with such a state of affairs, there should be discontent in Ireland; and especially when it is remembered that these degenerate sons of the Apostles, this alien church, are supported, in a large measure, from the earnings of Romanists and dissenters. Who can help believing with the Irish people, the fact, that they have been cursed with the most absurd

ecclesiastical outrage, which it was possible for the perverted ingenuity of man to contrive, and who does not rejoice in the glorious fact, that the day of their deliverance from this worse than Egyptian bondage is already at hand!

How could it be otherwise, that the poor Irish, looking at this minority church, having as its members the wealthiest classes in the island, and yet more richly endowed than all the rest, should hate it with all the bias of their superstition and intensity of their nature. This inequality was in itself, to say nothing about other grievances, enough to exasperate and make mad any people.

Ireland has a population of five million seven hundred and ninety-six thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven, and the Established Church numbers only six hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and fifty-seven members; thus the Romanists and Dissenters are forced to support an institution which only benefits about *twelve* out of every *one hundred* of the population. The gross revenues of the Episcopal church, is about three millions five hundred thousand; the *Regium Donum*, which goes to the Presbyterian church is two hundred thousand dollars, and the Manynooth grant, one hundred and fifty thousand; thus we see that the Episcopal endowment is twenty-three times greater than the Roman Catholic, and seventeen times greater than the Presbyterian. Then too, there are those Dissenters, Friends, Covenanters, Independents, Baptists and Methodists, who receive nothing whatever from the government, who have had principle and religion enough, to refuse *the price of blood!* Who does not see in these facts the chief cause of party strife, and all the religious broils which have

cursed the green island for centuries. What lover of justice and religious equality, knowing the history of Ireland, does not thank God for the glorious day which shall soon dawn upon her people, giving to all "a fair field and no favor;" and for the noble men, Gladstone and John Bright, through whose fearless and untiring efforts it has been mainly brought about.

"Hail! thou long-wished for period!
Come! thou auspicious day!"

It is often said that the Irish have many faults, which assertion we do not deny—yet it should not be forgotten that they, as well, have many virtues. If they are indolent and shiftless, it is because they have had no incentive to labor; and if they achieved but little, it has not been for the want of repeated endeavors and unconquerable aspirations. "Even their turbulence," says Charles Fox, "speaks better for their nature than if they had sunk under oppression to that sordid state of brutal apathy to which so great a portion of the human race have been reduced by tyranny and superstition." Their rebellions have been but their opposition to oppression, and their lawlessness but the language of disrespect to their enemy!

Ireland has impoverished herself by *giving*; from her have come heads and hearts that have enriched many lands. The melodies of her poets are sung in every clime, and the light of her naturalist, Goldsmith, has blessed the world. Sheridan, the orator, at the close of whose speech the House had to adjourn, being unable to "transact business calmly while under so mighty a spell." Of which speech, Pitt declared that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times and possessed every thing, that genius or art could furnish to agi-

tate, or control the human mind." But time would fail to tell of Gratton, of Burke, of Wellington, and other names which will live as long as history.

The Christian world has been greatly enriched by Ireland. Her sons have been pioneers in every good word and work. They have been the first to carry the gospel to the lands beyond the sea. But a few years ago, the question was asked by the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church: "Who will first plant our banner in India?" For a time no response was given. Silence reigned. Finally, the stillness of the momentous hour was broken by a voice from New England, from one (who baptized me in my childhood home), who exclaimed, "Here am I, send me!" The offering was accepted, and he was ordained for the holy, the Christ-like mission. With cheerful heart and burning zeal for God's glory, and the good of perishing humanity, we see him start off, accompanied by his faithful wife, to the land of Egyptian darkness and cruel deeds. Being asked, by a friend, "how he could leave his children behind," he replied "*For Christ's sake, only for Christ's sake!*" With anxiety we follow him, during his long and tedious journey, through his months of toil, and in his hours of extreme peril, when pursued by the bloody-handed Sepoys. His home is destroyed, his books and papers are burned, while he and his heroic wife have had to fly to the mountains for refuge. What now are his feelings? Is he discouraged? Will he give up his work, and return to the land from whence he went out? No! No!! Hear him—"They may shoot me with the bullet, they may pierce me with the sword, they may burn me to ashes, they may drive me through blood to torture,

but the banner of salvation, which I have planted for our beloved Zion on the banks of the Gauges, shall wave over me as I fall a martyr for Jesus! ” Who is this first apostle to India? I answer, “An Irishman!” Few men could have acted as William Butler did, amid the circumstances by which he was surrounded, which proved to the church and the world that he was the right man in the right place, possessing a will which would neither bend nor break, but simply hold on!

The Methodist church in this country is greatly indebted to Ireland—so also is the Presbyterian. Dr. Butler, speaking of what Irish Methodism has done for her beloved daughter—American Methodism—says: “In the *United States* we find the chief results of Irish Methodism. First, in the origin of our church, Philip Embury, Barbara Heck, Robt Strawbridge and Robert Williams—the first American itinerants are names we mention, which will be held in everlasting remembrance. The influence of Irish Methodism has been equally marked in the progress of our church, particularly in the west. For us especially has the Irish Conference been toiling during the past forty years, until we have *more* ministers in our pulpits, and more members in our churches of Irish extraction, than today remain in Ireland, and among these ministers are names that American Methodism delights to honor, as Bishop Simpson, Dr. McClintock, Dr. Elliott and Dr. Richey.” The world moves, and signs of progress are apparent in Ireland. With the disendowment of the Established church, shall come new incentives to labor for the evangelization of the masses. Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, Covenanters, Baptists and Episcopalians, will now incite each other to good works, and

Ireland, that has for so many centuries been lying bleeding, broken and expiring, shall revive and come forth from her long night of injustice and cruelty, into the clear sunlight of civil and religious liberty.

“ Fair land of my birth, though away from thy shore,
My heart seems to cherish thee only the more ;
To love thee the better, bright gem of the sea—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree !

“ In joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe,
Thy memory ne'er doth my spirit forego ;
But in calm or in tempest, turns still true to thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree !

“ Thought returns to my home, to the place of my birth—
To those whom my heart once held dearest on earth ;
And with their loved forms it must needs, too, link thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree !

“ I think of the hills where in childhood I bounded—
I think of the glen where my young voice resounded,
And sigh for those glad days, I sigh too for thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree !

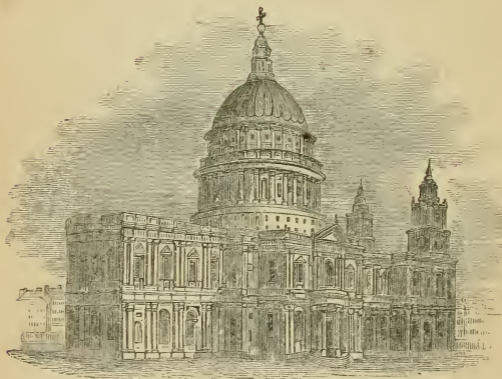
“ I sigh for those days when bright fancy's wing,
Hovering over each object, robbed grief of its sting,
And hope's sun could so quickly cause all clouds to flee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree !

“ Yea, many a vision of greatness and fame,
My country, was mingled and linked with thy name ;
Aye, many a dream was expended on thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree ! ”



England.

“ O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, what honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural.”



ST. PAUL'S, LONDON. •

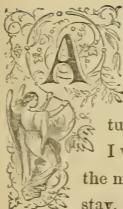


“The tombs and monumental caves of death look cold.”

XIII.

SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below. — *Milton.*



AFTER a very pleasant sail along the eastern coast of England, I reached the city of London—the metropolis of the world! But how shall I give any adequate idea of the magnitude of this place; others have tried, and failed. I will not attempt it—only will I notice a few of the most important places which I visited during my stay. And first on the list is

SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

This is an immense superstructure, situated near the river, and about the center of the old town. It is almost half a mile in circumference, and the elevation of the cross from the foundation is four hundred and four feet. The cross and the ball are said to weigh eight thousand nine hundred and sixty pounds. The material of which it is composed, is Portland stone, which

in its natural state is almost white as marble. But what a change has come over St. Paul's! Once clean and attractive, now a great frowning pile—black and repulsive. It is really surprising that the Londoners should let the pride of their city appear before the public so long with her face unwashed!

A few yards from the cathedral is a narrow street, called Panner's alley, where may be seen an ancient piece of sculpture, bearing the following inscription ;

“When ye have sought
The city round,
Yet still this is
The highest ground.”

And this is true, and accounts for the fact that St. Paul's can be seen at a great distance from London, when none of the other buildings of the city are in sight. Having strolled about the outside for a little while, I entered by one of the side doors, after paying the accustomed toll—and when I got through with sight-seeing in the cathedral, I found my purse minus about a dollar and a half. Here you have to pay for every thing you see, and often too, for what you hear! The building is in the form of a cross, and over the intersection rises the dome, which is called only second to St. Peter's in Rome. On entering the body of the house, I was struck with the vastness of the whole; the lofty vaulting, and magnificent concave, with which it mounts heavenward, is surprisingly grand. All around are tombs and memorials of many a bloody conflict, among which are monuments to Dr. Johnson, Nelson, Reynolds, Jones, Cornwallis, Faulkner, Mackenzie, Moore, Houghten, Wellington, Turner, West; also, Peckham, and Gibbs, who fell at the

battle of New Orleans. But here, in one corner, is a statue which, above all the rest, attracted my attention, and which, I believe, was the first erected in St. Paul's. The face bears strongly the marks of benevolence, and in one hand is a roll, on which is inscribed, "Plan for the Improvement of Prisons and Hospitals." This is the monument of one of the most self-sacrificing men the world ever looked upon—the noble, the compassionate, the Christ-like John Howard!

While I mused before it, I could not but call to remembrance the beautiful words of Dr. Aiken :

"Howard, thy task is done! thy Master calls,
 And summons thee from Cherson's distant walls.
 'Come, well-approved! my faithful servant, come!
 No more a wand'rer, seek thy destined home.
 Long have I marked thee, with o'erruling eye,
 And sent admiring angels from on high,
 To walk the paths of danger by thy side,
 From death to shield thee, and through snares to guide.
 My minister of good, I've sped the way,
 And shot through dungeon glooms a leading ray,
 To cheer, by thee, with kind, unhop'd relief,
 My creatures, lost and 'whelmed in guilt and grief.
 I've led thee, ardent, on through wond'ring climes,
 To combat human woes, and human crimes,
 But 'tis enough! thy great commission's o'er;
 I prove thy faith, thy love, thy zeal no more.
 Nor droop, that far from country, kindred, friends,
 Thy life, to duty long devoted, ends;
 What boots it *where* the high reward is given,
 Or *whence* the soul, triumphant, springs to heaven."

Just before he started out on his errand of mercy to Egypt, talking with a friend, who expressed some fear that they

should not meet again, he cheerfully exclaimed, "The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London, and we shall soon meet *there!*"

Over the entrance to the choir of the church, is the following inscription to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren:

Subter. Conditur. Hujus. Ecclesie. Et. Urbis. Conditor. Christopherus. Wren. Qui. Vixit. Annos. Ultra. Nonaginta. Non. Sibi. Sed. Pro. Bono. Publico. Lector. Si. Monumentum. Requiris. Circumspice.

Beneath, lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public. Reader, do you seek his monument? Look around!

After loitering for some time among the monuments, I ascended to the whispering-gallery, which is at the base of the dome. In it the slightest whisper, at the distance of one hundred and fifty feet away, is heard as if close to the ear, and the clapping of the hands, as loud peals of thunder. Higher still, and I reached the top of the dome, and were it not for the smoke of London, the sight from this point would be grand. Here the atmosphere is never free from smoke, and, consequently, even from this high eminence, the eye cannot take in much of the city. Below, and all around, lie innumerable roofs, covered with tiles, and any number of chimneys, built in such a way, that they have the appearance of needing a friendly hand to keep them from falling.

There, too, is the Thames, with its many bridges, and resting on its surface, are steam and sail-ships, from many lands. The crowds of men and women that throng the streets below, look

like the swarm of Lilliputians, who tried to bind Gulliver with the hairs of his head. How insignificant every thing looks from this stand-point! So I thought, to myself, just in the ratio that man rises toward heaven and God, do the things of this world look small. He looks down upon them, and counts them of but little value, when compared with the interests of eternity!



XIV.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

“How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads.”



To visit London without seeing Westminster Abbey, would be an unpardonable blunder. Within its walls, sleeps the dust of England's kings, queens, and princes, from Edward the Confessor, to George II., as well as her most honored authors, poets, statesmen, warriors, artists, and actors.

Though not as large as St. Paul's, yet it is the next most imposing religious edifice of London. On approaching Victoria-street, from Parliament, we have the finest view of the abbey. Its towers, pinnacles, and numerous turrets, give to it a magnificent appearance.

As I entered this venerable temple, and looked upon the dusky arches, the gray walls, the time-woven inscriptions and

the mutilated memorials, I realized as never before, the full force of these words :

"Life is a frost of felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie."

Here lie those who warred with each other in life, now peaceful and quiet in death; here the jealousies of fame and fortune are forgotten, and side by side rest the good and the bad, the man of war and the man of peace.

The main body of the abbey is surrounded by tablets, statues, and monuments of departed grandeur. In it may be seen every variety of taste, and every degree of splendor in execution. I will not attempt to go into detail—to do so would be to fill a book. I will only notice a few of the monuments which made a lasting impression on my mind.

After gazing for awhile, at the tombs of Britain's kings and queens, and the gorgeous profusion of ornament in Henry VII's chapel, I passed out into a place of still greater interest—the poet's corner—so called from being chiefly appropriated to the reception of the monuments and mortal relics of men of letters. In this little corner, is concentrated the dust of the *true men of genius*; men who are not indebted to wealth, fortune, or rank, for their celebrity, but to their own labor, in the improvement of the gifts bestowed. Many of them lived and died in poverty, but who, nevertheless, made for themselves names which shall never die. Here is a tablet, with the medallion of Ben Jonson, with these words inscribed beneath, "O rare Bën Jonson!" A story is told about the grave of the poet, which is as deserving of credit, as many of the marvellous relations of the cathedral guides. It is to this effect: one day the Dean

of Westminster rallied Jonson about his burial in the abbey-vaults. "I am too poor for that," said Ben, "and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir, six feet long by two feet wide, is too much for me; two feet by two will do for all I want." "You shall have it," said the Dean. On the poet's death, the riddle was explained by a demand for the space agreed; when a hole eight feet deep was dug, and the coffin set upright in it.

Here is an altar-tomb, with a Gothic canopy, erected over the oldest and best of England's poets, Geoffrey Chaucer.

"Ancient master, laughing sage,
CHAUCER, whose native manners, painting verse
Well mortalized, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language, o'er his genius thrown."

Close by, is a statue of William Shakspeare, which is as much admired as his own words, inscribed thereon:

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

These lines are strangely eloquent in this place, and much in keeping with their surroundings.

Looking you in the face, as if eager to thrust itself upon your notice, is the bust of Nicholas Rowe, by *Rysbrack*. It is chiefly noticeable for a beautiful inscription by Pope, the closing lines of which refer to his widow:

"To these, so mourn'd in death, so loved in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own."

And here is Cupid, holding a medallion of the poet John Gay, with a couplet, which is not only false, but very much out of place,

“Life is a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, and now I know it.”

It was unjust, to take a mere expression of the poet's mind in a thoughtless moment, and place it on his monument.

“Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal!”

A little to the right is a plain tablet, with this inscription, “Here lyeth (expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus), the body of Edmond Spenser, the prince of poets in his tyme; whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behinde him.”

But time would fail, to speak of the monuments of Dryden, Campbell, Southey, Thomson, Goldsmith, Addison, Camden, and others.

It must not be supposed, however, that the “Poet's corner” is solely confined to poets; divines, philosophers, actors, musicians, dramatists, architects, and critics have found a place among them. Barrow, whose life almost justifies the inscription which speaks of “a man almost divine, and truly great, if greatness be comprised in piety, probity, and faith, the deepest learning, equal modesty and morals in every respect sanctified and sweet.” Barrow, whom Charles II. used to call an “unfair preacher,” because after he took hold of a subject he left nothing for others. Barrow sleeps here.

Crossing to the wall or screen of the choir, we stand before the beautiful sculptured monument of Dr. Busby, master of

Westminster School. It is said that Addison and Sir Rogers once met before Busby's memorial, when the following conversation followed, "Well, Sir Rogers, what think you of Busby?" "Dr. Busby!" answered the knight, "a great man; he whipped my grandfather—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

In the nave and chapels, are many inscriptions in Hebrew and Greek, some of which date back as far as 616. Side by side, repose the ashes of Newton, Macaulay, Garrick, and others. In the north transept sleep some of England's greatest statesmen and orators; in the center of the aisle is a slab, marked C. J. F. This is all that marks the last resting-place of the great parliamentary leader, Charles James Fox; and here too, I noticed the names of Pitt, Mansfield, and Grattan.

"A few feet

Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet;
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
That hushes all!"

In the chapel of St. Paul, I met with the following inscription, on the monument of Sir John and Lady Fullerton, "He died *fuller* of faith than of fear, *fuller* of resolution than of pains, *fuller* of honor than of days."

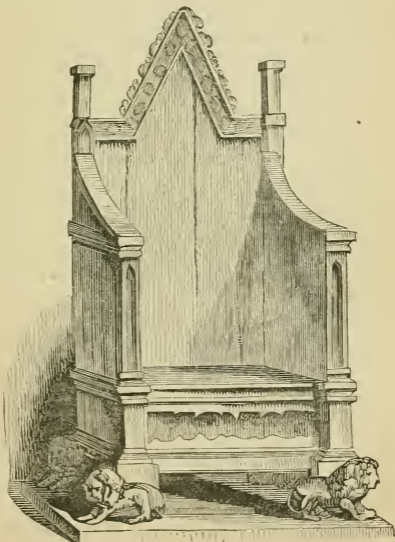
In the chapel of Edward the Confessor, is an object of great attraction, and worthy of a passing notice—

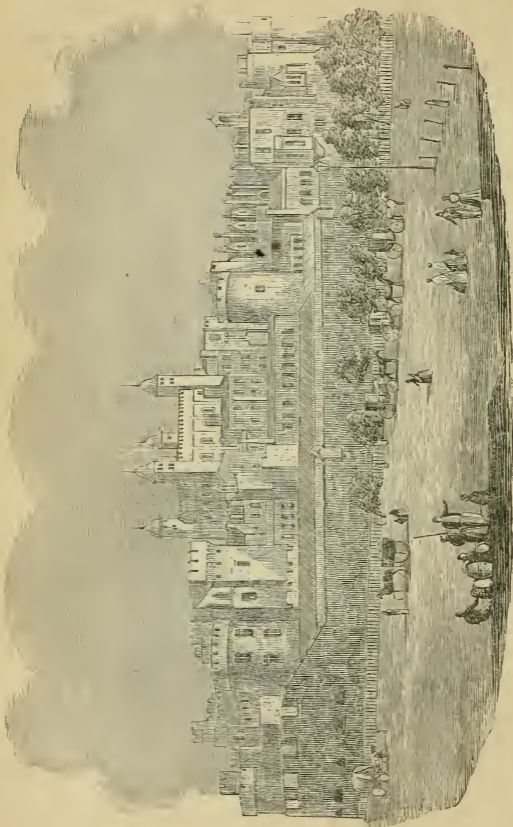
THE CORONATION CHAIR.

In it all the kings and queens of England were crowned; and even when a monarch had been crowned previously in another place, as was Henry III., whose coronation took place at Gloucester, it was deemed expedient to have him come to Westminster, and seated in this venerable chair, go through

the ordeal of being crowned in the presence of the nobles and chief ecclesiastical dignitaries of the realm. This ancient piece of furniture, is made of oak, mostly carved, and looks as if it had been used by Father Noah in the ark.

Under it is a stone, said to be the very one which Jacob used for a pillow, when he had that wonderful vision! As I looked at the old chair, I thought I could hear it say, "My last crowning day has come and gone, thank God! Gladstone! and John Bright!"





TOWER OF LONDON.

XV.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Full of death-voices, murmurs of the round
Of armed guards pacing their callous way,
Of whispered farewell, of appealing prayer!
Oh! Christ, whose patience fails not, even this Hell
Thy love availed to brighten. —*Anon.*



EW places in the world, have a more bloody history than this hoary stronghold.

“Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame.”

On the north bank of the Thames, at the bottom of Tower Hill, stands this irregular pile of buildings, called “London Tower.” What a crowd of awful deeds rush upon the memory, at the very mention of the name. Here, kings, queens, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, poets and martyrs, suffered imprisonment—and many of them death of the most cruel form. Indeed, there is scarcely a single great event in English history, in which this horrid prison does not appear with its ghostly shadow. After waiting for some time in a little office within the entrance gate, until quite a company had gathered, who wished to see the Tower, we were conducted by a clown-looking warden, who in a hurried manner showed us from one place of interest to another, giving at the same time a rapid history of each room and

object. The little apartment in which is kept the regalia, is of recent date, and is called the "Jewel House."

To this place, in 1842, the jewels were removed; formerly they were kept in another part of the tower. Here are no less than five crowns! Oh, what a world of trouble has this group of royal trash brought about? Victoria's crown, which is simply a purple velvet cap, with silver bands, surmounted by ball and cross, and studded with diamonds, is said to be worth one and a quarter million pounds sterling. There too, are four or five scepters of gold, and two swords, one called the sword of Mercy, and the other the sword of Justice; also a golden wine fountain and baptismal service, for the use of the royal family; the value of the whole is said to be about twenty millions of dollars! After all, crowns and scepters seem to be but trifling affairs, to have caused so much heart-burning and bloodshed. How true are Milton's words—

"A crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns;
Brings dangers, troubles, cares and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the publick this weight he bears."

Leaving this place, we pass into the Horse Armory, which is filled with specimens of old armor of field and fort. Here are the figures of the kings and knights of England on horseback, each dressed up in the armor worn under each successive reign, from the time of Edward I., A. D. 1272, to James II., 1685. In front of the equestrian figures stand a number of bow and pike-

men at arms. Behind is a large collection, from the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries.

The most magnificent armor is that worn by the effigy of Henry VIII.

Farther on, we saw a horrid machine for binding together the head, hands and feet. This devilish instrument was often put into practice during Henry VIII.'s day. One prisoner by the name of Miagh, was the subject of its torture ; on the wall of the cell, in which he was confined are the following lines :

“ Thomas Miagh, which lieth here alone,
That faine would from hence begone,
By torture strange my truth was tried,
Yet of my liberty denied.”

Also the block on which was laid the heads of so many noble men and women, who feared not them who had only power to kill the body, and after that had no more that they could do.

And here, too, is shown the axe used in the bloody work. At the upper end of the room is an equestrian figure of Queen Elizabeth, clothed in the same attire worn by her when she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for her deliverance from the Spanish Armada :

“ Now glory give to God on high, who saved our church and state
From Rome's degrading tyranny, and Philip's jealous hate ;
And honor to our good Queen Bess, and honor ever more,
To Howard, Lord Effingham, and all who guard our shore.”

We next visited the Tower Chapel, and on our way to it, we passed over a paved space, in which is marked, by a small brass plate, the very spot where kings, queens, lords and

knights were executed; formerly the space was covered with grass, except that spot on which it is reported nothing would grow. This was the green mentioned by Sir Thomas More, as the place where Hastings was brought from the Council Chamber, in the white Tower, "and there, without time for confession or repentance, his head was struck off upon a log of timber."

The Chapel is a little, plain stone building of great antiquity, said to have been built in 1272. In its vaults are the bodies of many distinguished dead. Here sleeps the dust of Thomas Cromwell, put to death by Henry VII.; of Queen Catherine Howard; of Lady Jane Grey, and her husband, Lord Guilford. When Lady Jane was being led forth to the green for execution, history says, she met the headless corpse of her husband, which they were carrying in a cart to the Chapel; when she exclaimed: "O! Guilford, Guilford, the antepast is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; it is nothing compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven;" and with firm pace she went on toward the block. The executioner put forth his hand to assist in disrobing, but she told him to let her alone, and turning to two of her waiting maids, she gave them the garment with as much composure, as if in her own chamber. Having bound a handkerchief about her eyes, she laid down her head upon the block and exclaimed: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Under the chapel, we were shown the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh spent thirteen years, and where he wrote his "History of England." Over the entrance, is the following inscription: "He that endureth to the end shall be saved. Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

During his last night in the cell, the night before his execution, he wrote the following on the blank leaf of his Bible ;

“ Even such is Time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us, but with age and dusk ;
Who in the dark and silent grave
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ! ”

Passing from the chapel, we entered the White Tower : this is the room once occupied as council chamber ; it is very large ; the roof is supported with two rows of oaken beams, with windows on one side and arches on the other ; of the rudest construction. In it, some of the most important events of English history, and the most bloody deeds of English tyranny, have taken place. Here it was that the deposition of weak-kneed Richard II. was enforced, and which is so well described by Shakspeare, I will give his words :

“ I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand ;
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths ;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues I do forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny ;
God pardon all oaths that are broken to me !
God keep all oaths unbroken that are made to thee !
Make me that nothing have, with nothing grieved ;
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !
Long mayest thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthen pit!
God save king Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!"

A few steps from here, is a small room, having but one little window, which looks out upon the Traitor's gate; in this chamber "the child king and his brother" were cruelly put to death, by their fiendish uncle. Sir Thomas More gives an account of it—a part of which will not be without interest. His account is as follows: "King Richard III., after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester, to visit in his new honor the town of which he bore the name of old, devised as he rode to fulfill that thing which he had before intended. And forasmuch as his mind misgave him that his nephews living, men would not reckon that he would have right to the realm, he thought, therefore, without delay to rid them; as though killing of his kinsmen might aid his cause and make him kindly king. Thereupon, he sent John Green; whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, Constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert, in any wise, should put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer Greene returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, 'Oh! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself, they that I thought would have most surely served me, even those fail, and at my commandment

will do nothing for me.' 'Sir,' quoth the page, 'there liveth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare will say, to do your grace pleasure: the thing were right hard that he would refuse;' meaning by this Sir James Tyrell. This man was seen and tempted, and the result was that he devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed; to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow fresh-bred in murder before times; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a big, broad, square and strong knave. Then, all the others being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight came into the chamber, and suddenly wrapped them up among the clothes, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them, and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving their tormenters their bodies dead in bed; after which, the wretches laid them out upon the bed, and fetched Tyrell to see them: and when he was satisfied of their death he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair foot, neatly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones." The same is graphically pictured by Shakspeare in his life and death of Richard III. Act IV., Scene III.

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed or piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
 ' O! thus,' quoth Dighton, ' lay the gentle babes,'—
 ' Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, girdling one another
 Within their alabaster innocent arms:
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 And in their summer beauty kissed each other,
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay:
 ' Which once,' quoth Forrest, ' almost changed my mind;
 But, O! the devil' there the villain stopp'd;
 When Dighton thus told on,— 'we smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.
 Hence both are gone; with conscience and remorse
 They could not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king."

At the end of the passage, which leads from the outer door to the front of the circular staircase, is pointed out the spot where the children were buried. In 1674, their bones were discovered, and by the order of Charles II., were inclosed in a marble urn, which now stands in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

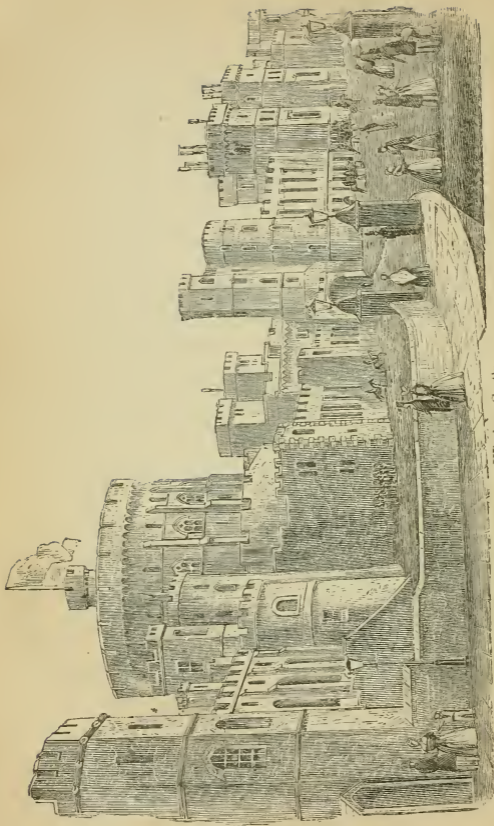
During the reign of Henry VIII., many eminent prisoners were incarcerated in Bucamp Tower. Here Sir Thomas More spent some time, and amid all the gloom and horrid scenes by which he was surrounded, it is said, he maintained his accustomed buoyancy of spirit, and playfulness of manner. When he first entered, being asked by the porter, which was the custom, for his uppermost garment, as a fee, meaning his coat, Sir Thomas took off his cap, and handing it to him said: "This is my uppermost garment, I wish it were better for your sake." And when he was led forth to the scaffold, he re-

marked to the executioner, as he laid his head on the block, "Prythee, let me put my beard aside, for that hath never committed treason." Within these gloomy walls were incarcerated, for a time, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer.

Bereath this tower is the famous passage to the Thames, by which State prisoners were carried to and from Whitehall and Westminster, called the "Traitor's Gate."

"On through that gate misnamed, through which before
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

It was while passing under this dark archway that the strength of Thomas Cromwell gave way. Here, in this gloomy stronghold, he who was the chief agent in the overthrow of the Papal supremacy was confined. Having offended the King, he was imprisoned on a charge of high treason, and, notwithstanding the most humble supplications for mercy, was beheaded in 1540. During his confinement he addressed the following letter to the King, which is said to have brought tears to Henry's eyes: "I, a most useful prisoner, am ready to submit to death when it shall please God and your majesty; and yet the frail flesh invites me to call to your grace for mercy and pardon of mine offences. Written at the Tower with a heavy heart and trembling hand of your highness's most miserable prisoner and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell. Most gracious prince, I cry for mercy! mercy! mercy!" Thus in *this* place have perished, *without mercy*, many of England's proudest sons and fairest daughters, the date of whose sufferings mark the outlines of the nation's history.



Windsor Castle.

XVI.

THE ROYAL HOME.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclined,
His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,
The God appeared; he turned his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise,
Then bow'd, and spoke: the winds do roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore. —*Pope.*



WINDSOR CASTLE is truly a royal building, and worthy of the country. It bears the aspect of firmness and durability, beyond any I have seen—and is just far enough from the city to be free from its noise and smoke. About one hour's ride from London, by rail, brought me to the palace. The country which intervenes, is under rich cultivation, and I felt sorry that my fiery horse should give me so little time, to admire the villages and mansions which dotted the way. On approaching Eton, the magnificent outlines of the castle are seen to good effect. Close by, is an ancient-looking brick building, called Eton College, the place where Wellington, Bolingbroke, Canning, Pitt, Fox,

Chatham, Gray, and many other distinguished characters received their early training.

Windsor and Eton might be called one—they are one by association, one in fact, and one by marriage—being united by a bridge. Passing up the street of Windsor, to the point where four streets meet, the whole of the south front of the castle lies in sight, and looks proudly from its lofty eminence. The building and its inclosed courts are said to cover over twelve acres! Since the time of the Normans, the castle has passed through various alterations, improvements and embellishments—according to the taste of its successive monarchs. If it bears the marks of the nation's weakness in feudal times, it is not without marks of the nation's growth and refinement; and in it we see a symbol of the nation's character and greatness!

The most conspicuous point to be seen on entering the first court-yard, is Saint George's Chapel, which was built by Edward III., and improved by Henry VII. This is one of the three royal churches of the British Empire, and yet not unlike the many Gothic churches of England—only a little more kingly.

The roof is remarkable for its leafy workmanship—the walls are decorated with innumerable old flags, under which are the elaborately-wrought oaken stalls of the Knights of the Garter. Under the floor of the building, sleeps the dust of four kings—Edward IV., the ill-fated Henry VI., Charles I., the bloody-handed and God-forsaken Henry VIII; also, the remains of the queen of Edward IV., and Jane Seymour, the third wife of Henry VIII.

“The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the oppress'd.”

At the east end of the chapel, stands the monument of the lamented Princess Charlotte, said to be the finest thing of the kind in England, if not in the world

The body of the princess is represented as lying on a couch, with a sheet thrown loosely over it, her right hand, which has fallen by its side, is in part uncovered, and through the sheet, the form of the body and face may be traced. Around the bier stand and kneel a group of mourning females, all deeply veiled; and, ascending heavenward, are the freed spirits of mother and child, accompanied by a celestial convoy.

While I gazed at this master-piece of workmanship, which represents so vividly the moment of separation between the Christian's soul and body, the words of Pope came with new freshness and force to my mind :

"Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister-spirit, come away!"
* * * * *
"Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

The only rooms in the castle to which we were admitted, are the following: The Queen's audience-chamber, with one of Verrio's exquisite ceilings, and magnificent hangings of Gobelin tapestry. The Old-Ball, or Vandyke-Room, so called from the twenty-two portraits by that master, is of itself worthy of a pilgrimage to Windsor. This collection of paintings show the marks of no common workman; here is one of the three great pictures of Charles I., the other two are in Hampton Court. The portraits of Queen Henrietta are very fine, and the group of Charles' children, with their favorite dog, is said to be one of the first in the castle.

Proceeding through what is called "the state ante-room," to "the Grand-Staircase," and so to the Waterloo-chamber, with its walls hung with the portraits of rulers, statesmen, and generals of that day, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Sir Martin Archer Shee; (these look to be but poor daubs, after coming from the noble group by Vandyke,) we next passed into St. George's Hall, an immense apartment in which is the Queen's Throne, glittering with burnished gold, and bright with Gobelin tapestry.

Having satisfied my curiosity in looking at these royal apartments, and standing before the busts of some of England's most honored sons, I passed to the top of the round terrace, from which one of the most commanding views of the surrounding country may be had. It is said that from this point, on a clear day, twelve counties, and the dome of St. Paul's, London, can be distinctly seen. The day I visited the castle, was not the clearest, and, consequently, my range of vision was curtailed; but not so much so, as to hide from my sight the place which I was more desirous to see than the castle—the church-yard of Gray's elegy:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

In the days of Henry IV., this tower was made the prison of King James II., of Scotland; who, to relieve the tedium of his thoughts, turned poet.

Having spent more time here than I could well afford, I passed down, and out upon the north terrace, where the view

is very rich and pleasing, and has been called the finest in all England. Here the eye rests on hill and vale, lake and river—and in the distance, the spires and antique towers of Eton, where lying between is the “expanse:”

“Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silvery winding way!”

Oh, I thought, if this terrace had only a tongue, what tales it might tell—of war and peace, of hatred and love, of jealousy and revenge! Here kings and queens have walked and talked, felt and acted, like common people!

“Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age;
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance.”

I had only time to cast a hurried glance at the handsome park and grounds, by which the castle is surrounded, which doubtless are very much improved since Shakspeare’s day—yet even then they must have been very beautiful, for he puts into the mouth of Henry VI., this language:

“O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain.”

Indeed, as far as strong walls, well-lighted rooms, gorgeous furniture, fine paintings, beautiful surroundings, and royal trappings of every kind, are concerned, Windsor Castle stands first in Britain—and as far as I know, in the world!

Not far from the castle, in one of the most befitting situations, stands a mausoleum, recently erected by Queen Victoria.

A few days ago, I cut from the *Tribune*, a description of it, which enters more fully into detail than my note-book or memory.

“The mausoleum, erected by Queen Victoria, within sight of Windsor Castle for the remains of her husband, has cost about one million dollars. The whole amount has been expended by the Queen out of her private fortune. The exterior of the mausoleum is of stone; the interior is of marble of all colors and kinds. The building consists of a central octagon, surrounded by three chapels, or recesses. The dome of the octagon, including a cross which surmounts it, is eighty-three feet, the height inside being seventy feet. The interior decorations are exceedingly elaborate in colors and designs, with gilding, painting and sculpture in profusion. A massive sarcophagus, of highly-polished Aberdeen granite, resting upon a slab of polished black marble, in the center of the octagon, contains the Prince's remains. There is a kneeling angel, in bronze, at each corner. Upon the lid of the sarcophagus, is a recumbent figure of the Prince Consort, in white marble, the work of Baron Marochetti. The dome above has a ceiling of blue, spangled with golden stars. The ribs of the dome are supported with golden angels. In each of the side recesses, a bronze and golden chandelier is suspended. Painted panels and sculptures adorn the walls, with inscriptions and traceries. In the recess opposite the entrance, there is an altar, and over it a large painting of the Resurrection; above it, in the ceiling, a fresco of the Ascension. There is to be a large painting, also, in each of the other recesses. The general result is said to be exceedingly impressive. Every thing that affection could dictate,

wealth procure, and art achieve, has been done. The entrance to the mausoleum, faces the east, and is reached by a flight of black marble steps, leading to a porch supported by granite columns, with a ceiling decorated with Venetian mosaics. The floor of the entrance, as well as the entire structure, is formed of variegated marbles, polished and inlaid in panels of various designs."

After a hurried walk from the castle to the depot, I was very glad—being foot-sore and tired—to get seated in the car which took me to London just in time, and early enough, for a late supper.

" Houses, churches,*mixed together;
Streets crammed full in every weather;
Prisons, palaces, contiguous;
Sinners sad and saints religious;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye;
Outsides showy, insides empty;
Baubles, beasts, mechanics, arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid;
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly prow, and shoot men;
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Nobles, simple, all conditions;
Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,
Villainy bedaubed all over;
Women—black, fair, red, and gray,
Women that can play and pay;
Handsome, ugly, witty, still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling,
Many a bargain, if you strike it—
This is London, if you like it."

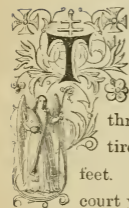


"Things of fame that do renown this city."

XVII.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

"Rare is each cracked, black, rotten earthen dish,
That held, of ancient Rome, the flesh and fish."



THIS is one of the finest buildings in London ; and in itself a standing monument of the nation's liberality. In form it is quadrangular, and in style Ionic. The southern front is three hundred and seventy feet long, and the entire circuit of the building about two thousand feet. In the center of the quadrangle, is a well-kept court yard, three hundred and twenty, by two hundred and forty feet. Passing up twenty-seven stone steps, the principal floor of the building is reached, yet not until one stands in the portico, surrounded by the lofty pillars, can any true idea of their proportions be reached. To even mention the names of half the objects of interest which I saw, would be enough to fill several volumes. I shall only notice a few things, which amply repaid for my visit and toil, of passing from gallery to gallery, and from hall to hall, of this wonderful collection.

In the Egyptian Gallery are specimens—most of them on a vast scale. Here are gods and heroes, wrought in basalt, and granite, of imposing proportions, among which are the colossal head found at Carnak, the head of Rameses, the dark granite statue of Amenoph, the black granite figure of Bubastis, and the Sarabaeus, or sacred beetle. Near these, is the Rosetta stone, which should not be passed by unnoticed. It is supposed to date back two hundred years before the birth of Christ. It is simply a black slab, with a smooth surface, on which is a triple inscription— one in Egyptian hieroglyphics, one in the ancient spoken language of Egypt, and one in Greek. It was in studying this triple inscription, that Dr. Thomas Young first discovered the art of reading Egyptian hieroglyphics. On the walls, protected by glass, are specimens of real Egyptian fresco painting. And although the hand that executed the work has been for over three thousand years at rest, yet the colors appear as if put on but yesterday.

In the Phigaleian Saloon, are a series of bass-reliefs, which once ran round the upper part of the famous temple of Apollo. Here also are figures—not the original marble, but cast in plaster—from the great temple of Jupiter; and two models of the far-famed Temple of Minerva, at Athens, *by Lucas*. Passing on, we enter the Elgin Department, in which are many beautiful specimens of sculpture from the Parthenon. Oh, if these lifeless stones could but speak, what tales they might unfold!

Passing hurriedly through the Lyceum room, in which are sculptured slabs, tombs, lions' heads, winged lions, and pillars covered with inscriptions—all of which are in the neighborhood of three thousand years old—we come to the Nimrod

Saloon; in which are specimens of Sculpture from the ruins of ancient Nineveh. Most prominent among them, are the stone slabs, on which scenes are sculptured in very low relief. One is a battle scene; another a besieged town; another a besieged castle, and another a lion hunt—all of them representations of some excitement.

Ascending the grand staircase, and taking a hurried glance at the Zoological and Mineralogical departments—which are called the finest in the world—we pass on to the western galleries. Here are many curious things, among which are mummies, that were mummies prior to the days of Moses! Some of them are partly unrolled, and others entirely exposed. The skin bears the appearance of tanned leather, of an olive tint, and the teeth, hair and features, in some are quite perfect.

“ If that withered tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
 And the great deluge still had left it green;
 Or was it then so old, that history's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages?
 Still silent, uncommunicative elf?
 Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
 But, prythee, tell us something of thyself,
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison house!
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?
 Since first thy form was in the box extended,
 We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations—
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations;
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled!”

There is one, said to be the Priestess of Amera; she is wrapped in linen, which is ornamented with the likenesses of the Egyptian gods. Here are wooden figures brought from tombs; bronze and porcelain figures, used at private worship; and here are strange looking figures, half man and half brute—household gods. In the bronze room are the family and domestic deities of the Romans, with any amount of trinkets, and ancient ornaments.

From this we pass into the Ethnographical department, in which are represented the different nations of men, their manners, customs, arts and implements. Passing out of this department, I next visited that part of the museum which I most desired to see—the *library*. It contains over a million of volumes, ten thousand maps, thirty thousand manuscripts and about five thousand parchments. In the Great Library, the walls are lined with book-cases from the floor to the ceiling. Here are the original manuscripts of Tasso, Pope's Iliad, the works of "rare Ben Jonson;" also letters written by Napoleon, Catharine de Medici, Peter the Great, Nelson, Mary, Queen of Scots, Washington, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Addison, Franklin, Calvin, Luther, Cranmer, Latimer, Shakspeare, and others of like fame. In the king's library—the gift of George IV.—are many rare books, some of which are worth more than their weight in gold. Most of the volumes in this department are elegantly bound, though some of them begin to show the wear of years. In the center of the room, are table cases, holding books of the rarest kind, which are laid open, so that the paper, type, and manuscript additions, can be seen, but not touched. One is the first printed edition of Dante, dated

1472. Another is a copy of Virgil, in *Italic* type. Next is a French romance of "Les Quatre Fitz Ayman," printed in 1480. Close to it, is a Hebrew Commentary on Daniel, printed in Asia, in 1480. And here is a Mazarine Bible, as it is called, printed by Guttenberg and Faust, at Mentz, which is the earliest printed book now known. One department that I must not fail to mention, is the Reading Room. This is a rotunda, one hundred and forty feet in diameter, and of a height nearly equal. Here are seats, desks, and writing materials, to accommodate over five hundred persons. In the center of this room, is a desk, containing a catalogue of the library in manuscript, which numbers over *three hundred folio volumes*.

To this grand library, are admitted the high and the low, the citizen and the stranger, without money and without price!

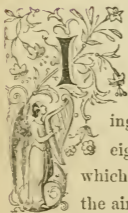


“Power shows the man.”

XVIII.

CRYSTAL PALACE—THE WORLD IN A NUT SHELL.

High on a hill far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids, and towers,
From diamond-quarries hewn, and rocks of gold. —*Milton.*



IN less than thirty minutes, after taking my seat in one of the steam-cars at Victoria Station, I found myself at the entrance of this beautiful palace. Before reaching the main building, I passed through a glass colonnade, almost eight hundred feet in length, on each side of which are flowers and shrubs of every variety, filling the air with most delicious fragrance.

After entering, I stood for some time looking around me, and never shall I forget what commingled feelings of vastness, splendor, and novelty, burst upon my mind! This, as far as

appearance is concerned, indeed, might well be called a second Paradise. Here, nature and art combine to make a perfect picture of life and beauty; and so numerous are the objects of attraction, that it would be absurd to attempt anything beyond a faint outline description.

To see the Crystal Palace as it should be seen, one ought to stay here, not less than a week; and yet a fair proportion of it may be seen, by the hurried traveler, in one or two days—if he make good use of his eyes.

The building is composed wholly of iron and glass, and in winter is heated by means of hot water. It covers seven hundred and forty-three thousand, six hundred and fifty-nine superficial feet of ground, cost over seven million dollars, and is a marvellous achievement of human genius, skill and taste.

The name of Paxton will not soon be forgotten; his triumph in the construction of this crystalline castle, is glory enough for one man to carry. A few of the sights on the first floor, are worthy of notice. The popular promenade of the palace, is the main aisle, which is very broad and beautiful. In the middle of the transept, which is the center of the building, is one of the handsomest fountains I ever looked at. It is composed of glass, and so constructed that the water, after ascending to a height of about thirty feet, is caught in its descent by a succession of glass basins, which do not retain it long, but pass it from one to another in silver spray, until it reaches the magic lake at its base. Here too, are several large elm trees, from two to three hundred feet in height—which add not a little to the scene. In the Egyptian court, are sculptured lions from the Nile,

columns of celebrated temples, some of them, said to date back thirteen hundred years before Christ; tombs and figures of the great and forgotten of the past, ornaments and hideous-looking imaginary creatures, taken from the palaces of Sennecharib, Nebuchadnezzar, and Semiramis.

From these we pass into the Grecian court, in which is a part of a Greek agora, (or public-square), with its porch and pillars; here also is a model of the Parthenon, and the temple of Neptune, paneled ceiling, fashioned after the temple of Apollo, and many pieces of well-wrought antique sculpture, which cast into the background all the samples from other lands.

In the Roman section, are models of the outer wall of the Coliseum and the ancient Forum; also, several well-executed copies of the great works of Michael Angelo, Benevento, Cellini, and others.

Having satisfied myself in the courts of the ancients, I spent some time in looking at the wild animals, birds, and fish. One thing, with which I was highly pleased, is the profusion of trees, shrubs, and flowers, from all parts of the world. Among the trees, I might mention the orange, the palm, the date, the olive, and the cedar from Lebanon. And in the midst of these trees, shrubs and flowers—most ingeniously arranged—are specimens, cast in bronze, of different nations of men, beasts, and reptiles—all life-like. Ascending a stairway, in the south end of the building, I found myself in the picture-gallery. Among the oil-paintings, which number over eleven hundred, I could have spent a week; each one in itself is a study, and I regretted much that my time was so limited, that I could only give them a passing look.

Next is one, entitled the "Lullaby," by *Mrs. E. Brownlow King*. None but a woman, with a mother's soul, could have painted such a master-piece.

"Let music mingle with the mother's smiles,
Lulling her babe to sleep with songs at even :
Songs that will be remembered in the day
When the child's flaxen locks have turned to gray."

Farther on, is "Isabel," by *E. T. Haynes*. This is a painting before which even the hurried visitor cannot help but pause:

"Eyes not downcast nor o'er bright, but fed
With the clear pointed flame of chastity ;
Clear without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts, in the transeendent flame
Of her still spirit."

There is one, by *Huysmans*, "The Eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, in which Pliny was destroyed." Of the old philosopher, history says, "In spite of warnings, Pliny remained near the mountain during the night, the better to observe the eruption, which during the obscurity, appeared to be one continual blaze. * * * *

"At last the fire approached the place where the philosopher made his observations. Pliny endeavored to fly before it; but though he was supported by two of his servants, he was unable to escape, and soon fell down, suffocated by the vapor that surrounded him."

This is called, by many, the finest painting in the gallery. Among the water-colors, are some of rare loveliness. In one part of the collection, are seven superb copies of the celebrated cartoons of Raphael; they were painted by Antonio Verrio,

about the year 1700, by order of William III., who intended to send them to Holland for the improvement of his countrymen, but the king dying before they were finished; they were not sent. A little farther south, is a very fine collection of copies from all the old masters—making even Addison say :

“Fain would I Raphaël’s godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal’s labors in my verse :
Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light,
A new creation rises to my sight :
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow.”

The gardens, parks, and pleasure-grounds around the Crystal Palace, are all that might be expected. Here are fountains, large and small, making the air cool with their refreshing showers, and flowers from all lands filling it with their richest perfume. Scattered through the pleasure-grounds and gardens, are copies in bronze and stone, of the most celebrated sculpture of the world.

Here is Francis, Hercules, the graceful Mercury of Thorwaldsen, the Venus of Milo, and the Paris Conova; here, also, are numerous allegorical statues, as of Glasgow, Liverpool, Belfast, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham; and of South America, Turkey, Greece, China, India, Russia, Canada, and the United States. All around are beautiful temples, vases and urns, of various fashions and forms. As a whole, this fairy-like structure, with its park, pleasure-grounds, gardens, and fountains; its rich collection of sculpture, both ancient and modern; its picture-galleries, combining the new and the old; its many wonders, from near and far-off lands, is the *par excellence*, the greatest sight in or about London—yea more, the greatest in the world !

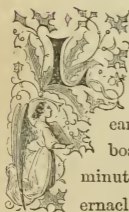


“ With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.”

XIX.

A SABBATH IN LONDON.

Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view. — *Wilcox.*



ON Saturday evening, I reached London, and was therefore unable to procure a ticket of admission to Spurgeon's Church. Sunday morning having come, I left my hotel quite early, passed down to the river, where I went on board one of the passenger boats, which in a few minutes took me to the London Bridge. The Tabernacle is a little more than a mile south of the bridge. On my way thither, I entered into conversation with a gentleman who was journeying in the same direction. Making some inquiry as to the location of the church, he

told me he was a member of it and was going there. I informed him of my desire to hear Spurgeon, and that, being a stranger without a ticket, I entertained some fear about getting in. "Well, sir," said he, "I will do all in my power, seeing you have come so far, to obtain an entrance for you; but," he added, "I may fail, for, although a member, I am about as much of a stranger to the door-keeper, as you will be."

On coming in sight of the church, we saw quite a crowd assembled around the front entrance, who were biding their time, though almost an hour before the service was to commence. My friend took me to a door in the rear of the building, before which was stationed a group of men, with bright buttons on their coats—their uniform giving them the appearance of a corps of our city policemen. To these door officials, I was introduced as an American, who was anxious to hear Mr. Spurgeon, when, with the greatest politeness, they touched their hats to me, and said, "Walk in, sir." I was told by my worthy guide, I had better secure a position in that part of the church, where I would like a seat. I did so and had not waited long, before a lady invited me, to take a seat in her pew, which I did with a right good will.

The building has very little of the church appearance, and a stranger would be more likely to take it for a law court, or commercial edifice, than for a house of worship. It is an immense square structure, with entrance on both ends and on each side. The exterior of the building presents nothing very attractive to the eye, except in the magnificent *facade*. The lofty frontage, supported by six Corinthian pillars, forms a noble portico, the ascent to which is made by a broad flight

of steps. The grandeur and boldness of this part of the building are deserving of the highest praise, and are, of their kind, altogether unrivaled. The length of the Tabernacle, on the outside, is two hundred feet; its breadth is one hundred and four feet. It is provided with sixteen doors, for the exit and entrance of the congregation, besides one or more private entrances; and it is lighted and ventilated by a number of handsome windows and Louvre lights in the roof. The inside dimensions of the chapel are one hundred and forty-six feet long, by eighty-one feet wide; the height is sixty-two feet. The roof is concave; the ceiling supported by sixteen iron shafts; the pillars being ornamented with capitals, and united at the top by semicircular arches. There are two galleries of light iron-work, painted white, and relieved with gilding. The walls are painted a light green, and the pews are of an oak color, without doors. The rostrum is reached by a private staircase at the back, as well as by a double flight of stairs from the platform below. The baptistry is of white marble. The effect of the whole appearance of the building is exceedingly light and agreeable; there is no extravagant display—no ostentatious ornament, neither is there any barrenness or show of poverty—every thing is well done, and the place is made to seat six thousand persons, with standing room for two thousand.

A building such as this is unquestionably one of the sights of London, and it is well worthy of a visit on its own account, to say nothing of the minister. But a visitor who would obtain admission, had better procure the entree of a seat-holder, so as to secure an early admission; failing in this, he must be

content to go early, wait long, and take his chance of standing when the doors are opened.

Mr. Spurgeon has no pulpit. He simply occupies a little spot in the heel of the first gallery; from which place, he has as good a command of his congregation, as it is possible to have in so large a house. His congregation is above, below, and all around him. The seats on the main floor are amphitheater style; so also are the galleries.

When I entered the house, there was not more than a hundred people there, but they came pouring in from every side, so that in a very short time, every part of the house was well taken. A few moments after the doors were opened for the multitudes who stood before them, the aisles were filled to suffocation. Soon the preacher made his appearance, in company with his wife and two sons. He seemed, as he came forward and took his seat by the table; on which lay the Bible and Hymn-Book, as if wholly unconscious of being looked at, by about seven thousand persons.

During the reading of the hymn, he entered earnestly into the spirit and sentiment of every line; and before singing, he exhorted all the people to praise God. The singing was congregational, as all church music should be, and seemed to lift the people on angel pinions, up to the third heaven. At the close of the hymn, he read a portion of Scripture, stopping occasionally to make an apt and spiritual application. Another hymn was sung, when prayer was offered, simple, child-like, full of fervor, and thoroughly spiritual. Before announcing his text, he offered up a short invocation for the assistance of the Holy Ghost. The sermon was good, and with it, as a

whole, I was much pleased; although there were some things which I could not indorse, yet there was so much directness, honesty, and holy ardor in it, that my heart went out in prayer, that God would send into the world a great many just such preachers as C. H. Spurgeon.

Before he began his discourse, he made the following announcement: "After the sermon we will break bread, in remembrance of our blessed Lord. All members of the Christian Church are invited to unite with us."

So, thinking I might never again have an opportunity of drawing near to the table of the Lord, in a Baptist church, I passed down to the basement room, in company with the lady and her husband, whose pew I shared during the morning. When I reached the foot of the stairs, a gentleman handed me the following ticket:

NEWINGTON

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

—
 "Love unto all the saints."

Soon the room was filled. Then, Mr. Spurgeon and the elders of the Church, took their seats around a table on the platform, which was covered with a white cloth, and on which was placed the bread and wine. A hymn was sung, in which all united. It was indeed good to be there, for

•
 "Heaven came down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowned the mercy-seat."

The singing over, the preacher said: "After the manner of our blessed Lord, who, in the same night in which he was be-

trayed 'took bread; and when he had given thanks'—let us give thanks!" Then followed a prayer of thanksgiving, so full of love to the Saviour, that we forgot, for a time, where we were, and thought only of our blessed Lord, his sufferings and death. "And when he had given thanks, he brake the bread, and gave thereof to his disciples"—and after the manner of our Saviour, he broke the bread, which was carried from pew to pew, by the waiting elders. Then was offered up another prayer, after which, the elders passed around the cup, of which we all drank.

All being waited upon, the minister's voice is again heard, still in the language of Holy Writ: "And afterwards they sang a hymn—let us too sing;" when, with tearful eye, and tremulous voice, he read:

" If in life I have thy grace,
And at death behold thy face,
Life may stay, or life may flee,
Lord, 'tis all alike to me."

And, still sitting in his chair, he closed the service with a short exhortation and the benediction. This short, simple, Christ-like service was very refreshing; I enjoyed it very much. And often shall memory wander back to the season I spent under the instruction of one of the greatest preachers of the day.

Just before the morning service commenced, I asked the gentleman in whose pew I sat, "what is the great secret of Mr. Spurgeon's success?" His answer was one not hastily formed, but arrived at after many years' observation, and is well worthy of thought. Said he, "Not so much in his preaching, as in

his power to keep his people at work!" Then pointing me to two little boys in the gallery, sons of Mr. Spurgeon, he said, "Even those little fellows are at work every day, in leading prayer-meetings, and exhorting sinners to turn to God; and not without success, for many in this Church have been led to Christ through their labors." I could not help thinking, well after all, this is what we ministers need more than anything else—ability to bring out and develop the latent power of our churches.

If I should be asked to state in a word, in what Mr. Spurgeon's power lies, I should say, *baptized earnestness!* He is thoroughly awake, and has the holy unction, which gives him boldness to stand before, and success in laboring for the good of, perishing humanity.

"How beauteous are the feet of those who bear
Mercy to man, glad tidings to despair!
Far from the mountain-top, they lovelier seem
Than moonlight dews, or morning's rosy beam;
Sweeter the voice than spell, or hymning sphere,
And listening angels hush their harps to hear."



“Ships—ships everywhere!”

XX.

THE THAMES AND ITS SIGHTS.

I have loved the rural walk,
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink,
 E'er since a truant boy I passed my bounds,
 To enjoy a ramble on the bank of Thames. —*Cowper.*



THIS noble river takes its rise in the Cotswold Hills. On its seaward course, it separates Berkshire, first from Oxfordshire, and then from Buckinghamshire. It also divides the counties of Surrey and Middlesex, Kent and Essex, and after a course of two hundred and ten miles, empties into the sea at the Nore. It ebbs and flows as far up as Richmond, to which place, also, it is navigable for large craft. At London, the Thames is the greatest of all thoroughfares; and this is owing in a great measure to two facts: First, the cheapness of the boat-fare, and in the second place, to the absence of dust. One fact, which will show how well the river is patronized as a great highway of travel,

is, that the steamboats, passing under Waterloo Bridge, average over one every minute. Just think of this—over sixty steam-vessels every hour, with other craft besides! How the many steam and sailing vessels pass and repass each other, without more frequent accident, is to me a matter of perfect astonishment. The river is spanned by a host of elegant bridges, such as are to be seen nowhere else. Indeed, it is worthy of a trip to London, just to see the currents of carriages and foot-passengers, pouring to and fro from morning till night, and from night till morning, over these bridges.

One of the greatest curiosities of the Thames, is the tunnel which runs under it, from Wapping to Rotherhithe, in Surrey. It is twelve hundred feet in length, and consists of two arches, side by side, fourteen feet wide and seventeen feet high; the wall dividing the arches is pierced with connecting archways, and the whole is lighted with gas.

A brief history of the tunnel will not be out of place just here.

“In March 1825, a space being marked out one hundred and fifty feet distant from the river, the bricklayers began raising a round frame, or cylinder, three feet thick, and one hundred and fifty in circumference. This was strengthened in various ways, by iron rods, &c., passing up the center of the thickness; and was continued to the height of forty-two feet. The excavators now commenced their work on the inside, cutting away the ground, which was raised to the top of the shaft by a steam-engine there placed, and which also relieved them from the water that occasionally impeded their descent. We may imagine the wonder with which a person unacquainted with the

object of these preparations, must have beheld that enormous mass of masonry, at last beginning to descend regularly and peacefully after the busy pigmies who were carving the way for it, and at the same time, as it were, accommodating itself to the convenience of the bricklayers, who, in order to give it the additional height required, had merely to keep adding to the top as it descended.

“This is the history of the great circular opening, into which the visitor passes from the little lobby, and where he beholds, in the center, an elaborate machinery of pumps, connected with a steam-engine, raising its four hundred gallons per minute. We must not omit to observe, with regard to the shaft, that by its means the bed of gravel and sand, twenty-six feet deep, full of land-water, in which the driftmakers of the earlier attempt had been compelled to narrow the dimensions of their already small shaft, was passed without inconvenience. We may add, also, that when the shaft was sunk to its present depth of sixty-five feet, another shaft, of twenty-five feet diameter, was sunk still lower, till, at the depth of eighty feet, the ground suddenly gave way, sinking several feet, whilst sand and water were blown up with some violence.

“This confirmed the statement of the geologists, and satisfied the engineer as to the propriety of the level he had chosen. The shaft accomplished, the tunnel itself was begun at the depth of sixty-three feet. The excavation Mr. Brunel proposed to make from bank to bank, was to be about thirty-eight feet broad, and twenty-two and a half feet high, which being defended by strong walls, was to leave room within for a double archway, each fifteen feet high, and wide enough for

a single carriage-way and a foot-path. The mode in which this great excavation was accomplished has been the wonder and admiration of the most experienced engineers, and will forever remain a monument of the genius of its author.

“The principal instrument employed by him, was a huge frame, or *shield*, by means of which the weight of the superincumbent bottom of the river was supported, whilst the men who were undermining the river were sheltered in the little cells of the shield below. This mighty instrument—one in idea and object, but consisting of twelve separate parts or divisions, each containing three cells, one above the other—was thus used. We will suppose that, the work being finished in its rear, an advance is desired, and that the divisions are in their usual position—the alternate one a little before the other; these last have now to be moved. The men in their cells pull down the top poling-board, one of these small defences, with which the entire front of the shield is covered, and immediately cut away the ground for about six inches. That done, the poling-board is replaced and the one below removed, and so on till the entire space, in front of these divisions, has been excavated to the depth of six inches. Each of the divisions is now advanced, by the application of two screws, one at its head, and one at its foot—which, resting against the finished brick-work, and turned, impel it forward into the vacant space. The other set of divisions then advance.

“As the miners are at work at one end of the cells, so the bricklayers are no less actively employed at the other, forming the brick walls of the top, sides, and bottom—the superincumbent earth of the top being still held up by the shield till the bricklayers have finished.

“This is but a rude description of an engine, almost as remarkable for its elaborate organization, as for its vast strength. Beneath those great iron ribs, a kind of mechanical soul really seemed to have been created. It had its shoes and its legs, and used them, too, with good effect. It raised and depressed its head at pleasure; it presented an invincible buttress in its front, to whatever danger might there threaten, and, when the danger was past, again opened its breast for the further advances of the indefatigable host. In a word, to the shield the successful formation of the tunnel was entirely owing.

But, great as was the confidence of Mr. Brunel in his shield, and the resources which he must have felt he had within himself, ready for every difficulty, it is impossible that he could have ever anticipated the all but overwhelming amount of obstacles that he actually experienced, principally from the character of the soil, and the extraordinary influence which the tides exercised, even at the tunnel's depth. The first nine feet of the tunnel were passed through firm clay; then came a loose watery sand, where movement was made with imminent hazard. Thirty-two anxious days passed in this part. Substantial ground again reached, matters went on prosperously till September following, by which time two hundred and sixty feet had been completed.

“On the 14th of that month, the engineer startled the Directors with the information that he expected the bottom of the river, just beyond the shield, would break down with the coming tide. It appears he had discovered a cavity above the top of the shield. Exactly at high tide, the miners heard the uproar of the falling soil upon the head of their good shield, and saw

bursts of water follow ; but so complete were the precautions, that no injury ensued, and the cavity was soon filled by the river itself. Another month, and a similar occurrence took place.

• “By the 22d of January, 1827, three hundred and fifty feet were accomplished, when the tide, during the removal of the poling-boards, forced through the shield a quantity of loose clay ; but still no irruption of the river itself followed—the fear of which, from the commencement to the termination of the work, was continually upon every one’s mind.

“This was the first of a series of disasters, which continued to obstruct their progress for eight long years. Difficulties enough to discourage the stoutest heart, and would have discouraged Brunel, had he been an ordinary man.

“At last, August 13th came, and the undertaking, which for years had been called a “failure,” was completed ; and he who was thought to be worse than a fool, for undertaking the work, now stood up a victor over all the elements—earth, fire, air, and water !” As a work of art, of perseverance, and of the genius of Brunel, the Thames Tunnel is a grand and glorious achievement.

No one should think of leaving London without visiting the docks ; they are one of the greatest sights in the metropolis. In them is seen the wealth of nations, with but little display ; for it does not show itself in the shape of gold and silver, and glittering gems, but under the guise of huge misshapen bales of merchandize ; rough, ugly, patched, and broken hogsheads ; dirty casks, and ill-made grassbags, nauseous hides, and musty oil-cake. Here are represented the nations by the different

exports—Ireland, by butter and hams; Scotland, by grain, spirits, and crockery; France, by wines and fruits; India, by bags of rice, and casks of cocoa; China and Japan, by tea and coffee; West Indies, by sugar, molasses, and rum; Canada, by timber and furs; Africa, by ivory, palm-oil, and nuts; South America, by dried fruit, and dye-woods; and the United States, by sugar, cotton, tobacco, and grain. Here come people of all nations and tongues, strong believers in the religion of commercial gain. For this interview, men have toiled under Africa's burning sun, and in the Baltic's icy billows; for this, they have braved the storm, and wreck, and danger, of "Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

It must not be supposed that the London docks, bear any resemblance to the docks of New York, or Boston, which are simply piers, or openings between piers. The London docks are vast inland harbors, and only connected to the river by canals, enclosed by heavy gates, which open when the tide is in, and close when it begins to ebb, so that the shipping in the docks are never troubled by low water.

Just a little below the Tower, are the *St. Catherine Docks*, and though the first I will notice, yet they are not by any means the largest in the port of London. At the entrance, are thousands of carts and wagons, waiting to be employed by whoever has merchandize to be removed. The first thing which drew my attention here, were the lofty walls, speaking security. The space enclosed, is about twenty-three acres, divided into the *wet* and *dry* docks—the former will accommodate one hundred and twenty ships, beside barges, and other craft. Under the warehouses, are vaults, which serve the double purpose of

store-houses for the wines, and at the same time keeping them cool; these are five stories high, and capable of holding over one hundred thousand tons of goods. The canal, leading from the river, to the harbor, is one hundred and five feet long, forty-five feet broad, and will float with ease a ship of seven hundred tons burden.

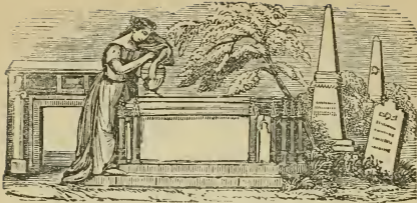
The *London Docks* are separated from St. Catherine's by Nightingale Lane; they comprise an area of over one hundred acres, and cost over *twenty million dollars*; and the wall alone, by which they are surrounded, *three millions* more. The tobacco warehouses alone, cover five acres of ground, and are rented by the government at *seventy thousand dollars* a year. They can hold *twenty-four thousand* hogsheads of tobacco, averaging *twelve hundred* pounds each, besides having room in the vaults beneath for *seventy thousand* pipes of wine. The alleys and passes, through the different floors, are bordered on both sides by hogsheads of the *pernicious weed*. On the first floor, near the northeast corner, is a door, on which are the words, "To the Kiln." This is a place where damaged tobacco, and many other things, not worth paying duty on, are burned; the long stack which carries off the smoke from this fire, is called the "*Queen's Tobacco-pipe*." Would that all pipes were like this!

The *Commercial Docks* lie on the south side, and are in point of extent greater than the London Docks. They have no expensive warehouses, and are principally used by the timber trade, and such things as will not be injured by exposure. About a mile and a half from the London Docks, situated on the "Isle of Dogs," are the *East and West India Docks*, which cover *two hundred and ninety-five* acres of ground. At the en-

trance on the east, is a statue of the officer who presided when Pitt laid the first stone. The vaults here, are said to be the largest in the world, and the warehouses are capable of holding over *two hundred thousand* tons of merchandize.

All arrangements connected with these docks, secure the two great desiderata of *commercial success—economy and dispatch*. The grand floors of most of the warehouses, have an opening towards the basin, through which the cargoes are raised directly out of the ships—thus saving the time and labor of the old plan of depositing them on the quay. In rambling through these store-houses of the nation's wealth, and in studying the effects of the commingling of nationalities in this busy mart of commerce, I thought of the beauty and force of Addison's words, where he says, in referring to the advantages of commerce upon nations :

“I am wonderfully delighted to see a body of men thriving in their own fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock ; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country, whatever is superfluous. Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the regions of the world, with an eye to their mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the nations of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united by their common interests.”



“There the wicked cease from troubling.”

XXI.

GRAVES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

The dead, how sacred! sacred is the dust
Of this heaven-labored form, erect, divine!—*Thomson.*



HAVING a great desire to see City Road Chapel while in London, I made out to spend a part of a Sabbath within its sacred walls. The day I visited it, the regular minister was absent, and his place was supplied by a stranger.

Here it was, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation in 1777, John Wesley preached a sermon from the words, “According to this time, it shall be said, What hath God wrought!” And now, after the lapse of almost a hundred years, his sons in the gospel take up the same text, and in looking at what has been accomplished, exclaim in holy triumph, “What hath God wrought!”

The building is composed of brick, with cut stone trimming, and is still good; it must have been considered more than common in its day. It stands in from the street, about one hundred feet, and cannot be seen until it is reached. The in-

ternal arrangements are neat and comfortable. I believe the only material change which has taken place, since Mr. Wesley's day, is the lowering of the pulpit, which is still high enough.

I spent some time in the old graveyard, in the rear of the chapel. Here sleeps the dust of Wesley. A stone monument is erected over his grave, on which is inscribed the following:

The grateful Record
of the place made sacred by the
Mortal Remains
of the venerable and Apostolic

WESLEY,

Was first erected, A. D., MDCCXC.

But modified and enlarged, A. D., MDCCCIV.,

During the centenary of Methodism,

At the expense and under the direction of

His sons and successors in the Christian ministry,

The Methodist Conference,

in token of

Their filial admiration, reverence and love.

On the pedestal is the following :

To the memory of

THE VENERABLE JOHN WESLEY, A. M.,

Late Fellow of LINCOLN College, OXFORD.

This GREAT LIGHT arose

(By the singular Providence of God)

To enlighten THESE NATIONS,

And to *revive, enforce and defend,*

The Pure Apostolic DOCTRINES and PRACTICES OF

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH,

Which he continued to do, by his WRITINGS and his
 LABOURS,
 For more than HALF A CENTURY,
 And to his expressible JOY,
Not only beheld their INFLUENCE extending,
 And their EFFICACY witnessed,
 In the Hearts and lives of MANY THOUSANDS,
 As well in the WESTERN WORLD as in these
 Kingdoms;
But also, far above all human Power or experience,
Lived to see provision made, by the Singular GRACE OF
 GOD,
 For their Continuance and Establishment,
 To the Joy of FUTURE GENERATIONS!
 READER, If thou art constrained to bless the INSTRUMENT,
 GIVE GOD THE GLORY!
After having languished a few days, He at length finished
his COURSE and his LIFE together: gloriously
triumphing over DEATH, March 2, An.
Dom. 1791, in the Eighty-eighth Year
of his age.

Near by, are the tombs of Clarke, Benson, and Watson. Fellow-laborers in life—keeping company, even in death. Who could stand in such a place as this, without the deepest emotions? They are not dead! they live, “and hold their way in glory through the sky.”

Having satisfied myself in strolling among the tombs of this sacred spot, I crossed over the street in front of the chapel, to the celebrated Bunhill Fields, where the bodies of so many

of the old nonconformist ministers, await the voice of God and the Archangel's trump.

Here is the grave of the immortal Bunyan, of itself worthy of a pilgrimage. A common stone slab, mutilated, time worn, and much neglected, covers it, Looking at it, my first impression was one of sadness, but on second thought, this feeling gave place to joyous emotions. What though the inscription on his tombstone be effaced, his memory is fresh and more fragrant than ever; his true monument cannot be touched by the wasting hand of time; it shall never crumble, its inscription shall never grow old—for it is written upon the heart of a christian world! And there is the grave of him whose sacred poetry is sung in all our churches—Dr. Watts. Under his name, age, and date of his death, is the following touching inscription, which at his own request was thereon inscribed: "*In uno Jesu omnia.*" Close to it is the sleeping dust of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles. At the head of the grave, stands a plain stone, with the following inscription:

H E R E

lies the body of
Mrs. Susannah Wesley,
the youngest
and last surviving daughter of
Dr. Samuel Annesly,
who died July 23rd, 1742,
Aged 73 years.

“In sure and steadfast hope to rise
 And claim her mansion in the skies
 A Christian here her flesh laid down,
 The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction! she
 Inured to pain and misery,
 Mourned a long night of griefs and fears,
 A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then revealed his Son—
 Him in the broken bread made known ;
 She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
 And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
 She heard the call, Arise my lovè !
 I come! her dying looks replied,
 And lamb-like as her Lord she died.”

John Newton sleeps in St. Mary's, where he labored for many years. A tablet, bearing an inscription written by himself, reads as follows :

“John Newton—once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa—was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he once labored to destroy.”

In All Hallow's Church, Milton was baptized, and in St. Giles', his dust rests in peace. In the latter church sleeps Fox, the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, a work which should have a place in the home of every Protestant family of the present day. In Christ's Church, the body of Richard Baxter waits the morning. In St. Paul's churchyard, Drs. Donne, Marlow and Butler await the resurrection of the just. Pope is buried in the old graveyard at Twickenham, along with his

parents and relations. On his monument are the following lines :

Alexander Pope.
M. H.
Gulimas Episcopus.
Gloucesteriensis Amicitiaë
Causa. Fac. Cur.
MDCCLXI.
Poeta Loquitur.

For who would be buried in Westminster Abbey,
Heroes and kings, your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you :
Let Homer blush, and Virgil too !

In the old church of St. Mary's, Richmond, in a dark corner, is a plain brass plate, tarnished and time worn, bearing the following inscription :

In the Earth below this Tablet,
are the remains of
James Thomson,
Author of the beautiful Poems entitled the Seasons,
Castle of Indolence, etc.
Who died at Richmond, on the 27th day of August,
and was buried here on the 29th, old style, 1748,
The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man,
And so sweet a Poet, should remain without a memorial,
has denoted the place of interment for the
satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord, 1792

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !— *Winter.*

“ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”



“Family pride entertains many unsocial opinions.”

XXII.

THE HAUNTS OF ROYALTY.

A Sovereign's great example forms a people;
The public breast is noble, or is vile,
As he inspires it.—*Mallet.*



SITUATED at the west end of St. James' Park, is Buckingham Palace, the city residence of Victoria—by no means a kingly structure. I was much surprised when told that it was the metropolitan home of the Royal Family. It bears more the appearance of a large hotel, or commercial building, than the residence of England's Queen. They call it “Buckingham Palace,” from the fact, that on the site where it is built once stood the house of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. The front is ornamented with statues of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Faith, Hope, and Charity; and in the center of the facade is an arch, with a balcony, on either side of which are colossal figures of St. George and the Dragon, and Britannia, with the British Lion.

On St. James-street, is the once noted St. James' Palace, the very mention of which makes one think of blood, murder, and hobgoblins.

It looks much like an old brick and stone factory, and I could hardly make myself believe that it was the city home of kings and queens, down to the days of George IV. In it died Queen Mary and Caroline, wife of George II., and here James the Pretender, Charles II., and George IV., first saw the light. Many are the dark and scandalous deeds once enacted in this old pile, over which Time, in mercy, has thrown her mantle of mist and clouds. On our way from the castle, we passed by the house in which Lord Byron lived, and where Gibbon, the historian, died.

Situated on the Thames, near Westminster, is Whitehall, the old Banqueting House, or York Place, where Charles I. was executed. Whitehall was built during the reign of Henry III., who bequeathed it to the convent of the Black Friars. Time has robbed it of all its attraction, if, as a building, it ever had any, and it is only in connection with its past history, that it is at all worth the traveler's time to turn aside to notice it. Its last archiepiscopal owner was Wolsey, who rebuilt it and gave it to the king, who changed its name from York Place to Whitehall. Shakspeare refers to this change in his "Henry VIII.," where one gentleman gives to two others, a description of the coronation of Anne Boleyn :

<i>1st Gent.</i>	So she parted,
And with the same full state, paced back again	
To York Place, where the feast is held.	
<i>3d Gent.</i>	Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that is past:	
For since the Cardinal fell, that is lost;	
'Tis now the king's, and called Whitehall.	
<i>1st Gent.</i>	I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name	
Is fresh about me.	

The only thing worthy of notice is the ceiling of the principal room, now the chapel, which was painted by Rubens, who received fifteen thousand dollars for his work. Over the chapel altar are arranged various flags and eagles, which were captured in battle. During the time of George I., he granted a yearly salary of fifteen hundred dollars, to twelve clergymen (six from each university) who officiate here, monthly, in due succession.

One of the most noted old castle-like buildings in London, is Lambeth Palace. It is situated on the south bank of the Thames, almost opposite the Houses of Parliament, and is the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was built by piecemeal, and lacks regularity. In this palace, for a time, lived Archbishops Abbot, Juxon, Laud, Sheldon, Tenison, Secker, Cranmer, and others. For a minister of the Gospel to support such an establishment as the Fathers were wont to do, would require a *union* of Church and State, and that a pretty strong one. For instance, look at the list of Bishop Cranmer's household. It is said to have comprised a steward, treasurer, comptroller, janitors, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of the ewry, bakers, pantlers, yeoman of the horse, yeoman ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squilleries, ushers of the hall, porter, usher of the chamber, daily waiters in the great chamber, gentlemen ushers, yeomen of the chamber, carver, cup-bearer, groom of the chamber, marshal, groom-usher, almoner, cooks, Chandler, butchers, master of the horse, yeoman of the wardrobe, and harbingers. The state observed, of course, corresponded with such a retinue. There was generally three tables spread in the hall, and served

at the same time, at the first of which sat the Archbishop, surrounded by peers of the realm, privy councillors, and gentlemen of the greatest quality; at the second, called the almoner's table, sat the chaplains, and all other clerical guests below the rank of diocesan bishops, or abbots; and at the third, or steward's table, sat all the other gentlemen invited. The suffragan bishops, by this arrangement, sat at the second, or almoner's table; and it was noted, as an especial aggravation of the ingratitude of Richard Thornden to Cranmer, in conspiring against him, that the Archbishop had invited Thornden, his suffragan, to his own table.

Shortly after the thorough establishment of the Church of England, these suffragan, or rather assistant, bishops, were discontinued. Cardinal Pole had a patent from Philip and Mary to retain one hundred servants, hence we may judge that, in his hands, the magnificence and hospitality of Lambeth Palace did not degenerate much.

The dining-hall, which was one of the largest and most elegant of its day, has been turned into a library, and contains some thirty-five or forty thousand volumes. This library had its origin with Archbishop Bancroft, who dying in 1610, left it to "his successors, the Archbishops of Canterbury, forever, a great and famous library of books of divinity, and of many other sorts of learning." In the chapel of the palace, which was erected in the twelfth century, sleeps the dust of a number of the early Archbishops, and at the western extremity of the same, is the infamous Lollard's Tower.

The place in which so many were cruelly incarcerated in the miscalled "good old days of yore," is a small room, wainscoted

with oak, on which are still to be seen the names of some who suffered here. As I gazed at the large rusty iron rings in the walls, to which the Lollards and others were fastened, I could not but thank God for living in the nineteenth century! Could we but know the separate history of the men whose handwriting is on the walls of this prison, what glorious revelations might be brought to light, of faith, patience, and long-suffering!

Hampton Court is about twelve miles from London, and situated in one of the most delightful spots in the kingdom. On our way to this old palace—once the home of royalty, now of decayed aristocracy—we passed the houses in which Thomson, Pope, Gay, and Cowley, lived and sung.

We no longer wonder that these poets should have so much of nature in their songs, for here she clothes herself in her most attractive garb. Here, indeed, she is adorned with loveliness beyond comparison.

“Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towers, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.”

Hampton Court is now one of the many resorts for the London public, for whom its doors, parks, and gardens have been thrown open. In it on every day of the week, except Friday, may be seen thousands of visitors from London, and the surrounding cities and villages. To this place, come lovers, of course, and brothers and sisters, and whole families, down to the “baby in arms.”

“Forth from the crowded city’s dust and noise,
Wander abroad to taste pure nature’s joys;
To laugh, and sport, and spend the livelong day
In harmless merriment and jocund play.”

Of all the houses in England, Hampton Court is the richest in plans of shame, crime, and bloodshed. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey, the prime-minister of Henry VIII., who rose from obscurity to be the owner of a palace more gorgeous than that of his king. Wolsey, however, did not enjoy it as his own for many days; his style of living, and magnificence of state, created much envy on the part of the nobility, and Henry himself grew jealous that a subject should have a nobler palace than his king. In 1526, Wolsey, feeling the pressure of circumstances, surrendered the whole to—his master. After it became the home of Henry, one building after another was added to it, “until it became more like a city than a home.” Here Edward VI., was born, and his mother, Jane Seymour, died. In this palace, was held the famous conference between the Presbyterian and Established Church, which resulted in the present translation of the English Bible, James I. presiding; and in it, Charles I. spent many of his earlier and happier days, as well as some of his latest and most anxious.

William III. made this his ordinary residence, and to him it owes much of its present attractiveness. It was in the beautiful park to the west of the court, where he received his fatal injury, his horse falling under him.

In this place, Queen Anne kept her court for some time. Pope has immortalized her name and fame, in the following lines:

“Here thou, great Anne! whom three great realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk, th’ instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last :

One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word, a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that."

The palace is divided into three courts; namely, the outer court, which is one hundred and sixty-seven feet by one hundred and sixty-one feet; the Clock Court, which is one hundred and thirty-three feet by ninety-two feet; and the Fountain Court, which was built by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, and in which are the state-rooms, is about one hundred and ten feet by one hundred and seven. The whole building is of red brick, with cut-stone trimming. The west front is called one of the finest specimens of the Tudor architecture extant. In the main state-room, which is gorgeously decorated, and which is open for public inspection, are a number of pictures, by masters of all schools, from the days of Raphael and Holbein, to the commencement of the present century. Having taken a hurried glance at the king's presence-chamber, audience-chamber, drawing-room, bed rooms, and many others too numerous to mention, we passed out to the great eastern front, where the prospect is singularly imposing. In the distance is Bushy Park, abounding with deer, and skirted by beautiful chestnut trees. To the right, is a broad terrace, bounded by velvet lawns, with here and there a knot of the gayest flowers; the view terminating on each side in a group of fine old English yews.

At the south-west corner, is the entrance to the private garden, with its raised terraces, formal flower-beds, and long

arcades. Here, too, is the celebrated grape vine—the largest in the world. It is a black Hamburg grape, and bears annually over *half a ton's weight* of delicious fruit. As a whole, Hampton Court is without comparison; its royal park, consisting of over a thousand acres, through which runs one of the most superb avenues of limes and chestnuts in the world; its gardens and parks are beautiful—the whole a national monument much in keeping with the good sense of the English people



XXIII.

OXFORD.

Fair city, wherein they make
So many learned imps, that shoote abroad,
And with their branches spread all Brittany.—*Spenser.*



OXFORD, the seat of classical learning, of lofty spires, pinnacles, and Gothic towers, is situated in the midst of a group of grand old trees, on the bank of the Isis. As you approach the place, the whole city lies out before you—its numerous steeples and domes giving it a grandeur of appearance extremely rare. The houses are of stone and well finished;

colleges are to be met with on almost every street, with their high walls, venerable and warlike. He who could ramble through these quadrangles of ancient masonry, without emotions strong and moving, is beyond hope. No one at all susceptible of feeling, can think of the men, who once walked these streets, and were drilled within these crumbling walls,

without being deeply impressed with the character of the place. Here were schooled men whose names stand highest on the roll of fame; men who achieved some of the greatest deeds, made some of the most triumphant discoveries, and who have written some of the most important pages in the world's history. All Hail! thou *Alma Mater* of Wickliff, Wolsley, Raleigh, Blackstone, Hampden, Hooker, Taylor, Butler, Young, Johnson, South, Harvey, Peel, Whitefield and the Wesleys. In Oxford they have what no other city in the world can boast, *nineteen colleges* and *one university*. A month would not suffice for a description, and no pen can convey anything but a very faint idea of thoughts awakened, and emotions kindled, by a ramble among these glorious old literary haunts.

The University is a school for all the colleges, and its corporation is styled "the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford." Connected with, or more properly speaking, constituting the *university*, are the nineteen colleges, with various halls. Each college "is governed by a head elected for life, and called principal, president, master, warden, rector, provost or dean, and has its own statutes, though all the members are bound by the common rules of the university. The foundations of these colleges support five hundred and fifty-seven fellows, who correspond to the poor scholars of ancient times. Except at Wadham College, they have the option, if they remain unmarried, of retaining their fellowships for life, or receiving a church benefice. Until the passing of the reform act of 1854, they were not required to reside at their colleges. Some of the fellowships are of small value; others are comparatively munificent, though by the founders'

statutes they are expressly restricted to the poor: the possession of ten marks (about thirty-three dollars) was to vacate a fellowship at Brasenose. Fellows are generally chosen after receiving their bachelor's degree; they are the tutors of the college, and with the head the corporate proprietors. The government of the university was formerly exercised by the heads of the colleges, who formed what was called the board of heads. Under the new reform act, there are three legislative bodies; the hebdomadal council, consisting of the chancellor, vice-chancellor, six heads of colleges or halls, six professors of the university, and six members of convocation, having executive control, with the right of initiating new measures; the house of congregation, composed of all the principal officers of the university, heads of colleges and halls, professors and assistants, public examiners, and all resident members, having the power to grant degrees, graces and dispensations; and the house of convocation, consisting of the house of congregation, with the addition of all masters of arts in their first year, and persons who have been regents, but have retired from the university. The last is engaged only with the more important affairs. Statutes framed by the hebdomadal council, must be presented for approval to both the other boards. The professors are thirty-five in number, viz.: regius professor of divinity, pastoral theology, Hebrew, Greek, civil law, medicine, ecclesiastical history, Lady Margaret's professor of divinity, Saville's of astronomy, Saville's of geometry, Camden's of history, Land's of Arabic, Lord Almonsis of Arabic, Linaire of physiology, Viner's of common law, Lord Lichfield's of clinical medicine, Aldrich's of chemistry, Boden

of Sanscrit, Dean Ireland's of exegesis of Holy Scripture, the Radcliffe observer, and professors of botany, natural philosophy, experimental philosophy, mineralogy, geology, political economy, rural economy, Latin literature, logic, poetry, modern European languages, Anglo-Saxon and music. Attendance on their lectures however, is not compulsory, and in point of fact, the entire education of the students has been transferred from the university to the separate colleges. In these the fellows act as tutors, each one giving instruction in the whole curriculum of study. The result of this system has been the practical annihilation of the university proper, and the lowering of the standard of education to the level of the tutors, who are generally young, holding fellowships only until some better opening in life presents itself. Students are consequently obliged to resort to the aid of private tutors. The students are compelled to connect themselves with and reside in some college or hall. By the act of 1854, any master of arts was entitled to open a private hall, under regulations made by the university; but this measure has proved inoperative. There are four terms, viz: Michaelmas, from October 10th to December 17th; Hilary, from Jan. 14th to the day before Palm Sunday; Easter, from the tenth day after Easter to the day before Whitsunday; and Trinity, from the Wednesday after Whitsunday, to the Saturday after the first Tuesday in July. Before proceeding to the examination for the degree of B. A., a student must have kept sixteen terms, unless he be a member of the peerage, or the eldest son of a baronet. Practically, however, terms are so reckoned that not more than three years' residence is required of anybody. Three public examinations have to

be passed before obtaining the degree B. A., and those who have distinguished themselves are distributed into four classes, under the four great divisions of *literæ humaniores*, *discipline mathematicæ et physicæ*, *scientiæ naturales*, and *jurisprudentia et historia moderna.*"

The University College, par excellence, is supposed to have been founded by Alfred the Great. It is, like all the others, quadrangular in form, reminding one somewhat of an old prison or insane asylum. Over the principal gateway towers the belfry, which holds the great bell, the pride of the University, called "Great Tom of Oxford," seventeen thousand pounds in weight, besides the clapper, which is three hundred and forty two pounds more. Tom's tolling calls all the scholars of the university to their respective colleges at 9 o'clock every night. The kitchen and dining hall connected with the university are said to be the largest in Britain; they are complete in all their arrangements, and in themselves an index to the Englishman's life, a good share of which is spent in devouring beef, mutton and plum pudding!

In the building where all the public acts of the university are celebrated, is the Bodleian library, it contains over four hundred thousand volumes, and seventy thousand manuscripts; in it has been placed a copy of every book published in the British empire for the last century. What a place! the very atmosphere seemed filled with the voices of the past. Truly there is much truth in Solomon's words, "of making many books there is no end;" and why should there be?

The Radcliff Library is on a magnificent scale, and from the base of its dome, is to be had one of the finest views of Oxford

city and its surroundings. No visitor should fail to take this view; it will more than doubly pay him for the cost and trouble of ascending. The library consists wholly of medical works and natural history. The printing house is one of the greatest in the kingdom, and is one of the three houses in England, which are alone allowed to print the Bible.

The chief thoroughfare of the city is High street, said to be one of the finest in the kingdom, and not without some truth. It is literally lined with churches and colleges. Here is St. Mary's church, a substantial, dingy, out of date old building. In it the university sermons are still delivered. It was from this church that John and Charles Wesley were excluded—because they preached justification by faith. It was God's will that they should be cast out of it, for they never could have accomplished anything in it. The world was Wesley's field, not Oxford nor the English church!

In Oxford there is one spot more sacred to me than all the others—the place where Cramner, Latimer and Ridley were burned. This hallowed ground is just in the rear of Baliol College, and on it, a beautiful monument has been erected to their memory. It is composed of yellow sandstone, seventy-three feet high, and spiral in form. The work is of the first order, an appropriate tribute of reverence to the noble heroes it is designed to commemorate. As I stood gazing upon it, I thought of Cranmer's heroic words, "So long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his known truth; God's will be done in me." Here it was he offered up the following prayer: "O heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a profes-

sor of the truth, even unto death. I beseech thee, O Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies." Here, too, Latimer, another martyr for the truth uttered the prophecy—"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust will never be put out." And so it has come to pass; the candle there lighted has been burning ever since, and we hope in God, may continue to burn, until the last vestige of Romish idolatry and priestcraft shall be done away.

"Rome thundered death: but Ridley's dauntless eye
Stared in Death's face and scorned Death standing by;
In spite of Rome, for England's faith he stood,
And in the flames, he sealed it with his blood."





English Cottage.

XXIV.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

Aye, there in truth they are, the quiet homes,
And hallow'd birthspots of the English race.—*Elbert.*



ENGLAND, mother England! What shall be said about thee, that is not already said. Thy broad acres, taking in an area of fifty-eight thousand square miles, rich in produce, and mineral wealth. Thy noble hills, and majestic mountains, lifting their heads up four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Thy valleys, filled with fields of living green, and dotted with groups of noble trees—old foresters that have passed through a thousand summers. Thy lakes and rivers, few in number, yet far-famed in song. As a whole, thy wide meadows, well-cultivated

fields, smooth roads, cozy villas, neat cottages, with their usual adornment—shade and fruit trees, inviting to rest and refreshment; humble antique churches, lofty elms and well-cut hedges—rows, is a picture not soon to be forgotten.

“Britannia! happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns, superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific, add, and stately ships
Innumeros.”

The climate of England is not so subject to sudden changes as our American. The annual temperature of the southern coast is about fifty-two degrees, and at Greenwich about forty.

The principal crops are wheat, oats, beans, barley, rye, turnips, potatoes, clover, hops, and flax. Intelligence has done much in promoting the productions of the soil. Of late years, much attention has been given to draining, and the means of accomplishing this in the most efficient manner.

Some attention has been bestowed upon agricultural implements and improvements; yet the value of new and improved tools is not generally appreciated by a majority of the farmers; in this respect they are far behind their American brethren. In confirmation of this assertion, I give the words of Mr. Willard, who recently visited England for the sole purpose of observation in this field. He says .

“When in England, going among the farms, I visited an intelligent and extensive farmer, having many acres of wheat, which the continued wet weather had spoiled. We walked through a field where a great force of workmen were employed in opening the sheaves to get them dry. This had been done

over and over again; but each time before they could be made ready for the stack, the rain would come, wetting them again, and now the wheat was sprouted. I said to him, it made me sad to see such a waste of grain, in a country where there were so many poor and needy people that required it, and that thousands of acres of wheat in Great Britain could have been saved this year by the adoption of a little Yankee contrivance, called the 'Hay Cap,' and then I explained its construction and use. 'Oh!' said he, 'that suggestion, a few weeks ago, would have saved me hundreds of pounds, and I shall adopt it at once; but why could you not have told our English farmers of this through the papers, in time to have spared us this great calamity? You see he blamed me for not anticipating his bad luck and want of knowledge. And so it often is at home. Men cannot see what a simple suggestion is sometimes worth, until too late. This is one reason why progress is slow.'

The farms in general throughout England are small, and by the majority only *rented*. This doubtless is one of the causes why the capabilities of the soil are not more thoroughly developed.

England is rich in resources. In her coal fields are hidden vast stores of wealth, and among the coal producing countries, she stands first on the list in Europe.

Among the chief articles of Britain's exports are the following: cotton, wool, silk, linen, hardware, machinery, copper, brass, lead, tin, spirits, beer, butter, cheese, leather, plate, watches, silver, gold and books. England has done much for herself; her commerce and wealth eclipses that of Alexandria and Tyre. She has extended her domain over continents, and

reared an empire greater than that of old Rome. By her onward march, civilization has been advanced throughout the world.

The parliamentary returns for last year, give a statement of the quality and quantity of books printed in and exported from Great Britain, and the increase in each ten years, commencing with 1858. The books exported from the United Kingdom in 1858, amounted to over twenty-seven thousand hundred weight. During 1868, they had increased to almost sixty-two thousand hundred weight, and the value during the same period rose from three hundred and ninety thousand dollars, to over six hundred and eighty-four thousand. Of these amounts, the United States took the largest portion, next Australia and Egypt.

An interesting parliamentary paper has been published, showing that the estimated population of England, at the middle of the year 1868, was about *twenty-one and a half millions*, for Scotland about *three and one half millions*, and for Ireland *five and a half millions*; the total estimate for the United Kingdom being over *thirty millions*. The returns also show the amount of revenue derived from taxation, in the two years ending December 1867. In 1866, the total for England was about two hundred and sixty-nine million dollars; in 1867, about one million less; the aggregate for two years amounts to five hundred and thirty-five million dollars. Taking the above figures as a basis, a calculation has been made of the number of representatives, which each division of the United Kingdom would have, if the *six hundred and fifty-eight* members of the House were proportionately allotted; England would have *four hundred*

and sixty-nine representatives, Scotland, *ninety-three*, and Ireland *one hundred and twenty*. At present, England has *five hundred* members, Scotland *fifty-three*, and Ireland *one hundred and five*.

The people of England may be divided into *three classes*, which are as follows: the *aristocracy*, the *middlemen*, and the *poor*. The first class live upon the second, and the second upon the third; consequently the rich are becoming richer, and the poor poorer. The *aristocracy*, or *first class*, is composed of six orders of nobility—dukes, viscounts, marquises, earls, and bishops, who are spiritual lords, possessing all the rights and privileges of peers.

The roll of "the Lords Spiritual and Temporal," for the first session of the twentieth Parliament, contains a list of *four hundred and seventy peers* in all, including the English Bench of Bishops, and the four Irish representative prelates, the twenty-eight Irish representative temporal peers, who at present, it appears, are only fifteen. The first in order, is the Prince of Wales, who sits, however, as the Duke of Cornwall. Next come other members of the royal family; next according to the custom dating back to the middle ages, follow the highest dignitaries of the church, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then follow the peers who are members of the ministry; then the dukes, twenty in number, headed by the Roman Catholic Duke of Norfolk; then the one hundred and twenty-seven earls; the thirty viscounts; the bench of bishops, twenty-nine in number; and finally the two hundred and thirty-four barons. The later, it will be seen, constitute almost exactly one half of the whole body of Peers. The general idea is, that most of these noblemen are of very ancient descent; but it is

stated that the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and of Derby, are the only direct male representatives in the three highest grades of the peerage, of titles conferred prior to the reign of Henry VIII.

“What a dull world this would be, if men were not allowed to see things by a light of their own! Here are two gentlemen, each of whom, we fancy, knows more about English history than nine in every ten persons you meet at your club, or in your friend’s house, so strangely denying their own knowledge, as to make sport, not merely for the literary Philistines, but for grocers’ boys and ladies’ maids. Lord Lindsay, ‘a man of letters as well as an aristocrat,’ replies to the impeachment of his order—flinging away in a fashion to remind warriors of Don Quixote, and logicians of Lord Peter. He mistakes wind-mills for giants, and swears the brown loaf is good mutton. Mr. Bright makes observation on the genius of an hereditary peerage, concluding with peremptory emphasis, that such a peerage cannot forever exist in a free country. What does Lord Lindsay answer? ‘Look at history,’ he cries, ‘and you will there find that the institution you decry has been the salvation of England. Who does your work—fight your battles—write your books—guide you in storm and darkness?’ And holding the mirror to the past, he bids the immortal shapes rise up with their crowns upon them, to rebuke ignorance, silence impeachment. A fine array of names, no doubt; but wind-mills, not giants; though the crusade is against giants, *not* against windmills. Of the great dead, under whose shield Lord Lindsay would place the peerage, not one was born a peer, not one would have become a peer in the course of direct

• succession. Only two—Russell and Wellington—were sons of peers. Some of the rest were very humbly born. Latimer was the son of a poor yeoman; the Bacons were small squires in Suffolk, the Raleighs in Devon. Blake's father was a merchant, Cromwell's a malster. Neither the Hampdens, nor the Churchills were noble, nor were the Riddleys. Nelson's father was a poor parson. Lord Peter swears that not only was the brown loaves mutton, seven year old south down, sir! old families, sir! the noble old aristocratic blood, sir! the families, sir, that fight, and write, and rule the country sir! Yet all this while, apart from controversy, no one knows better than Lord Lindsay, that even had his illustrious dead, each descended from long lines of Norman earls instead of from yeomen, parsons, barristers and squires, his list would prove just nothing. A dozen cases, with no exception, might justify a rough kind of theory. A dozen cases, with a dozen exceptions, go to the wall. To prove anything, he must prove everything. Yet some of the very greatest are left blank. Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Johnson, Burke and Watt, stand in the very foremost rank of Englishmen—stand in mass long before those named by Lord Lindsay. These men are England. Yet who can name the great-grandfather of any one of these? Their fathers' names are scarcely known, their mothers' not always. Shakspeare's father was a butcher; Milton's, a scrivener; Newton's, a squireen; Johnson's, a bookseller; Burke's, an attorney, and Watts', a ship-chandler. Of the antecedents of these men, we know as little as of the foundations of Snowdon, Helvellyn, or the Surrey hills." These titled nobility are a privileged class, in more respects than one. Among a few of their advantages,

are the following: 1, they cannot be arrested for debt. 2, they can be tried for crime and misdemeanors only by their peers, who give their verdict not on oath, but on their honor. 3, exemption from scandal by law, subjecting their defamers to an arbitrary fine and imprisonment. 4, Peers may sit in a court of justice with heads uncovered.

The fact is inevitable, that the House of Lords must soon come to an end, like all other relics of Barbarism. During the passage of the Irish Church Bill, they ripened their own destruction! For years they have only been an uncomfortable encumbrance upon the nation—retarding the onward march of civilization. And how the people have borne with them so long, is indeed a mystery. Some have assigned as a reason for such patience, the supposed balance of a mixed constitution. The advocates of this condition of things say: “There is something pretty in the idea of a triple bond of union, and it must be always two to one in favor of good, and against mischief; that if the king or queen went wrong, the lords and the commons must be both on the same side; and so if the Lords went wrong, the king and commons would go together; or if the commons went wrong the king and lords would take to the other scale, and sway it till the balance became even.” It seems never to have occurred to these theorists, that two of these parties might be in the wrong together, or what, for the nation’s peace, would be the same thing, the people might differ, and predominate by greater force of numbers, wealth, or strength; and so the result be no balance at all. But it is in vain to talk of balances, unless the quantities be even. When the king gave up his revenues for a fixed salary,

he lost even the shadow of independence, and became a stipendiary of the people. When the principal of election was established, and that of nomination destroyed, the predominance of the lords was gone, and the first House of Commons absorbed the power, both of the crown and the lords; nor should it be said that this state of things was brought about by any set of men; the feeling of the people was too strong for them. Had they not yielded, the struggle would have continued, and the end would have been as terrible as the conflict had been vigorous. And now the people, through the commons, have power, which, whenever they choose to exert it, not only cannot be resisted, but cannot be opposed.

The following is a list of the pensions and salaries of England's aristocracy. It has its lessons for all, and may be studied with profit: "The Duke of Cambridge receives a pension of sixty thousand dollars a year! His pay and perquisites are probably double this amount. The Prince and Princess of Wales have an allowance of two hundred and fifty thousand, and about as much more in income. Prince Alfred has seventy-five thousand, and his pay besides. The Princess Royal has forty thousand, to spend in Prussia for pocket money. But the royal pensions are almost a matter of course; there are others more surprising, and some even astonishing. A man who has ever been, even for a few months, Lord Chancellor or Judge, has a very nice income for life. No need to make hay while the sun shines. And this rule applies to all public officers, down to the policemen and letter carriers. Thus Viscount Avonmore has a pension, paid out of the price of men's beer and tobacco, of twenty-one thousand in gold; Lord Cairns, twenty-

five thousand ; Lord Chelmsford, twenty-five thousand ; Lord Colonsay, twenty thousand ; Lord Westbury, twenty thousand. These are a few cases. It is a curious fact that while Lord Carns gets a pension of twenty-five thousand a year for life, Mr. Disraeli, the Prime Minister, who appointed him, gets only ten thousand dollars. There are other abuses or burdens on the tax paying public more remarkable. The late officers of an abolished sham, an ecclesiastical court, get nearly half a million of dollars a year ; the inland revenue pensions are half a million ; post office, about four hundred thousand ; civil list, one hundred thousand. The heirs of Nelson have a pension of fifteen thousand ; of Wellington, twenty thousand ; Duke of Marlborough, twenty thousand ; heirs of William Penn, twenty thousand. One Rev. Thomas Thurloe, has a compensation allowance of sixty thousand a year, (I should like to know for what.) Our Congress refused the widow of an assassinated President, five thousand a year.

Salaries are not so high in proportion as pensions. The places in the Royal household, honorable sinecures, are a sort of pension or reward for political services. These change with the changes of cabinets. Her majesty's steward, an earl, gets ten thousand a year ; the treasurer, who pays the market bills, or his clerk for him, fifteen thousand ; master of the household, Major Domo, five thousand ; keeper of the Privy Purse, a mythical matter, five thousand ; Queen's private secretary, who could not be trusted with the mythical purse or other functions, five thousand a year ; master of the house, twelve thousand ; master of the Buckhounds—there really are some of these though the Earl of Cork may never see them, eight thousand five hundred

dollars; groom of the robes—Major-General Seymour, who personally, or by deputy, attends to Her Majesty's royal petticoats—four thousand. These are only a few of them, for there are nearly a thousand men attached to the royal household, and paid for rendering some real—but mostly imaginary services, to Her Majesty. As usual, those who do most get least pay. The members of the Cabinet, for the most part, work for their money. The Lord Chancellor has the largest plum in the pudding—fifty thousand a year, and the pensions to follow. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Cardwell, Earls Clarendon and Granville and the Duke of Argyll, get the same as the President of the United States, twenty-five thousand dollars a year; Mr. Childers, twenty-two thousand five hundred; Mr. Fortescue, twenty thousand; Marquis of Harrington, twelve thousand five hundred; Earl de Grey, Earl Kimberly, Messrs. Bright and Goschen, ten thousand each.

What seems to be the hardest thing in England, is the small pay given to many who work very hard, and the great sums squandered on idlers. There are scores of persons in the pay of the Foreign Office, at high salaries, who have not done a day's service in twenty years. One man, who has received two hundred and seventy thousand dollars, has not been consulted since 1854; another, who has lived in absolute idleness for forty-four years, has received over one hundred and fifty thousand. There are numerous cases of this kind. A man, ever so clever and useful, is set aside by some Foreign Secretary, perhaps for a relative or favorite of his own, and goes upon the retired list when thirty years old, and lives till eighty, receiving from five thousand to ten thousand a year to live where he

likes—fifty years enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* at the expense of people who work very hard, and starve a little at times to pay their rates and taxes.”

Aristocracy costs something, and we do not at all wonder that any attempt to break it down or weaken it, should be met with strong resistance. Yet it must give way before enlightened public sentiment; the *people* have borne with it until “patience has ceased to be a virtue”—it must be overthrown.

With *true* aristocracy, the *people* of England find no fault; but this list of pensioned paupers and salaried ex-officials, is enough to exasperate any people; and of all of Britain’s grievances, this, though not the least, is the most openly obnoxious, to her over-burdened people.

The *middlemen*, or *second class*, embrace all orders and divisions, from the aristocrat down to the day laborer, who works with his hands for bread. In this class there is more true worth and happiness than in the upper, or lower. They are the stay of society; being removed from the wants and the waywardness of the lower class, and, at the same time, from the wastefulness and imaginary wants of the higher. They are free from many of the temptations of the lower class, and also from the follies of the upper. Theirs is the happy medium. As a whole they are more sincere, more candid, more temperate, more moral and more affectionate than the first. Their situation is one of safety; they have little to complain of, when compared with the lower class—and about them I have already said enough.

In the *third class*, which takes in about one-tenth of the people, we include all the poor, from the small farmer and factory girl, down to the **BEGGAR BY THE WAYSIDE.**

The condition of this class is most wretched; and it is far from being true, that the English peasantry are the "happiest peasantry in the world." During the year 1867, the income of England amounted to over three billion dollars, and of this amount the first and second classes received over two billions, and the third about one. In other words, seventeen millions of the people of England received on an average the sum of about seventy-five dollars per year, or *less than twenty-five cents per day!*

In looking at these figures, who can help falling in with the assertion made recently by Mr. Norton, in the *North American Review*, that "a large majority of the inhabitants are poor—poor not merely relatively, but positively. The great pyramid of English wealth rests on a wide base of poverty and pauperism."

Well may it be said of the boasted happiness of England's poor :

"Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?"

There is but one step between the laborer and the poor house; and this is not only true in reference to the agricultural laborers, it is the condition of the poor in towns and cities. In Devonshire, one of the richest shires in England, "the average wages paid to the laborers, who till the soil of that garden of England, is under eight shillings a week! Tens of thousands of

heads of families are there toiling for a shilling or fourteen pence a day each, which, supposing them to have a wife and three children, will not be more than eighteen pence a head;—less by six pence, than is allowed for the subsistence of a pauper in the Manchester workhouse, nay, less than is paid for the food and clothing of the criminals confined in Bailey prison! Such are the peasantry of beautiful Devonshire. Truly may it be said of that country, God created a paradise, and man has surrounded it with an atmosphere of misery, and peopled it with the wretched victims of selfish legislation.” Now, what is the *cause* of so much distress and wretchedness? Does it arise from the relation existing between the employer and employed? It may be said, that this in part is one of the causes—although by no means the greatest. The spirit of vassalage, or modified serfdom, has not entirely passed away from England. The master still looks upon his servant as his slave and inferior; and the servant looks to his master and lord with servile reverence. The theory of simple contract, of equal bargain and of independent arrangement between the parties—the employer and the employed—is not popular with the upper classes, nor is it fully believed in, as yet, by the poor.

The fundamental principles of just government, “that every man is as good and as free as his neighbor, as entitled to think for himself, as qualified to act for himself, as competent to distinguish and take care of his own interests,” is still looked upon as being absurd and wild. Englishmen do not like to believe that in the eyes of the law there is no difference between man and man. They can see nothing to admire in a government where every man, as man, is equal to his fellow, irrespective of

wealth or name. A poor porter, by the name of Russel, expressed the true idea, being asked by a gentleman, jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honor," said the porter, "I believe they are much alike; but there is a great difference between our *coats*." This is the correct theory; if men differ at all as men, it is the *coat* which makes the difference. Honors or dishonors, wealth or poverty, "A man's a man for a' that, for a' that."

The English of the aristocratic type have a remarkable attachment for old things, and a terrible dread of new. They do not admire our democratic institutions and customs, our independence of thought and feeling. M. de Tocqueville, in writing on America says, "I never saw a man in the United States who reminds me of that class of confidential and attached servants of whom we retain a reminiscence in Europe. The Americans are not only unacquainted with this kind of man, but it is hardly possible to make them understand that such ever did exist. It is scarcely less difficult for them to conceive it, than for us to form a correct notion of what a slave was among the Romans, or a serf in the middle ages. In democracies, servants are not only equal among themselves, but they are in some sort the equals of their masters. Why then has the former a right to command, and what compels the latter to obey? the free and temporal consent of both their wills. Neither of them is by nature inferior to the other; he only becomes so for a time by covenant. Within the terms of this covenant, and during its continuance, the one is a servant, the other is a master; beyond it, they are two citizens of the com-

monwealth—two men. The precise limits of authority and obedience are as clearly settled in the mind of the one as the other. The master holds the contract of service to be the only source of his power, and the servant regards it as the only cause of his obedience. On their part, masters require nothing of their servants but the faithful and rigorous performance of the covenant; they do not ask for marks of respect; they do not claim their love or devoted attachment; it is enough that as servants they are exact and honest.” This is true; and why should it be otherwise? Who would have it exchanged? Who but those who sigh for the days of the past; the days that have passed never more to return—the servile age of body and mind.

“ God gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation; but man over man
 He made not lord; such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.”

Illustrative of the American feeling of *equality*, a good story is told by *Johnson*, in his notes on *North America*. “At Boston, I was told of a gentleman in the neighborhood who having engaged a farm servant, found him very satisfactory in all respects, except that he invariably came into his master’s room with his hat on. ‘John,’ said he to him one day, ‘you always keep your hat on when you come into the room.’ ‘Well sir, haven’t I a right to?’ ‘Yes, I suppose you have.’ ‘Well, if I have a right to, why shouldn’t I?’ This was a poser from one man to another, where all have equal rights. So after a moment’s reflection, the gentleman asked, ‘Now, John, what will you take

—how much more wages will you ask, to take off your hat when you come in?’ ‘Well, that requires consideration, I guess.’ Take the thing into consideration, then, and tell me to-morrow morning.’ The morrow comes. ‘Well, John, have you considered what additional wages you are to have for taking off your hat?’ ‘Well, sir, I guess it’s worth a dollar a month.’ ‘It’s settled then, John, you shall have another dollar a month;’ and the gentleman retained a good servant, while John’s hat was always in his hand when he entered the house in future.” John was right; it was worth something to take off his hat every time he came into the presence of his master, and a dollar a month was little enough. If a man takes off his hat to a *man*, he ought to be paid for it! But in England the servant is willing to carry his hat in hand, all the live-long day, if by so doing he may manage to keep on the right side of his lord and master, and this too, without the slightest compensation. Now such crouching and submission is beneath the true man; it feeds the pride of him who thinks himself superior to his fellows, debases manhood, and should be spurned by all who love justice, equality and good government.

The state of society, in England, is *one* cause of the misery and destitution which exists among her poor. For ages they have been suffering under the cruel hand of unjust laws. Their substance has been made meagre by restriction, their industry has been cramped by legislative shackles, and their vigor has been sapped by first hampering, and then protecting them, by first rendering it impossible for them to support themselves, and then engaging to support them at the cost of others; thus have they been made dependent and helpless as children!

England's poor have a claim upon England's rich, to be supported and cared for, which is based upon those enactments which have incapacitated them from supporting themselves. "A people to whom suitable instruction had given the full possession of their natural capacities, and who were left free to exercise their industry in the manner they deemed most profitable, would have no shadow of a title to maintenance out of the industry of others. But the consequences of injustice are awful, and haunt the steps of the perpetrator everlastingly. The moment you wrong a man, you become his debtor. The moment you rob a man, you give him a perpetual mortgage over all your possessions. The moment you tie a man's hands and feet, you bind yourself to work for him, and walk for him. The moment you deprive a man of freedom, you become, in the eye of morality, his slave." This is now the position of the landed proprietors and capitalists of England. By their unrighteous hold upon the lands and commerce of the nation, they have brought upon themselves the duty of caring for over half a million paupers!

True, there are other causes, besides unrighteous legislation and caste, for the miserable condition of England's poor. It is said by the rich that they are *improvident*, they do not *economize*, for if they did their circumstances would be comfortable. This doubtless, to an extent is true, but as an excuse for the poverty of the poor it is more specious than solid, and its feebleness may be readily seen by the following drama:

FIRST SCENE—*Rich man seated in an easy chair; by him stands a poor man in supplicating attitude.*

Rich man: Ahem! very sorry, my friend, that I can do noth-

ing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—*economize!*

Poor man: But when a man has nothing—

Rich man: Nonsense! Under certain circumstances, a man *must* know how to save.

SECOND SCENE—*The rich man drowning in a pond: The poor man calmly regarding him from the shore.*

Poor man: Sorry, my friend, that I can do nothing for you, but I can give you a word of good advice—*swim!*

Rich man: (choking) But—but—but—wh—when a man can't swim!

Poor man: Nonsense! Under certain circumstances a man *must* know how to swim.

Now while I do not say that legislation and society are the *sole cause* of the poverty of the poor, yet I do believe them to be the stepping stones to it.

“They are not as prudent as they might be;” this is too true. But what is the cause of it? “They are indolent,” acknowledged. But what robbed them of their energy? What is the tendency of slavery everywhere? What but to render labor disreputable. They are imprudent, indolent, immoral, and who is to blame?

Not long ago, a poor, half-starved laborer, on his way home from his daily toil, to his famishing family, yielded to the temptation of securing something good for supper, for once, by killing a hare that chanced to cross his path. The fact reached his master's ears; he was seized by the strong hand of the law, tried and found guilty. He was sentenced to imprisonment in Gweftham goal, for three months, and to be sent back for six

months, at the end of that time, unless he found surety for good behavior during twelve months longer. He had a wife and child, who entirely depended on his slender earnings. The wife, during his confinement was taken sick; and in her utter destitution—money, food, coal, all were wanting—she was forced to apply to the parish authorities for help; but the application was ineffectual, or the response came too late; she died, leaving her child, of three years, to the *tender mercy* of those who incarcerated her husband, robbed her of bread, and drove her into the grave. Who was to blame? Who?

“I would not enter on my list of friends,
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm,
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path;
 But he that has humanity, forwarned,
 Will tread aside and let the reptile live.”

Intemperance is one of the greatest sources of *poverty* and *crime* among the English poor. This has become the heaviest tax of the laboring class—their worst enemy. In proof of this, we have the testimony of some of her foremost men.

The Hon. Charles Buxton of London, says, “It is intoxication that fills our jails. It is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums. It is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England.”

The *Westminster Review* says, “Drunkenness is the curse of

England, a curse so great, that it far eclipses every other calamity under which we suffer. It is impossible to exaggerate the evils of drunkenness."

Judge Patterson, of Norwich, England, addressing a grand jury said: "If it were not for this drinking, you and I would have nothing to do."

Mr. Wakely, Coroner of Liverpool, said, "Gin may be thought the best friend I have; it causes me to hold annually *one thousand* more inquests than I should otherwise hold. But besides these, I have reason to believe that from *ten to fifteen thousand* persons die in this metropolis annually, from the effects of gin-drinking, upon whom no inquests are held. Since I have been coroner, I have seen so many murders by poison, by drowning, by hanging, by cutting the throat in consequence of drinking ardent spirits, that I am astonished that the legislature does not interfere. I am confident they will, before long, be obliged to interfere with the sale of liquors containing alcohol."

We often hear of the heavy *taxes* which the people of England have to bear: "*Taxes* upon everything that enters the mouth, covers the back, or is placed under the feet; *taxes* upon everything that is pleasant to see, hear, feel, taste, or smell; *taxes* upon warmth, light, and locomotion; *taxes* upon everything on the earth, in the waters under the earth—upon everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; *taxes* upon the raw material, and upon every value that is added to it by the ingenuity and industry of man; *taxes* upon the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and on the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine that decorates the judge,

and on the rope that hangs the criminal—on the brass nails of the coffin, and on the ribands of the bride—at bed or at board—couchant, or levant—we must pay. The school-boy *whips* his *taxed* top; the beardless youth manages his *taxed* horse by a *taxed* bridle on a *taxed* road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon which has paid *thirty* per cent., throws himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid *twenty-two* per cent., and, having made his will, the seals of which are also *taxed*, he expires in the arms of his apothecary, who has paid £100 for the privilege of hastening his death. His whole property is then *taxed* from two to ten per cent., and besides the expenses of probate, he pays large fees for being buried in the chancel, and his virtues are handed down to posterity on *taxed* marble. After all which he may be gathered to his fathers to be *taxed*—no more.” Now this is bad enough. But of all the taxes which the laboring class in England are called to bear, the *self-imposed tax* of *tobacco, beer, porter* and *spirits* is the heaviest.

Dr. Lees, of London, speaking of the loss sustained by England in consequence of the drinking system, says: “£100,000,000, which is now annually wasted, is a sum as great as was spent in seven years upon all the railways of the kingdom—in the very heyday of railway projects; a sum so vast, that if saved annually for seven years, would blot out the national debt!” Another writer says, “that in the year 1865 *thirty-one million dollars*, or a *tenth part* of the whole national revenue, was required to support her paupers.” Who wonders that such a state of affairs should be the cause of much alarm?

In the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in 1867, there were destroyed in the manufacture of beer and spirits about *fifty-three million* bushels of grain. For the sale of beer and spirits there are more than *one hundred and fifty thousand public houses*, which, on an average of a frontage of ten yards, would form a row of houses upwards of *eight hundred and fifty miles long*, or one continuous street extending from Edinburgh to London. In addition to the money spent on the drink there is also the cost of the crime, pauperism, and disease, with the loss of time, property and life, which, estimated at fully *fifty million* more, and added to the above, makes a total cost of *one hundred and fifty million* sterling, to gratify the national love for drink.

Now look at what this traffic does for the United Kingdom yearly :

It makes *one and a half million paupers*, or one in twenty of the entire population.

It created *six hundred thousand drunkards*; each one a source of sorrow and annoyance, both to his family and community.

It is the cause of more than *sixty thousand* murders.

It sends to the lunatic asylum over *forty-three thousand* men and women.

It throws into an untimely grave more than *twenty-five thousand*.

It gives to the keeping of the nation *one hundred and forty thousand* criminals.

It sends out upon the charities of the world *fifty thousand* widows.

It consigns to the walls of the poor-house and orphan asylum *one hundred thousand* children.

This is but a part of the work which the traffic in *beer* and *spirits* is doing for Great Britain yearly.

“ O thou invisible spirit of wine,

If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.”

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND ROMANISM.

The Church of England is an establishment. The Queen is its head, and sustains about the same relation to it that the Pope does to the Church of Rome. By her royal authority all ecclesiastical conventions are convened, prorogued, regulated, restrained and dissolved. Though but three orders of clergy, bishops, priests and deacons, are essential to the Episcopal government in England, other officers have been gradually introduced ; such as archbishops, deans, prebendaries, minor canons, archdeacons and church-wardens, &c. The field is divided into two Episcopal provinces, Canterbury and York, with an archbishop in each. Next to the archbishops in rank stands the bishop of London. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the primate of all England. It is his prerogative to crown the Kings and Queens of the Realm, and to take rank next after the royal family. The King or Queen, as the head of the Church, appoints the archbishops and bishops, by what is called a *conge d'elire*, or *leave to elect*. The revenues of the church are immense. She holds in fee simple the right of property worth *one hundred and forty million dollars in gold*, the annual income of which goes to support the clergy. And yet not more than *half* the population of England and Wales is loyal to the Established Church, and but *forty per cent.* in

Scotland and *twelve* per cent. in Ireland. The Archbishop of Canterbury has a yearly income of \$100,000 ; the Archbishop of York \$60,000 ; the Bishop of London \$60,000 ; the Bishop of Durham \$48,000 ; the Bishop of Winchester \$48,000 ; the Bishop of Bath and Wells \$30,000 ; the Bishop of Carlisle \$26,500 ; the Bishop of Chester \$26,500. In St. Davids the Bishop receives \$26,500 ; in Ely \$33,000 ; in Gloucester \$30,000 ; in Litchfield \$26,000 ; in Lincoln \$30,000 ; in Norwich \$26,000 ; in Oxford \$30,000 ; in Peterborough \$26,000 ; in Ripon \$26,000 ; in Rochester \$30,000 ; in Salisbury \$30,000 ; in Worcester \$32,500. Now, while the dignified clergy have such immense salaries, it is a burning shame that many poor curates and vicars, who perform most of the labor, have not anything like a comfortable support. Not long ago the Archbishop of York made an address, in which he set forth the smallness of the incomes of many of the clergy in the diocese of Carlisle. He said : " In this diocese there are almost 500 parishes, yet no less than 175 of them provided their incumbents with incomes under £150 a year. Two of these incumbents have less than £40 per annum of income ; six have less than \$80 ; ten less than £90 ; fourteen less than £100 ; six less than £110 ; three less than £120 ; six less than £130 ; and three less than £120." By these statistics we see the unfairness of the system ; the clergy who do the work receive barely enough to live upon, while those who do but little and are seldom found in their parishes have incomes from *twenty to one hundred thousand dollars* per year.

In comparing the salaries with the amount of labor performed, we cannot but exclaim with the Prince of Conti :

“Alas! our good God is but very ill served for his money.” It is perfectly unaccountable how men could tolerate so long such a system of pious fraud and favoritism. Surely its days are numbered. It must come to an end.

The disendowment of the Irish Church was the entering wedge between the English Church and State. It is the current opinion of many to-day, even within her pale, that *dis-establishment* is not far in the distance. Indeed, the present controversy, which is going on between high and low churchmen, in reference to the teachings of the common prayer-book, is indicative of the coming struggle. And the anti-church feeling which has existed in England for years, has been augmenting rapidly since the passage of the Irish Church Bill.

A cry has been raised, about the ascendancy of popery, with the weakening of the Establishment. And fearing this, many quake and tremble. It is well known that if the prayer-book be remodeled, popish teachings being expunged, bringing it more into accordance with the principles of primitive Christianity, the high churchmen will go over to Romanism,—they would not have far to go!—which, instead of being a loss to the Protestant church, would be a great blessing. No one will dispute the fact that within the English Church to-day, there is a class of Ritualists, who are doing more to retard the onward march of Protestantism, than these same persons could do, did they belong to Rome by name as they now belong to her by deed. The wall between Ritualism and Romanism is very thin!

At an educational meeting in Liverpool, not long ago, the

Rev. Hugh McNeil told a story which shows the feeling which exists between Puseyism and Romanism: "A child was taken into one of the union work-houses, but its parents could not be found, no one could tell what religion it was of. A debate arose whether it should be entered as a Protestant or as a Roman Catholic. While they were debating, the priest came in, and on being informed of the difficulty, 'Why,' said he, 'split the difference, and enter it as a Puseyite.'"

A bill of divorcement is now being prepared for the English Church and State. They must be separated! So, too, must English Protestants and the common prayer-book. "The Church of England embraces within her bosom the widest possible varieties of opinion. She shelters, in fact, nearly every possible form of belief lying between the doctrine of the papal supremacy and the denial of the possibility of the miraculous, and between extreme Sacramentalism and the lowest churchmanship. She cannot help, therefore, being the subject of constant party struggles. Instead of alternately inserting passages to please opposite shades of opinion, she ought wholly to have abstained from attempting definition on points where she intended to be comprehensive. But she lacked the courage to pronounce certain dogmas indifferent, and to refuse to define them. And, indeed, at the time of the Reformation it was hardly possible that a church should have been based upon truly comprehensive principles. A wide interval separated such a church from the line of thought in which the reformers had been brought up. Though they had shaken themselves clear of the forms of the old faith, they were still animated by the spirit of scholasti-

cism. They had never been led to question the omnipotence of the syllogism for the discovery of truth. Natural science was then unborn. The limits of human intellect were undetermined. A critical knowledge of history was unthought of. The principles of toleration were yet in their cradle. To have refused to assume the appearance of attempting to embody in formal statements all credenda, whether within or beyond the limit of the human understanding, would have been viewed as little else than heresy. But such a mode of comprehension is no longer suited to the genius of the age, which requires that what was attempted in former times by inserting incongruous statements, to please different classes of opinion, should now be accomplished by a careful removal of every thing which clashes with the fundamental opinions of any whom the Church intends to comprehend. If she is to be a Protestant State Church, then a necessary condition of the union is, that neither the State nor the Church shall recognize the interpolation of the priest as between man and God. No state in a free land can with safety encourage a church whose priesthood claims to be a caste separated from the rest of mankind by the possession of exclusive power. Such an acknowledgment at once introduces an element into politics fatal to the supremacy of civil power, tending ever toward temporal anarchy and spiritual despotism."

The sooner the Protestants who are found within the pale of the English Church *come out from her* the better for themselves and the world. For ages she has been moving step after step Romeward, until now she stands knocking at the gate, waiting for an entrance.

On the alarming progress of Romanism in England I will give the opinion of one of her most wide-awake sons, Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. He says : " It is a most fearful fact that *in no age since the Reformation has Popery made such fearful strides in England as during the past few years.* I had comfortably believed that Popery was only feeding itself upon foreign subscriptions, upon a few titled perverts, and imported monks and nuns. I dreamed that its progress was not real. In fact, I have often smiled at the alarm of many of my brethren at the progress of Popery. But my dear friends, we have been mistaken, grievously mistaken. If you will read a valuable paper in the magazine called *Christian Work*, those of you who are not acquainted with it will be perfectly startled at its revelations. This great city (London) is now covered with a net work of monks, and priests, and Sisters of Mercy, and the conversions made are not by ones or twos, but by scores, till England is being regarded as the most hopeful spot for Romish missionary enterprise in the whole world ; and at the present moment there is not a mission which is succeeding to anything like the extent of the English mission. I covet not their money, I despise their sophistries, but I marvel at the way in which they gain their funds for the erection of their ecclesiastical buildings. It is an alarming matter to see so many of our countrymen going off to that superstition, which, as a nation, we once rejected, and which it was supposed we should never again receive. Popery is making advances such as you would never believe though a spectator should tell it to you. Close to your very doors, perhaps even in your own houses, you may have evidence ere

long of what a march Romanism is making. And to what is it to be ascribed? I say, with every ground of probability, that there is no marvel that Popery should increase when you have two things to make it grow; *first* of all, the falsehood of those who *profess a faith which they do not believe*, which is quite contrary to the honesty of the Romanist, who does through evil report and good report hold his faith; and then you have, *secondly*, this form of error known as *baptismal regeneration*, and commonly called Puseyism, which is not only Puseyism but Church-of-England-ism, *because it is in the Prayer-Book*, as plainly as words can express it. You have this baptismal regeneration preparing stepping-stones to make it easy for men to go to Rome. I have but to open my eyes a little to foresee Romanism rampant everywhere in the future, since its germs are spreading everywhere in the present. In one of our courts of legislature but last Tuesday, the Lord Chief-Justice showed his superstition, by speaking of the 'risk of the calamity of children dying unbaptized!' Among Dissenters you see a veneration for structures, a modified belief in the sacredness of places, which is all idolatry; for to believe in the sacredness of anything but of God and of His own Word, is to idolize, whether it is to believe in the sacredness of the men, the priests, or in the sacredness of the bricks and mortar, or of the fine linen, or what not, which you may use in the worship of God. I see this coming up everywhere, a belief in ceremony, a resting in ceremony, a veneration for altars, fonts, and churches; a veneration so profound that we must not venture upon a remark, or straightway of sinners we are chief. Here is the essence and soul of Popery,

peeping up under the garb of a decent respect for sacred things. It is impossible but that the Church of Rome must spread, when we who are the watch-dogs of the fold are silent, and others are gently and smoothly turving the road, and making it as soft and smooth as possible, that converts may travel down to the nethermost hell of Popery. We want John Knox back again. Do not talk to me of mild and gentle men, of soft manners and squeamish words, we want the fiery Knox, and even though his vehemence should 'ding our pulpits into blades,' it were well if he did but rouse our hearts to action. We want Luther to tell men the truth unmistakably, in homely phrase. The velvet has got into our ministers' mouths of late, but we must unrobe ourselves of soft raiment, and truth must be spoken, and nothing but truth; for of all lies which have dragged millions down to hell, I look upon this as being one of the most atrocious, that in a Protestant Church there should be found those who swear that baptism saves the soul. Call a man a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or a Dissenter, or a Churchman, that is nothing to me, if he says baptism saves the soul, out upon him, out upon him, he states what God never taught, what the Bible never laid down, and what ought never to be maintained by men who profess that the Bible, and the whole Bible, is the religion of Protestants."

The English Church is not without some good and great men to-day. They are the salt; her rottenness and putrefaction would soon appear should they be removed. Nor are we forgetful of the good and the great who belonged to her in the past; we think of Butler, Stillingfleet, Brown, Tillotson, Beveridge, Boyle, Law, Leighton, and many others whose

names are as precious ointment poured forth. And in still later days her Newton and Scott, Cecil and Richmond, Milner and Martyn, men honored of heaven in "turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God;" and to whose labors the whole Christian world is greatly indebted. Yet still we say, let the Establishment go. Let the Church be disenthralled from the yoke of bondage, and purified from her defilements; let her take a stand side by side with the Protestant Churches of the land. The signs of change are manifest. Mighty central fires are glowing beneath the crust of rites and ceremonies, which in the days of ignorance God suffered; they are forcing themselves up to sight, and by their purifying touch she must perish or be set free from her tin and dross.

God speed the day! and bless the cause of Protestantism the world over!

The English are not without *their peculiarities*. An Irishman, it is said, fights before he reasons; a Scotchman reasons before he fights; but an Englishman is not so particular; he is ready for either to accommodate his customers. He has a sharp eye to business, but not so wedded to it as to forget pleasure. He will eat veal or mutton, but has a decided preference for roast beef. He is loyal throughout, and when shouting "God save the Queen!" at the top of his voice, all who know him, understand full well that he means himself, his estates, his rents, his shares, his wares and his ships. He is religious, but not over much. He prays through the forms of the church book, but occasionally wanders off into a form fashioned by himself, and more after the desire of his

own heart. Doubtless not differing much from the following which was made by John Ward, of Hackney, England, and found in his own handwriting: "O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine estates in the city of London, and likewise that I have purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex. I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes. As I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg thee to have an eye of compassion on that county, and for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O, Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make my debts on good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, because I have insured it. And as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine upon the death of that profligate young man, Sir I. L. Keep me from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and housebreakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interests, and never cheat me out of my property, night or day."

Home is the most attractive spot on earth to an Englishman. Lamartine says: "The citizen of Great Britain is a patriarch in his home, a poet in his forest, an orator in his public places, a merchant at his counter, a hero in his navy, a cosmopolite on the soil of his colonies, but a cosmopolite, carrying with him to every continent his indelible individuality. In the ancient races there are none to resemble him. One

cannot define him, in politics or in literature, but by his name—the Englishman *is* an Englishman.”

The English live more out of doors than do Americans. Hence they are more robust and rugged, and upon almost every cheek may be seen the impress of health. They are lovers of sport, and for it they are willing to sacrifice time and money. Their faith in muscular developements is strong, and with Quater they think that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which gives one nature ascendancy over another; or, with the Arabs, that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the length of life. They box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from pole to pole. They eat and drink, and live jolly in the open air, putting a bar of solid sleep between day and day. They walk and ride as fast as they can, their head bent forward, as if urged on some pressing affair. The French say that “Englishmen in the street always walk straight before them like mad dogs.” Yet with all their love for pleasure they differ very materially from the French in that they are not carried away, and made forgetful of business by it. In one of the latter days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. “The Frenchman,” it was observed, “delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the wiser?” “He may be the merrier,” said Fox, “but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a mirror in preference to a telescope?”

The English are a *practical* people. They like fact much better than fiction; and with the matter-of-fact speech—dry

statistics huddled together, which the American people would not tolerate—they are more pleased than with figures or flowers gathered from the fields, forests and gardens of the world's broad acres. Like the Irishman who was once committed to the House of Correction for a misdemeanor, and sentenced to work on the tread-wheel for the space of three months, at the expiration of his term he observed that he saw no *practical* use in the thing: "What a great dale of fatigue and both-eration it would have saved us poor crathers, if they had but invinted it to go by stheeme, like all other water-mills; for burn me if I have not been after going up stairs for this four weeks, but could not reach the chamber door at all, at all."

Houses and lands, stocks and consols are to them things of potency and pathos. "They love the lever, the screw, and pulley; the Flander's draught-horse, the waterfall, windmills, tidemills; the sea and the wind to bear their freighted ships. More than the diamond Koh-i-noor, which glitters among their crown jewels, they prize the dull pebble, which is wiser than a man, and whose poles turn themselves to the poles of the world, and whose axis is parallel to the axis of the world. Now their toys are steam and galvanism. They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarse; not good in jewelry or mosaics, but the best iron masters, colliers, woolcombers, and tanners in Europe. They apply themselves to agriculture, to draining, to resisting encroachments of sea winds, travelling sands, cold and wet subsoil; to fishery, to manufacture of indispensable staples,—salt, plumbago, leather, wool, glass, pottery, and brick,—to bees and silk worms; and by their steady combinations they succeed. A

manufacturer sits down to dinner in a suit of clothes which was wool on the sheep's back at sunrise. You dine with a gentleman on venison, pheasant, quail, pigeons, poultry, mushrooms, and pineapples, all the growth of his estate. They are neat husbands for ordering all their tools pertaining to house and field. All are well kept. There is no want, and no waste. They study use and fitness in their buildings, and in their dress. The Frenchman invented the ruffle; the Englishman added the shirt. The Englishman wears a sensible coat, buttoned to the chin, of rough but solid and lasting texture. If he is a lord, he dresses a little worse than a commoner. They have diffused the taste for plain, substantial hats, shoes, and coats, through Europe. They think him the best dressed man, whose dress is so fit for his use that you cannot notice, nor remember to describe it. They secure the essentials in their diet, in their arts and manufactures; they have impressed their directness and practical habits on modern civilization."

The *women* of England are more muscular, and less beautiful than our American. They have more rose-colored cheeks and cherry lips, of nature's own adorning. Few of the English women paint their faces. They exercise so much in open air, and give themselves up so much to the obedience of nature's primitive laws, that they need it not; nature gives their cheeks and lips a beauty of finish which cannot be copied by the artist's brush.

In dress and manners they in general avoid peculiarities; being more desirous to have their garments rich and comfortable than to fall in with the miserable fashion which compels

a lady to wear such things as will call forth the gaze of the sensual crowd.

There is a *gruffness* and stiffness about the men of England which is anything but agreeable to a stranger. They are not so obliging as either the Scotch or Irish. To make an inquiry of a stranger you should happen to meet is only just so much lost time. You will know about as much before you ask the question as after you receive the answer. If your question is responded to, the information will be about as clear as the evidence which a Yorkshire man gave at one time in a case of assault, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant: "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it." "Was it a large stone?" "I should say it was a largish stone." "What was its size?" "I should say a sizeable stone." "Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it wur a stone of some bigness." "Can't you compare it to some object?" "Why, if I war to compar it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk."

They are a proud, self-complacent people, proud of everything that belongs to England, even of her follies; and this is more true of the second class than of the first, who avoid strenuously the peculiarities of the class "below stairs" and ape with all their might the class above them. This is not only shown by their conversation and manner of dress, but even by their gait. An Irishman, seeing one of this class walking with more pomposity than a lord, in front of a grand row of houses, stepped up to him and inquired, "What

rent do you ask for these houses ?” “ Why do you ask me such a question ?” said he. “ Faith, and I thought the whole terrace belonged to ye ?” replied Patrick. But after all, similar things might be said of us. For who are we ? Whence came our fathers ? Were they not English ?

“ Indeed this world was a brave old world,
 In the days long past and gone ;
 And the sun he shone, and the rain it rained,
 And the world went merrily on.
 The shepherd kept his sheep,
 And the milkmaid milked her kine,
 And the serving-man was a sturdy loon
 In a cap and a doublet fine.

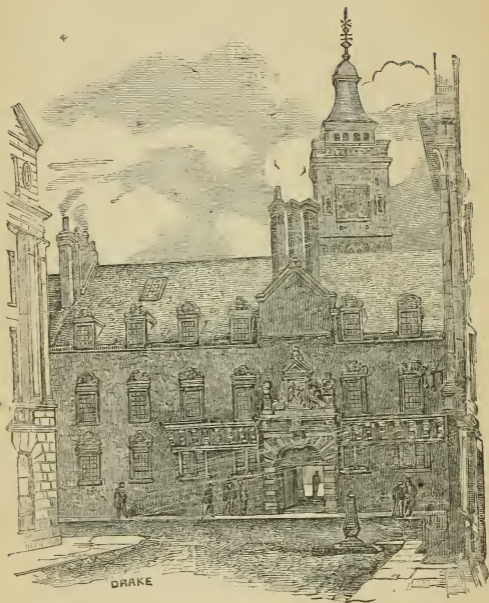
“ And I’ve been told, in this brave old world,
 There were jolly times and free ;
 And they laughed and sung till the welkin rung,
 All under the greenwood tree.
 The sexton chimed his sweet, sweet bells,
 And the huntsman wound his horn,
 And the hunt went out with a merry shout,
 Beneath the jovial morn.

“ And so went by, in this brave old world,
 Those merry days and free ;
 The king drank wine, and the clown drank ale—
 Each man in his degree.
 And some ruled well, and some ruled ill—
 And thus passed on the time,
 With jolly ways in those brave old days
 When this world was in its prime.”



Scotland.

“Land of brown heath and shaggy woods,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires.”



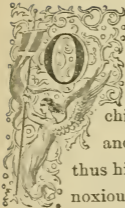
GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

XXV.

CITY OF GLASGOW.

I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

Shakespeare.

N approaching Glasgow, by way of the Clyde, the first things which attract the attention, are its innumerable high chimneys, towering above the mist and smoke. One of these chimneys stands as a giant among all the rest, and is called "Tennant's Stalk." It is erected thus high for the purpose of carrying off the many noxious vapors which rise from one of the largest chemical works in Great Britain; its altitude is over four hundred and fifty feet.

My first impression on entering the city, was unfavorable; having spent the previous day in attempting to see all the objects and places of interest in Belfast, Ireland, and failing to secure a good night's sleep while crossing the channel, I was not in a very good mood for sight-seeing when I reached Glasgow.

It seemed to me, that the atmosphere was so filled with

vapor and smoke, that you could cut it with a knife. I really thought I should have to leave the city without seeing it, because of the difficulty experienced in breathing, but after a few hours had passed I did not notice it so much, and before my visit was ended I had almost forgotten it.

Glasgow is situated on the banks of the Clyde, about twenty miles from its mouth; and in point of wealth, population, enterprise, and commercial importance is the third city in the British Isles. The city proper is on the bank of the river, which is spanned by five bridges, one of which is a slender suspension bridge, and only used for foot passengers. The Clyde, which naturally was not navigable to the city, except by shallow or flat-bottomed craft, has been deepened so as to admit ships drawing from twenty to thirty feet of water. Running along the stream is a wide street, open toward the river, with sheds, called the Broomielaw. Here may be seen steam and sailing ships, from every civilized country in the world—both great and small.

The labor required to dig out this noble harbor, must have been immense; and is in itself an index to the spirit of enterprise which marks this people. A gentleman whose hospitality I shared during my stay in the city, told me that when he was a boy he often waded across the Clyde, where now almost any of our ocean steamships can ply about with the greatest ease!

Little of the early history of this ancient city is known; and up to the eleventh century almost everything connected with it is, like itself, involved in clouds and smoke. It now contains over one hundred miles of paved and macadamized

streets, with a population of about five hundred thousand. Several of its streets are more than common, they are grand!

The mercantile capital of Glasgow, up to 1775, was chiefly employed in the tobacco trade with the American colonies, which added much to their wealth and gave to them the name of "Tobacco Lords," but this was arrested by the breaking out of the Revolution. Even now one may see evidences of their former glory in many fine residences and elegant streets which remain.

After the Revolution the citizens began to turn their attention to the manufacture of cotten and linen goods, for which Glasgow is now pre-eminent. It was at the close of the last century that *this* branch of trade began to increase rapidly in importance. This doubtless was owing, in a great measure, to the breaking out of the French Revolution, which for a time limited the manufacturers on the continent, thereby giving an impetus to those of Great Britain, in which impetus Glasgow largely shared.

It is impossible to form a correct estimate of the large number of hand-loom weavers employed in Glasgow, but they are supposed to number about forty thousand, and the produce of their labor is valued at about three millions sterling per annum.

Power loom weaving was introduced into Glasgow in 1792, but did not accomplish much for about ten years. "At present, about 25,000 steam-looms produce a daily average of 625,000 yards of cloth, making in a year of 300 working days, 187,500,000 yards," the probable value of which must be about four millions sterling a year.

About the same time that steam power was introduced for weaving purposes, the spinning of cotton yarn was commenced in Glasgow. This branch of industry has also rapidly increased, there being now 1,800,000 spindles in constant motion. The value of the products are assumed to be between four and five million sterling. "In 1818 only 46,565 bales of cotton were consumed, while in 1861 the amount had increased to 120,000 bales."

But cotton is not the only article of manufacture; silk and rich foreign wools are used with much success.

Another source of wealth to Glasgow, is the iron trade which has been greatly augmented within the last few years, indeed, the "iron lords threaten to eclipse the cotton lords, as the cotton lords formerly eclipsed the tobacco lords." In 1830 there was only sixteen smelting furnaces, which sent out on an average two thousand five hundred tons, amounting in all to about forty thousand tons for the year. This amount was greatly increased by the invention of the hot blast, by which one-third more iron is produced with less than one-half of the fuel. So that in 1860 the enormous quantity of one hundred thousand tons of pig iron and ninety thousand tons of malleable iron was produced.

Ship building has arisen to great importance; and Clyde-built steamships are of world-wide notoriety. For over a mile below the city, both sides of the river are covered with ship yards, where many hands wield many hammers, creating a jargon which is anything but agreeable.

But enough in reference to the commercial aspect of the city. In George's Square, which, by the way, is the hand-

somest and largest in the city, are the principal monuments. In the centre rises a Grecian column to Sir Walter Scott, one hundred feet high. Just in the front of this is a pedestrian statue, in bronze, of Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow, who fell at Corunna, in Spain, 1609. Who has not read the poem written on the burial of Sir John ?

“Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried.”

On the right of Sir John Moore's is a bronze figure of James Watt, the inventor of the first practical steam engine in Europe. To the left is one of Sir Robert Peel, from the studio of *Mossman*. On the right is an equestrian statue of the good Queen Victoria, to commemorate her visit to the city, in 1849, and one to the late Prince Consort. While in the city I spent some time in the University, which was founded in the fifteenth century, and whose history is one of great honor. The average annual attendance of students is one thousand.

This antique, venerable, and monastic looking building, is situated in the oldest part of the city, and was erected in the seventeenth century, as is seen from the following inscription :

HÆ. ÆDES. EXSTRUCTÆ. SUNT.
ANNO. DOM. MDCLVI.

The structure is of stone, made black by age and smoke. Doubtless at one time it bore a very imposing appearance, but time and progress in building have left it in the background. The stone balcony in front is rather a peculiar kind of ancient ornamentation which cannot be appreciated in our day. After gazing at the exterior I passed through the central gate into the courtyard, and having secured a ticket entered the

Hunterian Museum, so called, being founded by the celebrated anatomist, Wm. Hunter, who presented it to the University. To go into detail would be impossible—I will not attempt it. Suffice to say, the collection as a whole is one of the first in the kingdom, and is particularly remarkable for its *Anatomical Museum*.

Among the many things of interest are several little machines on which it is said, Watt, when a boy, developed his genius. Little did he think what a power steam would become—and to what perfection his engine in embryo should be brought, even in his own day—while working over these first principles!

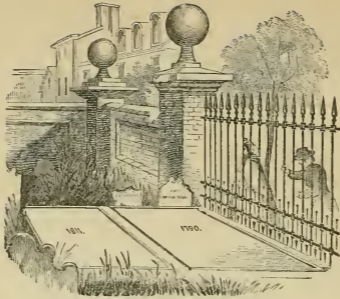
And little did his aunt think that her nephew would ever accomplish anything for himself—much less for the world! History relates that one day she admonished him after this manner: “Are you not ashamed of yourself, James, to sit moping and idling there? I do believe that at times you don’t know what you are doing. I have noticed you this long time, and not a thing have you done but look at the steam of the kettle, taking off the lid and putting it on again, and watching the steam turn into drops of water. Do, for goodness’ sake, leave off this idleness, and set about something useful.”

How strange are the unfoldings of genius!

On the right of the court is the library, containing about sixty thousand volumes, and on the left are the homes of the professors. The class and lecture rooms are very old-fashioned, and in general much out of repair. It seemed strange to me that a place so richly endowed, as the University, should lin-

ger so far behind the age in modern improvements ; but when I remembered that on these old seats and in these class and lecture rooms were trained such men as Melville, Baillie, Burnet, Simpson, Hutchison, Black, Cullen and Miller, I felt as if it would be next to sacrilege to touch a single seat, or remove a single table !





“The small and the great are there.”

XXVI.

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

The wrought oaken beams,
Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof.—*Keats.*



HIS is one of the best specimens of old ecclesiastical architecture north of the Tweed. Few cathedrals, if any in the kingdom, have stood the storms of so many centuries, and come off with so little injury. Built in the middle ages, yet its brow bears but few of the furrows of time. Its position is on nearly the highest ground in the city, and at one time it must have been singularly imposing.

The yard by which the cathedral is surrounded, is not extensive; yet judging from the many gravestones, which cover it so closely, leaving scarcely room for a blade of grass, it must contain more of the sleeping dust than the Necropolis. I wandered for some time over these time-worn, and letter-

effaced tablets, and thought: "Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and as a dream of the night." Near the entrance gate are several very old tombs, and the quaintness of the epitaphs inscribed thereon, is worthy of note. From a stone very much mutilated, I copied the following:

"Ye Gazers on This Trophie
Of a Tomb. Send out one Groan
For want of Her Whose Life
Once born of Earth
And now Lyes in
Earths Wombe
Lived Long a Virgin
Then a Spotless Wife
Here Lyes Enclosed
Mans Grief Earths Loss
Friends Pain, Religions Lamp
Virtues Light, Heavens Gain,"
1616.

Here is another:

"Dumb Senseless Statue
Of some Lyfless Stone,
Reared up for Memorie
Of a Blessed Soul.
Thou Holds but Adam,
Adam's blood bemones
Her Loss. She's Fled,
None Can Her Joys Control.
O Happy Thou for Zeal
And Christian Love.
On Earth Beloved
And now in Heaven Above."
1616.

The Cathedral is three hundred and nineteen feet in length, and sixty-three feet in width, having a spire which rises to an altitude of two hundred and twenty-five feet; in it there is a bell which speaks for itself; upon its side is the following inscription :

In the Year of Grace
1594,
Marcus Knox,
A merchant in Glasgow,
Zealous for the interests of the Reformed Religion,
Caused me to be fabricated in Holland,
For the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow,
And placed me with solemnity
In the tower of their Cathedral.
My function
Was announced by the impress on my bosom,
Me audito venias doctrinam sanctum ut discas.
And
I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time
195 years had I sounded these awful warnings,
When I was broken
By the hands of inconsiderate and unskillful men,
In the year 1790.
I was cast into the furnance,
Refounded at London,
And returned to my sacred vocation.
Reader,
Thou also shalt have a resurrection.
May it be unto eternal life.
Thomas Mears, fecit, London, 1790.

The Cathedral, like all similar buildings, has but a small space allotted to the celebration of worship; the rest is for show! Such superstructures are not erected for the glory of God, but of man! History relates that during the Reformation, when everything that savored of Popery was obnoxious in the eyes of Protestants, the Cathedral was saved from destruction through the efforts of the tradesmen of the city, who threatened the life of the first man who would put on it a hand of violence.

In it, in 1668, was held the General Assembly, by which Scottish Episcopacy was abolished.

It would not be doing justice to the Cathedral to pass by the windows in silence; these are of stained glass, and the finest I ever looked upon. They are the work of Chevalier Maximilian Ainmiller, architect and inspector of glass painting at Munich. The subjects or characters on the windows are all Scriptural, and arranged according to their chronological order, commencing with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from paradise, and going through the Old and New Testaments, the last being that of the Apostles and Evangelists. On the north side of the Cathedral is a sacred spot, where lies the bodies of many of the Covenanters who were cruelly put to death in the city, for conscience' sake. Over their dust is erected a tablet bearing the following inscription:

“ These nine, with others in this yard,
Whose heads and bodies were not spar'd ;
Their testimonies, foes to bury,
Caus'd beat the drums then in great fury.
They'll know at resurrection day
To murder saints was no sweet play.”

Just back of the Cathedral is the Necropolis, the *Père la Chaise* of Glasgow. The way to it is by a narrow road leading to a little stream called "Molendinar Burn," which is spanned by "the Bridge of Sighs." In front of the bridge is a handsome gate-way, built after the Italian style, and bearing the following inscription.

"THERE SHALL BE A RESURRECTION OF THE JUST,
WHEN THAT WHICH IS BORN A NATURAL BODY
SHALL BE RAISED A SPIRITUAL BODY," etc.

A. D. MDCCCXXXIII.

The Necropolis is a high mound, or hill, the sides of which are filled up with trees, shrubs, flowers, and elegant monuments.

On reaching the summit by a circuitous walk, the venerable Cathedral and smoky city lay at my feet; the view from this point is one of the best and most pleasing in Glasgow. Indeed, I might safely say, as far as beauty of situation, design in arrangement, and variety and elegance of monuments are concerned, the Necropolis stands first in the British Isles!

The most conspicuous monument, and the one which never fails to arrest the attention of every visitor, is the column erected to the memory of John Knox, which crowns the eminence. Here also are costly monuments of McGavin, Dr. Dick, Charles Tennant, James Knowles, Principal McFarland, and others.

On one monument I noticed a bust, which interested me more than all the rest; not because of its beauty of form or feature, but because of the striking resemblance it bore of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln! I never saw two

faces more alike, and I should have taken it for granted that here, in the heart of this commercial capital of Scotland, was erected a monument to *his* memory, had I not noticed under it the name—"John Alexander." The words, too, were much in keeping with the resemblance. I could not help copying them :

" Fallen is the curtain—the last scene is o'er,
The favorite actor treads life's stage no more ;
Oft lavish plaudits from the crowd he drew,
And laughing eyes confessed his humor true.
Here fond affection rears this sculptured stone,
For virtues not enacted, but his own.
A constancy unshaken unto death,
A truth unswerving, and a Christian's faith,
Oh, weep the man more than the actor lost.
Unnumbered parts he played, yet to the end
His best were those of husband, father, friend ! "





“Amusements to virtue are like breezes of air to the flame.”

XXVII.

IN AND AROUND GLASGOW.

Sweet recreation barred, what doeth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at their heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distempers, and foes to life.

Shakespeare.

YESTERDAY, when walking in one of the principal streets of the city, my eye caught a sight of the old flag—"the Star Spangled Banner"—floating from the balcony of a hotel. Yes, there it waved as gayly and freely as ever I saw it in its own native land! For a little time I was bewildered and said to myself, "Can this be a dream? am I in America? can it be that I am still in New York city? Is what I see real, or only a

phantom? Has the banner of the *free* taken the place of the "Red, White and Blue?" While thus musing, I was instinctively, I might almost say, drawn toward the place, when, to my great satisfaction, without asking a single question, everything was clearly explained by a sight of our brave naval officer, Admiral Farragut!

Glasgow Green is one of the most popular places of resort in the city; it is situated on the bank of the Clyde, and contains an area of about one hundred and forty acres.

This may well be called the "Lung of the City." To this place, after the day's work is over, come thousands of black-faced men from the machine shops and factories, to breathe for a time the free air; and to discuss the various subjects of the day, political and religious. Here, too, may be seen, by night or by day, "unfortunate females, with faces of triple brass, hiding hearts of unutterable woe—sleeping girls, who might be mistaken for lifeless bundles of rags—down-looking scoundrels, with felony stamped on every feature—owlish looking knaves, minions of the moon, skulking, half ashamed of their own appearance in the eye of day; and, alas! poor little tattered and hungry looking children, with precocious lines of care upon their old-manish features, tumbling about the brown and sapless herbage. The veriest dregs of Glasgow society, indeed, seem congregated here. At one place a band of juvenile pickpockets are absorbed in a game of pitch and toss; at a short distance a motley crew are engaged putting the stone, or endeavoring to outstrip each other in a leaping bout, while oaths and idiot laughter mark the progress of their play." There also is a group standing round a couple

of greasy looking mechanics, who are debating the question of "the true Church;" one of them is a genuine son of Erin, who, with more noise than logic, is trying hard to carry his side, and the other is a "canny" Scotchman, who, with well weighed words is letting fall some heavy blows on the Roman citadel. A little farther on are assembled a large number of men and women, listening to a female preacher. As I stood on the outside of the circle for a few minutes, I heard her say, "Yes, my hearers, Samson glorified God when he slew three hundred Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass"—then, as if she had made a mistake, or perhaps from fear of the laugh from the crowd, she again exclaimed: "Yes, my hearers, God was glorified by Samson, when he slew three hundred of the ungodly Philistines with the jaw bone of a *lion!*"

This is the kind of preaching which the inimitable Gough pictures out to perfection in his "Street Life in London:" "Jacob had twelve sons." "My hearers, Jacob had twelve sons. I tell you, my friends, Jacob had twelve sons! And they were all boys!"

In company with my friend Graham, I spent part of a day in visiting Cathcart Castle. This historic spot is about a mile and a half southwest of the city, and the road to it is one of the pleasantest walks around Glasgow. I was highly delighted with the beautiful fields, and well-trimmed hedges, the swelling hills and verdant meads, through which we passed, on our way thither. There is but little picturesqueness about the Castle; it is simply a strong square tower, with no architectural features worthy of note, only that its walls are from eight to ten feet thick, and seem destined to stand for ages.

The broken masonry, both inside and out, is draped with ever-green.

“Creeping where no life is seen
A rare old plant is the ivy green.”

From its window is a grand view of the Vale of Cart, and the surrounding country. Time-worn and roofless, it stands as a monument of the measures taken for safe-keeping, in ages past.

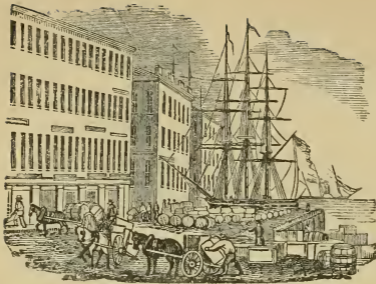
“All ruin'd and wild is this roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's shelt'ring tree;
And travell'd by few is the grass cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hill that encircles the sea.”

The time of its erection and much of its early history are lost in the darkness of the past. It is said to have long been in possession of one Allen de Cathcart, a strong defender of the rights of the Scotch. Having fallen into other hands, it was in 1801, purchased by Earl Cathcart, father of its present owner.

A short distance from the old castle is the “Court Knowe,” where Queen Mary stood and witnessed the battle of Langsyde. In the place of the old thorn tree, which up to the close of the last century marked the spot, is erected a stone slab, on which is rudely carved the Scottish crown, and under it are the letters M. R., 1568.

Here, with my companion, I rested and thought of the battle and the beautiful but hapless Queen.



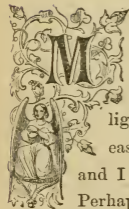


“ Like a long wintery forest, groves of masts.”

XXVIII.

THE CLYDE AND ITS SIGHTS.

And call they this improvement ?--to have changed
My native Clyde, the once romantic shore.—*Anon.*



MY first trip on the Clyde did not make a very favorable impression. Having spent the dark hours of the night in crossing the Irish Channel, I entered the Clyde just as the light of morning came streaming up from the east. The air was clear, the sky free from clouds, and I anticipated much in my sail up to Glasgow. Perhaps I was not in a fit mood for forming a correct judgment of the scenery ; for I carried in my mind's eye our beautiful Hudson, with its banks covered with picturesque towns and villas, costly mansions of merchant princes, and fairy like cottages, with hill and vale, rock and crag, tree and shrub of exquisite loveliness ! And yet, having heard so much

about the Clyde, its richness of scenery, and its water so pure, so amber, so gentle, and so what not, I expected to find the Hudson take its place as a secondary affair. But oh dear! how I was taken back! Instead of being carried away with its sights, as I anticipated, I was anything but pleased! From the entrance, up as far as Greenock, the Clyde is wide, and the scenery is passable; but from this point up to Glasgow the water of the river was so filthy, and sent forth such an unpleasant odor, that if there were any sights of interest, I felt so uncomfortable, that I did not see them! This very unhappy feature is caused by the deepening of the river for the accommodation of sea-going ships. A few years ago the Clyde at, and for several miles below, Glasgow, could be easily forded by boys with their "breeks scarce buckle aboon the knee," now it is not less than from fifteen to twenty feet in depth; consequently all the filth from the sewers of Glasgow empty into it, and remaining there is kept in a continual boil by the wheels of the many steamships.

As far as commercial enterprise and brilliancy of result are concerned, *this* deepening of the Clyde is one of the grandest accomplishments of the day. And yet I do not wonder that the lover of nature's green banks, pure water, and clear air, should give expression to his sorrow, after looking at Glasgow and the Clyde, in the following lines :

"Is this improvement, where the human breed
Degenerates as the swarm and overflow,
Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till death that thins them scarce seems public woe?
Improvement! Smiles it in the poor man's eyes,

Or blooms it on the cheek of labor? No!
 To gorge a few with trade's precarious prize,
 We banish rural life and breathe unwholesome skies."

During my second trip on the Clyde, I tried to cull out a few sights worthy of note, and the first after leaving Glasgow is

DUMBARTON ROCK AND CASTLE.

Down to this point both sides of the river are built of granite, which, to the eye, are tedious and wearisome. The castle is built upon a basaltic rock, which rises steeply out of the water to an altitude of two hundred and sixty feet; its situation is one of the greatest romantic wildness, and the accounts of its past years occupy not a little space in Scottish history.

The highest point over which floats the "red white and blue" is called "Wallace's Seat," and lower down is another portion of the castle called "Wallace's Tower," from the fact that here Wallace was confined for some time. In the days of yore this was a Roman stronghold for the Romanized Britons, and since then it has served as the royal fort of Scotland's kings. It is now of but little practical use, and only noticed by the traveler and antiquarian.

From the summit, the prospect is rarely exceeded for richness and variety. At this point, the river begins to lose its contracted form; on the north are the steep hills of Kilpatrick, near which, *Saint Patrick*, the Irishman, was born! On the south are the slopes of Renfrewshire, in the distance, and, forming a grand background to the picture, are the lofty mountains of Argyle.

The first and only stopping place between Belfast, Ireland, and Glasgow, is called

GREENOCK.

In the seventeenth century this was but a single row of thatched huts, having hardly a name among the places on the Clyde ; now it has a population of about forty-three thousand, and is among the first marine towns in the kingdom. It is noted as being the birthplace of James Watt, in whose honor has been erected a very handsome structure bearing the name of Watt's Institution, which contains a public library, with a statue of the inventor by *Chantry*. On the pedestal is a simple inscription from the pen of Lord Jeffrey ; also the figure of an elephant, Jeffrey's simile of the steam engine, which, like that animal's trunk, " is equally adapted to lift a pin or rend an oak."

About half an hour's sail from Greenock and we enter Loch Long. This is a branch or inlet of the Firth of Clyde, at whose entrance are the popular watering places of Rilcreggan and Cove. Farther up the lough is Ardentinry, celebrated by *Fannahill* in his song "The Lass O' Arrantee-nie." All around are bold, rugged, heath-covered mountains, keeping watch, while here and there, by the aid of a field glass, may be seen a highland cottage, which " midst nature's wildest grandeur " breaks in upon the native simplicity of the scene.

Conspicuous among its fellows is Ben Arthur, sometimes called the "Cobbler," from its jagged summit having taken somewhat the form of a shoemaker at work, and while changing our position, he seemed to have got through with his toil,

and now we see the Cobbler at rest. From this point the face bears a striking resemblance to the old man of White Mountain notoriety. I shouldn't wonder but they are related in some way, though they know it not!

One of the pleasantest and most popular watering places in the British Isles, is

DUNOON.

This indeed, is *the Newport of Scotland*; and here, during the summer months, may be seen visitors from the chief cities of the United Kingdom.

It is four miles in length, and made up of one row of houses, which stretch all along the beautiful bay. In general the buildings are neat and attractive, with here and there one of more than ordinary ornamentation. Overlooking the landing is an old castle, once the home and stronghold of royalty, now dilapidated, friendless, and forsaken, only visited by the stranger and sight-seer.

To the south of Dunoon, is a romantic little bay called

ROTHESAY.

At the head of the bay is the town, a most delightful summer resort, in the centre of which are the ruins of the old Rothesay Castle, where once resided in great splendor, the kings of Scotland. Its ruins are all heavily draped with ivy, which not only adds much to its picturesqueness, but, shielding it from the summer's heat and winter's cold, bids defiance to the mouldering hand of time.

To the west of the island of Bute, is a narrow circuitous belt of the sea, forming a passage from the mouth of the Clyde to the mouth of Loch Fyn, called the

KILES OF BUTE.

All the shores of this strait are beautiful, and present a succession of landscape scenery but rarely surpassed.

For some time I was at a loss to know what "Kiles" meant, so I went from one to another until I had spoken to over a dozen persons, but without success; finally I came to a rough looking old Scotchman, and putting my hand upon his shoulder, I said to him, "Friend can you tell me what is meant by 'Kiles?'" Here is the isle of Bute, but where, or what is the thing, or things you call 'Kiles?'" "Well, mon, I can tell you; do you ken what the kiles of a rope are?" I answered, "Yes, I know what the *coils* of a rope are." "Then, mon, you have it!" This was quite clear, *kiles* is the Scotch word for *coil*, and this narrow neck of water has so many windings in it, as to make "Kiles of Bute" a name very appropriate.





XXIX.

A SABBATH IN GLASGOW.

The halt of toil's exhausted caravan
Comes sweet with music to thy wearied ear:
Rise, with its anthems, to a holier sphere!—*Holmes.*



HE day was delightful, and the melody of the morning bells fell with peculiar welcome on my ears. Having heard much from Captain Craig about one of the ministers of Glasgow, who, because of his earnestness and eccentricity, is called "Daft" Wolley Anderson, I resolved, if possible, to hear him. Saturday evening having come, I noticed an announcement in the paper which stated that he would preach on the morrow; so in good season on Sunday morning I found myself in John street United Presbyterian Church, which was well filled. When it was time to begin the service, a tall man, with gown and bands, came out from one of the side doors, leading into the studio, or sanctum, and entered the pulpit, a much younger man than I expected to see. During the reading of the hymn, lesson, and the offering up of the prayer, I was not struck with anything very peculiar, which caused me to entertain some fears that he was not the man I wanted to hear, and not without some reason, for before the sermon, he stated

that Mr. Anderson had a son dangerously ill, and consequently could not fill his engagement.

You can better imagine my feelings than I can describe them. There I was, part of the service over, and to go and look up some other celebrity at that late hour would have been of little use, so I determined to remain and hear a sermon from Mr. Anderson's assistant, Rev. Mr. McEwen. He took as his text a portion of Scripture from second Samuel, 23d chap., 1-5 v. After giving a brief sketch of David's life, he called the attention of his hearers to two heads, first *the governing principle of David's life*, and secondly, *the testimony he gave of Christ*.

There were some things quite peculiar about the service, which pleased me. After the minister announced and read the psalm, the presentor, or leader, stood up in front of the congregation, just a little to the right of the pulpit, and led off, when all the people, men, women and children, joined in the singing with heart, and soul, and voice. Then came the prayer, which was scriptural and spiritual. After the prayer, the portion of Scripture to be read was announced, and, oh, dear! what a fluttering of leaves all over the house; almost every person in the congregation, both young and old, opened their Bibles, and, having found the place designated, followed the minister as he read from the beginning to the close. This was the case also when the text was announced, and whenever any reference was made in the sermon to any portion of the Old or New Testament. I was told that this is a custom which prevails throughout Scotland, and also in some parts of England.

In the afternoon I had the good fortune to hear Rev. Norman Macleod, whose name is almost as well known in the New as the Old World. Having secured a good seat in the roomy, old-fashioned, uncomfortably-seated edifice, which was fast filling up, I waited with patience to see him of whom I had often heard, and in the reading of whose pentalks I was so often profited and pleased. When the time arrived for the service to commence, in came a ministerial looking personage, bearing a Bible and hymn-book, which he placed in order on the pulpit cushion, then coming down again, waited at the foot of the pulpit steps until the minister came in, when he followed him up and closed the door after him.

The Doctor had on a black gown and bands. At first I confess I was a little disappointed; his appearance seemed to lack in ministerial dignity, and the reading of the first hymn did not take away from this impression. Then followed the Scripture lesson, which was well read, calling forth the deepest attention from the crowded congregation. Leaning over the Bible he led in prayer, during which all my gathering clouds of prejudice passed away like mist before the morning sun. His approach to God was so much like that of a beloved child to a loving father, that I could not help saying to myself, "How he talks with God!" Such humility in approaching, such confidence in asking, such faith in taking hold, could only be manifested by one who daily walks with God.

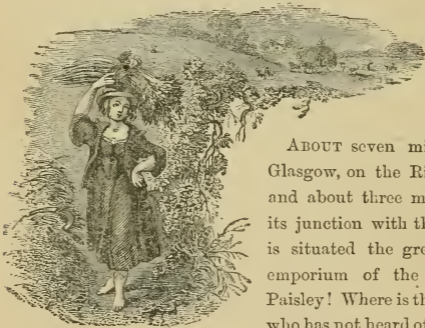
Dr. Macleod is of medium height, quite corpulent, with a well-developed head, over which hangs well-arranged locks of silver gray. He has a round face, and wears a full beard.

His voice is rather husky at first, but clears up as he enters into his subject. He used no manuscript or notes, but acquitted himself like a *well man*, who needed not a staff or crutch to lean upon. His manner was pleasing and his gestures in keeping with his words. His illustrations were numerous, but well chosen and practical, with point and edge, carrying home the truth. His style is colloquial; he talks to his hearers instead of preaching over them. He is a live man in the right place! In the evening I heard a sermon from a Wesleyan minister, with which I was anything but pleased. The church was good, the internal and external arrangements neat and attractive, the congregation and the singing passable, but the sermon was very ordinary. I confess I was much surprised to find a man who could preach so poor a sermon, pastor of such an intelligent looking congregation. But perhaps it was not all in the preacher; it may in part, if not in whole, have been in myself. Doubtless, hearing Dr. Macleod in the afternoon unfitted me for hearing an ordinary sermon in the evening.

XXX.

PAISLEY.

There are no more useful members in the commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together.—*Addison.*



ABOUT seven miles from Glasgow, on the River Cart, and about three miles from its junction with the Clyde, is situated the great shawl emporium of the world—Paisley! Where is the woman who has not heard of Paisley!

A few years ago it could hardly be called a village, now it has a population of over forty-nine thousand. Its rapid growth of late years is owing in a great degree to the colonies sent out from overgrown Glasgow. In the twelfth century Walter Stewart founded a monastery here, when not a single house was in sight; soon, however, house after house went up until

it grew into a village, whose principal means of support was that of waiting upon the holy pilgrims.

Not until after the union of England and Scotland did Paisley begin to show any real signs of life and enterprise. For many years she was not known among the manufacturing cities of the Old World ; now she takes her place among the first. Her most important branch of the manufacturing business is that of shawls. She also sends into the market silk, cotton, wollen and mixed fabrics, which are said to be equal in texture and much superior in beauty and durability to any in Europe. Her muslins, plaids, chenille handkerchiefs and Persian velvets, take the first place in the world's fairs.

Like most important manufacturing cities, Paisley has but little to attract the eye of the traveler. Most of the houses are lacking in arrangement and architectural design, and the few that might be called respectable have become so begrimed with smoke that they look as if clad in the habiliments of mourning ! .

Indeed, there are but two sights in Paisley which will pay the traveler for the trouble of going there ; one is the *nave* of the old Abbey Church, which was built in the year 1160, and dedicated to St. James. The other, the *cemetery*, in which sleeps the dust of many who gave up their lives for the truth's sake.

The abbey still bears marks of its former grandeur. It must have been built on a grand scale, measuring, as it does, not less than two hundred and seventy feet in length. The chancel, now used for a parish church, remains almost as perfect as when it came from the hands of the workmen.

Like most other buildings of this sort, the abbey suffered by despoiling during the Reformation. Yet though shorn of its former splendor, it still retains marks of dignity and beauty. On the south side is a small but lofty chapel, in which almost the faintest whisper is returned, as if some unknown spirit mocked you. In the centre aisle is an altar tomb, surmounted by a recumbent female figure, with hands folded as if engaged in prayer. This, by some, is supposed to represent Margery, daughter of Robert Bruce, and mother of the royal Stuarts.

What lessons of wisdom may be learned from these costly mementoes of departed ones ; beauty, fame, fortune, name, all gone ! not a trace left, a tale to tell !

After bidding the old abbey adieu, I started for the cemetery, which some think more worthy of a visit than even the abbey. On my way thither I was shown the house where, on the 6th of July, 1776, Alexander Wilson was born. The building is small and unattractive. I should have passed it by, had not my attention been called to the following inscription on a stone in the wall :

“This tablet was erected in 1841, by David Anderson, Perth, to mark the birth-place of Alexander Wilson, Paisley poet and American ornithologist.”

Passing on toward the west, I left the city of the living for that of the dead.

Beautiful for situation is the Cemetery of Paisley. It covers a neighboring hill, and has an area of about fifty acres. Its walks, hedges and flowers are arranged with much taste, and were it not for the monuments and grave stones, which rise on every hand, one might take it to be a princely garden or pleasure ground.

Among the many monuments, tombs and headstones worthy of notice, is an obelisk erected in memory of two, who, in the days of Charles Second, yielded their lives rather than break their solemn league and covenant. On one side of it are these words:

“Here lie the corpses of James Algie and John Park, who suffered at the Cross of Paisley for refusing the Oath of Abjuration, Feb. 3, 1768.

“Stay, passenger, as thou goest by,
 And take a look where these do lie,
 Who, for the love they bore to truth,
 Were deprived of their life and youth.
 Though laws made then caused many die,
 Judges and 'sizers were not free;
 He that to them did these delate
 The greater 'count he hath to make;
 Yet no excuse to them can be,
 At ten condemned, at two to die.
 So cruel did their rage become,
 To stop their speech caused beat the drum:
 This may a standing witness be
 'Twixt Presbytrie and Prelacy.”

On the west side is a beautiful selection from Cowper:

“Their blood was shed
 In confirmation of the noblest claim—
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar and to anticipate the sky;
 Yet few remember them—they lived unknown
 Till persecution dragged them into fame,
 And chased them up to heaven.”

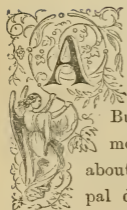


THE POET'S CURSE.

XXXI.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green.—*Burns.*



AFTER a two hours' ride by rail from the city of Glasgow, I reached the little town of Ayr. This place would be without much interest were it not for the life and writings of Robert Burns. It is situated on the sea-coast, at the mouth of the River Ayr, and is said to contain about eighteen thousand inhabitants. The principal departments of industry carried on are ship-building, shoemaking, woolen manufacture, and carpet-weaving. They have thirteen places of worship, a large public

academy, a mechanic's institute, a public library, a theater, a race-course, and four hotels. The river divides it into two almost equal parts. One half is called Ayr, and the other Newton-upon-Ayr, Wallacetown, and Content. The bridges which span the river are termed respectively the "Auld and New Brigs," and called out from Burns one of his most vigorous poems, the "Twa Brigs." The "Auld Brig" is said to have been built in the reign of Alexander III., and bears on its brow the mark of years. The "New Brig" is a good structure, with five arches, handsomely ornamented. It was built by one Ballantyne, to whom Burns dedicated his "Brig" dialogue. As I leaned on the New and gazed at the Old, I thought of his description :

"*Auld Brig* appeared of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face ;
He seemed as he wi' Time had warsl'd lang,
Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco' bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got ;
In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirly-gigums at the head."

There, too, is the Wallace tower, occupying the site of an old edifice, in which Wallace is said to have been confined. It is a tall, square steeple, and in it is placed the "Dungeon Clock," to which Burns thus alludes :

"The drowsy Dungeon Clock had numbered two,
And Wallace tower had sworn the fact was true."

Situated on the side of the town, fronting the sea, is the old church of Ayr, remarkable in history as the place where Robert Bruce's Parliament decreed the succession of the crown to

his brother Edward. Cromwell, who had more faith in powder and shot than in moral sausion, converted the church into an armory and guard-room, and erected around it an extensive fort to hold in subjection Ayrshire and its surroundings.

Having seen everything in the town worthy of notice, I started out on a pedestrian tour, for the home of the poet and "Auld Alloway Kirk," which is two or three miles distant. Soon I came to a place where two roads met, and was at a loss which one to take. While in this dilemma I saw a man approaching. I waited until he came up and then said, "Friend, which way to Alloway Kirk?" He answered, "I am going past it, and will show you." So on we journeyed together. As we approached the place we came upon various localities mentioned in "Tam O'Shanter's" route, and with which my companion was quite familiar. "There," said he, pointing to a place about a hundred yards off, "is

"The ford

Whare in the snaw the chapman smood.'

Still further on we came to a little cottage on the way-side, now occupied by the Rosell, game-keeper, behind which may be seen the

"Birks and meikle stane

Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane,

And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,

Whare hunter's fand the murdered bairn,

And near the thorn, aboon the well,

Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel."

How true to nature are all of Burns' descriptions; and to visit the places described is to bring much of his poetry to remembrance. My companion, pointing a little way ahead,

said: "That house we are approaching is where the poet was born." And am I already two miles from Ayr? Is it possible! I exclaimed. I could hardly realize it. The stranger was so companionable, and the way so charming, that I did not think of the passing time or journey.

This humble cot is situated on the west side of the road leading to Alloway. The barn, stable, and cottage are all under one continued roof of straw. The house at first had but two apartments—kitchen and sitting-room—and was built by the father of the poet, who held in connection with it, a seven-acre farm on perpetual lease. Having satisfied my curiosity in looking at the exterior, in company with my friend, I ventured into the cabin, and received a hearty welcome. The kitchen is said to have met with with but little alteration, if any, since the day on which Scotia's greatest poet first saw the light.

The floor is composed of rough stone, not very evenly laid. An old-fashioned grate, a dresser adorned with antiquated dishes, a recess holding a bed—but not the one on which the poet was born—go to make up the outfit of the kitchen. The sitting-room is now occupied as an ale and curiosity shop, where all manner of curious little things, made from the timber of "Auld Alloway Kirk," and from wood grown on the banks of the Doon, may be had, not without money, but for a good price. In sight of the natal cottage stands the Mount Oliphant farm and house; to which place the poet's father removed soon after the birth of his son, and where was laid the scene of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," Burns' best poem. And there, too, upon the eve of his intended visit to

India, he wrote this beautiful, touching prayer, in behalf of his Highland Mary :

“ Powers celestial, whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care ;
 Let her form sae fair and faultless—
 Fair and faultless as your own—
 Let my Mary’s kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down.

“ Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ,
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest :
 Guardian angels, O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam !
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home.”

Leaving the early home of Burns, I proceeded onward amid leafy hedge-rows, dappled with flakes of bloom, which filled the air with sweetest perfume. Now we pass a comfortable farmstead with daisied pasture-fields and picturesque groups of kine. Thus one pleasing sight after another came up before my enraptured vision, when my friend told me

“ Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghosts and houlets nightly cry.”

We are in sight of the “Auld Haunted Kirk.” It is quite small and roofless. The old bell still hangs in its place. The wood-work of the building has all been carried off to make snuff boxes and other memorials, but the walls are in remarkable good repair. Near the entrance is the grave-stone of

“William Burns, farmer of Lochlea,” the father of the poet. This is comparatively a new stone; the original one being demolished and carried away in fragments by visitors. While looking through the iron grating of the gate, which serves the place of a door to the auld kirk, my guide said, “This is where poor Tam saw

‘Auld Nick in shape o’ beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large;
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a’ did dirl;
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That show’d the dead in their last dresses,
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light.’”

Having wandered among the grave-stones until I was satisfied, I passed on to the beautiful garden on the bank of the River Doon, in which is erected a costly monument in memory of Burns. The monument is an open temple on a high base of granite, having nine pillars to represent the nine muses, and surmounted by a handsome dome. In the base is a room where may be seen many articles of interests, among which are various editions of the poet’s works, a copy of an original portrait of Burns by Nasmyth, a snuff-box made of wood from the timber of Alloway Kirk, etc. What pleased me more than all the rest was the Bible given by Burns to his Highland Mary. It was on the scene of his final parting with her—intending to sail for Jamaica—when, “standing one on each side of a small brook, they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced a

vow of eternal constancy." This interesting relic having been carried to Canada by its possessor, was purchased by a number of gentlemen in Montreal for the sum of twenty-five pounds sterling, and forwarded to the Provost of Ayr, to be placed in the cabinet of the Burns monument. Here, too, are shown the far-famed statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny,

"His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony,
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
 They had been fou for weeks thegither,
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And ay the ale was growing better ;
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious
 Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious ;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus ;
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam didna mind the storm a whistle."

Coming out of the garden, which is kept in perfect trim, and where I would willingly have spent many hours, I walked down the hill to "Auld Brig o' Doon," the keystone of which was Tam's salvation. I could almost imagine I saw the poor fellow as he left "Kirk Alloway," pursued by an innumerable multitude of witches, spurring on "Meg," the good mare he rode, and hear him say,

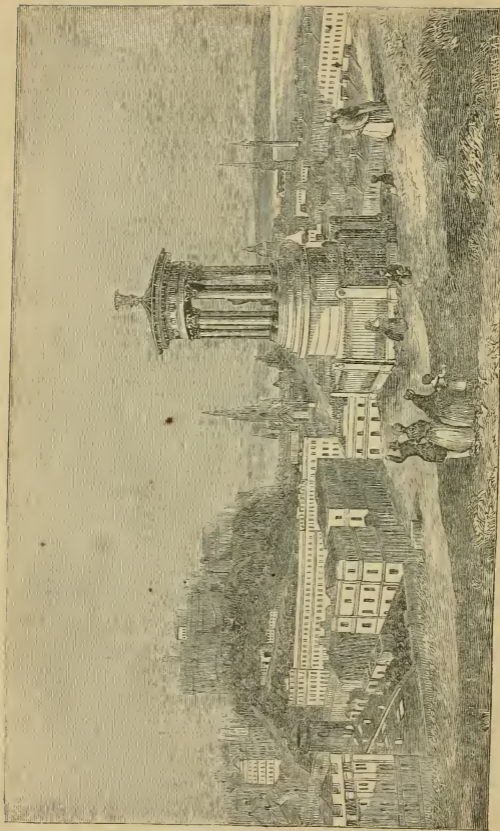
"Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystone o' the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross !"

The scenery from the bridge is charming, and I do not wonder that Burns, such an ardent admirer of the beautiful, should write as he did. The Doon is indeed a beautiful stream,

with its gentle current leaping joyfully from stone to stone, and its "banks and braes" covered with trees and flowering shrubs. Here wandered Scotia's bard, drinking inspiration from the scene.

"Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine ;
Wi' lithsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me."

Robert Burns was a remarkable man—brilliant, pathetic, unrivaled ! His poetry is but the outgushing of a heart more tender and susceptible than that of woman's. His life one continued struggle with caste and poverty ; its errors but the natural result of his early training. I admire his genius, his warm-heartedness, and generous impulses, yet not forgetful of his many faults. But when I remember Scotland's social drinking customs, which perverted his thoughts, debased his life, and cut him off at the early age of thirty-seven, I pity the man, and offer up a prayer for the speedy destruction of that which has put out so many bright hopes, and shut up in eternal darkness thousands who might have rejoiced in the light forever.

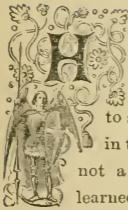


Edinburgh.

XXXII.

EDINBURGH.

Here architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise.—*Burns.*



HAVING heard much of the unrivaled beauty of Edinburgh, I was somewhat fearful that on seeing it I should be disappointed; but instead of this being the case. I am now ready to say, the half was not told me. On my arrival in the city, I took the advice of one who has seen not a little of the world, and by experience has learned the art of sight seeing—"It would be wise," says she, "in travelers to make it their first business in a foreign city to climb the loftiest point they can reach, so as to have the scene they are to explore laid out as in a living mass beneath them. It is scarcely credible how much time is saved, and confusion of ideas obviated by this means." After learning that the castle was the highest point in the city, and having secured a room in a good temperance hotel, I started out, with guide book in hand, to see the Queen of the British Isles. Crossing over the deep ravine which divides the old city from the new, and after spending considerable time and strength in climbing, I found myself on the very summit of this once strong fortification. Here, elevated three hundred and eighty-

three feet above the level of the sea, is a point admirably fitted to gratify the taste of the most fastidious spectator.

“Saint Margaret! what a sight is here!
 Long miles of masonry appear;
 Scott's Gothic pinnacles arise
 And Melville's statue greets the skies.”

Right well was I paid for my time and toil spent in working my passage up to this lofty rampart. The view which spread itself out before me was novel, romantic, beautiful. At my feet lay the “Modern Athens,” with its gigantic buildings, wide and narrow streets, squares and gardens, monuments and towers, all scattered around in seeming wild confusion. Running between ancient and modern Edinburgh is a deep ravine, once a hiding-place for the burglar and bandit, now the highway of commerce and travel. On the north there is a gentle declivity leading to the village or port of Leith, with its broad estuary laughing in the sunlight; while all around are noble residences, with handsome lawns. On the east is Arthur's seat, kingly and majestic; Salisbury Crags, bold and rugged; and Calton Hill, covered with monumental glory.

The old town presents a jumbled and confused appearance, which contrasted with the elegance and regularity of the new, forms a picture of unusual beauty. Indeed, it would be impossible for any one, at all susceptible of the beautiful in nature or art, to stand here without being overcharmed—yea, ravished, with the sight! I believe that for picturesqueness of situation and scenery, mountains near and far off, rocks and glens, and the sea itself within hearing and seeing dis-

tance, Edinburgh has no equal! To give a minute description of everything that attracts the attention of the eye would be to give a description of the whole, for "every prospect pleases," and would require a large volume. I shall only attempt to sketch a few of the many places of interest connected with "Auld Reekie," in the order in which I saw them.

On the west terminus of High street, on a lofty rock that rises on three sides several hundred feet above the level of the ground, stands EDINBURGH CASTLE. Tradition says that it was once occupied as a fortification by the aboriginal tribes, long before the conquest of the country by the Romans; if so, its situation must have rendered it impregnable. But much of the early history of this ancient stronghold is unknown; time kindly shuts out many of the dark actions of the past. When Dr. Johnson visited the castle, the guide mentioned that tradition asserted that a part of it had been standing three hundred years before the birth of Christ. "Much faith," replied the Doctor, in his usual manner, "is due to tradition, and that part of the fortress that was standing at so early a period must undoubtedly have been the *rock upon which it was founded!*"

On my way up to the top, from the lower yard I met fifteen or twenty soldiers, some on duty, and others lounging lazily around. They were dressed, not in kilts, as I expected to see them, but in the English red and black.

Having passed through the outer and inner yards, and then up a long circuitous alley, I found myself in a broad open space, with soldiers, citizens and great guns. On the Bomb Battery is quite a large cannon, called "Mons Meg." It is

eighteen feet long, hooped like a barrel, and can carry a ball five feet in circumference. According to history, "Mons Meg" was forged at Castle Douglas, in 1486, and presented to James II. by the McLellans, when he was besieging the Castle of Threave. "Meg" was rent in 1682, when firing a salute in honor of the Duke of York's visit to the city. Too great a quantity of powder had been put in, and, as the charge was made by an English cannonier, the Scotch say that it was done out of malice, there being no cannon in England so large. At the southeast corner of the castle top, is a little room, not more than twenty feet square, and adjoining it is a bed-room not ten feet square, where Mary Queen of Scots became a mother. Here James the Sixth first saw the light, and tradition asserts, that when he was eight days old he was let down from this little window in a basket, two hundred and fifty feet, and carried off to Sterling Castle, there to receive Catholic baptism. On the wall of the chamber is the prayer Mary is said to have offered up on the birth of her son. It is painted in old English. The following is a copy of it:

Lord Jesu Chryst that Crownit was with Thornise
 Preserve the Birth whois Bodgie heir is borne.
 And send Hir Sonee Successione to Reigne still
 Long in this Realme, if that it be Thy will
 Als Grant O Lord whatever of Hir proseed
 Be to thy Glorie Honer and Prais sobied.
 Year 1566—Birth of King James—Month 19 Junii.

The room in which the Scottish regalia are stowed is on the east side of the quadrangle, but not having an order from the

council chamber, I was unable to see it, and my time being limited, I did not think it provident to go and get one. The regalia consists simply of a crown, sceptre, sword of state, and other crown jewels, symbols of Scotland's ancient glory, now of her submission ! These were long supposed to have been lost, but after lying in an old oak chest from the date of the union, they were brought to light by Sir Walter Scott, in 1818.

While on my way down from the airy top, I thought if the old castle could speak, what tales she might tell me of olden times. These walls, now weather-beaten, once surrounded infuriated mobs, and by them have passed the funeral train of successive generations ; and through these streets have marched kings and queens, some in honor and some in dishonor ; yes, and here upon these pavements Buchanan and Robertson, and Hume and Mackenzie, and Ramsey and Chalmers, and Knox and Miller, and Burns and Scott, have often strolled ; visions of the past came up before me, a sacred antiquity looked out from every crevice, and touching memories were inscribed on every stone ! Passing down High street toward Canongate, my attention was called to the first house on the right, a miserable looking old building, but worthy of a passing notice. This was once the residence of the first Duke of Gordon, and in the gable wall is to be seen a cannon-ball, which is said to have been shot from the castle, while the Pretender had possession of the town. Continuing my journey down the street I passed the Canongate Church, where repose the bones of Ferguson, the poet, and Adam Smith, the political economist, and a little farther down, where Canongate contracts

into a narrow lane called the Netherbow. Here at the commencement of this narrow street stands a queer looking old building, called John Knox's house.

“ Where is the God of Salem ? where
Our Scottish glory given ?
Where Knox's spirit—Melville's care—
The soul of fire, the hand to dare,
Reforming gifts of Heaven ?

“ When Scotia, from her hills of blue,
Her glens and mosses given,
Beheld the truth burst on her view,
Aside the crucifix she threw,
And seized the Book of Heaven !

“ Her chieftain Knox her banner led,
From Popery now riven—
The field she took—no blood she shed—
The cause was won—she raised her head
Amid the blaze of heaven !

“ The nations saw—nor saw in vain—*
Away the foe was driven ;
And Europe from the gloomy reign
Of terror rose, and blessed again
The holy light of heaven !

“ Thus Salem wept at Babel's stream,
Where foemen her had driven—
She wept, she sighed, she saw the beam
Of hope descend—it looked a dream,
But 'twas the God of heaven !”



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

XXXIII.

HOME OF THE GREAT REFORMER.

Time consecrates ;

And what is gray with age becomes religion. — *Schiller.*

OF all the the houses in Edinburgh this is the one I wanted to see most ! Here in this quaint old building lived and labored one of the boldest spirits of the Reformation, a man over whose grave the Regent of Scotland, truthfully pronounced this noble eulogium :—
“ Here lies he who never feared the face of man.”
Next to the house is the church in which he preached fearlessly and eloquently to kings and queens. James Melville,

speaking of John Knox as a *preacher*, says: "In the opening of his text he was moderate the space of an half-hour; but when he enterit to application, he made me sa to grew and tremble that I could nocht hold a pen to wryte. Mr. Knox wald sumtymes come in and repose him in our college yard, and call us scholars to him and bless us and exhort us to know God and His work in our country, and to stand by the guid caus. I saw him every day of his doctrine (preaching) go hulie and fear (cautiously) with a furring of martriks about his neck, a staff in the ane hand, and guid his godlie Richart Ballenden, his servant holdin up the other oxtar, from the abbey to the parochie Kirk, and by the said Richart and another servant, lifted up to the pulpit where he behovit to lean at his first entrie, but or he had done with his sermon, he was sa active and vigorous that he was like to ding that pulpit in blades and flee out of it."

Here in this church, it is said, the second Reformation received new life, through the action of a woman. Jennie Geddes had brought her stool with her to church, on the memorable day in 1637, when the obnoxious *liturgy of Laud* was to be introduced into Scotland by authority. The Bishop of Edinburgh had just asked the Dean to read "the collect for the day," when Jennie exclaimed, "Colic, said ye; the dei'l colic the name o' ye; would ye say mass at my lug?" and, having finished her speech, she lifted her stool, and sent it flying at the Dean's head.

There is nothing very remarkable about Knox's house except its great antiquity. Over the lower door are the nearly obliterated remains of the following inscription

LYFE. GOD. ABOVE. AL. AND YOUR NICHTOUR AS.

YE. SELF

On the corner, under a sort of canopy, is a figure of a man on his knees, supposed to represent Moses on the Mount receiving the law, with hand raised, and finger pointing to a stone on which is cut the name of God in three languges, thus :

Θεος,

Deus,

God.

Above the inscription is a coat of arms, to which no clue can now be found. It is a wreath of flowers encircling three trees and three crowns, bearing the initials J. M. and A. M., at the four corners. What changes has the hand of old Time brought about in this street? Here in these dingy houses, that surround me, once lived proud princes and nobles, now filled with the poorest of the poor; and where once was heard the voice of song and the merry laugh, now only the wail of misery and want. Princes, knights and nobles have given place to toiling artisans and emaciated children of poverty. In this street was once witnessed the clash of arms, foe met foe in deadly grasp, and the gathering war clouds of angry passion often emptied themselves without law or justice. Sir Walter Scott thus refers to such :

“ When the streets of high Duneden,
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the Slogan’s deadly yell.”

On most of the old houses may be seen rudely carved inscriptions, some in old English, but the majority in Latin,

telling of the times previous to the Reformation. Few of these can at all be deciphered. The waste of years and the hand of the scavenger have put out of sight many records of the past.

“ Time lays his hand
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship; he sends his worms
To books, to old records, and they devour
Th’ inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroys the memory of man.”

Having looked at the exterior of Knox’s house, I passed up the outside stairs, at the top of which is a door opening into a small hall. Here I was met by the lady who has the house in charge, and who for *sixpence* showed and explained to me everything, from sitting-room to garret. From the hall below there is a narrow circular stairway leading first to a room fitted up as a museum, and then higher still to the chamber in which the Reformer slept. The recess in which stood his bed was pointed out. Here he laid down the armor and took up the crown. Just a little before he died he said to his wife who stood by, “ Read me the chapter (17th chapter of John) where I first cast anchor.” Dr. Preston being with him, offered up prayer, and then asked him if he heard it. “ Would to God,” said he, “ that you and all men could have heard as I have. I praise God for the heavenly sound.” Then his friend Richard Bannantyne, drawing near his bed, said, “ Now, sir, the hour that you have longed for, to wit, an end of your battle, has come; and seeing now all natural powers fail, remember the comfortable promise which often-

times ye have shown to us of our Saviour Christ ; that we may know ye understand and hear us, make us some sign." Upon this he lifted up his hand twice, and died without a struggle.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies ?

Yes, but not his; 'tis Death itself there dies ! "

John Knox is not dead ! he still lives—lives in the hearts of Scotia's sons and daughters ! Lives to-day in the actions of a Protestant world, more powerful than ever.

From the bed-chamber I was taken into a little room not more than six or eight feet square. This is called his study. Here he was wont to clothe himself with strength for battle. On the window of this little room is a likeness of Knox, also his crest, the year of his birth, 1505, and of his death, 1572. And here is an old chair, said to be the only article of furniture in the house which belonged to him. My guide called it his study chair. I took a seat in it for a little while, and thought of the inspiration which filled the soul, nerved the arm, and made brave the heart of the Reformer !

If the date on the window be correct, Knox came into the world just twenty-two years later than Martin Luther, and four years earlier than John Calvin. He was the leading spirit of the Reformation in Scotland, as Luther was in Germany, and Calvin in Switzerland—men raised up and anointed from on high to battle with error in high places.

Next I was shown into the sitting-room, or what was once called the drawing-room. This is the largest apartment in the house ; its ceiling and walls are lined with oak. In this room there is an old-fashioned fire-place, lined with porcelain

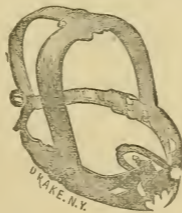
tiles ; each tile has a picture of some Bible character or scene, done, I suppose, after the same manner as the pictures you and I were wont to see on grandmama's cups and saucers.

In the museum there are only a few articles worthy of notice, the collection being made up, in a great measure, of old relics from abroad, such as ancient implements of warfare, models of canoes, idols of wood and stone. A few of the articles which I will mention are those connected with the history and customs of Scotland in the days of "Auld lang syne."

Here is a "*piece of bark from the tree at Cassils on which Johnney Faa was hanged.*" A sad romance is connected with this little piece of wood. A young knight of Dunbar, Sir John Faa, was attached to Lady Jane Hamilton of Tynningham. Her father, the Earl of Waddington, opposed his suit and married her to the Earl of Cassils, a stern and cruel man. While suffering under these arbitrary measures, and during the absence of her husband in England, she eloped with her lover, Johnny Faa, who came to the castle disguised as a gipsy. The Earl, soon returning, pursued the fugitives, and overtook them before they had time to cross a ford in the River Doon. He brought them back and hanged Faa and his companions on a Dule tree, which grew on a mound before the castle gate. To punish the countess he compelled her to witness the execution. Following this is "*a cast of the head of Robert Bruce.*" It is said a few years before Bruce's death, he met the Red Comyn in a church at Dumfries, and in the heat of passion Bruce stabbed Comyn so that he fell dead before the altar. This sin lay so heavily upon

his conscience, that in order to expiate his crime, he made a vow to enter the holy war, then waging against the Saracens. This was prevented by troubles in his kingdom and failing health. He determined, however, that the vow should be accomplished, and requested his friend, Sir James Douglas, to undertake the pilgrimage for him. To this he consented, and set sail for the Holy Land soon after the King's decease, carrying with him the *heart* of Bruce. On their way Sir James and his knights turned aside to aid the King of Aragon, who was fighting the enemy, but being overpowered by greater numbers in a skirmish, "he snatched the heart from his bosom and throwing it before him, fell, saying, 'lead on first as thou wert wont, brave heart, and Douglas shall follow thee or die.'"

Next are several instruments of punishment hanging from the wall, which belong to a later period. Here is one labeled



BRANKS FROM MOARY HOUSE.

An old writer says "the branks was an instrument of *ecclesiastical* punishment for female scolds, or those adjudged guilty of defamation." It is made of iron, and surrounded the head, while a large triangular piece was put into the mouth.

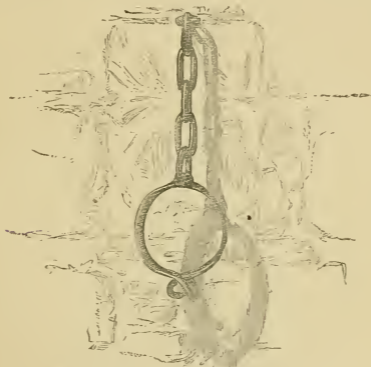
In *Waldrow's Biographical Collection* we find that persons guilty of uttering scandalous reports without ground, were obliged to wear one of these branks standing on a scaffold erected in the market-place, exposed to the gaze of the multitude, and on taking off the machine, were obliged to say three times, "Tongue, thou hast lied." In the same collection is the following notice, under date of June 15th, 1596: "The session (of Glasgow) appoint joughs and branks to be made for punishing flyters." The joughs are made of iron, in the shape of a collar, and fastened around the neck, having two chains which attach it to the wall. They were generally found in churches, and those persons who behaved improperly during the service were made to suffer by them. Such instruments might be brought into good service in some of the churches of the present day!

Close by is another instrument called "*thumbkins.*" One of its last victims was Mr. William Carstairs; in time the fortune of this man changed, and he became the adviser of King William, regarding the affairs of Scotland, and also the principal of the University of Edinburgh. The thumbkins by which he had been tortured were afterwards presented to him and kept in the family until sent to the Knox Cabinet. *Chambers* narrates an anecdote in connection with the Carstairs' thumbkins, which is worthy of a place: "I have heard, Principal," said King William, 'that you were tortured with something called thumbkins; pray, what sort of an instrument of torture is it?' 'I will show you it,' answered Carstairs, 'the first time I have the honor to wait upon your Majesty.'

"Soon after, the principal brought the thumbkins to be

shown to the King. 'I must try it,' said the King; 'I must put it on my thumb; here, now, Principal, turn the screw. Oh! not so gently, another turn, another. Stop, stop, no more; another turn, I'm afraid would make me confess anything.'"

Here is another instrument which brings to mind some of the cruel acts of Scottish Christians in the days of yore. It is labeled



WITCH'S GIRDLER FROM DUNBARTON CASTLE.

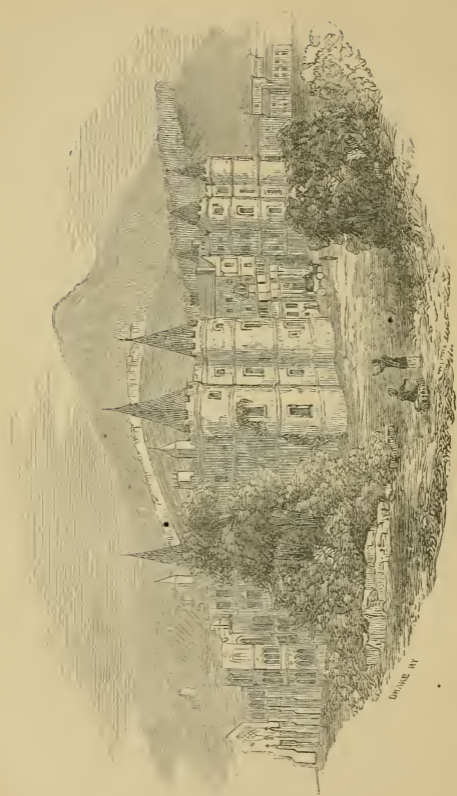
This is simply a strong belt of iron, which was placed around the witch's waist, with a chain to attach it to the stake, or wall.

Passing on, we notice "*part of the pastoral staff of Cardinal Beaton, found in his chamber in the Castle of St. Andrews.*" Cardinal Beaton caused that good man, George Wishart, to be

burned at the stake, witnessing the cruel deed from his palace window. Not long after the cardinal was assassinated. He died saying, "I am a priest. Fie—fie! All is gone!" Sir David Lindsey, writing of the murder, says :

"As for the Cardinal, I grant
He was a man weel could want,
And we'll forget him soon :
And yet, I think, the soothe to say,
Although the loon is weel away,
The deed was foully done."



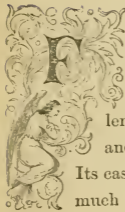


Holyrood Castle.

XXXIV.

HOLYROOD PALACE.

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave.
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave ! ”



FEW localities in Scotland call up so many historic and romantic associations as this not very magnificent house. The building itself is of stone, and quadrangular in form. The length from north to south is about two hundred and thirty feet, and a little less from east to west. Its castellated turrets give it a military appearance, much in keeping with the character of its past history.

On my way from John Knox's house I passed by an old building with the following inscription over the door: "*In Sudore vultus tui, vesceris pane,*" and is thought to have once been the home of a pious baker. And just a little below this is the Canongate jail and court-house, on the front of which is the motto, "*Sic itur ad astra.*" What a motto for a prison and court room! Almost opposite this is a stone pillar, to which in olden times, scolds, slanderers and the like, were fastened with

the "jongs," for public gaze and reproach. The iron staple to which the jongs were attached, though feeling somewhat the wear of years, is still to be seen. After taking a hurried glance at these things of other days, a few minutes walk brought me to Holyrood Palace. Much of the interest which clusters around this old house, strange to say, grows out of the fact, that in it once lived the beautiful, but frail and unfortunate Queen of Scots, and here also is the scene where her jealous husband, Darnley, vented his spleen upon the defenceless Rizzio.

The only portion of the palace which is of much antiquity is the north-west tower, in which are the Queen's apartments. The first room into which I was shown is called the "Picture Gallery." This is a hall running the whole length of the building, and is about twenty or thirty feet broad. The walls are decorated, or disfigured, I hardly know which, by the portraits of over one hundred Scottish sovereigns, who lived from the time of Fergus I. to James I. of England, and VI. of Scotland. Most of these are merely fanciful, a few were taken from old coins and others from private pictures, and are said to have been painted during the reign of Charles II. The portrait before which visitors stand and gaze is that of "*Maria Stewartus*," and though old and dark like the rest, there is enough of beauty about it, to cause the most careless looker-on to pause. Mary must certainly have been very handsome, and I do not at all wonder that on a certain occasion when she was walking in procession of the Host, a poor woman should rush unconsciously through the crowd to touch her, that she might convince herself that she was human!

“ A lavish planet reigned when she was born,
And made her of such kindred mould to heaven,
She seems more heav'n's than ours.”

In this hall Prince Charles was wont to hold his levees and balls ; it is still used for the High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and for the election of Peers. At almost the rear of the hall is a suite of rooms once occupied by Charles X. and his family. This part of the palace was destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell, but has since been rebuilt. In these rooms there is nothing worthy of notice, and it requires quite an effort to make one's self believe that these eight-by-ten, poorly-lighted and still more poorly-furnished chambers once entertained kings. Next, I was shown into Queen Mary's audience room, the room in which the poor Italian was cruelly put to death. Here is a bed and furniture which have stood the wear and tear of nearly three centuries.

It was in this room that John Knox used to talk to the Queen for being so vain ; and where Mary asked him, “ Think you that subjects, having the power, may resist their princes ? ” and received the bold reply, “ If princes exceed their bounds, madam, no doubt, they may be resisted even by power.” And here it was he addressed the maids of honor in these words : “ O fair ladies, how pleasing were this laffe of yours, if it would always abyde, and then, in the end, that ye might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fye upon that knave Death, that will come, whedder we will or not.” In another room was pointed out an old fire grate, the first introduced into Scotland. From the audience chamber we

entered the bed-room. This apartment is small, about ten or twelve feet square, and bears a very time-worn expression.

The Queen's bed, said to be just as she left it, looks miserable enough. Its hangings are of crimson damask, bordered with green silk fringe and tassels; but how faded, how mouldy, how desolate! Ah me! and there is her little work-table and her *baby-basket*, which once held the tiny wardrobe of the infant king. Close to the wall is the stone on which she was crowned, and over it hangs a picture of herself before marriage. The walls of the chamber are covered with tapestry, hung like a loose curtain, behind which is a door opening into a closet, in which is the secret stairway, through which it is said Lord Darnley and "hollow-eyed" Ruthven, with other lords, entered on the 9th of March, 1566, and effected the murder of the unarmed boy, David Rizzio. And in this little room, in the presence of the Queen, they plunged the fatal dagger into the bosom of the poor Italian, while he strove to shelter himself behind the Queen; then dragging him into an adjoining apartment they left him with his life blood flowing from fifty-six wounds.

" In the blossom of hisins,
With all his imperfections on his head
Unhouseled, disappointed unaneled!"

Mary, failing to save his life by her cries, entreaties and threats, dried her tears and said, "I will now study revenge." The subsequent murder of her cousin-husband, Darnley, and her marriage with his infamous murderer, Bothwell, showed that she meant all she said. Rizzio's blood, either preserved or renewed, is still pointed out, bringing fresh

before the vision the horrible tragedy of three hundred years ago

“Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelmed them to men's eyes,
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.”

A little back of the palace stands the last relic of the once noted Abbey of Holyrood. No one in looking at the ruin can help concluding that at one time it must have been a beautiful specimen of the Gothic architecture. It was founded by David I., in 1128, under the order of Saint Augustine, and was one of the richest establishments in Scotland. This old church has been the scene of many interesting historical events. In it Charles I. was crowned king of Scotland, and James II., James III., and here Queen Mary and Darnley were married. Here the Papal Legate presented to James IV., from Pope Julius II., the Sword of State, which is preserved among the regalia of Scotland, and for a time its roof sheltered the buried dust of kings, queens and nobles. The abbey is now roofless, and only a few broken walls remain to tell of its vast greatness and splendor. In a little vault at the south-west corner may be seen through the grating of the door, two skulls and some arm and leg bones, with this inscription above: “Only remains of the Kings and Queens of Scotland, David II., James II., Arthur, James V., Magdalene, Queen of James V., Arthur of Albany and Lord Darnley.”

In sight, and far above the palace is

CALTON HILL.

This is the highest point in the new town ; its elevation is almost equal to the castle summit of the old. The Scotch

have been trying, it would seem, to cover it, like the Acropolis of Athens, with monuments of their warriors, statesmen and poets. Of these the most conspicuous are Lord Nelson's and the National monuments. The former is about one hundred and twenty feet high, which, with the hill, gives it an altitude of over five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is built after the form of a light-house, and serves the double purpose of monument and prospect tower for sight-seers. By the payment of ten cents the visitor is admitted to the summit, from which there is a magnificent panoramic view of surpassing beauty and variety. On the flag-staff there is a large Time-ball which drops exactly at one o'clock, *Greenwich time*. And in connection with this there is a gun fired by electricity at the same moment from the castle.

But the most noteworthy object on Calton Hill is the National Monument—a monument to the nation's folly, for having commenced the work without counting the cost, or measuring their strength. After the battle of Waterloo, gratitude welled up within the Scottish heart, and they “resolved at a great public meeting in Edinburgh, to erect some public building, which should perpetuate the remembrance of events, in which the heroism of Scotsmen, was so conspicuous.” The work of erecting the same was commenced in 1822, during King George's residence in Scotland. * And the idea was to produce an exact model of the Parthenon at Athens. At the expiration of two years over ninety thousand dollars were spent in the erection of three steps and ten exterior columns, and, for want of funds, here it has rested for almost fifty years, and doubtless will rest for many more.

It has been thought by some that the monument, as it now stands, is more picturesque than if completed. But I can't see it in that light! It is all very well for the Scotch to make the best of their failure. The fox said "The grapes are sour" when he found out he could not reach them. And we often find out what we will do by learning what we can't do.

The handsomest monument in the city is Scott's, situated on the finest street in the empire, and well worthy of such a place. It was erected in 1844, at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. This stately pile, rising in rich artistic beauty, might almost be worshiped without sin, for its *like* is not in heaven above nor on the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth! It was designed and partly built by George Meikle Kemp, a self-taught genius, who fell into the Union canal and was drowned before its completion, but his name will live as long as the monument stands. In form it resembles an open spire about two hundred feet high, and has in its base a beautiful ground arch, in which is a colossal statue of Sir Walter and his dog "Maida," in gray marble, sculptured by *Steel*. The figures, occupying the little arches which unite the base to the running spire, are mostly filled up by statues, cut in red sandstone, of the most familiar characters in Scott's works.

There is also an inside stairway which leads up to a gallery a few feet from the top, from which place some think the best view of the city may be had, but I don't believe it. As a whole, the monument is not to be equaled in the British Isles, if in the world! The gardens around the slope, on the brow of which it stands, are elegantly laid out, and free to all. To

the right of the monument, as you stand facing the old town, on one of the bridges spanning the valley, is built the art gallery, a solid stone structure, pillared on every side, and might well be called the Parthenon in miniature. The view from this place at night is one of the finest I have ever witnessed. Facing the east, on the right are the houses of the old town running up eight, ten and twelve stories high, and then rising one above another as if desirous to reach the skies. These are crowded with the poorer classes from the cellar to the garret; every room has its separate occupant and consequently every window in this immense pile of buildings is illuminated. On the left is Prince street, with its long row of well-lighted, beautiful stores, looking over the flower and tree filled valley. The illumination of the old city is the consequence of poverty and wretchedness, and in the new of wealth and luxury; both uniting make an illuminated picture of remarkable effect. Here poverty and wealth have met together, wretchedness and luxury have kissed each other!

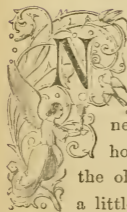


“You rais’d these hallowed walls; the desert smiled.”

XXXV.

OUTSIDE THE CITY.

Stranger, if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
 The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
 Sublime delight thy soul hath known.—*Lord of the Isles.*



On one visiting Edinburgh should fail, if he can spare the time, to spend a few hours on Arthur's Seat, or Salisbury Crag. Back of Holyrood Palace stands this rocky eminence. A romantic and historic walk of two hours, brought me to its summit. After passing the old ruin of Saint Anthony's Chapel, which lies a little out of the way, is a noted spring, or well, where a number of boys and girls stood anxiously waiting to help the passing stranger to a cup of cold sparkling water. For this favor they generally receive a few half-pence in return. At this well, which is called St. Anthony's, and famed

in Scottish song, did many a way-worn traveler quench his thirst, and of its waters, too, have kings, queens and nobles sipped in the days of Scotia's royalty. And just in sight is a small lake which would charm the eye of a Michael Angelo, or Raphael. From this point to the top of the hill the path is steep and circuitous, but the evershifting variety of the scenery made me forget the toil. And the "Blue Bells" that bordered my path often called to remembrance the land in which I was sojourning. The little daisy, beautiful in its simplicity, is here, bringing fresh to mind the words written by Burns, after turning one down with the plough :

" Wee, modest crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour."

The summit being reached, the air was so pure and bracing, and the sights so novel and grand, I felt light as a feather and strong as a lion !

On my way up, I made the acquaintance of a very companionable middle-aged man, who pointed out the many places of interest, as they lay within the range of our vision from this God-made observatory. He seemed much at home with the name and history of almost every place in the vicinity of Edinburgh. All around us lay sights beautiful and sublime ! At our feet the "Queen of the British Isles," peaceful and quiet. In the distance Leith and its well-filled harbor, and a little beyond the Firth of Forth with its blue waters. In another direction lay a large tract of rich, well cultivated farming land, with a good sprinkling of well-sheltered, comfortable looking homesteads. To the south, the Lammernoor and Pentland Hills, keeping watch over the town of Dalkeith.

with Craig Millar Castle just in sight. On the north the tall spires of the Highland family, with Ben Nevis in the midst, fatherly and majestic.

“ Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, islands, rocks and seas,
Huge hills, that heap'd in crowded order stand,
Vast lumpy groups—while Ben, who often shrouds
His lofty summit in a veil of clouds,
High o'er the rest displays superior state.”

In the distance is the North Sea, which rolls between the mouth of the Forth and the Baltic; the sea over which sailed the proud fleets of other days.

Hour after hour I lingered on the summit, nor did I turn my face homeward until the king of day hid himself behind the western hills. I am now, as never before, able to enter into the spirit of the language of one of Scotland's most honored sons, who said: “ If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks, called Salisbury Crag, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh.” On my way into the city, I saw for the first time in Caledon, what I expected to see in every highway and byway, a Highlander piping with his pipes. He was a tall, able-bodied man, dressed in kilts and sash; covering his flaxen hair, he wore a bonnet, or what is better known by the name of Scotch cap, adorned with a few feathers from a peacock's tail. I once was of the opinion that the unpleas-

ant squeaking of the bagpipes, was perhaps owing to their absence from home, and if played in their own native land, they would have a sweetness and a charm for me of which in America I was wholly unconscious. But instead of this, it seemed as if I never heard them give forth such horrible sounds. I am a lover of music, but the bagpipes, to my mind, and in my ears, make nothing but discord, intolerable noises, and dismal drones! and are only fit to be used as an instrument of torment!

Butler has, in my judgment, given a good description in the following:

“The bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling, broken-winded tones,
Do make a viler noise than swine
In windy weather, when they whine.”

On the banks of the North Esk, about eight miles from Edinburgh, is situated the beautiful and romantic

ROSLIN.

The day was delightful on which I visited the place. The birds-eye view which I had of it from Salisbury Crags, did not satisfy, so I resolved to see more closely the place that has so often excited the admiration of the stranger.

Taking the coach which leaves Edinburgh at 11 o'clock, we passed through the suburb of Newington and the small village of Liberton. The sights on our way were many and various, causing us to be forgetful of the passing hours. And now we are in sight of the place to which Campbell in his beautiful ballad thus alludes:

“ Oh, Gilderoy, bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart.”

Roslin at one time held a high rank among the cities of Scotland ; now there are but a few houses ; not enough to be called a village. Hay, its historian, says : “ About that time ” (that is, at the building of the chapel) “ the town of Roslin, being next to Edinburgh and Haddington, in East Lothian, became very populous by the great concourse of all ranks and degrees of visitors that resorted to this prince at his palace of the Castle of Roslin ; for he kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver : Lord Dirlington being his master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleeming his carver ; in whose absence they had deputies to attend, viz., Stewart, Laird of Dirlington, Tweedie, Laird of Drummerline, and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his hall and the apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. His Princess, Elizabeth Douglas, already mentioned, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with thin chains of gold and other ornaments ; and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys ; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriar's Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her.” Roslin Chapel is not large ; but unsurpassed by any, either great or small, throughout the kingdom, as a master piece of Gothic architecture. It was built by William De

Saint Clair, Prince of Orkney, in 1446. Britton pronounces it "unique, curious, elaborate and singularly interesting." Indeed, the ornamentation is astonishing, and would require a long article should I go into detail. During the Revolution and Reformation the building sustained some injury, but not so much as most other buildings of the kind. This may have been owing to its having fewer crosses and Romish fixings in its adornment than the other churches of its day. Cromwell and his co-workers seemed to have sworn eternal hatred to all images, indeed, to everything that savored in the least of Popery, and finding little of the kind here, they in mercy spared it. But time has made some inroads upon its beauty. What will not time destroy? A few years ago it was partially restored, and is now used as a place of worship.

A short distance from the chapel stands the ruins of the once great stronghold,

ROSLIN CASTLE.

It is supposed to have been built by the same nobleman who founded the chapel. It has a position of singularly romantic beauty, being a steep promontory of rocks, overhanging the bed of the River Esk, and at one time only accessible by a drawbridge. The surrounding scenery is enchanting, though not so grand or picturesque as it must have been in the days of yore.

"High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade,
 Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
 Its crumbling turrets, till its towering head
 A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
 Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
 Still his big brow his youthful prime declares,
 Though trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends."

A few minutes' walk from Roslin, along the banks of the beautiful Esk, brought me to the classic walls of

HAWTHORNDEN.

Here lived and labored the noted historian and poet, William Drummond. In it he wrote his history of the five Jameses, his Cypress Grove, and his Flowers of Sion, and to this place Dr. Johnson is said to have come all the way from London, on foot, to see him. It was during this visit Johnson dined with a Scottish lady, who, as a compliment, prepared some "hotch-potch," a celebrated Scotch dish, for his dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good? To which he replied, "Very good for *hogs!*" "Then pray," said the lady, "allow me to help *you* to a little more of it."

The old house stands as the crowning glory of a lofty ledge of freestone rocks, at the foot of which runs the river, which has not grown old, but is as noisy, sparkling and playful as when the poet mused on its banks and gathered inspiration from its song. Below the precipice, upon which the house is built, are several deep caverns, whose construction tradition assigns to the Pictish monarchs, who used them for places of refuge during the terrible wars which so long raged between Scots and Picts, or the English and Scotch. Here, as at the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave, each cavern has received a name; one is called the King's Gallery, another the King's Bedchamber, and a third the Guard-room. There is

also another a smaller one, called the Cypress Grove, in which Drummond is thought to have composed his poem of that name. The poet's memory remains ever fresh and fragrant. His songs and sufferings still linger about these rocks and caves, and doubtless will continue so to do while water runs and grass is green.

“Roslin's towers and braes are bonnie !
 Crag and water ! woods and glen !
 Roslin's banks ! unpeered by ony,
 Save the muses' Hawthornden.”

CRICHTON CASTLE.

About twelve miles from the metropolis, on the banks of the Tyne, stands an ancient and magnificent ruin called Crichton Castle. It is quadrangular in form, very strong and massive, with a court in the center. Its appearance would indicate that it was built in different ages, and yet upon a systematic plan. On the east side is a strong old tower, which appears to have been the original part of the building. The walls and rooms of the central part exhibit traces of taste and skill in the art of architecture ; indeed, all parts of the old castle bear outlines of its once remarkable elegance and strength. The surroundings are captivating. From its windows we look out upon a beautiful glen, through which the sparkling waters of the Tyne slowly meanders. Beyond are beautiful groves and pasture-fields, with mountains in the back ground, giving strength and finish to the prospect.

Sir Walter Scott, in his fourth canto of “Marmion,” has graphically pictured this old stronghold of other days :

“That castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne;
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas' bands.
Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude and tottered Keep
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced within thy fort,
Of unfolding shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honor, or pretence,
Quartered in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.”

HABBIE'S HOWE.

Before returning to Edinburgh we visited “Habbie's Howe,” the scene of Allan Ramsay's “Gentle Shepherd.” The place is a sequestered glen, through which runs a small stream, having a fall at one point of about twenty feet in height. The place and its surroundings, of themselves, are wholly without attraction; and yet this is the most popular resort of the citizen and the traveler, which shows conclusively the poet's power. To read Ramsay's description in his pastoral is to see the place with all, and more than all, its charms, without the fatigue and expense of the journey:

“There, 'tween twa birks, ont ower a little lin,
The water fa's and mak's a singin' din;
A pule, breast-deep, beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grass.”

Further on it runs beneath several romantic crags, whose crevices are filled with birches and other shrubbery, leaving here and there the most inviting resort.

“Beneath the south side of a craggy field,
Where crystal springs their halesome water yield,
Twa youthfu’ shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn o’ May.”

A crag, called by some “The Harbour Craig,” and by others “The Lover’s Loup,” lies just before us.

“Younder’s a craig—sin ye hae tint a’ houp,
Gae till’t your wa’s and tak’ the lover’s loup.”

Still on, and we come to where the glen widens into an open field of most luxuriant green.

At the head of this “howm,” and close to the stream, stands the ruins of an old washing-house.

“A flow’rie howm, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claës;
A trottin’ burnie wimplin thro’ the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round.”

A little to the west is the Carlops Hill, in a niche or dell of which once lived a carline or witch. She was, it is said, often seen “frisking” on her broom across the entrance. Here, too, were pointed out the old ash tree, blasted and broken, the cottage, and the well.

“The open field; a cottage in a glen;
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end:
At a sma’ distance, by a blasted tree,
Wi’ fanided arms and half-raised look, ye see.”



“Glances on every side of fresh country.”

XXXVI.

MELROSE ABBEY.

Like some tall rock, with lichens gray,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbey.—*Scott.*



THE day on which I visited Melrose was one of peculiar loveliness. Not a cloud darkened the sky. The air was clear, and filled with the balmy perfume of June's opening buds and laughing flowers. The distance between Edinburgh and Melrose is about thirty-six or seven miles, and the scenery on the way is charming. Hill and valley, glen and river, were passed by in quick succession, and before it seemed possible that we had reached our destination, the train stopped, and the officer shouted, "Melrose!" Right well was I paid for the time and expense of my journey. This, truly, is the most magnificent ruin in Scotland, and to visit "the land of brown heath and shaggy woods," without coming to see Melrose Abbey, would be like a traveler visiting Buffalo without turning aside to see Niagara.

Melrose Abbey was founded by David I. of Scotland, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. In 1322 it was destroyed by

Edward II.'s army, and was again rebuilt by Robert Bruce. In 1545 it was partially despoiled by an invading English army, and during the Reformation it was robbed of much of its former splendor. The material of which it is composed is red stone, and if I were going to judge of its age by its appearance, I should be apt to think it had its origin in the eighteenth century, rather than the thirteenth. Many of the columns, arches, doors, and windows are entire, and much of the ornamentation, the curiously carved flowers, and leafy workmanship, seems more like the work of yesterday than that of six hundred years ago. It is situated in the midst of an open space of ground, which is used as a grave-yard, and very much neglected. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, two hundred and eighty-five feet by one hundred and thirty, with a square tower eighty-four feet high in the centre, of which only a part is left. The present entrance is by a Gothic door in the base of the southern transept. It is now almost roofless, except three small chapels, which retain their original canopy, and the part which in 1816 was fitted up for a parish church, and covered with stones which were once used in the old. In the grave-yard the portress pointed me to the graves of Alexander, one of Scotland's most illustrious kings; James, Earl of Douglas, who fell at Otterburn, and several members of the house of Douglas, of Scott, and of other noted border families. Here, too, according to tradition, is deposited the heart of Robert Bruce.

On almost every wall are seen marks of the balls from Oliver Cromwell's guns. Even this fair temple, with all its beauty of construction and workmanship, was not spared by the hand

of the Reformer, whose creed was to put down and blot out of the land priestcraft and idolatry, root and branch. On the east side of the choir is a stately window, twenty-four feet in height, of which Sir Walter Scott says: "It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture when in its purity." Indeed, the whole, with its arches and pillars, exhibits the richest tracery and adornment, and shows a skill in sculpture upon which even six centuries have made no advancement. Who that has ever read the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," could look at the exquisitely chiseled columns of this beautiful pile, without feeling the full force of these lines :

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapeless stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplar straight, the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Surrounding the Abbey is the old burying-ground, with its many time-worn and letter-effaced head-stones; these, with the ivy-mantled ruin in their midst, go to make up a picture of peculiar sadness. With my sunlight view of the Abbey, both interior and exterior, I was very much pleased; but what must it be by moonlight?

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray."

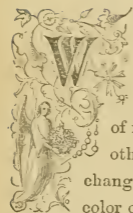


Abt. ottsford.

XXXVII.

HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.—*Young.*



WITH the scenery from Melrose to Abbotsford I was delighted. The fields on either side of the way seemed to have clothed themselves in their best attire, and the hedges, made up of flowering thorn and wild rose, vied with each other in beauty. The oat and wheat-fields were changing their youthful greenness for the golden color of the autumnal harvest, while the long waving grasses of the meadows whispered their song of contentment, and the genial winds, laden with the valley's smiles and the breathings of the opening rose, seemed sweeter than ever before.

In approaching the house, its turrets, which rise above the trees, stood full in view, and when we reached the gate I was not a little surprised to find several carriages there waiting for parties that were within, bidding their turn to be shown through the mansion.

Abbotsford takes its name from a ford over the river Tweed, once owned by abbots, near which the poet's home is situated.

The building is of stone, irregular in style, and not so imposing as I expected. Association has done more for Abbotsford than nature or art. Around the front entrance are many antique carved stones, taken from old castles and abbeys. The interior of the portico is adorned with the horns of Highland stags, and other symbols of the chase. The hall into which we were first shown is well stocked with ancient armor, coats of mail, shields, swords, helmets, and the banners of Scottish clans—all of them bearing a history and speaking the language of the “auld time.” In one end of this hall stands a knight in full armor, which is said to have been found on the field of Bosworth, and on the opposite side another, dressed out in full hunting rig. Here is an old-fashioned grate, once the property of Archbishop Sharp, before which poetry and romance, as well as theology and homiletics, often received new inspiration.

Next we were shown into the dining-room, in which are several rare pictures: one of Cromwell, said to be a correct likeness; one of Charles XII. of Sweden; one of Scott’s grandfather, who never trimmed his beard after the execution of Charles I.; one of Lord Essex; and one of the head of Mary Queen of Scots, after her execution—from which it is said Sir Walter would never allow a copy to be taken. In the library there are about 20,000 volumes, all of which are well protected from the hands of visitors by a wire grating. Here are several fine busts, one of Wordsworth, and one of Shakespeare—said to have been taken from his tomb at Stratford—and one of Sir Walter, speakingly full of expression. There is a bronze cast of the poet after his decease, which is

not without merit; also a set of ebony chairs and an ebony writing-desk, the gift of George IV. On a little table stands a silver vase, filled with bones from Piræus, and presented by Lord Byron. In the cabinet of relics are to be seen a shirt of mail worn by Cromwell when reviewing his troops; Rob Roy's musket; Bonaparte's pistols, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; a hunting flask of James I.; and a Roman kettle, supposed to have been made long before the birth of Christ. But time and space forbid my noticing the many

“ Auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jingling jackets
Would hold the croudars there in tackets
A towmond gude,
And parritch-pats, and auld saut lackets
Afore the flude.”

From the library we passed into a room, not quite half as large—this is his study. The walls are well filled with books, and around the whole is a small gallery and a private staircase, by which he was wont to come from his bed, or dressing-room, without having to pass through any of the other apartments.

It was when referring to this stairway he told the Duchess of Saint Albans that he could go into his study and work and write as much as he pleased “without one's being the wiser for it.” “That,” she replied, “is impossible!” This was a compliment most fitting, and certainly not unappreciated by Sir Walter. Here, too, is the desk on which he wrote, and by it the old leather-covered arm-chair in which he was wont to sit, and from which he stretched out his scepter over all lands

and all time! Scott was truly a great man, a gift to the world for which centuries yet unborn will be glad! His power of description is unequalled; his delineations of landscape and character almost perfect; his specimens of moral painting—as in the sin and suffering of Constance, the remorse of Marmion and Bertram—are equal, if not superior, to anything ever written. But in no one, nor all of these taken together, does his greatness so much appear as in his upright character. “His behavior through life was marked by understanding, integrity, and purity, insomuch that no scandalous whisper was ever yet circulated against him. The traditionary recollection of his early life is burdened with no stain of any sort. His character as a husband and father is altogether irreproachable. Indeed, in no single relation of life does it appear that he ever incurred the least blame. His good sense and good feeling, united with an early religious training, appear to have guided him aright through all the difficulties and temptations of life; and even as a politician, though blamed by many for his exclusive sympathy in the cause of established rule, he was always acknowledged to be too benevolent and too unobtrusive to call for severe censure. Along with the most perfect uprightness of conduct, he was characterized by extraordinary simplicity of manners. He was invariably gracious and kind, and it was impossible ever to detect in his conversation a symptom of his grounding the slightest title to consideration upon his literary fame, or his even being conscious of it.”

In 1811, when he purchased one hundred acres of moorland on the banks of the Tweed, it was without any attractions; the neighborhood, true, had many historic associations,

but the situation was anything but inviting. So that this haunt of the pilgrim, with its shady grove and open lawn, its romantic walks and flowering dells, is but the creation of the poet's genius. Indeed, he has thrown a charm around every place he touched, and filled with interest every object which he described. Under his pen, lake and valley, crag and cave, castle and ruin, church and abbey, once void of name and fame, are now eagerly sought after by tourists, from all parts of the world.

Scotland to-day would not have so much sunshine, and certainly less melody, had not Scott been born ; and many parts of it would be lacking in interest, had not he touched them into beauty by his magic wand.

Abbotsford appears still to live in the presence of its former master ; the very air seems calmer than other places ; yea, the groves and lawns look as if in communion with the departed spirit, and even the Tweed, with its laughing, sparkling current, here pauses to kiss the pebbled shore with dove-like fondness.

“ Call it not vain ; they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshiper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distill ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply,
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.”



HIGHLANDER AND HIS COMFORTER.

XXXVIII.

SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH.

Oh, we have wandered far and wide
O'er Scotia's land of firth and fell,
And many a lovely spot we've seen
By mountain hoar and flowering dell.—*Anon.*

FEW nations have so much romance, chivalry and song in their history as Scotland, and no one at all conversant with the past, can travel through her highlands and lowlands without peculiar emotions. Her hills and dales, lakes and rivers, are all identified with the most thrilling tales of bygone days. All her fields are rich in heroic action, and for firm conviction, unflinching faith, and valiant suffering her sons take a front rank in the world's history.

Scotland is composed of three great divisions, the Highlands, the Lowlands, and the Islands; the whole comprising an area of thirty-one thousand three hundred and twenty-four square miles. Her population for 1868 was about *three and one-half millions*, only a little more than half the population of Ireland. Her mountains are jagged and heath-covered, and there is scarcely any section of the country from which they may not be seen looming up. Her rivers are numerous, though but few of them are large, and none are navigable above their estuaries save the Clyde. Her lakes, or lochs, as they are called, are picturesque and mostly scattered among the glens of the Highlands. Some of them are noted for their beauty, but the majority for their utility, affording great supplies of fish, and employment for a large number of her sons and daughters.

The climate of Scotland is extremely variable, more so than that of England or Ireland, and the annual temperature ranges from forty-five to fifty degrees.

The agricultural productions of Scotland are very similar to those of England. Oats, wheat, peas and beans are raised in great abundance, but of these the most prevalent crop is oats. This is the staff of life, and the rod of strife for the lower classes. It furnishes them with bread, while at the same time from it is prepared the cup of death, all, or most all, of the whiskey and ale drank being brewed from malt made of this grain.

It may be safely said that agriculture in Scotland is in advance of England, and yet the soil of the former is in general poorer than that, of the latter, but the Scotch have shown

their skill in bringing it up to such a state, that it produces crops more abundant than either England or Ireland.

The commerce of Scotland is about equal to that of Ireland; her exports consist chiefly of the products of the land, the water and her manufactories; but to enter into a summary would be to write a list long, tasteless and tiresome.

Scotland is a *religious* nation. The National Church is Presbyterian, from which there are two seceding bodies called the Free and the United Presbyterians. "The principles of the latter body are opposed to state establishments, while the members of the Free Church, although in practice Nonconformists, admit the lawfulness of State Churches, and object to be classed as voluntaries on principle.

If a union could be effected between these three great religious bodies, the external religious unity of Scotland would be very nearly complete; the Anglican Church, who are Dissenters north of the Tweed, and the Roman Catholics forming only a small, though without doubt, a wealthy and influential part of the population. From the report of the proceedings of the Free Church Assembly, we learn that the number of ministers in full position is *seven hundred and forty*. The Sustentation Fund is supported by all the congregations, and guarantees to each clergyman a minimum income of £150 a year, the manse being in addition. The effect of this arrangement is, that if a congregation cannot raise £150 a year, they are entitled to draw from the General Fund such an amount as will raise the pastor's income to that sum. On the other hand, if the congregation subscribes more than £150, the minister receives an agreed proportion of the surplus."

The Free Church is supported by the same mode as the Wesleyan, by the free-will offerings of her children.

At the last General Assembly of the Established Kirk, Dr. Norman Macleod, the Moderator, made a speech on the Establishment question as connected with his own Church. He believed there were many who desired its downfall. "The United Presbyterians desired it because it was a State Establishment; the Free Church desired it because it was Erastian; the Anglican Church desired it because in the High Church view, at least, it had neither true ministers nor valid sacraments. It is odd enough that in this island of Britain there should be two Protestant Established Churches, and that one should utterly ignore the ministry of the other. We really cannot say what frightful consequences would follow if Dr. Macleod were to preach in an Anglican Church. It is true that he is a domestic chaplain to the Queen, who is also head of the English Church; that he is raised, and deservedly so, to the highest position which the Scottish Establishment has to confer; that in learning and orthodoxy, in ability and piety, he is not inferior to the celebrities of the Anglican Church. But what avails all this so long as he is outside the pale of the apostolical succession? Humble folk among the Nonconformists of England are apt to suppose that the reason why the Anglican clergy ignore Dissenters is because they are a State Church, while Dissenters are not. But if they reflect upon the case of the Scotch Establishment, they will see that it is not so. Dr. Macleod and his reverend brethren are ministers of a Church which is as much established by law as the Church of England, and yet not one

of them can be permitted to minister at an Anglican altar or preach from an Anglican pulpit. It is not, after all, social pride, but an ecclesiastical heresy, which lies at the root of this exclusiveness—that Romish heresy of apostolical succession, upon which, whether her clergy as individuals believe it or not, the Church of England acts with a relentless and suicidal persistency.”

One of the most important questions discussed during the session was *Church Patronage*. By this the pulpits of the Establishment are filled by the will of a few patrons, and not by the people. So when a minister dies, or removes from his people, his place is filled not by the choice of the church, or congregation, but by some one who has acquired a legal right to bestow the favor upon whomsoever he or she will, and the church has no lot or part in the matter—save submission! Some of these patronages belong to the Queen, some to Episcopalians, some to Romanist and some to infidels and lunatics. How so many of the people have borne so long with this most arbitrary infringement of sacred rites is perfectly unaccountable! But the signs of the times are hopeful. “By a majority of 193 to 88, the Assembly declared in favor of the abolition of patronage, and recommended that the election of ministers be vested in the heritors, elders, and male communicants. By this step the Scotch Establishment has possibly *delayed* the date of its own downfall. Its leading men are wise enough to learn the lesson taught by current events, and to adapt their institutions to the exigencies of the times. By this act, also, the Church has brought itself nearer to the non-established forms of Presbyterianism. But whether Parliament

will sanction this change, or whether the House of Commons may defer it on the ground that the whole question of the Scottish Establishment may shortly have to come forward, is more than we can say. It is by no means impossible that this resolution may prove to be *the first step* in a series of important changes which may issue in numbering the Scottish Establishment with the institutions of the past."

This was the question which caused the secession of the Free Church branch about forty years ago. The preaching of Wesley and Whitefield awoke to life even in Scotland the clergy and laity. The spirit of John Knox was again revived, and many of the churches refused to accept the pastors which were chosen for them by the patrons. They fell back upon the authority of the first Book of Discipline, that was drawn up by John Knox and four other distinguished Reformers, which says: "It appertaineth to the people and to every several congregation, to elect their minister; and it is altogether to be avoided, that any man be violently intruded or thrust in upon any congregation; but this liberty, with all care, may be reserved for every several church to have their votes and suffrages in election of their ministers." And to such a pitch did the opposition rise that on several instances the government had to send a detachment of soldiers to enforce the installation of a pastor. Never was there anything so preposterous in all the records of Protestant Christendom. And yet from these harsh measures good results were brought about. They only added fuel to the flame already kindled, and brought out more clearly than ever before, the fact, that according to the teachings of the New Testament the will of

the people ought to be dominant in calling the preacher. Therefore in General Assembly it was resolved not to allow patrons to force upon the people such pastors as they might select. But this was overthrown when it came before the House of Lords and the decision given, "That the civil courts can control, forbid, and command the spiritual courts in all spiritual things; ordination, preaching, sacraments, and excommunication." This was too much for the true spiritual men of the establishment, and they could no longer stay in a Church which placed the voice of the Lord-Chancellor above that of the Lord Jesus Christ.

On this question *five hundred clergymen* sacrificed their endowments rather than their principles. For freedom of conscience and to worship God after the teachings of the New Testament, they were willing to exchange manses for huts, to bid farewell to the graves of their children and the lands of their sires, not because they could not do otherwise, but for the sake of a principle which unites the beauty of Christian holiness with the highest interests of human civilization.

" True Freedom is where no restraint is known
That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown."

This is true in all civil and religious interests, and for all peoples. "It is a broad, a universal, a Catholic principle—as old as Christianity itself, and held as a glorious, and all-important doctrine by all the sincere men who have ever labored or suffered for Christ. Paschal the Third wished to give up his endowments for it a thousand years ago. But it is not a principle peculiar to Christians. It is dear to all who love to be spiritually free. A Comte can contend for it as well as

a Chalmers. That the moral and spiritual theory by which a man is to guide himself in life, shall not be a prescription of statecraft, but the adoption of a free and earnest soul—this is the very vital idea of all individual and social civilization. It is the first want of clear spirits. Nor is the importance or the nobleness of the principle lessened by the fact that in the case of the herd of men it can mean only a liberty to choose among the creeds which other and abler men draw up. Genius alone can enjoy aught of the highest freedom of soul. Genius alone can attempt that work of fear—asking the universe questions respecting the great spirit of it. But the freedom—the independence—is for all. The spiritual views of genius ought to be free for the sake of human advancement. All men ought to be free in spiritual affairs, because whenever they are in earnest in them they will be free or die.”

God has set his seal of approbation upon this freedom of thought and action, for since the disruption of the Established Church, those who left her have more than doubled in number and power, and in aggressive movement they have far outstripped the endowed churches. They have carried the Gospel into the remotest parts of Scotland, and they are to-day supplying the spiritual wants of the Highlands and the islands, where the Established Church is little more than a name.

Temperance in Scotland is the exception—*intemperance* the rule. Here all classes drink, the men and the women, the clergy and the people! Not long ago a minister who was in the habit of taking occasionally just enough to unfit him for his pulpit labors, was summoned before his presbytery for this misdemeanor; one of his elders, the constant participator in

his drunken revels, was summoned to appear as a witness against him. "Weel, John," said a member of the reverend court, "did you ever see Mr. C—— the worse for drink?" "Weel, I wat, no," answered John; "I've mony a time seen him the better o't, but never seen him the waur o't." "But did you never see him drunk?" "That's what I'll never see," replied the elder; "for lang before he's half sloakened, I'm aye *blind foue*." And yet, sad as this state of affairs is, the Scotch are not so intemperate now, as they were a few years ago. From good authority it appears that there has been a decreased consumption since 1854, when the Forbes Mackenzie Act came into operation, of no less than 2,036,924 gallons per annum, being about thirty per cent.

But this comparison does not sufficiently indicate the favorable change which has taken place in the habits of the people. "During the last fifteen years the population must have increased at least ten per cent.; and hence if no such change had taken place the quantity consumed would have been ten per cent. greater than during the average of the first period of four years, or 7,606,599 gallons. And the consumption during the average of the last period of four years being only 4,878,166 gallons, the *comparative* decrease is 2,728,433 gallons, or nearly forty per cent. In the city of Edinburgh the closing of the public houses on Sundays has caused quite a social revolution in favor of sobriety on Sundays. According to police statistics, published by the city magistrates, it appears that since 1853 the cases of drunkenness taken up on all the days of the week had diminished from 5,727 to 2,313; the number during Sundays from 729 to 223; and the number from eight o'clock on

Sunday mornings to eight o'clock on Monday mornings from 401 in 1852, to 42 in 1866. The price of whiskey has been considerably increased since the act came into operation, owing to successive advances in the amount of the excise duty; and no doubt, on the well-known principles of political economy, the higher price must to some extent have diminished the sale of the article. But from all inquiries I have made I am satisfied that the diminution caused by the high price has not been nearly equal to that caused by the closing of the public houses on Sundays; for all parties in Scotland are agreed, so far as I know, in opinion that more spirits were formerly consumed on Sundays than any other day of the week; and that, in very many cases, the drinking which commenced on Sundays was continued on the Mondays, and thus prevented parties from going back to their work. The Sunday closing has then indirectly also diminished the consumption on Mondays; and this fact, of course, partly accounts for the large decrease since the act came into operation in 1854."

In these facts there is a lesson for all who love temperance and good order. It is just this—if by the partial enforcement of prohibitory measures intemperance has been abated in Scotland, the same results, by the same measures, can be brought about in other lands. If a prohibitory law will work well in Scotland, it will work well anywhere else. For next to the Irish, the Scotch are the most ardent lovers of drink in the world. A Highlander was once asked what he would wish to have, if some kind divinity would give him the three things he liked best. For the first he said, he should ask for "a Loch Lomond o' gude whiskey!" "And for the second?"

inquired his friend. "A Ben Lomond o' gude sneeshin," replied Donald. "And for the third?" He hesitated for a long time at this; but at last, after his face had assumed many contortive expressions of thought, he answered, "Ou, just *anither* Loch Lomond o' gude whiskey." At a great temperance meeting, held not long ago in Belfast, Ireland, Dr. Guthrie, whose name is in all our homes, stated that he was converted to temperance by the example of an Irishman. "I was first led," he says, "to form a high opinion of the cause of temperance by the bearing of an Irishman. It is now, let me see, some twenty years since I first opened my mouth in the town of Belfast. Having left Belfast and gone round to Omagh, I left that town on a bitter, biting, blasting, raining day, cold as death, lashing rain, and I had to travel, I remember, across a cold country to Cookstown. Well, by the time we got over half the road, we reached a sort of inn. By this time we were soaking with water outside, and as these were the days of toddy drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whiskey inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, and ordered warm water, and we got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to the cab-driver we called him in. He was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. He would not taste it. 'Why,' we asked, 'will you not taste it? What objection have you?' 'Why,' said he, 'please your reverence, I am a teetotaler, and I won't taste a drop of it.' Now that was the declaration of the humble, uneducated Roman Catholic cabman. It went to my

heart and went to my conscience ; and I said, if that man can deny himself this indulgence, not for his own sake, but for the sake of others, why should not I, a Christian minister? I felt that I remembered that, and have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by that poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler. I wish, ladies and gentlemen, that you should understand the ground on which I stand. There are two parties engaged in the total abstinence cause. We work to the same end, though we do not exactly embrace the same principles. I wish everything to be aboveboard. I do not agree with my friends of the total abstinence cause, who think that in the use of these stimulants there is anything absolutely sinful. No ; it is on the principle of Christian expediency I am a teetotaler. I don't quarrel with those who, as the Americans say, 'go the whole hog.' I don't see why we should quarrel. We may be on different rails, but the terminus is the same. This is the ground I stand on. I was driven to that ground by the feeling that if I were to cultivate what Dr. Chalmers called the outfields, if I were to bless humanity, if I were to win sinners to the Saviour's feet, if I were to build up souls from the wrecks of the Cowgate and the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, I must become a total abstainer. I felt it necessary that these poor people should abstain, otherwise they could never be reformed—that drink was the stone between the living and the dead, and that stone must be rolled away.

It was the demon that met me at every path." Dr. Guthrie having stated that, according to his experience, the vice of drunkenness prevailed less in the upper than in the middle and lower classes of society, entered into a lengthened and eloquent explanation of the great service rendered to Scotland by the operation of Forbes Mackenzie's Act, and concluded his address as follows:—"I am one of the few total abstinence ministers in Edinburgh. I am a total abstainer on principle, and I am bound to say it, that I do as much work upon water as any man on wine, and far more than many of my brethren do on wine. I have tried wine, and I have tried water. I am far healthier on water than I was on wine. My adage is, and I want that to be the adage of every man—'Water, water everywhere, and not a drop of drink.' Since I became a total abstainer my head is clearer, my health has been stronger, my heart has been lighter, and my purse has been heavier; and if these are not four good reasons for becoming a total abstainer, I have not a word more to say on behalf of total abstinence."

The Scotch, as a people, are more *intelligent* than the English or the Irish. This is but the result of the common-school system, which had its birth in Scotland as early as the Reformation. For before that period, when under the Romish yoke, they were as deeply sunk in ignorance as any of the sister kingdoms.

In the year 1560 John Knox, assisted by Douglas, Willeck, Spottiswood and others, drew up the following, which was adopted :

" Seeing that God has determined that his kirk here on

earth shall be taught, not by angels, but by men ; and seeing that men are born ignorant of God and godliness ; and seeing, also, that he ceases to illuminate men miraculously, of necessity it is, that your honors be most careful for the virtuous education, and godly bringing up of the youth of this realm. For, as they must succeed us, so we ought to be careful that they have knowledge and erudition to profit and comfort that which ought to be most dear to us, to wit, the kirk and spouse of our Lord Jesus Christ. Of necessity, therefore, we judge it, that every several kirk have one school-master appointed ; such an one at least, as is able to teach grammar and the Latin tongue, if the town be of any reputation. And further, we think it expedient, that in every notable town there should be erected a *college*, in which the arts, at least of rhetoric and logic, together with the tongues, be read, by sufficient masters, for whom honest stipends must be appointed ; as also that provision be made for those that are poor, and not able, by themselves or their friends, to be sustained at letters.

“The rich and potent may not be permitted to suffer their children to spend their youth in a vain idleness, as heretofore they have done ; but they must be exhorted, and by the censure of the kirk compelled to dedicate their sons by good exercises to the profit of the kirk and commonwealth ; and this they must do, because they are able. The children of the poor must be supported and sustained on the charge of the kirk, trial being taken whether the spirit of docility be in them or not. If they be found apt to learning and letters, they may not be permitted to reject learning, but must be

charged to continue their study, so that the commonwealth may have some comfort by them. And for this purpose must discreet, grave, and learned men be appointed to visit schools, for the trial of their exercise, profit, and continuance; to wit, the ministers and elders, with the best learned men in every town. A certain time must be appointed to reading and the catechism, and a certain time to grammar and the Latin tongue, and a certain time to the arts of philosophy and the other tongues, and a certain time to that study in which they intend chiefly to travel for the profit of the commonwealth, which time having expired, the children should either proceed to farther knowledge, or else they must be set to some handicraft or some other profitable exercise."

This is a most remarkable document to be drawn up at so early a date. It was this, more than anything else, which made the Scotch what they are to-day—the most thoughtful and intelligent of British subjects.

How could they be otherwise than enlightened, when "every parish had a minister, every village a school, and every family a Bible." Thus the people were raised, reformed, and set free from spiritual bondage. From Scotland's School System, her early catechising of the young in the doctrines of the Church, and the general characteristics of her people I do not for a moment hesitate to call her the "New England" of the British Isles!

The *peasantry* of Scotland still retain many traits of character essentially Scotch. No people in the world can beat them for *coolness* and deliberation. An almost incredible story, which well illustrates their tranquillity, is told of a Scotch-

man's tumbling from one of the loftiest houses in the old town of Edinburgh. He slipped, it is said, off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high; and when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out of the window of the eighth floor, to whom (as he was an old acquaintance) he observed *enpassant*, "Eh, Sandy, mon! sic a fa' as I shall ha'e!"

They are not a *changeable* people, they reach their conclusions slowly; but when there, there your will ever find them fixed, settled, immovable. An old Scotchman used to say, "I am open to conviction; but I'd like to see the man that could convince me." Old Minister Wells, the predecessor of the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., himself a Scotchman, used to say: "It behooveth a Scotchman to be right; for if he be wrong, he will be forever and eternally wrong." They are strong in their *attachment* to their own *people and country*. "Thomson! ye maun be a Scot, Thomson, I'll warrant," said Wilkie to Henry Thomson, as they sat for the first time at an academy dinner. "I'm of that ilk, sir," was his reply; "my father was a Scotchman." "Was he really?" exclaimed Wilkie, grasping the other's hand quite brotherly; "and my mother was Irish!" "Ay, ay, was she really?" and the hand relaxed its fervor; "and I was born in England." Wilkie let go Thomson's hand altogether, turned his back on him, and indulged in no further conversation.

It is said that when the 42d regiment of Scottish Highlanders were at Buenos Ayres, in British service, one of them had made up his mind to remain in the place on account of the great fertility of the soil, when one of his companions hear-

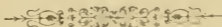
ing of it, came with the bagpipes, and without saying anything, sat down beside him, and played "Lochaber nae mair," on which he instantly started to his feet, exclaiming: "What! Lochaber nae mair! I maun gang back," and back he went to the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy woods,
Land of the mountain and the floods."

As a whole the Scotch are singularly cautious in business, reserved in manners and plain in speech. And for these qualities the Scotchman stands as a proverb all the world over. "His Minerva is born in a panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon the principles of clock work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you before he quite knows whether it be true to touch or not. You cannot cry halves to anything that he finds; he does not find, but brings. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing; his understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no faltering of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half intuitions, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he infidel—he has none

either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path; you cannot make excursions with him, for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates, his morality never abates. He cannot compromise or understand middle actions: there can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book; his affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian."

Scotland has produced many sons eminent in literature and science which are scarcely surpassed by any other nation. And first on the list might be mentioned her poets, Drummond, Ramsey, Burns, Scott, Campbell and others; among her historians, Buchanan, Burnet, Hume, Robertson, Russel and Carlyle; among her philosophers, Adam Smith, Reid, Kames, Stewart and Brown; among her men of science, Napier, Ferguson, Gregory, Hugh Miller, Roderick and others; among her writers, Boswell, Smollet, Mackenzie, Blair, Chambers, Cullen, Abernethy, Forbes and Brougham, names familiar to the world at large, being written upon all its movements—names which will live forever!



OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Author of this beautiful volume opens with a diary of his voyage out, which is graphically described, giving the uninitiated in ocean travel a vivid idea of its discomforts. Following this are the results of his observations in Ireland, England and Scotland, describing places of historic interests and peculiarities of the people, interspersed with anecdotes and reflections upon their social, political and religious progress.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that although so much has been written concerning Albion, Caledonia, and the Emerald Isle, yet the narrative of each intelligent traveler who has surveyed these interesting countries from his own peculiar stand-point of observation, adds to our general stock of information, and intensifies our desire to visit for ourselves the land of our ancestors. As it is only in imagination, however, that by far the greater proportion of us American people can enjoy trans-Atlantic scenes, a well written narrative of travels is the best companion we can have in our imaginative rambles. It enables us, as it were, to make the "grand tour" in the retirement of our own cosy apartments, while at the same time we incur none of the fatigues or dangers which are ever incidental to real journeying, whether by sea or by land.

Mr. Harcourt's style of relating the particulars of his travels, is familiar, agreeable, and to the point; and his book is just adapted to pleasantly while away a long winter evening, either to read to one's self or to a circle of appreciative listeners.

His sketches of Londonderry, the Giant's Causeway, the Vale of Avoca, Belfast, Dublin, and "Ireland and the Irish," are graphic and spirited, interspersed with historic reminiscences, poetical quotations and specimens of Irish humor.

The last chapter on Ireland, somewhat philosophical in its character, presents several prominent causes for Ireland's poverty and degradation; and no one can read without emotion a history of the wretchedness to which a naturally genial, generous, and witty people are unhappily reduced. The sincere desires of every compassionate heart will be, that the cause of Ireland's enthrallment may be speedily eradicated; whether that cause be the despotism of a government; a burdensome

and superstitious religion; intemperate habits, superinduced upon a condition of sheer misery; or all these reasons combined.

In the chapters on the great world of London, embracing its Tower, its magnificent Wren house (St. Paul's Cathedral), Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, Windsor Castle and Sydenham Palace, the author fairly carries us away with him. We are almost beguiled into the belief that we are viewing the mementoes of bloody deeds in the Tower; that we are standing among England's mighty dead, in her great national mausoleum; that we are ranging through the superb apartments of the royal residence; and that in St. Paul's we are obeying the injunction "*circumspice*," as we ask for the great Sir Christopher's monument.

An extended and interesting account is given of the celebrated English preacher, Spurgeon; his style of preaching, his mode of conducting services, his immense tabernacle, and the sublime and imposing spectacle of seven thousand persons listening to the ministrations of one man.

There is a charming chapter on the "Haunts of Royalty," giving us descriptions of Buckingham Palace, Lambeth, Whitehall, and Hampton Court. Then we have another chapter scarcely less entertaining on the "Graves of the Great and Good," and among them particular mention is made of the graves of Wesley, Bunyan, Watts, Newton, Milton, Pope, Thompson, &c.,—with several affecting epitaphs. A condensed description of Oxford, with her famous university and nineteen separate colleges, conveys much valuable information in regard to the constitutions of the several colleges, and the relation they sustain to the university.

After a chapter on "England and the English," the panoramic scenes are shifted to the country of Sir Walter and Bobbie Burns. Scotland, the land of song and romance, is treated of under a number of separate heads, each one of which whets the appetite for a knowledge of its following contents. Nor does a careful perusal of the separate chapters disappoint expectation. The author explores Glasgow and Edinburgh with the enthusiasm of a traveler, and presents us with well drawn satisfactory sketches of their main attractions. We get some familiar and distinct impressions of these cities of the Scotch, and should we, years hence, visit them for ourselves, they will seem to us in some degree as places we have seen before, and are now revisiting.

Approaching the end of the book, we are regaled with descriptive

accounts of three memorable places, the mere names of which will ever charm all true lovers of history and romance. These places are Holyrood Palace, Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. A chapter is devoted to each, and when we have finished reading them, we only regret that the author had not lingered longer among these deeply interesting scenes, and told us a longer story.—*From a review in the Newark Advertiser.*

The sketches are exceedingly well drawn, and will be read with no little interest, even by those who are familiar with the localities and route described. The book abounds in information. The author evidently travels with his eyes and ears open.—*Christian Advocate.*

An interesting and agreeable account of a vacation tour, handsomely printed and well illustrated.—*The Independent.*

The observations of the author are fresh and interesting. The work is beautifully printed and handsomely bound.—*Home Journal.*

A book got up in good style, with many fine illustrations. The author graphically describes the manners and customs of the people, and gives sketches of objects of interest.—*The Methodist.*

To an unusually keen observation, Mr. Harcourt adds great facility in communicating the results to others in an agreeable way. We have read it with great interest and cheerfully recommend it to others as a most instructive compend of useful information relating to Great Britain.—*Daily Advertiser.*

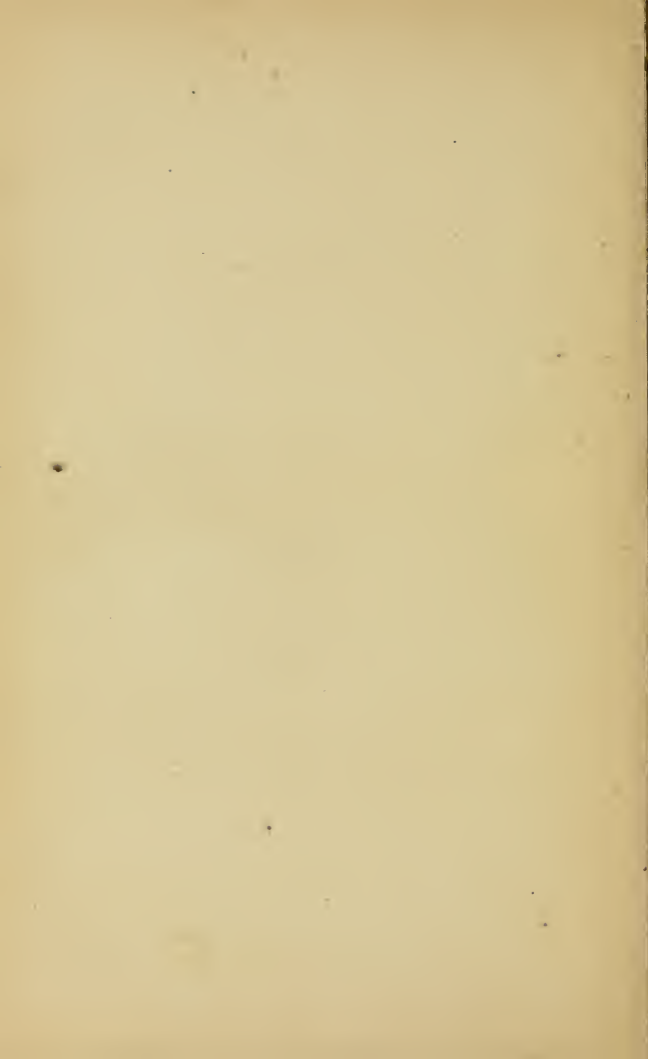
“The book is genial, natural, pure, and altogether interesting.”—*Central Christian Advocate.*

“The book is made up of instructive, descriptive and racy sketches of scenery and events in the United Kingdom. It will afford agreeable and profitable entertainment.”—*Western Advocate.*

“The Author traveled over three lands with his eyes open.”—*North Western Advocate.*

“It is a very interesting and useful work—an ornament to any Library.”—*National Agriculturist.*





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